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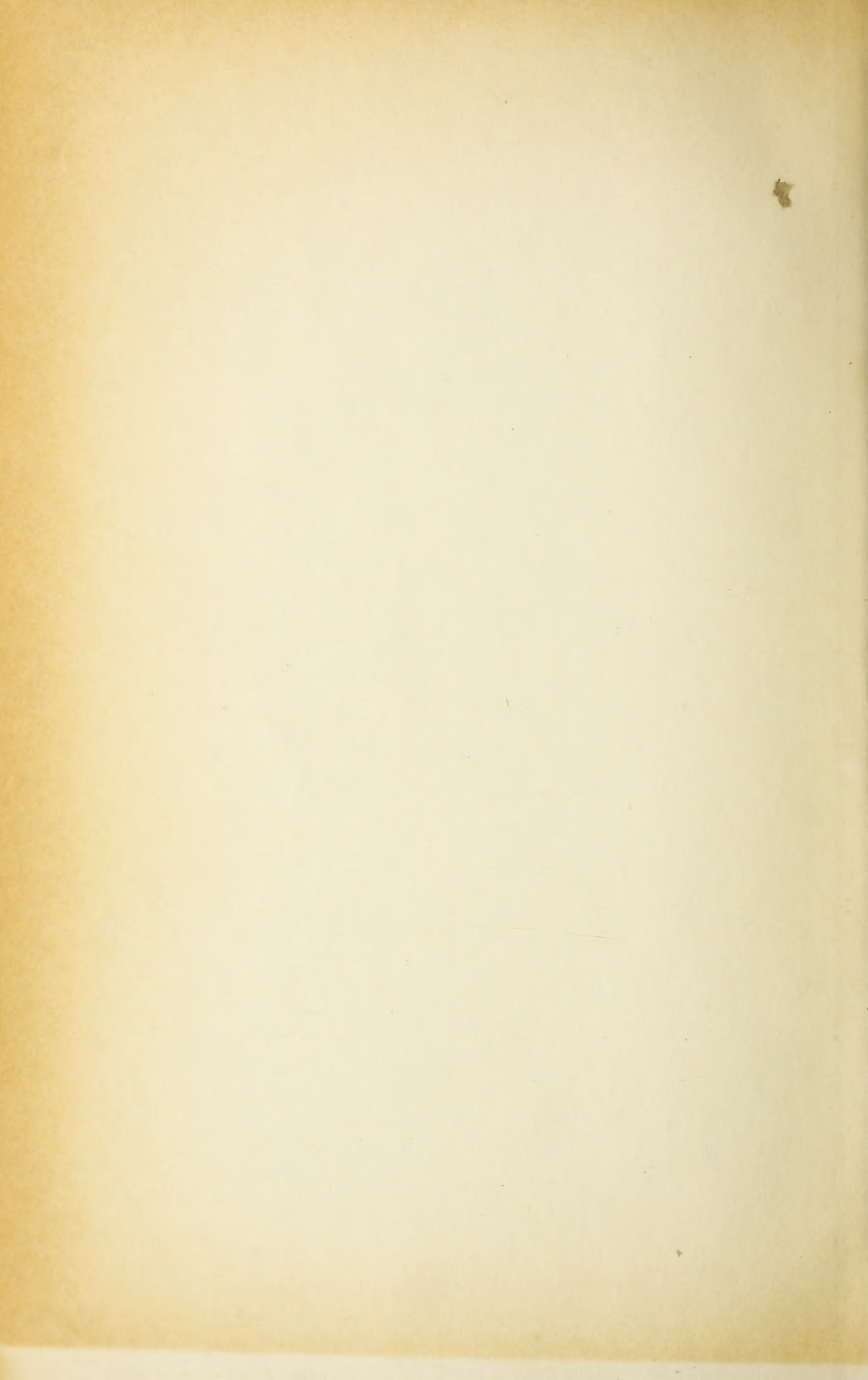
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# NOW AND THEN

J. M. M. GERNARD'S

Volume I

SECOND EDITION

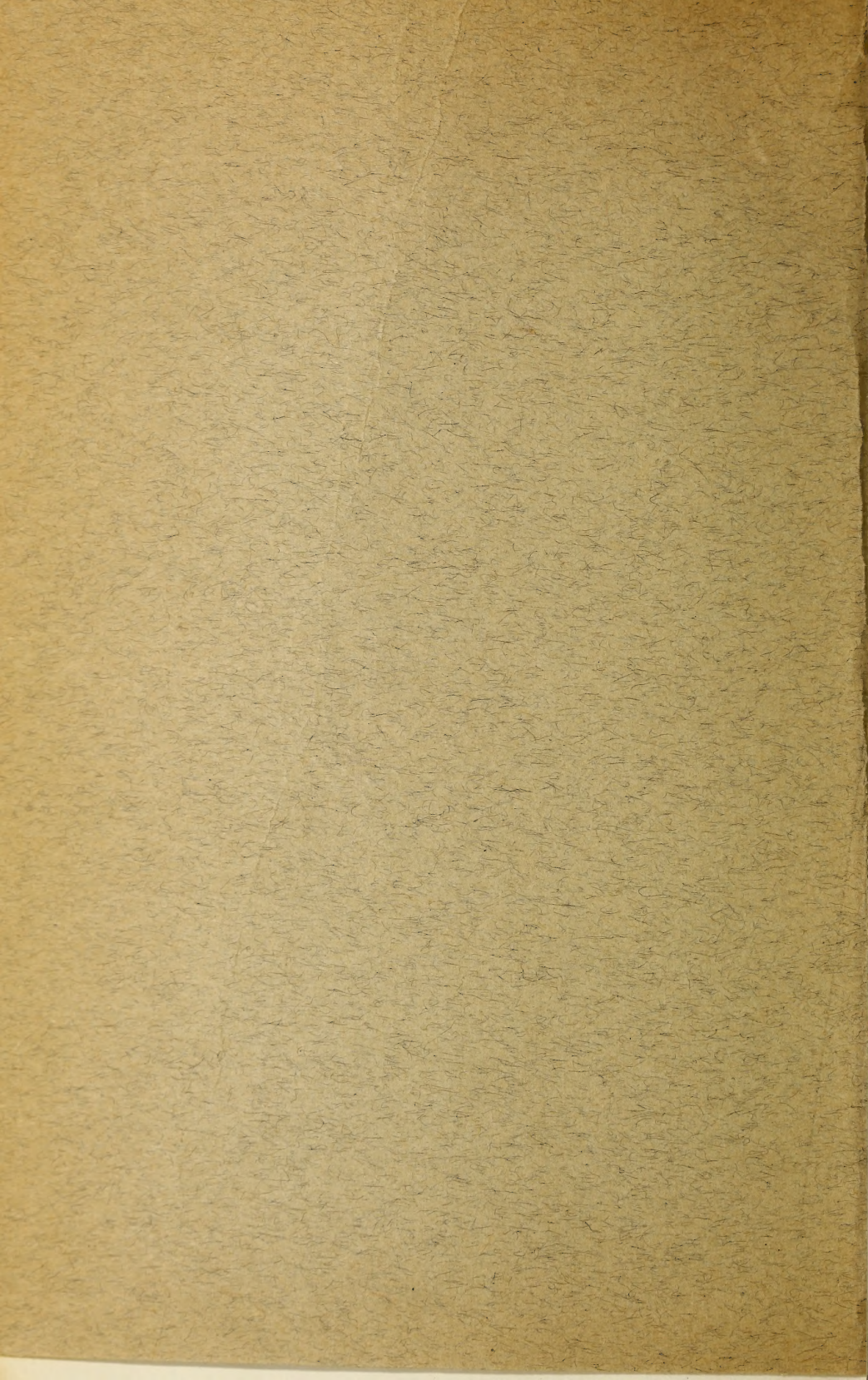
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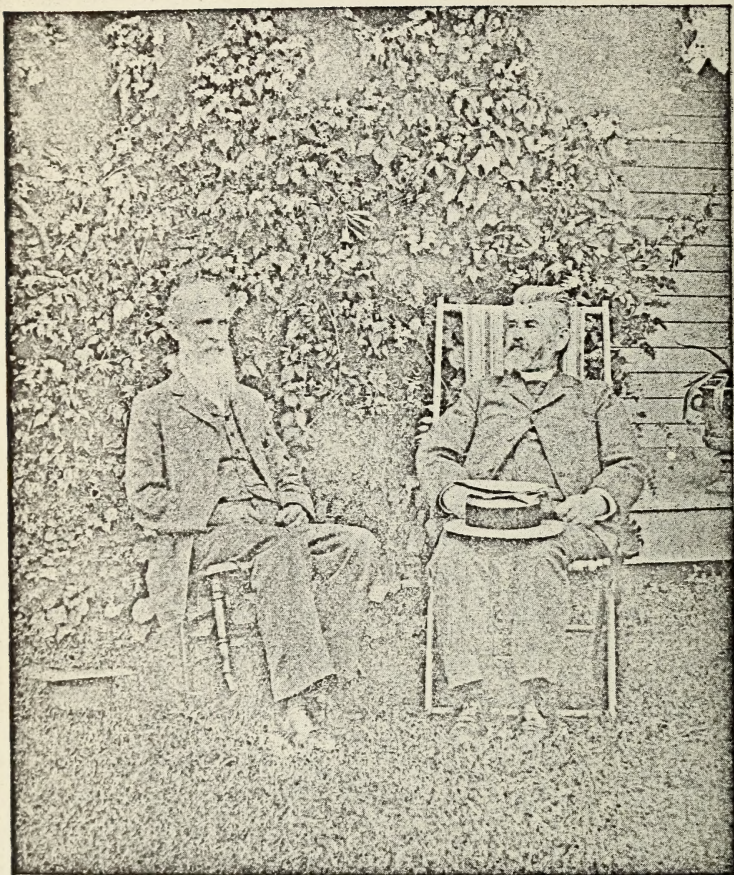
A MAGAZINE OF  
HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY  
FOUNDED IN 1868

*Devoted to North-Central Pennsylvania  
and*

*With special attention given to the Borough of Muncy  
and the Valley of Muncy*







## TWO MUNCY AND LYCOMING CO. HISTORIANS

The photograph above was taken in August, 1893, and shows Mr. J. M. M. Gerner and Mr. John F. Meginness seated on the north terrace of Mr. Gerner's home on Shuttle Hill, Muncy. The two historians were great friends and Mr. Meginness was a frequent caller. Mr. Gerner, at the time the picture was taken, was about 58 years of age and had already completed his third volume of *Now and Then*. The figure to the left is Mr. Gerner.

# NOW AND THEN

SECOND EDITION

of

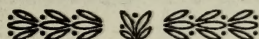
VOLUME I

By J. M. M. GERNERD

"Devoted to Local History, Amusement, Instruction and Advancement of the Borough and the Valley of Muncy, Penna."

A privately printed magazine published at irregular intervals between the years 1868 and 1878.

"We take no note of time  
but from its loss. To give it then a tongue  
is wise in man."



A complete reprinting of this quaint volume of reminiscences, anecdotes and items of historical and genealogical interest to the people of Muncy and its vicinity, was made possible by the generous assistance of Mr. John P. Young, of Ithaca, N. Y., and Williamsport, Penna., who furnished the last seven issues, reproduced by the "photo-offset" process. The first twelve issues are photo-engravings, which originally appeared as inserts in the individual issues of Volume IV, Now and Then, published in 1929-'32. In bound copies of Volume IV, they have been assembled in the back of the book and carry their own index.

This second edition of Volume I is a publication of the Muncy Historical Society and Museum of History and takes the places of the regular Spring and Mid-Summer Now and Then Quarterly Magazines. The October number will carry the serial numbers "10, Volume Six."

T. KENNETH WOOD, M. D.  
Editor of Publications

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# NOW AND THEN.

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A Journal Devoted to the Topics of the Times.

Vol. 1.

MUNCY, PA. JUNE, 1868.

No. 1.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF MUNCY.

NUMBER ONE.

The writer was a suburban, or perhaps with more propriety a provincial. His first knowledge of the metropolis was a very reluctant introduction to the Old Academy, as it was then called, and which has since degenerated into a common school-house.

Our experience continued through the administration of several of its most distinguished Professors,—Willson, Severn, Butt, and Kittoe. The first was a pedant and fop. The second in our esteem never rose above the grade of a school master. The third was a teacher, a scholar, and a gentleman. The fourth a teacher a disciplinarian, a scholar and a student. He had hosts of friends, and no lack of patrons. Our only complaint was his system of punishment. It was so summary and ignominious. The feet of the unsuspecting recalcitrant as if by some slight of the Professors hand were found elevated to an angle of about 90 degrees, and before the frightened victim could realize his situation a ponderous ruler was describing semicircles where there was no danger of abdominal contusions. Kittoe excelled all others in this system of intellectual "in-knockulation."

Of the several of whom we have spoken, connected with the Academy as teachers, the latter two have become distinguished in professional walks, while the former we believe, if living, are pedagogues yet.

It would be interesting to trace, if we were allowed to do so, the careers of some of the Alumni, of both sexes, of this Academy. Many followed the "Star of Empire" to the Great West, and on that theatre are playing their part in the great drama of life. Others still linger around the paternal hearthstone, and some alas—

"The young and strong,  
Who cherished noble longings for the strife,  
By the wayside fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life."

Were the Lyceum war organized, and held its meetings. We can remember the astonishment we experienced at the wonderful knowledge of its lecturers. Scientific experiments were monopolized by Drs. Wood, Rankin, and Kittoe; and we can see now, though we did not then, that the society could not have been run if the electric machine, or the Galvanic battery, had not been invented. We must not omit to mention however in justice to Dr. Butt, that he came near blowing up the audience one night in a benevolent attempt to vary the entertainment, by prematurely igniting some fulminating powder.

Lately too expatiated eloquently on Moral Philosophy, and we are sorry to say but seldom followed his own precepts,—while Hains in Astronomy, Boal in Oratory, Ellis in Mineralogy, and Shedd in Esthetics and Belle-Letter, constituted its chief lights. Certainly to us, the rising generation, these gentlemen were "Lights shining in the darkness." We are sorry to say that with greater advantages few of us will ever reach their standard, in private or professional life.

We believe about the time of which we are speaking, a rival school was opened in a building above the present residence of Esq. Lloyd. It had been a "Wind Mill Factory." It was the principal institution for the education of young ladies. The only music we ever heard there was the occa-

sional clatter of one of the rejected wind mills, and we believe the only professor of the fine arts was the apprentice who in former times came pot and brush in hand to paint and stripe them. The present "Muncy Female Seminary," with its able Principal, heads of departments, and its many easels and costly plaques, presents a somewhat striking contrast.

The writer remembers among the attractions of the town at this time was Mrs. Ellis's "Pyana", as the name was then pronounced. It was the only one in the town, and groups of boys and girls assembled under the window whenever its charming chords were struck. Nothing we thought in this world could equal it but Whitmoyer's musical clock, just opposite, though perhaps the "ginger cakes" might. To this estimable lady is due the honour of the maternity of instrumental music in Muncy, and we are told that her touch is yet as delicate and as graceful as a maidens.

Muncy had then as now its votaries to the Poetic Muse. On Petrikin's corner, where now stands the store of Messrs. Clapp and Smith, was a small building occupied as a millinery shop. Every thing of this kind was then called shop, for instance a Doctor shop, a Butcher shop, &c. Miss Jane Calvin was a lady of no ordinary attractions herself, and assisting her were several Misses in every respect her equals. They had of course many admirers—among them a scion of Yankee land; whose calls proving unacceptable, was treated as an indication of it, to a bowl of mush and milk. We believe he was in the employ of the late Mr. H. Noble, also from the East, a young man, and who was laying the foundation of a handsome fortune in what seemed to the people of the town a novel, and perhaps abortive enterprise—the broom corn business. The "Muncy Telegraph" a few days after the mush and milk incident thus in part narrates it—

A broom-corn twister made a push,  
And got his pay in milk and mush;  
A friend I am to making brooms,  
But make them, Sir, in proper rooms.

Not least among the excitements of these times were Trainings of "big" and "little musters." We remember well how we all envied Tom Lloyd, [then a boy] his superior accomplishment of playing the fife,—coming into town at the head of that magnificent military pageant as it descended "Shettle Hill" from Esq. Wood's fields, where of ordering arms

"It made a short essay,  
Then hastened to be drunk  
The business of the day."

The reputation of the Academy in time began to wane, and a select school for the Patricians—the nice young men of the town—where the Latin and Greek classics, and the higher mathematics were taught,—was opened by G. F. Boal, Esq. At the same time a school under the management of Mr. George Hightsman was in progress. An unaccountable rivalry sprung up between the schools, and the patricians displayed thier superior learning and refinement in epithetical effusions like the following:

"Hightsman's hogs are in the pen,  
And dont get out but now and then,  
And when they get out,  
They root about  
George Boal's young Gentleman."

TEMPUS

## Now and Then.

PUBLISHED EVERY—"ONCE IN A WHILE."

J. M. M. GERNERD, EDITOR.

**SALUTATORY.**—As the heading of this humble little serial signifies, it is the Editor's intention to issue it only—now and then. It is not undertaken as a pecuniary enterprise, though we shall devote a trifle of its space to advertisements of our own; and, if more copies are sold by our "carriers" than required to pay expenses—our special thanks to our patrons for the surplus. As its sub-title indicates, it is to be devoted to the Topics of the Times—especially to those all important subjects relating to life, health, happiness, death, resurrection, and restoration, in which all, old and young, rich and poor, leared and unlearned, are alike interested.

A number of Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged ability have kindly consented to furnish articles on a variety of appropriate topics, and we submit this as an assurance that the paper will become a repository of valuable "gems of thought." As diamonds and rubies are not the less sought and valued because always small, so we fondly hope its size need be no obstacle to pleasant entertainment and valuable instruction. Although its dimensions are somewhat of the blipation order, yet, on account of the smallness of the type, each number will require a great many pages of foolscap manuscript.

**RECOLLECTIONS OF MUNCY.**—We call the attention of our readers to the interesting article under this caption on our first page. We trust it will be as gratifying to them as it is to ourself, to see any portion of our humble history rescued from oblivion. It is the first of an intended series of contributions, the design of which is to bring the chronicles down to our own times, and will embrace a brief history of persons, events, institutions, and society. Several typographical errors were discovered when too late for correction.

**THE GOOD TEMPLARS.**—The cause of Total Abstinence is gaining friends more rapidly in this place than its most sanguine advocates would one year ago have ventured to predict. Already about one hundred and thirty five names have been enrolled, and scores of others are holding the matter of adding their signatures to the pledge under serious consideration. Why not every body join? Think of the desolation throughout the length and the breadth of this land that follows in the wake of the fashionable folly of dram-drinking! Think of the countless scenes of woe! of the horrible spectacles of crime of poverty! and of degradation! Think of the half trillion or more of drunkards! of the frightful wrecks of minnow! of the wailing multitude of children! of wives! and of widows! and then, if you dare, think one unkind thought, or say one disparaging word, about the cause of Tetotalism. The Good Templars are everywhere doing a noble, a mighty work. They are reclaiming thousands from the penitentiary, the hospital, and an untimely grave. They are snatching thousands from the most loathsome condition of beastliness. They are hushing the maniac's scream! staying the hand of the murderer! feeding the starving! and clothing tattered women and innocents! How, with all this before their eyes, can men talk lightly of the cause of Temperance? They know not what they do!

**THE POOR TIPPLERS.**—We will not raise the curtain and expose them. They do not however conceal the fact that they are spell-bound by the infernal charms of the intoxicating poison. They announce the sorrowful fact by thauy unmistakable signs. How sad a thing for a man "to put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains."

**ABOLITION.**—Slavery has been abolished. Capital punishment has been repealed in several of the States, and the subject is being agitated in other sections of the Union. We hope Pennsylvania will fall into line. The liquor-traffic can not be abolished—at least not in this run-cursed and almost God-forsaken generation—though it certainly ought to be. But is there not something else that can, and which ought for the public good, be abolished? A lady insists that we should advocate the immediate abolition of the warped, loose, half-rotten, toe-stubbing, dress-ruining, temper-provoking, neck-breaking plank on the sidewalks of Muncy. Will not all the good citizens whom the shoe fits, kindly take the hint, and lay new plank, or better still, pave with brick, or flag, or concrete? We do hope so.

**OUR PROSPECTS.**—An esteemed friend residing in Williamsport, urges us to establish our paper in that small but promising City. "Can't see it." The prospects for our town are too bright for us to leave. Our good citizens will not always be so blind as to keep their land, worth from \$ 300 to even more than \$ 2,000 per acre, only to raise murphies, dandelions and cow-pasture. They will probably by and by conclude to sell building lots—and then the place will soon be a "City", with street-cars, steam fire-engines, daily-papers, large manufactories, and wholesale-stores. Things begin to look encouraging. We expect quite an immigration some day from Williamsport.

**THE DISCUSSION.**—The dietetic sparring in the Luminary, between several crusaders against vegetarianism and ourself, will probably result in each remaining—"of the same opinion still". There has certainly been nothing advanced which shakes our faith in the superiority of what one of them very properly terms "nourishing, wholesome and luscious fruits, vegetables and cereals." It is quite evident however that Gamma is conscious of the weakness of his objections, because after we retired from the field, he felt it necessary to strengthen them by a series of additional articles. But!

**THE NATIONAL EXAMINER.**—This is the title of a large and handsome eight page Weekly, just started in New York, by a Chartered Association. We are much obliged to our valued friend, the Manager, G. W. Nelson, Esq., from whose hands we have received copies of the first number—full of the most interesting matter, and each one worth as much as the price of our best Magazines. Its prospectus promises that it will be specially devoted to Literature, Fine Arts, Music, Domestic Affairs, Agriculture, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Meteorology and Astronomy. Valuable articles on nearly all these subjects, we find in the numbers before us. It has a Masonic Department, in which there are items of interest to those who belong to the "Mystic Order." We advise all who wish to take a good paper, to try The National Examiner. Price \$ 2.50 per annum. Address George W. Nelson, Manager, No. 5 Beekman Street N. Y.

**MODERN SPIRITUALISM.**—The significant extract on this subject, in another column—part of a report concerning the recent celebrations; in Boston, of the twentieth anniversary of Spiritualism—is one of the selections which we find, with comments, in The National Examiner. We advise all to read it carefully—especially those who hold the theory that the world is growing better, and that the millennium will some day be established by a universal conversion to Christianity. It is a sad commentary on this belief that the Satanic delusion should in twenty years become a great and defiant religion, with four million adherents; in the most enlightened country in the world, and that so many of them, including its ablest advocates, are from the ranks of Protestantism. What will Spiritualism be twenty years hence?

A TOWN HALL.—We need a good, spacious one. We have several Halls, so called, but they are small, uncomfortable, and almost unmeetable. The right sort of a building would pay. The Odd Fellows, the Masons, the Good Templars, each ought to have a good "lodge-room;" and, rooms on the first floor, suitable for Offices, Millinery Stores, and the like, could doubtless be readily rented. We hope some progressive citizen with the "needfull," will step forward and put up just what we want. Or, if the several societies, the borough, and our most public spirited citizens, were earnestly to take the matter in hand, we could have a Hall before the close of the year. We ought to have a place for public meetings, capable of seating not less than fifteen hundred people.

[COMMUNICATED.]

EDITOR OF NOW AND THEN :—As your paper is for the dissemination of facts, good and wise sentiments, sound doctrine and true patriotism, permit me once in a while to make a few suggestions; and this time regarding our Soldier's Monument, towards which you, and our citizens, have already done so much.

Measures have at last reached a tangible form, and it is only for those who have the awarding of the contract to say where it shall be executed, and when it shall be done. We hope ere the anniversary of decorating our Soldier's graves with flowers will come again, we will be able to rear a more lasting memorial than 'flowers of spring time.' Let it be the recording stone to last for ages.

As to where the work is to be done, will of course be left to the discretion of our able committee. But why not have it done at home? Muncy can boast as good mechanics as can be found elsewhere. Then why not encourage them to stay among us? This is to be done by giving them work to do. When we find the laborer worthy of his hire, we should recommend him to our friends and neighbours, and thus encourage him and keep him here, instead of sending him away to build up Western Cities, for "of such stuff they are made"—good honest mechanics.

The propensity to run to neighbouring towns for everything but our credit has almost become a mania. Our furniture, our musical instruments, and our merchandise generally, seem to have greater virtues by being bought away from home, and sometimes even our medicines, under the impression that the bitter pill will be easier taken. Our millinery and mantuamaking is often sent off to be done, at a greater expense than could be done at home. In fact Mr. Editor, our fondness for purchasing of strangers has become so great as to allow salesmen, in female disguise, to come among us "just for the fun of the thing".

We have several new enterprises started in Muncy. Let us encourage them. Give them our money, and they in return will give us theirs. Let justice prevail. Let us aid the working-men in our midst by giving them our work to do.

JUSTICE.

## Selection.

### MODERN SPIRITUALISM

ITS FIRST TWENTY YEARS.

The "Christian Intelligencer" says:—"Twenty years ago (March 31, 1848) began, as is claimed, the first intelligent spiritual manifestation of which so much is affirmed and denied. Andrew Jackson Davis had previously been under 'spiritual control,' and through him wonderful prophecies were given to the world. But the way for a full and satisfactory revelation from the spirit-land was not opened till 1848, when the Fox girls of western New York surrendered themselves so entirely as to be the channel of the first decid-

ive intelligent interchange of embodied and disembodied spirits.

These girls accidentally hit upon a method of interpreting the "raps," and thus began the system that has now grown so formidable a competitor among the many erroneous religious systems. Twenty years have passed, and thousands of the disciples of this faith assemble in intelligent religious centre to celebrate the rise and progress of the strange belief.

It cannot be denied that learning, sound morality, social respectability and sincerity were well represented. Many persons have the idea that spiritualists are made up exclusively of madmen, weaklings and the vicious; but an acquaintance with them shows that they embrace some of the finest minds in the country, and that not a few rank first in social life. They have won to themselves several first-class lawyers, physicians, and some very excellent clergymen of various denominations. We gain nothing and lose much by underrating their respectability and power. The delusion is certainly powerful. There is an infatuation about it that leads even strong minds into captivity. Like the Roman Church, it can boast upright and moral adherents, and also count the vilest among its followers. We read of the separation of families, of the monstrous results of the "affinity" theory, and of the depravity of some mediums, but the better class Spiritualists deplore such things as much as we.

After conceding thus much, however, we must express the shock that devout minds feel at the profane words and acts that the body as such seems to justify. This anniversary will naturally be taken as a proper representation of the spirit animating the body. Marshalling their best men and woman, and disclaiming responsibility for many of the extreme vagaries cherished, it is impossible for them to conceal the sad results legitimately following such a faith. It is true that a few recognize the binding authority of the Bible. Some believe in the atonement and kindred doctrines; but the rank and file, embracing the great majority, hold views and countenance practices revolting to pure and devout minds. Some of the 'mediums' are very blasphemous. How respectable minds can endure their trash and profanity it is hard to say. Upon the whole, the recent utterance of Horace Greeley upon Spiritualism is just.

Messie Hall was duly decorated and filled with the faithful and their children. Some of the mottoes were as follows: 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of folly.' 'The love of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.' \* \* \* \* Several hundred children were present, and added interest by their songs, recitations, etc. In the evening speeches were given and communications received from the spirits, as they believed.

Some things should be seriously pondered by us all with reference to those advocating such views. They are evidently sincere. They are in earnest, and in this set an example before those who boast a sound creed. They work hard to propagate their faith. They are a numerous and influential body of errorists. They are a growing body, and simple sneering at their follies and views will not put them down. They maintain a unity of action amid diversity of sentiment that increases their strength. Among them 'the rich and poor meet together,' and the idea of social casts is not tolerated. They are of sufficient strength to be feared. It will need a thorough knowledge of their history and theories, a patient spirit, sound discretion, and the utmost fairness to successfully meet them. The book or tract fit to be put into their hands as a candid, intelligent, exhaustive answer to their views, is yet to be written. Is this error any the less to be dreaded than Romanism? FOUR MILLIONS are said to be followers; and statesman, jurists, and leading minds of all professions and trades are claimed as adherents. Has the world ever so abounded in errors as now? Is the Church conscious of their power?"

## Advertisements.

**NOTICE.**—We do not propose to receive regular subscriptions, but will supply our patrons now and then with copies of NOW AND THEN, at 5 cents per number. Persons living in other places, will please remit enough in addition to prepay the postage. Neither do we offer to receive advertisements. Shall ourself seldom occupy so much space in this way, as we do in this number. EDITOR.

### The Circulating Library.

We take pleasure in announcing that we have recently added a great many new popular and valuable Books to our Circulating Library. The additions consist of works of TRAVEL, EXPLORATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, SCIENCE, PROPHECY, HISTORY, and ROMANCE. We have been vigilantly select in regard to the latter, and are not aware of having any objectionable books—at least none more so than a large part of the works which compose our Sabbath School Libraries. Few would perhaps emphatically object to all works of fiction—such as the Waverlies, Corinne, the romances by Miss Muhlbach, J. Fenimore Cooper, Bayard Taylor, Ann S. Stephens, and many others—but the exclusive taste of many for such works is certainly to be regretted. It is as injudicious for one to read only novels, even the most chaste and faultless, as it is too freely to indulge a morbid appetite with the most wholesome food. It is not the use of the best works of fiction, but it is the abuse of time and taste to which so many strong objections have been urged. With this view of novel-reading, we assure the public that we shall do all we can to encourage the circulation of the most useful books, on the subjects above named, and to make the enterprise worthy of a liberal support. We are happy to add that the institution is meeting with encouragement, and that we have increased hopes of being enabled to establish a permanent and an extensive Circulating Library.

### Articles for Ladies.

FINE COTTON, for Crochet Work. FINE WIRE, for Hair Flowers—WAX, for Wax Flowers. SATCHELS, for Work, and for Traveling. OIL, for Sewing Machines. ORNAMENTS, for What-Nots. ALSO WORK BOXES, SEWING BASKETS, GLASS SHADES, and a great many other useful and embellishing articles.

### Articles for Gentlemen.

Twenty five styles of POCKET BOOKS, at prices ranging from 10 cents to \$3.00. POCKET KNIVES, a great variety of FISHING TACKLE, such as RODS, LINES, HOOKS, REELS, FLIES, BASKETS, OUT LINES, HOOP NETS, &c. Also BASE BALLS, B. B. BATTS, SPY GLASSES, and a great many other articles.

### Gems and Puffs.

We are selling our third supply of the PATENT IRON GEM and PUFF PASS. All who wish to know why they sell so well, can soon learn the secret by buying and trying one. Price only 75 cents.

### KEDZIE'S

#### IMPROVED WATER FILTER.

"Scientific in construction, with capacity and durability, to meet an increasing demand for PURE WATER." "The most impure rain, river or hydrant water, by this means is made free from all foreign matter (not held in solution), clear as crystal, without taste, color or smell."

We have been using one for about eight months, and would not now be without such a filter for ten times the cost. Call and get a drink of our pure, sparkling and delicious, filtered rain water.

We are acting as an Agent for the Manufacturers—Messrs KEDZIE & BENDEL. They make five sizes. Prices range from \$9.00 to \$15.00. See descriptive Circular.

## SEWING MACHINES.

We take the liberty to publish the following letter, received from the General Agents for the WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO:—

Philadelphia May 19, 1868.

Mr. J. M. M. GERNERD:—Dear Sir:—We would like to have an active working Agent in your place for the sale of the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES. Would you accept the Agency? \* \* \* Hoping for a favourable reply, we are respectfully—

Yours, PETERSON & LITTLE.

#### REPLY

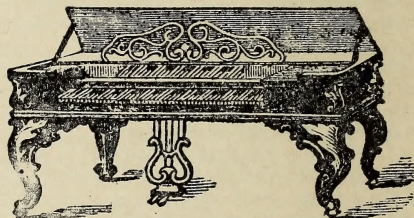
Gentlemen:—We accept the Agency. There are quite a number of your Machines in use in this neighbourhood. Their many good qualities are so well known, that we may not need to "work" hard, nor be very "active," to sell for you. Our "partner" has been doing nearly all kinds of work on one during the last seven years, and she thinks—well she thinks just as all think who have the Wheeler & Wilson Machine.

Truly, J. M. M. GERNERD.

TO THE PUBLIC.

We shall always have some of these Machines on hand. Call and see them.

Respectfully, J. M. M. G.



We can at short notice furnish any of the various styles of PIANOS manufactured by

HAINS BROTHERS, GEO. STECK & Co.,  
STEINWAY & SONS, KINDT & MANZ.

Can also promptly fill orders for any of the many styles of ORGANS and MELODEONS manufactured by

G. A. PRINCE & Co., MASON & HAMLIN.  
Have always some of these Instruments on hand.

### Omnibus Soap.

A very superior article. Fresh supply received. Price reduced to 15 cents per cake. Try it.

### New Songs and Piano Pieces.

(Sent by mail, free, on receipt of the marked price.)

My Love we'll Meet Again. . . . .	By Sullivan. . . . .	40
Roses and Daisies. . . . .	Claribel. . . . .	40
Those Words are So Sweet. . . . .	Rosse. . . . .	30
Anna Carter Lee. . . . .	Post. . . . .	30
Not for Joseph. . . . .	Lloyd. . . . .	50
Champagne Charlie. . . . .	Lee. . . . .	50
I Wait with Happy Heart. . . . .	Ross. . . . .	30
Joyous Life. . . . .	Randegger. . . . .	40
Jupiter Galop. . . . .	Instrumental. . . . .	30
Mazourka Militaire. . . . .	Minnick. . . . .	35
Black Key Polka Mazourka. . . . .	Hertzog. . . . .	30
No Throughfare Galop. . . . .	Cootie. . . . .	35
Amphion Waltz. . . . .	Steinhausner. . . . .	60
Dreaming of Angels. . . . .	Grobe. . . . .	50
The Sabre Galop. . . . .	Meyer. . . . .	50
Adelaide. . . . .	Richards. . . . .	60
Then You'll Remember Me. . . . .	Wyman. . . . .	60

J. M. M. GERNERD, Muncy, LYCOMING CO. PA.

# NOW AND THEN.

A Journal Devoted to the Copies of the Times.

VOL. 2.

MUNCY, PA. JULY, 1868.

No. 2.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF MUNCY—No. 2.

"Remorseless time;  
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe—what power  
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt  
His iron heart with pity." PASTOR.

January 1839 the Lyceum expired. Many of its members whose other and more promising fields for the employment of their energies and abilities, and the curtain fell, never to rise again.

From the ashes of this defunct institution, however, arose several others, useful and ornamental; Thespian Societies, Local Legislature, Church Choirs, &c. The Thespian Society absorbed, as to the young men, in its "dramatis personæ," about all the talent and culture of the town; though narrow and bigoted dunces, who had more zeal than sense, expressed many apprehensions as to the moral tendency of the dialogue and declamation. In their estimation it was not

"To raise man-kind by gentle strokes of art,  
To mend the manners and improve the heart,  
The tragic muse first trod the stage,  
Commanding tears to flow in every age."

They argued nothing from it but evil.

The Thespians held their rehearsals in the building now occupied as a jewelry store (Reader's). Its leading spirits were Palmer, Wash. Shoemaker, C. B. Langdon, Throp, Staman, Philip Dimm, Babb and W. Lloyd. Palmer took the leading part in tragedy, and Dimm in comedy. Throp had acquired some skill in the use of red and yellow ochre, cochineal and varnish, and also of the saw and chisel, and performed the double function of "cynic"-artist, and stage carpenter. The selections were principally from "Scott's Lessons," "American Speaker," &c., and "Tell" and "Lord Ullin's Daughter" were disposed of in a manner that would have surprised the auditors at Deury Lane or Covent Garden. The Orchestra was not extensive, the wardrobe not elaborate, nor the scenery gorgeous, but still the accessories were in our estimation, by no means meagre or contemptible. It has been our good fortune to see most of the great lights of the Drama of our day, of our own and other countries, most of the great Theatrical buildings with their splendid architectural beauties and adornments, stage-concomitants, &c., none of which impressed us so much or seemed half such "a big thing" to our boyish fancy as the one we describe.

When on his way to the Argentine Republic, to which he was appointed minister by President Lincoln, we had a long conversation with Palmer. He alluded with the most tender interest to his Thespian associates, and their boyish infatuations. He here laid the foundation of his reputation. He was the ablest criminal lawyer in his district, and in the forum, or upon the stump, to his adversary he was a consuming fire. In our struggle with the great rebellion his means and his influence were both effectively employed on the side of his country. He closed while in his early prime a career honorable to himself and service to his country. Died on his way home to the United States, and was buried in the Atlantic ocean.

Dimm was lost many years ago by the burning of a steamer on Lake Erie, and also found a watery grave. He possessed a genial spirit, a kind heart, and by those with whom he associated is always remembered with pleasure. Shoemaker,

a young man of unusual talent and attainments, not long after fell a victim to the "insalable strider," and prematurely closed a life from which his friends had reasons to expect the most desirable results. Babb after graduating in Medicine became assistant demonstrator in the Pennsylvania Medical College, received an appointment of Surgeon in the Navy, and closed a career of distinguished usefulness in the service of his country during the late rebellion. Throp we believe after several unsuccessful efforts to propitiate that dirty fickle Mumbo died in the far West. He had many excellent qualities, and perhaps parted with a world whose vicissitudes had disappointed and soured him, without a regret.

Among the musical events of the time, was the introduction of an Organ into the Episcopal Church. The Choir was originated by Miss Mercy Ellis, who soon after passed away, as Mr. Lightner beautifully expressed it—"harp in hand to join the choir above." No sweeter brighter flower was ever transplanted from the vineyard of the church militant to the church triumphant. The choir at that time monopolized all the educated musical talent of the town. The music was mostly under the management of Maj. Robb, with a single exception the only tenor singer the church has ever had in the memory of the writer. He was assisted by Dr. Rihsam, Flack, Thos. Lloyd and Dr. Wood on the part of the gentlemen, and of the ladies by Annie Ellis, Maria Langdon, Maria Figster and some others not remembered by the writer. The first two named ladies were the only Soprano Solo singers the church had ever produced. As they successively retired from the gallery, the age of singers so far as this church was concerned passed away, but the echo of those voices will linger in our hearts forever. It was left for the Presbyterian Church twenty years after, to take down and restring the "tuneless harp" so long suspended upon the Episcopal Willow. Of this we will speak at the proper time. There is now a much greater diffusion of musical education, but for twenty years there has not been a prima donna grown in the Muncy Valley. Our choirs are plethora with *hangersons*, but the voices lack management and cultivation.

About this time Yankee music began to be introduced, and Paine, and afterwards Esterbrook, were its great apostles. These gentlemen made many good singers, though they never had an alto sung, and did not seem to comprehend its value in the quartette. The "Carmina Sacra" was the most popular book of the time, though we believe a society under the management of John J. Crense and C. S. Wallis, which held its meetings at the old Academy, used "Heckocks and Flemings." Air, and bass, was all to which they aspired. In the Sunday schools of the time they used the same tunes and hymns as in the church, such as Mear, Old Hundred, Absherry, &c., and they acted like an opiate on the juvenile, being neither adapted to their use, nor comprehension. The almost inspired genius of Bradley, Cook, Woodbury, Root and others, had not furnished the religious institutions of our country with that splendid repertory of Sunday school and church music we now possess. The hymn and the music of that day was austerely objective; and we rejoice to see in our own day the heart and emotions forever unfettered by the influence of a subjective and devotional music and hymnology. When we look back we think we shall never forgive that generation for not having thought of "The Shining Shore," "A

"Light in the Window," "Homeward Bound," "There is a Happy Land," and a hundred others the beauty and melody of which will linger in our memory till lost in the chorus of the "Happy Land," if it shall ever be our good fortune to reach it.

Chanting at this time was a wonderful novelty. We remember Rev. Mr. May (now Dr. May,) after service sang a chant, and it was a town talk. He had much more of the evangelical element in his character than Dr. Bogg's and Dr. Stubb's of our day, and when he felt like it would sing devotional hymns from the chancel, unassisted by any one. Many will remember his singing "Stop poor sinners, stop and think", as the congregation was retiring from the church after evening service. We shall never forget the impression it made. If a minister were to do that now, with our splendid accessories of organ and vocal accompaniment, he would render himself unpardonably ridiculous; though perhaps to the retroverted eye of the next generation, we too may appear as stupid as the one whose short comings we chronicle.

The only preaching of any account in the town during the period referred to was by the itinerant Methodist. Rev. Mr. Shedd (Presbyterian) was a cultivated scholar, but did not preach. He taught a select school during the week and on sabbath read from the pulpit a paper on some religious subject. We believe it was intended for preaching. Rev. Mr. Smith (Episcopal) also read a manuscript. He was, it was said, a devoted christian; but, like thousands in the same profession in all the churches, had mistaken his calling. His character endeared him to all, and we always remember him with affection.

The Presbyterian and Episcopal churches then embraced most of the respectability and wealth of the community, but contented themselves with gathering an occasional head of wheat, while the Methodist church has been sweeping like an invasion over Satans dominions, and reaping the harvest. While the Presbyterian was disputing about "election," the Baptist about "immersion," and the Episcopal about the "Apostolical Succession," the Methodist were singing thousands into the Kingdom with their heart inspiring strains—"Come sinners to the gospel feast," "Jesus let thy pitying eye," "Sinner go will you go to the high lands of Heaven," "Come ye sinners poor and needy," etc.,

TEMPUS

## Now and Then.

PUBLISHED EVERY—"ONCE IN A WHILE."

J. M. M. GERNERD, Editor.

EDITORIAL CHAT.—We are happy to announce that the first number of *Now and Then* has met with a very encouraging reception. The many kind words spoken of its contents and appearance, stimulate us to still greater efforts to make it interesting and instructive.

As the object of its publication is not a pecuniary one, we are glad to find that the enterprise will be self-sustaining if we reduce the price. Hereafter, therefore, we will undertake to supply all copies of *Now and Then* wanted, at 3 cents each. "Will it pay?" is a problem we have several times been asked, but the matter may be looked at from another stand-point besides that of dollars and cents. The "Almighty Dollar" is not in every respect the most important standard of action.

Many of our readers were so delighted with number one of "Recollections of Nuncy," that they pronounced it alone worth much more than the cost of the paper. We have not room to repeat the many gratifying expressions of favor and

sympathy. One well meaning friend said he "would just as soon give 5 cents for such a paper as to spend it for a cigar or for a glass of ale!" We hope that friend will soon be able to say "much rather."

As many have expressed an intention to preserve their copies of *Now and Then*, and when the volume is completed have them bound, we have therefore concluded to use a better quality of paper. To others who may wish to save the Journal, we would say that we still have a few copies of the first issue on hand. The *Luminary* kindly lavished upon our little *Satellite* such complimentary terms as "neat," "spicy" and "interesting", and who can better appreciate these merits than friend George? We shall aim to make it truly worth preserving.

The second contribution by "Tempus" seems to us particularly interesting. He evidently aims to be an impartial historian, and frankly entertains us with his impressions. We regret that we again overlooked several typographical errors. When speaking of Throp we make the writer say "that dirty fickle Mammon." It should read "that fickle deity Mammon." It may however be no slander to call fickle Mammon "dirty." The other errors are less important. As we are a beginner at the printing business, we ask a little indulgence. Shall read our proof more carefully hereafter.

We respectfully invite our contributors to give a free expression of their views, but wish each to be considered responsible for what he says. We can not all see alike, and can not expect to maintain a perfect unanimity of sentiment. It is not necessary that we should. While it is human to err, it will be natural to differ. We must either make progress, or we must soon retrograde. We can not long stand still. To make progress, we must agitate. To agitate, we must differ. To differ, we must unavoidably sometimes stir up a spirit of opposition. To stir up a spirit of opposition, and elicit facts and arguments on both sides of a question, is to make the contrast between Truth and Error more striking. Therefore, say what you wish, but do it with candor and with kindness. The only restraint we desire you to regard, is that suggested by an intelligent sense of propriety.

"In faith and hope the world will disagree,  
But all mankind's concern'd in charity."

A friend in Bradford Co. on receiving a copy of *Now and Then*, writes us to "induce in a little gossip about town affairs, and give every body sly hits on their short comings and weak points generally." It is said "they who tell us of our faults, are our best friends," but our neighbors would perhaps not think us very friendly if we were to give them many sly hits on their short comings. Few care to have reflections made upon their conduct. Five ministers are employed in this town to watch and admonish five congregations, but Oh! how cautious they must be when preaching about weak points and short comings! And yet, in their prayers, our best citizens confess themselves to be most lamentably weak and sinful, and that there is "no health" in them. We may by and by venture to test their sincerity.

An important topic at present is politics. We have however no particular love for the trade, and so have resolved to keep *Now and Then* as much as possible out of the influence of political strife: "Our party," and the "other party," both have many able organs, and nothing we believe escapes their notice. Virtue is not all on one side, and only vice and error on the other, but both need critical examination. It is for the good of the Nation that the people are divided into two great factions, ever watching and jealous of each other, and always prompt to expose each others faults and mistakes. Whenever, therefore, we do venture to talk politics, we shall only aim to make both parties better, and when we find both advocating sound doctrine—we care little which beats.—We would like to see both sides spew out their bad men—their

conservatives, who are neither hot nor cold—their pot house and button hole politicians, who only hang on for the loaves and fishes—and only put forward their sober, decent, honest, common-sense men, as candidates. And then, when the ballots are counted, let the defeated party put up Salt River in good spirits, and the triumphant faction make proper use of its privileges. This thing of getting up a rebellion, we hope is forever “played out.”

A correspondent in Dacotah, Ills., wants to know if we would not sooner live in a Western town, among enterprising people? He infers from some remarks in our first issue that Muncy must be a slow and an unimportant place.—Harry, your impression needs correction. Muncy is a “right smart little town,” in spite of the obstacles to which we have adverted. It is delightfully and advantageously located. More enterprise would soon make it a large and flourishing place. The population ought to be from five to ten thousand, instead of about fifteen hundred. It is to arouse a public spirit, that we write as we do. The town contains both the means and the intelligence, but is paralyzed by a little too much *old-foggism*. The country is in advance of us. Although we lack the energy characterizing many other towns, both East and West, yet the place is by no means so very insignificant. We have a prosperous National Bank. An Insurance Company with a capital of \$3,398,000. Two thriving Foundries, where heavy Engines and many kinds of machinery are built. An Agricultural Implement Factory, from which work is sent to most of the States. Two Carriage Manufactories. Five Steam Saw and Shingle Mills. Several Lager Beer Breweries. About thirty Stores. A large and well conducted Weekly Newspaper, and one independent little sheet published every *Now and Then*. Five handsome Churches. An excellent Young Ladies Seminary. And some elegant Residences. So you see, Muncy is a place of more account than you supposed. It has lately manifested a progressive tendency. We do hope that our monied men and lot owners will do their part and make it what it ought, and can easily be made, to be.

“A babe in the house is a well spring of pleasure.” There must, according to Tupper, be an unusual amount of pleasure in our immediate neighborhood, as there are no less than six newcomers within crying distance of each other. Each babe may be “a link between angels and men,” but when they all exert their vocal powers—the “cat nip” notwithstanding—one is not reminded powerfully of angels.

**MONEY WILL MAKE MONEY.**—If twenty-five or thirty of our moneyed men, in, and around the town—and we have them—were each to advance from \$1000 to \$10,000, to make up a capital of about \$150,000, and the money thus raised were forthwith judiciously invested in public improvements, such as a first class Hotel, a Seminary, a Graded Public School, an Academy, a Public Hall, etc., they would get their money back in the enhanced value of their personal properties almost before the public improvements were fairly completed. But of course, those who own building lots must sell, at reasonable rates, so as to give the town a chance to grow. Sell one half your lots, at half price, stipulate that your purchaser must immediately build, and the other half will presently bring you as much, or more, than the whole would sell for now. Do this, let an association at once begin the public improvements so much needed, and more houses will go up next summer than we have had built during the last fifteen years. Dwellings now worth \$1,500, would soon command twice that amount. Our population would in a short time be doubled. The value of farms around the town would be increased, twice as much as their owners would need to contribute. One enterprise would lead on to another. Every body would take courage. Hundreds would flock

here for employment, and would find it. This is no visionary whim, but just what a liberal and an enterprising public spirit would certainly accomplish. Enterprise is building up towns throughout the State not as favourably situated as Muncy. Who will step forward and start this thing with a \$5,000 or a \$10,000 subscription? Money will make money.

**LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.**—A writer of the *World's Crisis*, when speaking of a late peculiar Union meeting, in Boston, inaugurated by the Unitarians, in which all religious denominations and sects who chose, participated, says:

There has been during the last winter a series of meetings of this character weekly. The manner of conducting them was for any one, who desired, to make remarks upon the subject before the meeting. A number of questions were discussed, such as “The true tests of Christianity,” “What is it to believe in Christ?” and others of a like nature. Unitarians, Universalists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, Episcopalians, and Spiritualists, would often be heard in the same meeting.

This is truly progression. It certainly shows on the part of Unitarians a liberality which no evangelical church would inaugurate. It opened a door for every one to express their views upon the Scriptures. The meetings were often solemn, and always conducted with the best of order and good nature; and no doubt there was some seed sown which will take root and spring up to life everlasting.

This is certainly a gratifying sign of progress. We hope the “liberality” will be everywhere followed up until there is no longer a sectarian wall of sufficient importance to divide, and weaken, the followers of Him who taught the liberal doctrines of universal brotherhood. Nothing so neutralizes the missionary efforts of Christians, as the divisions, and very often most bitter dissensions, among themselves. Why not everywhere meet and with “good nature” express their views upon the Scriptures? When Truth and Falsehood thus in “solemn” and good “order” grapple, no one with a sincere faith in the Gospel of the Kingdom need fear the results.

**WAR IN EUROPE.**—A European war, eclipsing in magnitude all past wars, has long been a topic of discussion and anxiety. Students of Prophecy, deeply concerned about the “signs of the times,” have often believed the final struggle about to begin. Politicians and Journalists have as often predicted wars, and have as often found themselves wrong. But “rumors of wars,” as well as “wars,” are a part of divine prophecy, and for centuries both have kept the world fearfully agitated. “But the end is not yet,” is a lesson often repeated, and may again be repeated. Since Christ prophesied, the calamities of war have seldom long given way to the blessings of peace. We have also had “famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes, in divers places.” But the final struggle, when there “shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world,” is again thought by many to be at hand. Are we on the eve of that awful conflict? Do the “signs” indicate a strife so important? May we have a greater war than history records, and yet when its smoke clears away find that the great battle Armageddon is still unfought? To these questions we can only reply that we indeed “know not.”

“Rumors” of a great war are again rife. The *National Examiner* says that “the impending contest may be considered the most threatening of any ever waged in Europe.” The *New York Tribune* says “Generally we attribute very little importance to vague reports of an approaching war in Europe; but whether the news of *Le Nord* is true or untrue, we regard it unquestionable that the plot in the East thickens, and that a great war for settling the long dispute will at last become unavoidable.” The *Le Nord* asserts, that “the opinion widely prevails in Paris that war will break out in Europe before the close of Autumn.” An article on the status of European affairs, in the April No. of *Lippincott's Magazine*, shows it quite probable that there will come, as the *Prophetic Times* in commenting on it says, “an unprecedented and sweeping hurricane from one quarter or another.” Such is the opinion of many leading Journals.

**THE GOOD TEMPLARS.**—Since our last notice of this order, of this place, quite a number of initiations have taken place. A handsome \$170.00 Cabinet Organ is also about to be initiated. Thus the Temperance revolution is marching on.

LINCOLN'S "TREAT."—The following is related of Abraham Lincoln, when the committee waited on him at his own house to inform him of his nomination for the Presidency:

"Mr. Lincoln remarked to the company that, as an appropriate conclusion to an interview so important and interesting as that which had just transpired, he supposed good manners would require that he should *treat* the committee with something to drink; and opening a door that led into a room in the rear, he called out: 'Mary! Mary?' A girl responded to the call, whom Mr. Lincoln spoke a word to in an undertone; and, closing the door, returned again to converse with his guests. In a few minutes the maiden entered, bearing a large waiter containing several glass tumblers and a large pitcher in the midst, and placed it upon the centre table. Mr. Lincoln arose, and gravely said: 'Gentlemen, we must pledge our mutual healths in the most healthy beverage which our God has given to man; it is the only beverage I have ever used or allowed in my family, and I can not conscientiously depart from it on the present occasion. It is pure Adam's ale from the sprig; and taking a tumbler, he touched it to his lips and pledged them his highest respect in a cup of cold water. Of course, all his guests were constrained to admire his consistency and to join in his example.'

It would not lessen the *dignity* of any one, and it would certainly be more favourable to the *health* and *usefulness* of all, if the noble example of Lincoln were universally followed. What folly for the being created in the "image of God" to drink that mocking curse "whose ingredient is a devil."

For Now and Then.

### National Songs.

Among the various national songs and hymns that have come under our notice, there are none we think equal in all respects to our own beautiful hymn "America," and our patriotic songs "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean," and the "Star Spangled Banner." They are unequaled, though we must forever regret that the tune of the latter is not American but English. It is an indifferent composition, and has survived only because of its association with the song.

The selfish and boastful sea songs of the English, as for instance "Rule Britannia," & "Britannia Rules the Wave," disgust us. And her hymn, "God save the King," sung with so much gusto on all State occasions, what must we think of the obsequiousness, the degrading servility which it implies, as the poor sycophantic Englishman prostrates himself in the presence of his Sovereign, wallows in the dirt, and then rises to sing "God Save the King!" This hymn was written in the reign of George III, whose only distinction was his tyranny and his debauchery.

In their sea songs they arrogate to themselves the dominion of the seas—"Britannia Rules the Waves"—as if the Great Creator had formed the waters of the globe for their special and exclusive use. The time is not far distant perhaps, when if they don't settle that little bill of their pirates, American monitors will make these presumptions whelp jump "Jim Crow" to another tune than "Britannia Rules the Waves."

Contrast this "God Save the King," (for usually the Englishman is too obsequious to pray for any one but the tyrant who oppresses him,) with the noble patriotism, and generous philanthropy of the Marseilles Hymn,—suppressed by the present Emperor,—"*Ye sons of Freedom awake to glory; &c.*" Though in it there is a great moral omission; but for this we must seek an explanation in the universal disgust with all religious ideas which at the time, a profligate and vicious Roman priesthood had done so much to produce.

But in our own National Hymn "America," are found those sentiments which commend themselves alike to the *Patrician* and the *Christian*. God is there acknowledged as the author of all our blessings, and the only object of our homage

"Our Father's God! to Thee—  
Author of Liberty!  
To Thee we sing."

B.

## Advertisements.

### SEWING MACHINES.

We take the liberty to publish the following letter, received from the General Agents for the WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.:

Philadelphia May 19, 1863.

Mr. J. M. M. GERNERD:—Dear Sir:—We would like to have an active working Agent in your place for the sale of the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES. Would you accept the Agency? \* \* \* Hoping for a favourable reply, we are respectfully—

Yours, PETERSON & LITTLE.

Reply:

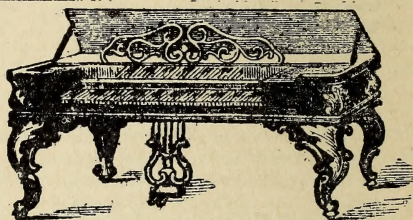
Gentlemen:—We accept the Agency. There are quite a number of your Machines in use in this neighbourhood. Their many good qualities are so well known, that we may not need to "work" hard, nor be very "active," to sell for you. Our "partner" has been doing nearly all kinds of work on one during the last seven years, and she thinks—well she thinks just as all think who have the Wheeler & Wilson Machine.

Truly, J. M. M. GERNERD.

TO THE PUBLIC.

We shall always have some of these Machines on hand. Call and see them.

Respectfully, J. M. M. G.



We can at short notice furnish any of the various styles of

PIANOS manufactured by

HAINS BROTHERS, Geo. Steck & Co.,

SWENWAY & SONS, KINDT & MANZ.

Can also promptly fill orders for any of the many styles of

ORGANS and MELODEONS manufactured by

G. A. PIERCE & Co., MASON & HAMLIN.

Have always some of these Instruments on hand.

### KEDZIE'S

IMPROVED WATER FILTER.

"Scientific in construction, with capacity and durability, to meet an increasing demand for PURE WATER." "The most impure rain, river or hydrant water, by this means is made free from all foreign matter (not held in solution), clear as crystal, without taste, color or smell."

We have been using one for about eight months, and would not now be without such a filter for ten times the cost. Call and get a drink of our pure, sparkling and delicious, filtered rain water.

We are acting as an Agent for the Manufacturers—Messrs KEDZIE & BUNNELL. They make five sizes. Prices range from \$9.00 to \$15.00. See descriptive Circular.

### New Songs and Piano Pieces.

(Sent by mail, free, on receipt of the marked price.)

My Love we'll Meet Again.	By Sullivan.	.40
Roses and Daisies.	Claribel.	.40
Those Words are So Sweet.	Rosse.	.30
Anna Carter Lee.	Post.	.30
Not for Joseph.	Lloyd.	.50
Champagne Charlie.	Lee.	.50
I Wait with Happy Heart.	Ross.	.30
Joyous Life.	Randegger.	.40
Jupiter Galop.	Instrumental.	.35
Mazurka Militaire.	Minnick.	.30
Black Key Polka Mazourka.	Herzog.	.30
No Throughfare Galop.	Cootie.	.35
Amphion Waltz.	Steinhausner.	.60
Dreaming of Angels.	Grobe.	.50
The Sabre Galop.	Meyer.	.50
Adelaida.	Richards.	.60
Then You'll Remember Me.	Wyman.	.60
J. M. M. GERNERD, Muncy, LYCOMING CO. PA.		

# NOW AND THEN.

A Journal Devoted to the Topics of the Times.

Vol. 1.

MUNCY, PA. AUGUST, 1868.

No. 3.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF MUNCY—NO. 3.

"This must be the music," said he, "of the spears, For I'm blest if each note of it doesn't run through one."

In our last some allusion was made to the state and progress of choir and instrumental music. Instrumental Band Music was unknown before the year 1836. About this time an American citizen of African descent, visited the town for the purpose of organizing and teaching a Band. Black Sam sounded his bugle, and the musicians of the place soon assembled. Their rendezvous was McReynold's (now Ooder's) Hotel. A class was formed at once, among the members of which were—James Merrill, John Scott, Jacob Whitmoyer, J. M. B. Petrikin, C. R. Riebsam, and Thomas Lloyd.

Sam had some knowledge of notes, and could read a plain peice, but he could not arrange or harmonize the most simple music. The whole class played one part—the air—and Sam occasionally improvised a second. The instruments used were the octave flute, key bugle, trumpet, and b flat clarinet. Capt. Lloyd on one occasion asked Sam the use and character of some of the various instruments he had seen in the Circus bands. The sliding trombone for instance, he said was used merely for keeping time. To one acquainted with the unequalled excellencies of this instrument, this explanation must have been irrepressibly amusing, for by the sliding of the tube it commands every tone through its whole compass, and surpasses every other wind instrument in admitting, like the violin of the voice, the introduction of the slide.

We remember on one occasion a party of fiddlers, drummers and fifers, calling themselves the Hagesburg Band, came to pay a friendly visit to the Muncy Band, halted at Treontown for an escort, and was conducted into the town by the whole company with Sam at their head. The two Bands followed like a drove of geese, and did their best to hear and follow Sam, but it was impossible. Each one seemed to play on general principles, and the town was treated to a grand musical *Melange*.

When the news of their advent reached the old Academy, Col. Petrikin and Dr. Riebsam were sitting near us, and as they rushed for the hole the carpenter left to join their companions, at their rendezvous, how we all "gazed and wished to follow too." What were learnings laurels to us then! who cared for Latin or Greek conjugations then! to back the fiery *Pegasus*! or had any fear of the dreaded *pohs asinarum* before his eyes! who cared whether *arma virumque cano*, meant "arms and the man I slug," or "arms and men and dogs"! A simultaneous shout for adjournment soon dissolved the school, and the teacher left for his dinner with no very favourable opinion of the literary taste of his pupils.

A few years later, through the instrumentality of our estimable townsman Capt. T. Lloyd, who at an unusually early age had evinced great mathematical talent, and recognizing its relations to the science of harmony and composition, soon became a most successful leader, and writer of original music, an entire revolution was produced in the history and character of our music, which we think may with propriety be called the "Lloyd Era." Under the Captain's patronage some of the best Bands of this section of our State were organized, and for many years sustained. He seemed equally at home whether in string, brass, martial, or piano music,

and for an amateur arranged with a facility equaled by few professional musicians, while his original compositions have attained a wide popularity.

The waltz, polka, schottische, &c. were not then common to our band music. The national airs were of course played, but the stand-bys were Wood Up, Twilight Dews, Love Not, Fishers Hornpipe, Devils Dream, &c.

The young ladies of these times, were not educated in music as now. A boarding school education was not to be thought of, as indicated by the cant phrases and defective pronunciation to which allusion has already been made. We remember the interest exhibited by the neighborhood, when the valley sent its first two young ladies to such a school. When the Misses Fieters returned, their less fortunate acquaintances, the graduates of the log school house, or the log kitchen, looked upon them with feelings of mingled awe and inferiority.

Ballad singing was a common accomplishment. We have heard Barbary Allen sung with much effect. The subject is highly romantic, and even tragical—

"T'was in the pleasant month of May,  
The green birds they were swelling,  
When young Jimmy Grove, on his death bed lay,  
For the love of Barbary Allen."

"Winer Dine," "Perry's Victory," and songs of this class constituted their chief stock. The young lady or gentleman, who excelled in this accomplishment, was always welcome at the social gathering.

About this time the "Dearborn" wagon or carriage, was brought to the country. The honor of introducing this valuable achievement of modern ingenuity belongs we are told to the late Gen. Petrikin. People who could ride to church in these vehicles were a "touch above the vulgar" indeed. But *sic transit*, Halls, and Shoemakers (at the Mills), new carriages soon threw them into contempt, and the boys had a new object of wonder and admiration. These we believe were the first vehicles of this description brought to Muncy.

When Hall's carriage drove up to the church door, we boys almost held our breath. We never expected the owners of so magnificent an establishment to condescend to notice the ragged brigade who footed it to church, and scattered on the mud side-walk as the cavalcade approached. If one of the family added the whole congregation were in ecstasies; if they smiled,—"That bright smile haunts us still!"

"Order is heavens first law, and this confessed,  
Some are and must be greater than the rest."

Since then, some of these shoeless lads have "commanded the applause of listening senates"; have charmed the thousands who have hung with rapture on their accents; have stood before Kings and Princes; and even the writer came very near being introduced to that distinguished representative of the Anthropophagi of the Sandwich Islands, Quecu Emma; while some no doubt have been in the Penitentiary—or ought to be.

TEMPUS.

Consider, man; weigh well thy frame,  
The king, the beggar, are the same;  
Dust form'd us all. Each breathes his day,  
Then sinks into his native clay.

Gay's Fables

# Now and Then.

PUBLISHED EVERY—"ONCE IN A WHILE."

J. M. M. GERNERD, EDITOR.

**SUBSCRIBERS.**—Persons living out of town, or in town, who do not get to see our carriers, and who may desire to take our little paper, can have it regularly—that is, "every once in a while"—by making their wish known to us. We will leave it for them at the Post Office, and whenever we want them to pay up—which will be "once in a great while"—will give due and timely notice. Persons who do not willingly pay their little bills, when they can conveniently pay them, need not make application. Price, 3 cents per copy. Have still on hand a few copies of the first and second numbers.

**GOOD IDMA.**—Numbers of persons have been calling for extra copies of *Now and Then* to send to their correspondents. The paper is light, can be nicely folded to fit an envelop, and will not increase the postage if enclosed with a sheet of letter paper. Persons who have ever lived in this community, will be particularly interested in "Recollections of Muncy."

**RECOLLECTIONS OF MUNCY.**—The chronicles by Tempus are proving fully as gratifying to our readers as we anticipated. The events thus far recorded occurred before the recollection of a large portion of our readers, but most of the characters are well known to all. It will be some time before he brings his narrations down to the earlier recollections of our younger readers. His memory is very retentive, and he has many interesting reminiscences in store for us. The tribute in the present number to our musical friend Captain Thomas Lloyd, is particularly well merited. Many will no doubt regret the neglect to mention how near our facetious contributor came to being introduced to Queen Emma. Well, he might truthfully say of himself, as Sir John Falstaff said of himself,—"I am not only witty in myself, but the cause of that wit is in other men."

**EDITORIAL COURTESY.**—It is quite gratifying to have several of our large and dignified newspapers condescend to notice us, and kindly wish us prosperity. We take a special pleasure in acknowledging the attention paid us by *The Sullivan Free Press*, and *The Miltonian*. We sent our paper to several Editors who did not notice us.

**REJOICING.**—"The farmers have successfully gathered most of their crops, and are rejoicing in the sure possession of a most abundant harvest." *Muncy Luminary*.

Rejoicing, no doubt. But, is it for the sake of us who pay for the wheat! We hope so. We sold a violin the other day to a farmer, for his boy, at \$5.00. The price was very reasonable, yet we must throw in an extra set of strings. Well, to secure the sale, we "come under." We shop-keepers are not hal' so independent as farmers! We hope they will have a good time rejoicing! and, also cause the rest of us to rejoice with them! We shall need a "grist" before long.

**HOT.**—"The thermometer indicated 106 degrees here, yesterday (July 14 th) in the shade." *Waverly Enterprise*.

The greatest heat here this summer in the shade was 103 degrees. Thought that uncomfortably hot. Many horses were killed, by sun stroke, while at work in the fields. If the Comets according to the fanciful hypothesis advanced by Whiston, are "appointed in their orbits alternately to carry the damned to the confines of the sun," and into "those cold and dismal regions" beyond the orb of Saturn, then we have lit the reason to complain of our planet.

**MATERIALISM.**—The article by Materialist views the resurrection in a light somewhat opposed to the prevailing opinion. He regards that event as a necessity, and believes future life impossible without its occurrence. It must be admitted that he expresses himself clearly, and with force, in Bible phraseology. God once said, "Come, let us reason together." Although thus plainly shows that our faculties were given us to use, still we can not safely use them in reasoning on the deep matters of the soul, without taking Revelation as our guide. Man is in a situation similar to the explorer of a great, dark, unknown cavern. He holds the Word of God as a torch, and just as long as he keeps it burning and in his hand, he is safe, and can clearly discern many things on his way, though he is still to the end surrounded by darkness and mystery. This faith, it seems to us, is very strongly indicated in the article by Materialist, even though his conclusions may not be strictly correct.

We are evidently approaching an age of universal agitation, if not the great prophetic epoch of the earth's restitution. All systems, doctrines, and truths, seem every year to be subjected to a closer scrutiny. As the nations advance in general intelligence, it is natural that Theology, Physical Science, Monarchy, and Democracy, will be more thoroughly tested and examined. If the Bible is true, and the Book of Nature rightly understood, reliable, then whatever a government, science, and religion, can not firmly and squarely be based upon God's word and work, should, and will, forever be discarded. And to advance this great and glorious end, let all men and sects be heard. Let no one be afraid to speak, or any be unwilling to hear others speak. "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is Liberty."

**POETRY.**—The pleasing little poem on the fourth page—and another in our drawer, by the same writer—indicate a true poetic temperament. We have the promise of more from the same source.

**RELIGION IN LEWISBURG.**—A committee of young folks recently made a canvass of Lewisburg, to ascertain certain facts concerning the inhabitants. They found that about two-fifths of the youth do not attend Sunday School, and that almost one-third of the entire population do not attend Church. Are these figures a fair criterion to judge of the morals and character of the people of Lewisburg? Do all who go to meeting have the form of godliness, and prove the power thereof? No town on the Susquehanna is better provided with Schools and Churches.

**QUERY.**—It is said in Holy Writ that man was created a little lower than the Angels. How much lower is he since he has become mortal, corruptible, diseased, bigoted, selfish warring, a lover of pleasure rather than a lover of God, an eater of hogs and tobacco, a bibber of wine and whiskey, and all this and that?

**WAR.**—If the predicted European war takes place, we suppose that England will fight for "Honor"—France for "Glory" and "Empire"—Italy for "Nationality"—Austria to remain a "First-Class Power"—Turkey to save herself from being "Devoured"—Prussia for "German Unity"—Russia for the "East"—and the lesser powers, to help settle the "Family Dispute." Perhaps the true explanation is—Satan's abroad. Queen Victoria in a recent address to the House of Parliament said that there was no reason to fear a war. The most unparalleled preparations for war, and the jealousy and suspicion between all the leading Powers, indicate a very uncertain peace. It is not probable that the many long disputes will ever be amicably settled. If foreign correspondents are to be relied upon, a "sweeping hurricane" is even now brewing. The good time when "there shall be no more war," has not yet arrived.

**INTOXICANTS.**—To every friend of the Temperance cause, and to every body who is liable to get sick—and we believe this really includes everybody—we submit the following statement, by one of the most eminent physicians of Germany. Dr. Colonnelle says, "For twenty one years I have banished all intoxicants from my practice; and during that period I have made no fewer than one hundred and eighty thousand medical visits. And I hesitate not to say, that the recoveries have been far more numerous and more rapid than they were during the years I followed the usual practice, and administered brandy, wine and beer."

**THE POPGUN.**—This is the title of a pert little newspaper edited by Mr. C. F. King, at Laporte, Sullivan Co. Pa. It is to be "shot off" once a month, and will be "strictly independent," on the side of Republicanism, and against "the follies of the times." Popguns generally make noise by the expansion of compressed air, but this one will make more without "wind," than some "big guns" do with. Send Charles 25 cents, and he will send you a paper everytime he shoots, for a whole year.

**WAVERLY ENTERPRISE.**—No. 8, Vol. 1. of this handsome little semi-monthly, comes directed to *Now and Then* with the mark "P. X." It is edited by Frank T. Scudder, Waverly, N. Y., and has a circulation of 1200 copies. Terms—50 cents a year. We like its appearance, and will be happy to exchange,

**THE HEALTH REFORMER.**—This excellent Monthly is under the direction of an Editorial Committee of twelve physicians and ministers, and is published at The Health Reform Institute, Battle Creek, Michigan, at the very low price of \$1.00 per year. Dr. Trall, the world-wide renowned champion of the Hygienic Medical System, and author of the "Hydropathic Encyclopedia," and some twenty other valuable works, has a Special Department, and will be a constant contributor. He has discontinued his own Journal, in order to devote more time to Popular Lectures, his Vegetarian Colony in Ohio, and to finishing the great work (of several thousand pages) on the "Hygienic System," upon which he has been engaged for several years. The Health Reformer is a Journal for the times, and everybody who wants to understand Nature's laws, and wishes to know how to secure the greatest exemption from disease, and premature death, should take it, read it, obey it, have it bound, and then do good by loaning it to his neighbours. We will gladly forward all subscriptions intrusted to our care.

**THE FIRE.**—The last page of our paper is nearly made up, but there is yet room to notice the fire. After ten o'clock last night, (the 4th inst.) the unusual, and therefore the more alarming cry of *fire! fire! fire!* disturbed the silence which had just begun to reign with the darkness. When we sallied forth the town and the canopy above were frightfully lighted by great sheets of flame, which seemed to bid defiance to the inhabitants who were excitedly rushing to the rescue. Arriving on Water St. we found the building occupied as a Saddler Shop by Dolan, the Tin and Stove Store of George Doctor, and the Warehouse of Noble and Peterman, all wrapped in flames. While some were carrying water to save the adjoining buildings, many were idly looking on, and even were in the way of those at work. There was some delay in getting the Engine into play, but when attached to the well opposite T. Clapp's Store, its efficiency, and the advantage of the new hose, were satisfactorily demonstrated. Meanwhile Peterman's Tannery caught fire, and, to save it was impossible. Three Stables, back of the Warehouse, belonging to Noble, Rooker, and Riley, were also destroyed. It was the greatest fire we have ever had. At one time, we thought a large part of the town was doomed to destruction. Although there was but little wind, yet it was only by the great exertion of those who worked, that the fire was arrested. The loss is heavy, though partly covered by insurance.

## Medley of Items.

Oliver Ritter bought Michael's Cabinet Shop, and is converting it into a dwelling.

The Editor of the *Luminary* has bought a horse. It is not a "fast nag," but quiet, trusty, and a fair traveler.

John Poust is building a house on S. Market St.

J. D. Melick and Thomas Lloyd, are the champion checker players of Muncy.

McDaniel is putting up a house on N. Market St.

The Good Templars did well by their late festival. They soon sold out, and many were disappointed because they reached the Hall a little too late. Why not get up another? The "six newcomers" mentioned in our last are all doing splendidly.

Music makes Home Attractive, and Refines and Elevates. John Himm has opened a Clothing Store in his new room on W. Water St.

Muncy is literally alive with Norway Rats.

Somebody in town has a monstrously mean cow. She opens gates, and breaks off the tops of young shade trees. She is a white cow, limps, and is a regular Root-er.

Kramer (the Lumberman) is building a large and fine house, with many "gable ends," on E. Water St.

We hear much complaint about tomatoes rotting.

Many complain that their potatoes are not growing.

The last Gift Distribution in Lycoming County, was for the benefit of a Church in another County.

There is a movement on foot in town to raise a Brass Band.

The *Luminary* is 27 years old.

One of Mope Wood's horses fell into the "potato pit" in his barn. He packed in hay until the beast could get out.

The Circulating Library is an institution of growing importance.

Huckleberries are selling here at 12 cents per quart.

The oldest inhabitant in the town talks of joining the Good Templars.

Don't forget to send for the *Poppun*.

One of the loveliest prospects in Pennsylvania, is that seen from Buck's Hill, about five miles East of Muncy.

Allowing an average of two pounds of food per day to each inhabitant, of Muncy, the total quantity consumed is about one and a half tons. In one year, it will amount to 547 tons.

Why is the *Luminary* like a sign? Because its the work of a Painter.

When our country friends come to town they should always hitch their horses to posts, and never to shade trees.

Why are the members of the Episcopal Church of Muncy like peas? Because they stick to Brush.

If the matter of *Now and Then* were set in bourgeois, or long primer type, it would cost us twice as much for paper.

Is it proper that the principal thoroughfare of our town should be used as a "race course?"

We have in this neighborhood geological formations, in which, throughout the country, no less than 1,000 species of fossils have been found. A great many of them are to be found here, and of some of them countless millions.

The first Piano brought to this valley was Mrs. E. Alder's.

A good example. Several citizens have lately laid new plank on their side walks.

The aggregate length of the eight columns of *Now and Then*, is five feet.

Locusts live on trees, and are regular "sap-suckers." We hear the monotonous noisy music of the males almost all day long.

There is a fossil "coral reef" on the east bank of Muncy creek, about half a mile above the aqueduct.

We had two Sabbath School Pic Nics on the 4th instant.

## Sorrowing and Rejoicing

There is sorrow,  
In the morrow :  
Yes friend there is sorrow  
For the swift wing,  
Of the death king,  
Waits a soul stung ;  
And the dark gloom,  
Of the cold tomb,  
Is the long home,  
Of a loved one.

There's rejoicing,  
In the morrow :  
Yes friend there's rejoicing.  
The pure is spirit,  
Without merit.  
Doubt not—fear not—  
Will inherit,  
Joys supernal,  
Life eternal,  
Though the dark gloom,  
Of the cold tomb,  
Is the long home,  
Of a loved one.

H. C. M.

## The Resurrection a Necessity

"Flesh and blood can not inherit the Kingdom of God." These words were earnestly spoken a few days ago, just as the body of an esteemed citizen had been lowered into its last sleeping place. They were intended for consolation and instruction. The occasion was a solemn one, and the Ministers remarks made each bystander feel the importance of his subject. But, there were those present who could not accept the immaterialistic construction of those solemn words—"Flesh and blood can not inherit the Kingdom of God." They felt confident that the pious man who slept at their feet, would at the last great day rise to inherit the Kingdom. Not because the faults he had were overbalanced by so many virtues, but because Christ died that all who chose might have eternal life. They believed that he would have part in the resurrection of the just, and that he now sweetly sleeps in Christ.

Flesh and blood *can not*, and yet we have the assurance that some flesh and blood *will*, inherit the Kingdom of God. There is no contradiction here. Theology may not explain, but the Scriptures do reconcile, the seeming discrepancy. They also declare "neither doeth corruption inherit incorruption," and yet directly after affirm that "this corruptible must put on incorruption." Neither is there incongruity here. Flesh and blood is the "corruptable," and it is the corruptable which must put on incorruption. This "natural" body, must become the spiritual body. The being who dies is the "mortal," and it is this mortal which must put on immortality. See Cor. I. 15.

Man might have lived forever, in incorruption, but he sinned, did not eat of the tree of life, and the penalty is—DEATH. He must return to the dust, out of which he was taken. He can not as he is inherit the Kingdom of God, because he forfeited all his right and title. Corruption does not inherit incorruption, because man is corruptable and must suffer corruption. Flesh and blood inherits mortality, iniquity, corruption, death. Christ came to save, because this is a lost world.

And *some* will be saved. Some corruptable bodies will nevertheless put on incorruption. Some natural bodies will notwithstanding be raised spiritual bodies. Some mortals, will indeed be crowned with immortality. As Christ, the great leader and representative, was redeemed from the power of the grave, so will "many" now sleeping in the dust awake in his likeness. Said that patient patriarch Job—"All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come. Thou shalt call, and I will answer. If I wait, the

GR-VE shall be my house. And though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet IN MY FLESH SHALL I SEE GOD."

And not alone Job, but all the redeemed will in their flesh see God. The promise is that the righteous shall be like the "second MAN," who "is the Lord from Heaven." Christ after his resurrection said, "Behold my HANDS and my FEET, that it is I myself : handle me, and see : for a spirit (Griesbach has it "*phantasma*, phantom," in the margin—an imaginary being,) hath not FLESH and BONES, as YE SEE ME HAVE." Thus He ascended, and in LIKE MANNER will He return.

Though flesh and blood can not, by nature, or by its own merit, inherit the Kingdom of God, yet surely the righteous will be raised like Christ, and like Job will in their flesh see God. There is certainly one way in which corruption can inherit incorruption, and flesh and blood can become heir with Abraham of the world to come. In fact the phrase "flesh and blood" is a mere idiom, used to represent the corruptible state of the human race. The same idea would be expressed by the words "mortal man."

But comparatively "few" of the mortal race will ever get into the Kingdom. The masses travel the broad road that leads to eternal destruction, and do not seek for immortality by patient continuance in well doing. They are lost, because flesh and blood can not—save by a victory through our Lord—inherit the Kingdom of God. Even the righteous, whether dead, or alive, must first be changed, because flesh and blood in its present state can not inherit the Kingdom. But it is not a transformation from materiality to immateriality. It is not a change from substance to a mere fleshless shadow. It is not a metaphORIZATION from corporality to a mere boneless nonentity. The "world to come" will be as real and as tangible as our own, and as analogy and Astronomy teach, as are the countless worlds in the heavens around us. We are not capable of realizing the glory of the "new heavens and new earth," but it is just as true that the most gifted have never half appreciated this.

"IN MY FLESH WILL I SEE GOD," is a Bible doctrine, and should be in every Christians creed. The resurrection is a necessity, and what advantage even the righteous if the dead rise not? No, the grave is now the house of our departed friend. Worms may destroy his body, yet in his flesh will he see God. He has "borne the image of the earthy"—the depraved "flesh and blood"—but he will also "bear the image of (Christ) the heavenly." He has gone the way of ALL the earth, and now rests from his labors in the silent grave. When God calls, he will answer.

MATERIALIST.

## Advertisements.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Everything in this line from a Jew's Harp up to a Grand PIANO. See what you can do here, before you go elsewhere.

SATCHELS.—Just received. Some very fine ones. For Ladies, and for Gentlemen.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES.—Call and see them. Consult those who use them.

NOVELTIES.—Handsome articles suitable for Brackets—Mantles—What-Nots—or Keepsakes.

PUFF PANS.—An article that needs no "puffing."

KING'S HOUSEHOLD SOLDER.—Ladies, give this trial.

GLASS SHADES & SIFTET WAX.—A new supply.

SHEET MUSIC.—Constantly receiving new pieces. Send for catalogue. J. M. M. GERNERD. Muncy, Pa.

# NOW AND THEN.

A Journal Devoted to the Topics of the Times.

VOL. I.

MUNCY, PA. SEPTEMBER, 1868.

No. 4.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF MUNCY—NO. 4.

"Bid harbors open, public ways extend.  
Bid temples worthier of their God ascend,  
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,  
The mole projecting break the roaring main,  
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,  
And roll obedient rivers through the land."

About the years 1834 & 5, the "West Branch Canal" was completed: Harrisburg and Lock Haven being its termini. It had been announced by the enterprising Managers of this great improvement, that the canal would be ready for navigation about the 4th of July, and that a Packet Boat Excursion, from Harrisburg to Williamsport, would be made on that illustrious day; that the "George Washington," containing the Canal Board, State Officials, and many other persons of prominence and influence, with wives and daughters, might be expected at Muncy about 1 o'clock P. M.

The ceremonies, or the pagentry of a coronation, could not have produced the spectacle witnessed at Port Penn, and Walton's Bridge, as the assembled country, men, women and children, with vision concentrated on the "Dam," caught the first glimpse of this majestic and welcome har-binger of advancing civilization, that—

"Walked the waters like a thing of life,  
And seemed to dare the elements to strife:  
The cloven billows flashed from off her prow,  
In furrows formed from that majestic plough."

Upon the figured and ornamented prow, stood Captain Hough, (now proprietor of Hough's Hotel, Milton, Pa.) He was the Palinurus of the expedition: an expedition destined in its spirit, to do far more for mankind, than that which

"To fair Italia bore,  
And landed on Lavinium's shore."

We have seen in the rotunda at the National Capitol, a life size portrait of Miles Standish, in the celebrated painting of "The Landing of the Pilgrims"—the portrait of the great navigator in the painting of "The Discovery of America," but neither the great Puritanic leader, nor the Genoese discoverer, impressed us so much, as the commanding figure that dispensed his orders that day from the quarter deck of the "George Washington." The fact is, the Capt. was a better looking man than either of them. And he was not one of those who underestimated the responsibility of his trust: to driver, cook, and bowsman,—

"His frown was full of terror, and his voice  
Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe."

The Capt. ordered the boat to anchor for a few minutes at Walton's, and hundreds crowded to the margin of the basin to wonder at, and admire, this Empress of the "Ditch." But few of the then rising generation would have been vain enough to have aspired to the command of such a craft as this, though nearly every boy in the community hoped he might some day become a "Packet Driver."

We often heard the ladies speak of the courtesy of the Capt. They always thought it an especial honour that a gentleman so distinguished condescended to a little attention. We believe that any of those Captains might have selected a wife from any of the F. F.'s of the West Branch Canal.

Most of those, we are sorry to say, whose names are identified with this great project of building a canal through the West Branch Valley, either as originators or as contractors,

have passed away; and we may say in the language of Scripture, their works do follow them—for the canal is almost gone too. Ferris, Kinman, (father of the celebrated Seth, and partner of Schuyler and Bear, builders of the "Muncy Dam,") Petrikin and Lindsley (builders of the Muncy Creek Aqueduct) are among the number: while Maj. Bruner, Ex. Gov. Parker, Judge Rawl, Maj. Dykens, E. Walton, and some few others, still linger in the shadows of an expiring generation,—but the rising one is not insensible, we trust, to the service they have rendered it, by the devotion of a long life to the advancement of all its great material and social improvements.

We regret to record the disappointments experienced by most of the contractors on the canal. Their visions of fortune were never directly realized, though in the general prosperity which this great improvement did so much to promote, they have not been disinterested participants.

We should here mention, that among the most enlightened and eloquent advocates of public improvements, and who seems in his anticipations, as well as his judgment, to have surpassed most of his cotemporaries, was Joshua Alder Esq. His theories were considered chimerical, but time has triumphantly demonstrated their feasibility.

The principal ship owners of this place, were Walton, Bowman and Foster, Howlet, Peter and Charles Shoemaker. Dr. E. D. Kittoe, then a young adventurer, first courted fortune here upon the treacherous deep of the Canal. He was selected by one of these firms to take charge of their vast marine interests, with the title of Captain, but not finding the society or the associations of the business agreeable, or profitable, he directed his attention to the *Alimentary Canal*, and the change proved servicable to mankind, and remunerative to himself.

The commerce of the town was not at this time so extensive. Walton's boat had a capacity of about 33 tons, and monopolized most of the export, and import trade. When it sailed, the whole community knew it; when it returned, the homeward progress was watched with interest and even anxious solicitude. Each member of the entire community, had some interest in the diversified supplies it bore, all of which were at the mercy of the "raging canal." This Argoey contained goods for all the then leading merchants of the town, Bowman and Foster, Niebsam and Fredrick, Jacob Cook (now the oldest merchant in business in the place, and one of the best men,) Robert Risk, McCleary, Monroe and Forsythe.

The principal articles of export, were wheat, hogs, leather and whiskey, and from the amount of whiskey said to have been consumed here at that time, we have often wondered how they could have sent so much away

TEMPUS.

Still on its march, unnoticed and unfelt,  
Moves on our being. We do live and breathe,  
And we are gone. The spoiler heeds us not.  
We have our spring-time and our rottenness,  
And as we fall, another race succeeds,  
To perish likewise.  
Where are conceal'd the days which have elapsed?  
Hid in the mighty cavern of the past,  
They rise upon us only to appal,  
By indistinct and half-glimpsed images,  
Misty, gigantic, huge, obscure, remote.

H. K. WHITE.

## Now and Then.

PUBLISHED EVERY—"ONCE IN A WHILE."

J. M. M. GERNERD, EDITOR.

**NOW AND THEN.**—We are frequently asked, "How often do you intend to issue your paper?" We supposed that the title, and heading of our Editorial columns, were sufficiently explicit on this point to satisfy all inquiries, but it seems not to be so. If it is not enough to say that we shall publish our paper every once in a while, or every now and then, we will try to satisfy our dear readers by announcing that we shall issue it as often as convenient, or whenever we feel inclined to undertake the work, or occasionally, or that it depends upon circumstances. Hoping this plain statement will satisfy everybody, we shall go on with our humble efforts to please and instruct,—and will certainly never disappoint our readers by failing to come up to time.

**SUBSCRIPTIONS.**—We have now a number of subscribers throughout Lycoming, some in other Counties, and a few in other States. We hope the friends of the Journal will increase its circulation, by each sending us a few more names. In our third number we specify the kind of subscribers we wish to have. Be particular about this.

The paper is small, it is true, but, says one of our exchanges—"being set in fine type, presents a neat appearance, and contains a large amount of spicy and interesting reading." We protest therefore against being judged by our size. Are not the weak things of this world often chosen to confound the things which are mighty? We are set for the defence of the Truth, and the diffusion of Knowledge, and we hope to turn even our weakness and our weakness to good account. So, good friends, send on the names. The "Recollections of Muncy"—which take up but one fourth of our space—may more particularly interest citizens of this valley, and former residents, but they contain a great deal of information which will interest everybody.

Strangers who wish to subscribe can send us 25 or 50 cents, and we will send the paper as long as the money will pay for it. If we suspend publication, we will appropriate the amount of our indebtedness towards building the Soldier's Monument, to be erected in the Muncy Cemetery.

**ANONYMOUS.**—We don't know who this writer is, and can not accept any of his (or her) contributions. We are held responsible by the public for all we publish, so it is strictly proper that we should know our contributors.

**CORRECTION.**—The first "Dearborn" wagon was brought to this place in 1819, by Joshua Alder. It was borrowed immediately on its arrival to go to a wedding, and was regarded as a great curiosity. Tempus writes from memory. If his impressions are sometimes inaccurate, he will be thankful to have them corrected.

**WILL THE COMING MAN DRINK WINE?**—The *Atlantic Monthly* for August contains an excellent article under this head. The writer—although evidently a lover of "pure wine in moderation!—good beer!—genuine old Bourbon!—nevertheless admits that the scientific argument of the Tetotalars is strongly against the liquor drinker. He concedes: *First*; that wine does not nourish; *Second*; that it does not aid the nutritive processes; *Third*; that it is not a heat-producer; *Fourth*; that it is not a strength-giver; and vigorously sustains each proposition. Let the mass once well understand these truths, and one of the most serious obstacles to Temperance Reform will be removed. It gives us

great pleasure to announce that the article will be published in the *Luminary*. We hope everybody will give it a candid perusal, and be induced by its unanswerable arguments to join the ranks of the Tetotalars. Those who wish to be more thoroughly booked-up on the *rational* of alcohol, will find the question more elaborately discussed in the works of Dr. Trall. "The True Temperance Platform," by this writer, is a masterly refutation of the popular medical theory of "stimulation." "Alcohol and the Constitution of Man," by Prof. E. L. Youman's, is also a valuable scientific treatise, and should be read by everybody—Wine Drinkers and Tetotalars. But be sure to read the article in the *Luminary*.

**THE WICKEDEST MAN IN NEW YORK.**—The history of this man, by Oliver Dyer, in *Packer's Monthly*, has excited great interest. The wickedest man, as Dyer has shown, is not necessarily the most unrefined, and repulsive. A man must also be judged according to his abilities, attainments, influence, professions, and opportunities. Therefore, the wickedest man, in any community, may read first-class religious journals, teach his children to pray, move with the fashionable, and even make pretensions to Christianity.

Horace Greeley, in a contribution to the same Journal, on the same principle estimates the question of Temperance. He says: "He is not temperate who indulges a craving for anything that impairs his capacity for usefulness, or his moral influence over those around him. The smoking parson and the wine-bibbing doctor are, in a moral view, as clearly intemperate as the forlorn victim of inebriety who staggers by the door of the church, and dies of *delirium tremens* under the care of the doctor."

**ELECTION.**—In 2 Pet. we are told to "give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall." Why make your election sure, if the Lord has already surely fixed it? If God decided from the beginning who shall be saved, did he also decide to revoke his decision, in case some did not make their election sure?

**GEOLOGICAL.**—We have in Pennsylvania, according to the Government Survey made under the direction of Prof. H. D. Rogers, fifteen distinct fossiliferous geological systems. No less than nine of them are, or would be, if not covered with vegetation, soil, and diluvium, within sight of Muncy, viz. Nos. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. \* 10. 11. 12. and 13. The Bald Eagle (No. 4) exhibits the oldest and lowest, in the order of superposition and development, and the North Mountain (No. 13) is mainly composed of the newest and highest. In crossing from one mountain to the other, we would pass over each formation in the order here stated. No. 3. crops out in Nippenose valley, and is the oldest surface formation—or in other words, the most ancient ruins of a series of by-gone creations—in Lycoming County. Of No. 9. Rogers says, "it may scarcely be called a Pennsylvania deposit, entering only the eastern border of the State a short distance, near the Delaware Water-gap." We would probably have to dig down below the surface several miles to reach granite, or the metamorphic rocks. Below these primary, or igneous rocks, and perhaps not more than somewhere between 25 and 50 miles from the surface, we would find the temperature several thousand degrees above the point at which water boils, or even far above the point (3479 degrees) at which cast-iron melts. The increase of temperature, as we descend into the earth, varies somewhat in different parts of the world. The mean of a series of observations made in England, is an increase of one degree for every 45 feet. This wondrous internal heat—in the true and literal sense an "everlasting fire"—is the principal agency by which the hills and mountains around us were thrown up.

**ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.**—Do animals think? Have they mind? Will they have a future life? are questions that often occur to the more observing and thoughtful of that race whom Cuvier termed the *Bimana*, and placed at the head of this "Animal Kingdom."

The following incident from the *West Branch Bulletin*, seems to us a strong proof that the lower animals have at least some understanding: "One dark night a stranger stopped at Wilcox Station, on the P. & E. R. R., and asked the telegraph operator to direct him to a public house. Moro, a large dog belonging to Col. Wilcox, stood on the platform, and watched them while the operator gave the directions. When the stranger started, Moro stepped up and took him by the sleeve. He tried to get away from the dog, but observing no disposition to be cross, concluded to submit. Moro again took him by the sleeve, then led him to the public house, ascended the steps with him, gave a scratch at the door, and giving him to understand that that was the place, left for home. Learning next morning to whom the dog belonged the stranger called to see him, and taking him by the paw, thanked him for his kindness. Moro gave unmistakable signs of recognition."

The following is a not less convincing proof of canine intelligence: Mr. M—, a neighbour of ours, went to see a farmer living in Columbia Co. He was met at the barn-yard gate by a large dog, who, without making any hostile demonstration, walked with him to the porch of the house. When he went to go up the steps, the dog stepped up before him, and caught him by the sleeve. Every effort to induce him to let go, was useless. He took a better hold, and only showed greater determination not to release his prisoner. After some parleying M—was however permitted to move to the door, and knock, when he discovered that the dog was the only one about. When he retraced his steps, the vigilant sentinel willingly followed, but not until without the gate did he let go his arm. As he walked off, the dog quietly returned to the house, but with an air of importance and satisfaction, quite as expressive as words.

Volume after volume could be filled with similar anecdotes, in proof that animals possess intelligence. We have ourselves collected a great number, and shall now and then report some of them for our readers.

## Medley of Items.

Melick & Eves sold their Shingle Mill to Parvin Masters.

Have not heard of one game of base ball being played in Muncy this season. Checkers are now the rage among the men, and "putty-blowers" among the little boys. The girls and their gallants are in love with Croquet.

The Editor of the *Poppun* popped in to see us the other day, and we had a long and pleasant chat about things in general, and printing little newspapers in particular. The dear curious public need not know what was said. We may mention however, that both expressed our gratitude for the reception it has given our papers.

John B. Bruner, of Kansas, but formerly of this place, was in town to see his old friends a few days ago. He is a promising young man, moral, temperate, loyal, served as a Major in the Union Army, and as a member of the Kansas Legislature. Go on up John.

Lee Root sold his residence on Market St., to Mrs. Wolverton.

Russel McMichael is building a house on Plank Road.

John D. Smith, of Moreland, bought the McMichael Homestead, for \$5,000.

Why is the Presbyterian congregation of Muncy like an unfortunate fowler? Because they give up *Life*, by taking a *Heron*.

A certain Dame, who had never rode in the cars, not long ago bought a 'seat' on the train for Williamsport, at Muncy Station. She was perfectly delighted with the cushioned seat, of which she chanced to be the only occupant. Being on her return again so fortunate, she has ever since been sorry she did not take her daughter along, "because," said she, "there was lots of room for us both."

Grasler (the Jeweller) is building a house on Green St. Each number of the *Poppun* is an improvement upon its predecessor. It is full of *pythy* matter.

A. Taylor is building a house on N. Market St.

Prof. Gamgee, of the Albert Veterinary College, London, said before the Farmer's Club of N. Y., that "Hogs are constantly suffering from diseases of some kind." Keep this fact constantly before the people, because they are constantly eating diseased pork.

Steinbach is building a house on Green St.

The Episcopalians carried banners with crosses on 'them, in their procession to the woods, on the 10th ult. They who made disparaging remarks on this account showed prejudice, and not the spirit of Christ. Don't all true Christians use the cross in some way as an emblem, and preach, and sing, and pray about it? Better find less fault, and pray more.

Dr. Edward Swift, of Easton, Pa., has one of the best collections of Indian antiquities in the country. He has nearly 4,000 specimens. We contributed a few relics from this neighbourhood.

A marble cutter of this place says he the other day saw a tomb stone in a grave yard at Washingtonville, Montour Co., bearing this inscription—"Peter Crawford. Died Nov. 23d 1860. Aged 80 years. Died a Democrat."

Why is Edward Stokes admired by the Ladies? Because he is a capital fellow on a *Busk*.

Sprout & Bros. are putting up a house on N. Market St.

J. A. Webb & Bro. bought two lots of T. G. Downing, on Green St., and are putting up a Tannery.

The Baptists had a Sabbath School Celebration in Kelchner's Woods on the 12th ult. They formed a procession at their Meeting House, and marched to the woods with a martial band and the stars and stripes at their head. They carried a banner on one side of which were inscribed the words "Christ is our Captain," and on the other, "The 43d Regt. of the Pennsylvania Baptist Sabbath School Army." The day was clear and pleasant, and they did not have "much water." When the Episcopalians and Presbyterians had their Pic Nics, they were all "sprinkled."

The *Lycoming Standard* thinks its "heavy joke on Muncy" because "the circus" (having been refused accommodation by our hotels) passed by us, and gave an exhibition at Hughesville before going to Williamsport. The *Standard* ought to publish the reply of the *Luminary* in its "Religious Department." We doubt whether the good people of Hughesville will ever want another circus! We don't!

If all the chickens, hogs, and cattle, become diseased, what will the good folks do who think that "nourishing, wholesome and luscious fruits, vegetables and cereals," are not sufficiently wholesome, nourishing, and assimilable.

We have a bigger crop of apples in this section, than we have had for a number of years.

The spirit of progress is spreading. William Corson has built an ice-house. Painter has bought a magnificent plate-glass show-case for his Drug Store. Petrikin's have made a new plank-walk, 100 ft in length, in the upper end of the town. What next?

Hon. Daniel Buck, of Minnesota, writes us concerning *Now and Then*, as follows: "Small it is true, but full of sweet bits. Perhaps it will be, as some one has said of little girls—sweet when young, and sweeter still as they grow older."

## Morning in September.—The Fog.

The mists of morning o'er the eastern hills,  
Hang dark and heavy like the shades of night;  
While day-break with a dreary seeming fills  
The broad horizon with a sickly light,  
And all the earth below seems shorn of its delight.

The bird of morning hovers near the ground,  
Nor rises high to pipe its thrilling tune:  
The streamlet murmuring, flows its weary round,  
Nor utters joyous notes from June to June:  
All Nature's glorious minstrelsy seems out of tune.

And yet beyond that dark and misty haze,  
The sky is flooded with a glorious light:  
Pure and unblemished, in the golden blaze  
Of Heaven's highest gift to earth—the bright  
And blazing sun, which fills creation with delight.

Shine ever glorious, Oh thou King of Day,  
Dispel those misty shadows from the vales—  
Gild with a radiant hue the morning gray,  
Tilt heaven echoes to the music of the fairs,  
And ocean dances to the flapping of the sails.

Bright shines the morning sun, the mists have gone,  
No more is chilly moisture floating round  
A happy sunshine fills the morning dawn,  
In field and forest, music tones abound,  
And far off mountains echo to the joyous sound. H. C. M.

### Letter from R. F. Stamm.

We take the liberty to publish several extracts from an interesting letter from this Gentleman, who is now a resident of Detroit, Mich. He is mentioned in "Recollections of Muncy—No. 2." and is affectionately remembered by many of our older citizens:—

Dear Sir: You can not imagine what a thrill of joy you sent through my soul on the receipt of your *Now and Then* containing "Recollections of Muncy." \* \* What a throng of pleasant recollections crowded my memory while reading those excellent articles by Tempus! \* \* Many have passed the River and are now in higher labors in other spheres. I need not wish them *blessed*, for I feel assured in my inmost soul that they are. \* \* In all my experience have I never met such a noble set of brothers, as were those members of the Lyceum and Thespian. They were true and tried, noble and aspiring, and free from vice. To be sure we had occasional sport at the expense of some one; but not to injure life, property, or character. We were suspected and even accused of wrong; but no record could be more creditable or above reproach. We neither drank, gambled, nor used profane words. All our meetings and deliberations were conducted with an order, decorum and dignity, that would become the most august body of modern times. How much we owe to that old Lyceum, its members, Lawyer Ellis, Esq., Schuyler, Gen. Petrikin, and others, for the foundation of character and usefulness that were then laid through Debate, Books, Advice, and Friendly Recognition! Heavenly choicest blessings must and do rest upon all such. Such institutions and such men, are the way marks adown the path of life, that direct the feet of many a wayward youth upward and onward, to usefulness, honor, and immortality. I would that they were still more frequent; so that not one poor bare footed urchin or bound apprentice-boy would be in danger of ending his career in despair and crime. \* \* Hoping that I have not intruded on your patience I remain as caricatured in the paper of your town many years ago, the runaway apprentice looking up into the clouded canopy and starry decked heaven, where I trust to meet every one of the old Lyceum and Thespian.

Yours truly. B. F. S.

## Local Histories.

"The Divine injunction, 'Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost,' will apply to a historical as well as to any other subject. The passing events of the day, which are scarcely noticed at the time of their occurrence, constitute the elements of future history. As the character of any community is in no small degree the reflex of that of the founders of that community, in order to understand the philosophy of history it is important to know the condition of the first settlers, the circumstances with which they were surrounded, and the causes which led to their settlement. Their manners and customs will be seen, in a measure, in the institutions of those who followed them; and hence it is essential to make ourselves minutely acquainted with everything connected with our ancestors."

County and State histories are already abundant, but the volumes are necessarily bulky and expensive. The preparation of local sketches of the villages and towns would be an easy task, and from these the records of the county and the State could afterwards be compiled with small cost or labor. The suggestion of a Chicago journal is a good one. *The Press.*

Each number of *Now and Then* will be partly devoted to such historical sketches.

### The Resurrection Denied.

Since the publication of our article "The Resurrection a Necessity," we have heard persons proclaim that man will have a future life *without* a resurrection, and that the righteous go to heaven when they die.

In the words of Paul we are constrained to ask, "Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead?"

If death is the "gate to heaven," why was the great Apostle of the Gentiles inspired to say that "If the dead rise not, . . . then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished?"

If Paul expected to be alive and happy after death, without a literal resurrection from the dust, why does he exclaim "what advantage *it me if the dead rise not? let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die?"*

If the dead who died in the Lord are in heaven, how came it that David was not in heaven some eight hundred years after he died? See Acts. 2: 34

Finally: If "all that are in *their graves* shall hear his voice, and shall come forth"—how say some among you, that the real and responsible being who alone can *hear* God's voice, never goes into the grave?

MATERIALIST.

## Advertisements.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Everything in this line from a Jew's Harp up to a Grand PIANO. See what you can do here, before you go elsewhere.

SATCHELS.—Just received. Some very fine ones. For Ladies, and for Gentlemen.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES.—Call and see them. Consult those who use them.

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Muncy, Pa.

# NOW AND THEN.

A Journal Devoted to the Topics of the Times.

VOL. 1.

MUNCY, PA. OCTOBER, 1868.

No. 5.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF MUNCY—NO. 6.

"The skies shall waste, the earth in smoke decay."

In the year 1833, occurred one of the most remarkable meteoric showers of which Astronomy gives any account. About 12 o'clock, on the night of Nov. 12th and 13th, the meteors so frequently called shooting stars, were observed to fall with unusual frequency and splendour. "They continued from that hour to flash athwart the skies, more and more until they were displaced by the glories of the rising Sun." But little of the causes of these phenomena were then known, even to astronomers, and we presume nothing of their previous occurrence by the unlearned people of the Muncy Valley. To narrate the various effects of this wonderful phenomenon upon the unsophisticated natives, would fill a volume. The worlds great catastrophe was thought to be taking place.

Among the amusing incidents of that night, was one related to the writer a few years since by an eye witness. It occurred at the "Bank"—as "Roger's Factory" (which stood near what is now Stoltz's Mills) and its appurtenances were then called. Mr. Rogers was a zealous Baptist, and always took a leading part in religious enterprises. He was a praying christian—a distinction rather uncommon about the "Bank." When the alarm was given, that the stars were falling, a simultaneous rush was made by the frightened operatives for the residence of the proprietor. They seemed to think this the only place of safety. Mr. Rogers proposed a season of prayer, in which the assemblage all engaged with an earnestness never witnessed before, or after. Some one then suggested the singing of a hymn, but none seeming to occur to the confused recollection of the singers, a singular character of the name of Barney —, who had never been known to have a serious thought in his life—except about where he should get the next drink—to the surprise of all, began in a tone that betrayed his trepidation—"From Greenland's icy mountains!" When we reflect upon the vicious life he led, this hymn does not seem so inappropriate. No doubt Barney thought his chances for a scorching were good, and if a general conflagration were at hand, an "icy mountain" certainly would be about as comfortable a place as he could get to. It is not then strange that his mind should have been turned to Greenland, or some cooler country. He also expressed his surprise that "the last day had come in the morning."

It is due to Mr. Rogers and his Baptist brethren to say, that they exhibited amidst all the excitement and alarm of that night, an intrepidity which a christian faith alone can inspire; that faith that shall at last.

"O'er the ruins smile,  
And light its torch at natures funeral pile."

Two Irishmen were sleeping together near Muncy Dam. One of them observing the stars falling told the other that "the last day" had come! that the stars were falling! He asked his informant what time it was, and being informed about 2 o'clock P. M., "Well then," said he, "by jabbers, I wont get up! for the last day cant come in the night!"

The subject of Scripture eschatology was not so well understood then as now. A few years later, Miller, the great

exponent of Prophecy, had the Christian world donning their ascension robes "every few minutes." It is due to this distinguished student of scripture however to say, that the promulgation of his theories inaugurated an era in the investigation of the doctrines of the Second Advent, and that he always discountenanced the fanaticism of many known as Millerites. Up to this time the prophecies, except those of a post historical character, were a *terra incognita*. Cumming had not then written those prophetic romances entitled "Apocalyptic Sketches," "Prophetic Studies," &c., nor had the great Dr. Bush assailed the venerable and universally accepted theories of the Advent, Resurrection, General Judgment, &c., though it is due to this eminent scholar and christian to say, in his own language, in reference to the Judgment, that he did "not doubt that ends worthy of infinite wisdom might dictate the ordainment of some grand crisis in the moral history of the universe, for the purpose of revealing or of making manifest in some illustrious way, the righteous grounds of a judgment already past."

We remark here, for we may not have an opportunity of doing so again in these Recollections, that if the doctrine of a general Judgment, a personal Devil, and eternal torments, are not taught in the Scriptures, as many of the profoundest biblical scholars, and biblical students believe, we can never forgive the benighted apostles of these fallacies for the cruelties they practiced upon the credulity, and the timidity of the boys and girls, of our day and generation, in the appalling pictures they were always drawing of the destruction of the world by fire, and their mental and mechanical pictures of the Devil with laminated hide, tail "uncommonly barbed," tripartient and accuminated fork, on which every boy conscious of any moral responsibility expected at every corner he turned to be impaled.

The Methodists were much more addicted to the use of fire and brimstone then, than now. The esthetics in style and doctrine, were not much cultivated, though in the hymns and sermons of Wesley, and in their meagre church literature, we find but few of those revolving or dioramic views of his Satanic majesties dominions, which seemed indispensable in running the Methodist church in Muncy 30 years ago. If our preachers had told us more about the desirableness of Heaven, about the "Spotless crowns of glory," "The angel forms in fadeless youth," "The white robes through with waving palms," etc., the effect would have been incomparably better. We were willing as most juveniles are, to be drowned in sweets, but not to be frightened, even into Heaven.

Among the most eloquent blunderers of these times, were Sinks and Tarrying. The style of the former was at times highly figurative, and sometimes leapt into the pyrotechnic. He always spoke with great earnestness, and even pathos. His voice, a light barytone, was pleasant, and well adapted to pulpit oratory; for no speaker without a *barytone* voice, can ever attain celebrity as an *orator*; nor does the stage afford a single example of a woman becoming distinguished as an elocutionist, without its counterpart, an alto, or contralto.

Tarrying was we believe originally from Virginia, and soon after the time of which we speak, returned to his native  
(See 4th page)

## Now and Then.

PUBLISHED EVERY—"ONCE IN A WHILE."

J. M. M. GERNERD, EDITOR.

**SUBSCRIPTIONS.**—We have added a great many names to our list since our last issue. And we are still willing to receive a few more. Price only 3 cents per copy. So many have expressed regret that we reduced the price, we are however "almost persuaded" we don't charge enough. But all we want, is a few more subscribers. The postage is free to all who reside in this County.

"Newspaper! who has never felt the pleasure it brings? It always tells us so many strange and wonderful things!"

**EDITORIAL RECOGNITION.**—We gratefully acknowledge the very encouraging notices of *Now and Then* by our editorial neighbours, and return our thanks for the papers sent us every week, once a month, and "now and then." We congratulate ourselves on account of this friendly recognition, because we believe our cotemporaries will sympathize with us in our editorial afflictions.

"There's naught in this bad world like sympathy."

**OUR EDITORIAL EXPERIENCE.**—Our increasing circulation brings us more and more in contact with diversified tastes and opinions, and we now begin to comprehend the perplexing responsibilities of an Editor. Already we have with bowed head listened to the gravest criticisms, and with all the grace in us received suggestions of the most serious character. Many are the words of encouragement and commendation already spoken and written to us; but perhaps all these will do us less real good, than the occasional reflection or disapprobation of our friends. We hope always to have the disposition to treat such charges with good nature; and if really convicted of a fault, to correct ourselves with cheerfulness. Even enemies may sometimes prove the best of friends, if we only can make proper use of what they say.

One reader sympathises with "Anonymus"; another says we did right in rejecting his article. One says give us more gossip, and expose the short comings of our neighbours; another commends us for not meddling much in the affairs of society. One wants us to dabble more in politics; another thinks as we do on that subject. One suggests a greater variety of matter; another compliments us because we give so great a variety. One finds fault because we publish certain articles and items on religious subjects; another encourages their publication. One fears we will preach certain "peculiar views" on physiological subjects; another sympathizes with us, and urges us not to be timid in proclaiming the Truth. And we apprehend we shall always thus, and on all subjects, be between two fires.

The man who espouses no cause is simply—nobody. If neither in Religion, Ethics, History, Physiology, Science, nor Politics, a man can find an ever recurring theme of thought, and principles and precepts which he feels it his duty to disseminate, let not that man be trusted! And with the rest of the civilized community, we too have our aims, our hopes, and our convictions, as dear to us as any opinions or hobbies are to others. We may be in the wrong, but let us be fairly heard before condemned. We desire the good opinion of the public. *I don't care what others think!*—is a vain thought. But we do not indulge so great a delusion, as the hope of pleasing everybody. That we know is impossible. And with this conviction, we respectfully remark that public opinion is not our leading rule of action. We desire first of all, the approval of that inward voice which gives

"A peace above all other dignities."

**GEOLOGICAL.**—All the geological formations of Lyncmington—as well as of nearly the whole of Pennsylvania; and in fact of a large part of the Continent—belong to the class of rocks known as *Sedimentary*. They are so called, because evidently formed by water, by being deposited in the condition of sediment—in the same manner as the clay and sand, transported by our rivers, is now being deposited in our lakes and bays, and gulfs, and in the oceans. The arrangement of rocks into sheets, or layers, is the result of their peculiar mode of deposition. These layers are known by the name of *strata*, and all rocks of this character—which include all the sedimentary formations—are therefore also termed *Stratified* rocks. These strata vary greatly in thickness, being occasionally met with as thin as the leaves of a book, and sometimes found measuring many feet. They lie in nearly parallel planes. Sometimes their planes are horizontal; but they frequently change their angles of inclination, and not un seldom they are very tortuous, and even perpendicular. Stratification is illustrated more beautifully by Nature herself, than pen can describe, in various parts of the Muncy Valley; but no where so magnificently as by the escarpment of the Muncy Hills, for several miles along the river, between the Muncy Dam and the Out Let Locks; and by the rocks exposed for some distance along the canal, below Watson's Lock. No appreciative mind can contemplate and study these pages of the Book of Nature, without experiencing something of that delightful enthusiasm with which such men as Miller, Lyell, Mantell, and Agassiz, have thus devoted their whole lives and energies. And it is a good introduction to the "story science" which possesses so thrilling an interest, to become familiar with the structure or stratification of the rocks exposed to our sight on every hamlet, and to be enabled to comprehend the wonderful fact that they were all formed by water.

**ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.**—What would man be without language? We are told in Eccl. that "man hath no pre-eminence above a beast," yet he is distinguished from beasts in a most remarkable manner, by the divine gift of speech. The context however shows in what respect man has no pre-eminence, and that our quotation has no reference to his language, or to his superior organization, or to his exalted intelligence. But if deprived of language, that impassable gulf which separates man from the lower animals, what would become of him?

On the other hand, if the animals next to man in the scale of organization and intelligence, were endowed with the power of speech—that noble faculty by which the range of thought and knowledge is so wonderfully enlarged—would not their intellectual sagacity appear to far greater advantage, and in some instances even prove equal to that exhibited by some of our own race? "There can be no doubt in the mind of any careful observer," says Dr. Lardner in his treatise on Instinct and Intelligence, "that the chief obstacle to the extension of the natural intelligence of many animals is the want of language to express their feelings & thoughts."

Though animals have not the power of speech, they in some degree make up the deficiency, and can often make themselves understood. They have a language peculiar to themselves. The following instance illustrates how anxious dogs sometimes are to impart information. Mr. C—S— one day came to Muncy on business. His dog followed, and for some distance behaved very singularly, jumping up before the horse as if he would turn him, and then running back and earnestly barking, as if he wished his master to return. His behaviour most decidedly showed that he was actuated by some good intention. On arriving in town, Mr. S. discovered that he had on the way lost a small package of papers, and then at once comprehended the conduct of his

faithful attendant. But, it may be asked, why did not the dog pick up the papers and bring them to his master? Ah! dogs, as well as men, as the following story proves, are often as thoughtful as sagaciously. Some years ago a man brought a hide across the Alleghanies, on horseback, a distance of twenty miles, to a Tannery in this County. He carried it in a bag—with a great 42 pound stone, as heavy as the hide, in the other end, as a balance. Considering the superior endowments and opportunities of the man, it was as senseless in him to make his horse carry that stone, as it was thoughtless in the dog not to pick up the papers.

We conclude with an incident showing that if animals do not acquire some knowledge of words, they at least sometimes show a remarkable aptness in comprehending our wishes. Dr. B——, of Berks Co., had an unusually intelligent terrier. He sent him one day to his office to bring his gloves. He had laid them on a shelf on which were a number of bottles containing medicine. The dog soon discovered what he was sent for, but he could not reach them without making a hazardous jump; and in attempting it, brought down the shelf and the bottles. He delivered the gloves to his Master, and thus showed that he perfectly understood the order.

Can anything besides Mind, comprehend Mind?

THE BOYS' JOURNAL.—Another little paper—somewhat larger than ours—that has come to us with the request to X. It is published way up in Martinsburg, Lewis Co. N. Y., by B. Mereness, and is "Devoted wholly to the interests of Boys." A cheap monthly, at 20 cents a year. We hope the little enterprise will be crowned with success, and prove a blessing to its young readers.

OUR FIRE COMPANY.—Every property owner who is able ought to be a contributing member of our Fire Company. The terms are \$2.00 for the first year, and only \$1.00 for each succeeding year. Many of our Firemen serve disinterestedly, all gratuitously, besides incurring a greater expense than the contributing members. This fact should be remembered. They should be encouraged, and we hope they will be. John H. Winters has the roll.

## Medley of Items.

John Stauffer, father of our neighbor Dr. Stauffer, was the owner of a "Dearborn" wagon as early as 1817. The Dr. says it was almost as light and as neat as a modern truck-wagon!

Hon. W. Cox Ellis was born in "Fort Muncy" in 1787.

While the big papers brag about big corn, big pumpkins, and other vegetable monstrosities, it may be proper for a little paper to brag about liliputian curiosities. We have something that "takes down" everything we have lately seen noticed. It is a perfect stalk of corn measuring only two feet and five inches from the root to the tip of the longest tassel, and bearing a perfect ear of corn one and three fourths of an inch in length. The weight of the whole affair is not three drachms. We claim the premium.

An Architectural Curiosity. The Glade Run Bridge at the Muncy Cemetery.

We have frequently heard it said that the best potatoes produced about here, are raised on the Muncy Hills.

Four enormous eels were caught in a fish basket at the outlet of Hunter's Lake, on the 11th ult. The largest weighed 9 pounds, and the four weighed 27 pounds.

The "Thistle Iron Works" have been considerably enlarged.

We have in Muncy, four Physicians, two Drug Stores, and only two Undertakers.

A lady asked us, "Why are the members of the Methodist Church of this place like forrest leaves in Spring time?" After we had made several unsatisfactory attempts to answer, she replied—"When the *Ash leaves*, they all put forth."

When the eccentric Dame mentioned in our last arrived at Williamsport, she was wonderfully astonished to see so many houses and improvements. "Gracious alive!" said she, "I saw a hundred Rail Roads! My brother thinks he has seen things! but I never believed I would see water come down from the roofs of the houses into the kitchens, and fire come up out of the hitching posts!"

The Muncy Lodge (No. 299) of A. Y. M. was chartered by the Grand Lodge of Pa. on the 2d day of June 1856. It began with nine members. Ninety four have since been initiated, twelve were admitted from other Lodges, and six members have died. Present membership, ninety.

The Baptists of this place have bought a fine Cabinet Organ for their Church.

F. S. Peterman is building a large addition to the stone house he bought of John Turner, near Coder's Hotel. He is also remodeling the original structure.

The hills and mountains encircling our lovely valley, now present a most fascinating appearance. Nature is displaying her charming autumnal tints. Pity the illy-constituted mind in which Nature does not excite the most pleasurable and grateful emotions. The rich spend thousands of dollars for paintings that bear no comparison to the loveliness of the scenery around us. The noblest efforts to imitate or reproduce nature, on canvass, or even by the stereoscope, fall as far short, as the monotonous noise of the locust falls below the rapturous song of a Jenny Lind. And this lovely exhibition is free.

It will be 50 years next August since the Episcopal Church of this place was regularly organized. Episcopalian worship was however instituted here a few years before. The pioneers of the Church are now nearly all resting from their labors.

Mary Scudder Shoemaker, the mother of our neighbor John Shoemaker, was the first white child born in Lycoming County.

There are but two older papers now published on the West Branch than the *Muncy Luminary*, viz., the *Lycoming Gazette*, and the *Miltonian*. Friend Painter is the oldest acting Editor. He is not quite yet however,

"An old, old man, with beard as white as snow."

Physiologists generally agree that butter should be used very sparingly. We presume all who have to buy their butter are at present of the same opinion.

Dr. B. F. Hatch, who has had the most extensive opportunities of knowing what Spiritualism is, says, "I most solemnly affirm that I do not believe that there has arisen any class of people, who were guilty of so great a variety of crimes and indecencies as the spiritualists of America." Dr. P. B. Randolph, who was for eight years a prominent spiritualist, says, Spiritualism is "the most tremendous enemy of God, morals and religion, that ever found foot hold on earth."

An old friend, who was himself once an Editor, writes us a very encouraging letter respecting *Now and Then*, and among other nice things, says, "One of the most welcome guests at Fern Brook. Always anxiously looked for, received with pleasure, and laid down with regret."

The circulation of the *Weekly Tribune* is 240,000 copies. That of *Now and Then* is somewhat less. Every issue of the *Tribune* weighs 15 tons. Have never weighed ours, but think it hardly weighs so much. Perhaps several issues might. The *Tribune* says, "The *Weekly Tribune* is the best and cheapest weekly newspaper (and we believe this) in the world. But then, *Now and Then* is not a weekly

State, where about 1860 he closed his earthly career. He was in most respects superior to the preachers of his day. He had enjoyed advantages of scholastic training, and they were apparent in the elegance and beauty of his style. His esteemed consort and two daughters now live in Baltimore. One is the wife of a Surgeon in the regular Army. The other, a most attractive and accomplished young lady, was during the war residing at Point Lookout, formerly a celebrated watering place of the Chivalry, and where the writer had the honor of making her acquaintance in 1864.

The extemporaneous preaching of the Methodist formed such a contrast in all the elements that really make pulpit oratory attractive, to the dull, prosy, long-winded, *reading*, common then (and we are sorry to say even now) to the pulpits of most other denominations, that we should not be surprised at its achievements.

"Power above powers! O heavenly eloquence!

That, with the strong rein of commanding words,

Dost manage, guide, and master th' eminence

Of men's affections, more than all their swords!"

TEMPUS.

## Another Letter from Stamm.

Many of our readers will recall to mind their boyish aspirations on reading the following extract; and our boys who are just starting out in life, we hope will take a good hint from the last sentence:

"It will always be remembered by me as one of the memorable eras of my life when leaving home for far away over the Muncy Hills, in company with B. M. Ellis, riding one of the beautiful sorrel mares belonging to his father, that I entered the town of Muncy to become a bound boy to the trade of a Tinker. What hopes and aspirations filled my young soul then; how I poured myself out to my companion on the way, and how kindly he received it all; and with what paternal grace did he give his advice in return! To me he seemed a learned sage descended from a most wise and learned sire. Which to admire most, his kindness or his wisdom, I could not decide. \* \* \* He was my introducer into an honorable body, and I looked up to him as to a guardian angel, that took me by the hand and led me up higher. For the little steps by the way that we take in early life do determine our future course therein."

## Alcohol.

EDITOR OF NOW AND THEN:—Will you please answer the following objection to Tetotalism? Are Tetotalists consistent in eating Grain, which contains so much Alcohol, and from which they well know every drop used is extracted? If Alcohol exists in Nature, in our Food, is it not for a wise purpose, and is it not fair to infer that its moderate use as a beverage is proper? That excess is wrong, none dare dispute.

MODERATION.

In reply we would say:—*First*: Alcohol does not exist in Grain. It is, like ammonia and carbonic acid, a product of decomposition. *Second*: When food is sufficiently decomposed to give rise to Alcohol, and other compounds, it is utterly unfit for the human stomach. Hogs, flies, maggots, and some other creatures, were designed by nature for scavengers, but not man. *Third*: If Alcohol is a proper beverage because also a product of Nature, then all the products of natural decomposition, as well as rotten potatoes and spoiled tomatoes, are proper food, because—they exist in Nature. *Fourth*: The word *intoxication* is derived from the Latin word *Toxicum*, and signifies the condition of being poisoned. Alcohol, as well as carbonic acid, is a poison. Its moderate use as a beverage is therefore not proper.

EDITOR.

## Conceit.

One of the most ridiculous facts of the present day, is the consummate nonsensical audacity, with which some eighteen year old striplings, presume to pass judgment upon the actions of their seniors. We see them flopping out from under the paternal roof, with about as much verdancy in their composition, as that which characterizes the young gosling, as it flops out from under the maternal wing of mother goose.

Every community is cursed, to a greater, or less extent, by the presence of these would be logicians and philosophers. This is evident from the fact that scarcely anything now transpires, but with a knowing nod of their dear little motherly caressed heads, they pronounce stern judgment upon the innovation, and the entire neighborhood immediately receives additional lustre in the promulgation of their profound conclusions.

Allow me Sir, through the columns of the *Now and Then*, to prescribe for these wise acres, the same pill which Burns administered to a certain high minded lady, when, upon a certain occasion he saw a certain insect, whose name rhymes delightfully with *house* and *mouse*, perambulate sedately up the edge of her elaborately trimmed bonnet:

"O would some power the giffie gie us,

To see ourselves as others see us;

It would fra' mony a blunder free us,

And foolish notion."

H.

## The Lesson of Earthquakes.

Thirty two thousand souls were suddenly destroyed, in S. America, by the "everlasting fire" with which the earth is stored. O'curring so soon after the terrific convulsions in the Sandwich Islands, and shocks felt in various parts of the world, one can not help but think of the predictions of the Sacred Oracles.

Some translate 2 Peter 3: 7—"the present atmosphere and earth are stored with fire, reserved unto the day of judgment, even the perdition of eminently wicked men." This agrees with the facts of Geology. Both Science and the Bible therefore teach, that the earth is stored with an everlasting fire. And by this fire, the wicked are to be destroyed.

The late earthquake was not the most calamitous known. In 1775, the inhabitants of Lisbon heard a sound like thunder under ground, "and in six minutes the greater part of the city was thrown down, and 60,000 persons had perished." All Europe felt the shock. In 1669 no less than 77,000 persons were destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius. Terrible has been the loss of life, and destruction of property, in various ages, and in many parts of the world, by eruptions and earthquakes. And that the five ancient cities, Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboim, and Zoar, with their inhabitants, were literally destroyed, is not in the least improbable.

And Sodom is held forth as an example of the final destruction of the wicked. "The day cometh, that shall burn as an oven." "The elements shall melt with fervent heat." The earth is *literally* stored with fire.

M.

## Advertisements.

As intimated in our first issue, we do not intend to occupy much space with our advertisements. We only propose to remind the public now and then that we keep a MUSIC and VARIETY STORE, and respectfully ask to be remembered when anything in our line is wanted.

We still have the Agency for the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING-MACHINE. This Machine stood No. 1 on the Roll of Merit at the Paris Exposition; its sales have averaged some thousands per annum more than any other Company's; and every person who has one, is delighted with it.

J. M. M. GERNERD.

# NOW AND THEN.

A Journal Devoted to the Topics of the Times.

VOL. 1.

MUNCY, PA. FEBRUARY, 1869.

No. 6.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF MUNCY—NO. 6.

"Custom, 'tis true, a venerable tyrant,  
O'er man extends her blind dominion."

Of many of the social amusements, manners and customs of a quarter of a century ago, but few traces remain. The dance alone amidst all the mutations experienced, has retained its popularity. The Cotillon, Scotch Reel, and French Four, were about all the repertory of this period contained. The Polka, Lancers, Schottische, &c., were not understood, while the "not too lawfully begotten Waltz" was entirely unknown.

The "Balls," as the dancing parties were then called, were generally held at the "Taverns," a large room for that purpose being indispensable. The principal "Tavern Keepers" of these times were Gen. W. A. Perikin, Thomas Van Buskirk, Jacob Kelly, Christ Muller, Thomas Montgomery, and George Frederick. At the house of the latter the first dancing school in Muncy was held, and where it was said the pupils went to learn manners, and not mere dancing. The following are the names of the class: Dr. Wood and Sister, Daniel Shoemaker and Sisters, John Shoemaker, John Walton and Sister, Rachael McKissen, John Robb, John Burrows and Sister, John Penny and Sister, Dr. Coughburn, Sallie VanFleet, Dr. Shoemaker, Peter and Chas. Shoemaker and Sisters.

Since then the votaries of Terpsichore have made many additions to the dance catalogue, to be familiar with which is now considered an important part of a genteel education. Great difference of opinion existed then, as now, as to the moral propriety or the moral tendency of this amusement. The Presbyterians, Methodist, Friends, and we believe most of the orthodox Churches, were its uncompromising opponents. They believed that horsehair and catgut were the very incarnation of Satan, while the Episcopalians, always in the advance in matters of taste, at least negatively endorsed it. It is said that the gentlemen were more gallant then, and invited all the ladies to dance, and that there were no "wall flowers."

The 22d of Feb. was generally devoted to a grand *Ball*, and the preparations for the occasion were the most extensive. Here the belle brought her charms, the flirt her arts; it was the principal place of exhibition. Its history is replete with romantic incident and intrigue.

"When gass and beauty's blended rays  
Set hearts and ball-rooms in a blaze;  
Or spermaceti's light reveals  
More inward bruises than it heals;  
In flame each belle her victims kills,  
And sparks fly upward in quadrilles."

The apple cutting and apple butter boiling were two of the great institutions of these times, and generally ended with a grand dance and supper. Fiddlers were then more numerous than now, for the age of violinists had not yet arrived. Jimmy Henderson and Peter Betts belonged to the former class. A great variety of plays were common, mostly of the kissing kind. Among these were "button button who's got the button?" "Whistling the key," "Blind Buck and Davy" &c. Almost all of these culminated in a tabular melange that ought to have thrown emetics into desuetude. The belle of one these apple bees hardly ever pass-

ed this kissing ordeal with a whole dress, or a whole epidermis. She might as well have run an Indian gauntlet. The rag-man might have made a small fortune out of the debris of a single season.

The custom of these times on funeral occasions, was perhaps the most objectionable. A death in the community was the signal for a general carnival, and the solemnities of the hour were not allowed to interfere with the prescribed rights of the neighborhood to a grand dinner, and turkeys and chickens, sausage and flannel cakes, were the objects of universal anticipation. The house of mourning became the house of feasting. The habit of *waking* the dead had produced in nearly every community a brood of professional watchers often distinguished for their comicalities and levities.

The preaching of funeral sermons was a venerable custom of these times, and the repose of the departed was supposed to depend upon them—a custom often embarrassing to the preacher, and distasteful to the hearer. We believe it is almost obsolete now, but the minister who had the faculty of evoking the "sympathetic tear," and augmenting the grief of stricken friends and relatives, strange as it may seem, had most of this work to do. Funeral sermons under most circumstances are superfluous. Whatever there has been in the life of the departed that should be known now finds its way to the obituary department of the public press, and besides the community generally know much more about the individual than the preacher. We often wondered at the patience and the forbearance of the people of these times; now we hope no audience would permit the prolixity which sometimes froze a waiting audience in winter, or roasted it in summer. We are not an iconoclast, but time and progress are. Gentility, good taste and refinement, have combined to abrogate this useless and objectionable custom. Another custom not less objectionable and much more indelicate, was that of stating from the pulpit, the age, occupation, &c., of the deceased.

Another peculiarity of these times was the habit of noisy and demonstrative exhibitions at the funeral ceremonies, no doubt often irrepressible, and often not.

"Some grief shows much of love,  
But much of grief shows still more  
Want of sense."

The influence of the example and uniform good taste of the Society of Friends in this community in correcting this one ethics, can not be denied. The tranquil, the dignified and even cheerful resignation with which they submitted to the inscrutable rulings of an All Wise Providence must always form a most pleasing contrast to the noisy exhibitions of a more profuse, but not more sincere sorrow.

"Grieve for an hour, then mourn a year,  
And bear about the weeds of woe  
To midnight dances and the public show."

has been the reproach of too many.

We believe the custom of the Friends in all these matters is the same to day as generations ago. That they cherish the memory of departed friends less tenderly than others, we presume no one ever imagined, though when a member of the family is called away, they do not ostentatiously advertise their grief in a full suit of black of the "latest style," nor expect the whole relationship to break out in a sable eruption. The world is too much intent upon its own business to care whether we wear black or white, and then

"Lull, infant pangs, too well supply the woe  
That grief in sulking silence shuns to show."

TEMP'S.

## Now and Then.

PUBLISHED EVERY—"ONCE IN A WHILE."

J. M. M. GERNERD, EDITOR.

### Now and Then.

As *Now and Then* has been issued regularly every once in a while, according to contract, we need not apologize for its non-appearance since last October. The demand for it having far exceeded our expectations, the supply of back numbers is very near exhausted. Have a few copies of Nos. 4 and 6 yet on hand. Price 3 cents per copy—only!

There is a good deal in a name, and a good deal in the name *Now and Then*. Words, it is true, of themselves are mere sounds, without any precise signification, but we make them the exact representatives of ideas, and hence may give them a very expressive meaning. *Now*, as defined by Webster, signifies "present time." This is its sense in our title. Devoted to the Topics of the Times, *Now and Then* discusses matters of general interest at the time of publication. The meaning might be greatly extended, for

"An eternal *Now* does ever last."

The term *Then* refers to "a time specified, either past or future." And in this sense we use it. Hence *Now and Then* is an expressive title. It signifies either the Past, the Present, or the Future. Reduced to a word, it means Eternity. So comprehensive, it is incomprehensible. It may represent more than we mortals ever dream of in our philosophy.

"*Now* I know in part, but *Then* shall I know even as also I am known."

*Now* may thus represent this life, and this world, while *Then* refers to the life and the world to come.

The title also expresses irregularity of publication. Webster thus defines *now and then*: "At one time and another; indefinitely; occasionally; not often; at intervals."

### The Circulating Library.

Since the notice in our first issue, we have added a number of works to the Circulating Library. The project of establishing a more permanent and extensive Library, we are happy to say has met with continued encouragement. Recently we proposed to our patrons that we would invest in Books all the money received for year-tickets, and already we have a long and cheering list of names. The plan proposed—to get several hundred subscriptions, at three dollars each—invest the entire amount in Books—and give each subscriber the free use of the Library, one year, under its present regulations—is perhaps the most feasible and the quickest way for our citizens to get a good Library. It may in time prove profitable to itself, but it will certainly also be economical reading for the subscribers. The price of subscription is less than the cost of a good Magazine. It is as low as the rate charged in any town in the country, for loaning books, and considerably less than the price in many places. Having already some hundred volumes of excellent Books, and by buying, at wholesale rates, as many as warranted by the number of subscribers, we shall in this way soon be enabled to establish a large Library—one that will be a benefit to the place, and in which the citizens may take an interest.

Our community is in great need of a good Library. There is perhaps no way in which several thousand dollars could be better invested. The young folks we know would rejoice in the advantages of such an institution. And now, since there is no prospect of our getting a Public Library, shall we not have one on the plan proposed? If the very encouraging beginning is a fair indication, we can promise the public that we shall have one, and in a very few weeks. All

who desire to subscribe will therefore please do so at once, as we shall purchase the Books when we visit the City, early in the Spring.

### Tobacco.

"The excesses of our youth are draughts upon our old age, payable with interest."—Colton.

It is not uncommon for young men to defend the filthy practice of chewing and smoking tobacco, and gravely urge every exploded argument they can think of in its favor. We have even heard of educated men in the medical profession giving their testimony in defence of the disgusting weed, but we rejoice to know that such men are rare. The most that these tobacco advocates will admit, is, that it may be injurious to some constitutions, or that its excessive use (and this word excessive is exceedingly indefinite) may be injurious. In a tone of triumph they point to common cases of longevity, to men who have indulged in the practice of chewing half a century, or perhaps longer, with apparent impunity, and they hesitate not to declare their conviction that tobacco is harmless. These are the extremists on the side of tobacco.

On the other side, the charges made by those who condemn tobacco may sometimes be no less extravagant. They may attribute more diseases and ruined constitutions to it, than may be strictly correct. They may think the smoking of a cigar a much more serious evil than it actually is, and may say there is more poison in a plug of tobacco than analysis would demonstrate. But, we had far better be on this extreme, and it is much easier to forgive these errors. They do not favor physiological transgression and depravity, and they will do much harm.

It is a fact that the best medical writers and practitioners of all schools positively object to tobacco. Dr. Prout says, "Surely, if the dictates of reason were allowed to prevail, an article so injurious to the health and so offensive in its modes of enjoyment, would speedily be banished." Dr. Dio Lewis says, "I have no doubt that tobacco smoke has developed consumption in thousands." Dr. Dixon, Editor of *The Scalpel*, says,—"the volatilized oil of tobacco, circulating through the smoke and inhaled into the lungs of the smoker, through the mucous membrane, has for three hundred years not even been suspected to; rostrate the spinal nerves and virile powers, till half the male race in our country have become pigmies and stupid tobacco-poisoned sots." Dr. Trall says, "It is certain that the use of tobacco is sending thousands of people to their graves at forty, thirty, and even twenty years of age. It only requires the use of eyes unclouded by tobacco to see its terrible ravages among us." Volumes of such quotations might be collected. If tobacco were tried by a United States Court, on the testimony of the best informed witnesses, the Jury could render their verdict without a moment of further consideration.

A man with an iron constitution may use tobacco seventy years, and maintain excellent health, still the narcotic is a monstrous physiological evil. General experience is a safer guide than exceptional and doubtful experience. Nine out of ten who use tobacco, are too evidently injured by it. The country is full of its miserable victims. Physiology plainly shows how and why tobacco injures. We know why some can use it a long time with seeming impunity. And it is also explained how we can daily abuse ourselves in a hundred other ways, and yet live, and have better health than we deserve. In fact, the human race continues to exist in spite of itself. The inherent power of adaptation, of preservation or recuperation is truly wonderful. But it was not given to squander away by such filthy and vulgar habits as chewing and smoking tobacco. God and Nature both keep a record, and will compel us to a settlement. No man can afford to use tobacco.

## Medley of Items.

William Goodenow, the Leading Gardener and Horticulturist of this section, says, that of eighteen varieties of Grape Vines, the Clinton and Concord were the only ones which did not freeze for him last Winter.

A note was the other day given to the Notary Public of this place to protest, the maker of which signed by making *his mark*, and the witness by making *his mark*. Wonder if these men are in favor of Female Suffrage?

George Cartledge is to build the Soldier's Monument, for three thousand dollars. The decision of the managers of the Monument Association to have the work done in our own town, is approved by every one whom we have heard express an opinion. George is a superior workman. The next thing for our citizens to do, is to raise about one thousand dollars for a suitable iron railing.

"Old Stokes"—he is only about 29—now has both a wife and a daughter. Always dignified and accomodating, he has nevertheless of late greatly improved in these respects. How Fortune does elevate men. Even the Bus horses never looked so well. Falsk say he had intended to christen the newcomer "John." We presume he philosophically reasons,

"T is necessity

To which the gods must yield; and I obey,  
Till I redeem it by some glorious way."

One man—we have but few such in a population of more than 1500—is afraid that if we get a Boom, we will have to pay a little more for butter and eggs.

B. S. Merrel and William Rickhold have each since our last issue built a dwelling on Cemetery Street. George Poust is preparing to put up himself a house in the same locality.

Several Philadelphians wishing to spend the summer season in the country, enquired for some pleasant village, with fine views and good drives in the neighborhood, and were recommended to come to Muncy. After enquiring about Hotel accommodations, the next question was, "Is there a good Circulating Library in the place?" We shall soon have the additional attraction of a good Library.

A bachelor friend of ours married, and by and by was presented with an heir. Never perhaps did man (not even Old Stokes) rejoice more over his great fortune. In a moment of uncontrollable ecstasy he writes us as follows,—"Just to think! we've one dear sweet little whole *well spring of pleasure*! What a gulf of bliss a dozen must be!" Gracious! would he have a dozen?

The following inscription is taken from a tomb stone in the Hughesville Cemetery "J. Lukens Wallis, the first white male child born in Muncy Valley. Died July 27th. 1863, aged 89 years, 8 months, and 2 days."

The young men of Hughesville have for several weeks been trying to raise a Brass Band. This put a party at Pictured Rocks into the same notion, and they in a couple of days raised nearly the amount required for the instruments. Go in, Hughesville!

Three Lawyers, ten Doctors of Medicine, and thirteen Ministers of the Gospel, have been admitted as members of the Muncy Masonic Lodge.

Martin Kelly bought a lot of Wm. Brindle, on S. Market st. adjoining De Hass', and is building a house.

Thomas Grange has a new building under foot, adjoining his residence, near the Episcopal Church. His son Oscar will open a Shoe Store on the first floor. M. S. Ressel, just across the way, is about to enlarge and remodel his house.

We understand that several new drinking saloons will soon be opened in our town. The walling and ginsling of teeth caused by such institutions must it seems go on until the end. King Alcohol is a Devil. He makes hell upon earth, and torments his victims until they sink into the

grave. Society has become so accustomed to the many fearful results of intemperance—to profanity, obscenity, poverty, distress, disease, and suicidal death—that it can look upon them without scarce a shudder. A man might as well sign a death warrant as to sign a licence paper. In fact liquor license's send more souls to *sheol* than the hangman.

It has been observed that but comparatively few snow birds visited our latitude this season. As the winter has been unusually mild, these dwellers of the frozen regions of the north have probably not extended their migrations as far south as usual. What is there in the constitution of this beautiful and not unsociable little bird, that impels it to seek the solitary regions of even the arctic circle during our hot months? Wilson, in his American Ornithology, supposes that there must be "something in the temperature of the blood" which unfits it for residing here during summer. It has always seemed so singular to us that, when the cold northern blasts have driven away all our migratory birds, in our bleak and dreary winter months, the snow bird should come and withall be so cheerful and sprightly. A flock of about forty visited our garden a few days ago, and a merrier set of birds we never saw.

The Farmer's Club of this Valley, at a late meeting in Hughesville, discussed the subject of deep plowing. One member called seven inches *deep*—another thought six inches deep enough for all practical purposes—while another regarded seven inches as shallow, and twelve or fifteen inches as deep. When Doctors disagree, who shall decide? The question, "How shall we get rid of the borer, that is so destructive of the peach and apple?" was thus curtly answered, "Get after them, and punch them with a *sharp stick*." No one objected to this plan.

The Baptist Church of Muncy was completed and dedicated March 14th 1843. The Society was regularly organized June 24th. 1841, though the history of the denomination in this place extends much further back. Rogers Factory, now Willow Grove Mills, owned by George Stoltz, was an out station of the Loyalsock Church as early as 1823, or earlier. The first Baptist was Mrs. Anna White, who settled here before the Revolutionary War. She died June 20th. 1821, aged 91 years, and was a member of the White Deer Baptist Church, then the nearest. Mrs. Barbara Botline and Miss Elizabeth Huckle were members of the Muncy Church at its organization, and are all who now remain of that pioneer band. The greater part have been laid beneath the clouds of the valley, and the rest we are told "became scattered."

A subject for speculation. On the north bank of the West Branch of the Susquehanna, imbedded in the sand and gravel, a few hundred yards below the Muncy Bridge, and at least some miles from the strata from which it was detached, there is an immense conglomerate boulder. How and when did it get there? Was it dropped by an iceberg during a submergence of the Continent? did it descend from the Alleghanies on a glacier? was it transported by ice long since the drift period? or was it foremd (and this seems most unlikely) just where it lies, as Adam and the first animals came complete and full grown from the hand of God?

Years ago an acquaintance moved into the woods on the Loyalsock. The only animals he had were a cow and a pig; and a strong attachment sprang up between these lonely domestics. To either they roamed through the forest in quest of the tender herb and root, as if the pleasure of companionship were to them as great as that of eating. One day the cow was seen stepping into the creek to cross, with the devoted pig as usual by her side. The latter soon found the water too deep to wade, but "necessity is the mother of invention" to both man and pigs. Taking hold of the good cows tail with its mouth, the pig swam, or was swum, safely to the other side. And often after, when the water was too deep to ford, the pig was seen to seize the same causal appendage for the same convenient purpose. That pig had some sense.

## The Rev. Mr. Smith.

Editor of Now and Then :

The interest with which we have read the "Recollections of Muncy" make us regret to find any thing in them to criticize. In No. 2. however, your valued correspondent "Tempus," has thought proper to refer to an old clerical friend, in whose company, we have passed many pleasant and profitable hours, in terms that seem to demand notice, especially as laid years ago in the grave, he cannot vindicate himself. Tempus says :

"Rev. Mr. Smith (Episcopal) also read a manuscript. He was, it was said, a devoted Christian ; but like thousands in the same profession in all the Churches, had mistaken his calling. His character endeared him to all, and we always remember him with affection."

The favorable expressions here used are by no means exaggerated. It seems that reading his sermons is intended as a reproach, whereas his extemporaneous discourses were superior to his written performances. That he was a man of literary culture, and theological education, is clear from his having been a graduate of Trinity College, Hartford, Ct., and also of the Theological Seminary in New York. But it is said, he with thousands beside had mistaken his calling. If by this is meant that never in his case "words of learned length and thundering sound, amaz'd the gazing rustics ranged around," I confess it, for he, more than any one I ever knew dealt in pure saxon. My object however is to show how Doctors may disagree.

In a sermon delivered May 27th 1862 before the society for the increase of the ministry, the Preacher, the Rector of the Church of the Ascension, supposes that "there may be an incorrect idea of what are the proper qualifications for the Ministry," and says :

"The common idea, that more than ordinary intellectual force, is requisite to usefulness in this profession I think a mistaken one. The great element of power in the Ministry is not intellect but character, not the endowments of nature but the gifts of grace. It is true, if we can have intellectual greatness, added to strength and beauty of character, so much the better ; but strength of character without brilliancy of intellect, is infinitely to be preferred to brilliancy of intellect, without strength of character. The great and wise Dr. Arnold, so eminent as an Instructor of youth, declares that nothing had struck him with so much astonishment as God's blessing bestowed so largely upon limited intellectual powers, united with habits of conscientious fidelity to duty."

Brought to this standard and tried by it, the Rev. Mr. Smith I respectfully submit, had not mistaken his calling, whatever may be said or thought or determined in regard to the thousand others in the same profession.

AN OLD FRIEND.

## A Lesson from the Heathen.

"All that are in their graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth."

From "Notes on the Tinnah or Chepewyan Indians" of Alaska, communicated for the Report of the Smithsonian Institution for the year 1866, we quote the following :

"They know nothing of the soul. They say man has reason, acquired from education, imitation, or experience, which increases with age ; for instance, they say a child has no education, no experience—that is, no reason ; or if he has, it is so weak or imperfect that he will crawl straight into the fire without the slightest fear of the consequences. If he had a soul which is part of the Great Spirit himself, he would be as wise when born as at any time of his life ; more so, in fact, for he is purer, having just come from his Maker. Neither would he require education or experience to guide him through life. \*\*\* They believe in a future state of bliss, where they are to live forever, in the same bodies they occupied while here."

That the view of the untutored Chepewyans, though imperfect, accords better with Scripture than the opinion of many among the civilized, may be learned by an examina-

tion of the Hebrew and Greek words translated *soul*. *Nephesh* (Hebrew) and *psuchee* (Greek) occur in the Scriptures more than 800 times, and are applied to both man and beast. They are rendered *soul* but 530 times, and in all other instances, *man, creature, person, heart, life, mind, breath, etc.* When man became a *nephesh chayah* (rendered a "living soul," in his case) he only became what every beast, fowl, and creeping thing had become before him, as all these are four times called *nephesh chayah* even before it is said man became a—*nephesh chayah*. When *soul* does not refer to a mere attribute of the organism, as to life, or mind, or breath, (remember *nephesh* and *psuchee* are so translated,) it means simply the whole being, or person, or creature. Hence the soul of the immaterialist is as much a creature of the imagination, as are the numerous divinities of heathen mythology. The conclusion of the Chepewyans, is therefore more scriptural and more rational. And so also their hope of living again in the "same bodies." Christ "shall change our vile body, that it (the vile body) may be fashioned like unto His glorious body." M.

## Opinions of the Press.

We wish to record the kind words of welcome and expressions of encouragement received from our brethern of the quill. As "like begets like," it is natural that their sympathy and complimentary notices should give us a high opinion also of themselves. We know no better words for thanks than to say out of the bottom of our heart—God bless you all, and may you live long to labor for the Truth, the Right, and the good of the Country. We received other notices, but can not now find the papers to quote them.

We have received a wee bit of a paper entitled "Now and Then," hailing from Muncy, edited and published by J. M. M. Gerner, is to be issued "every once in a while," and sold at 3 cents a copy. It is well edited, neatly printed, and we wish its enterprising projector unbounded success. *Sullivan Free Press*.

NOW AND THEN. A neat and interesting little sheet that comes to us from Muncy. \*\*\* and is well worth the price asked for it—three cents. *Daily Standard*.

Number four of this spicy little sheet, is before us. It is published "every once in a while," in the godly town of Muncy, and is edited by J. M. M. Gerner, who is as piquant and spicy as Prentice. It deserves to be published as often as twice in a while. *West Branch Bulletin*.

This is the title of a spicy little paper published in Muncy. \*\*\* From the ability displayed in the editorial columns we have no doubt it will become a prominent paper in the county. *Jersey Shore Herald*.

This prim and sprightly little print, published according to the mood or convenience of its editor Mr. J. M. M. Gerner, of Muncy, made its fourth appearance on our table last week. Though it covers a small space, it is printed in small type and contains as much matter as an ordinary country weekly. *Clinton Republican*.

The number before us is well filled with spicy and interesting reading matter, and makes a neat appearance. *Muncy Luminary*.

Mr. J. M. M. Gerner is publishing a very neat little paper at Muncy, entitled *Now and Then*, and is published as its title indicates. The numbers before us are very neatly printed and pay one well for a perusal. It will and should succeed. *Mifflinburg Telegraph*.

This little sheet contains more interesting matter, in proportion to its size, than any other of our exchanges. It is well gotten up and neatly printed. \*\*\* To a resident of Muncy it is of peculiar value, and in view of the very low price charged for it, we do not see how it can fail to have a liberal support. *The Popgun*.

It is illipitian in size, but being set in fine type presents a neat appearance, and contains a large amount of spicy and interesting reading. Success to it. *Waverly Enterprise*.

# NOW AND THEN.

A Journal Devoted to the Topics of the Times.

VOL. 1.

MUNCY, PA. JULY, 1872.

No. 7.

REV. JACOB MILLER.

BY THE EDITOR.

Every community has its noted persons, its peculiar characters, of whom recollections are fondly treasured by the inhabitants. The proud, the rich, the most polished are not always the most esteemed, the most useful, the most worthy of being remembered by posterity. Men are also judged by their works, their opportunities, and their pretensions; and measured by this standard, few men better deserve the favorable estimation in which they are held than the unpretending subject of this sketch.

Miller was born in Muncy, on the 9th day of August, 1812. The little house occupied by Mrs Abby Edwards, opposite the Episcopal Church, is affectionately regarded by him as the place of his birth. He was an only son; an only sister died in childhood; his father died some years later; and his mother died in 1847. Before ten years old he was thrown off a cart, while assisting in carting the stone used in the erection of the residence occupied by the late Wm. Cox Ellis, and unfortunately had one of his legs broken.

Young Miller it seems by a natural impulse engaged in the calling to which he has devoted nearly all his life. When a boy he held meetings and preached to the boys and girls of the neighborhood in the pine woods which then skirted Muncy on the West. As a proof of his power it is related by those who had been members of his juvenile congregation that his representations of hell torment and of the old fellow with horns and a barbed tail were so graphic and earnest that the imaginations of his hearers were sometimes highly excited. On one occasion during service the gravest apprehensions were felt. Some strange noise was heard in a distant part of the wood, and thinking that the Devil was about to make a terrific demonstration, a general stampede followed.

Miller's uncle, the late Philip Riebsam, thought him promising, sent him to school, and it is said would have given him a collegiate education, but the boy preacher had no aspirations in that direction, and was never induced to accept the generous offer. Few men perhaps have ever from their boyhood up exhibited such a predominant love for preaching the Gospel with so little ambition. He had the reputation of being a pious youth, and was highly respected by old and young. At the age of seventeen he began exhorting and preaching occasionally to a Methodist congregation.

A few years later he apprenticed himself to Jessie Shannon, the father of the Rev. Samuel Shannon, to learn the art of cooping, with whom he served two years. He afterwards set up shop and did business for several years on his own account, but his love for work never equalled his zeal for preaching, and it is whispered that he would often fall asleep by the side of his shaving buck. For this some denounced him. When questioned on this most delicate subject he confessed that he did not like work any better than most professional men, but at the same time he could say that he had worked harder for his living than many who have called him lazy, and while God granted him strength he would continue his labors. A respectable citizen who has known him since he preached his first sermon says, his

sleeping in his shop during the day 'was' the very natural consequence of his fatiguing walks and laborous efforts at revivals at night, because if there was a protracted meeting within walking distance he was sure to be on hand. The truth is, no man in this community has exhibited more remarkable energy and perseverance than Miller, when engaged according to his religious predilections. Poverty nor hunger, cold nor heat, rain nor mud, obloquy nor insult, have ever turned him from his sacred calling.

In 1850 he was married to Elizabeth Achenbach, who still shares his joys and sorrows. They have two children, one now a worthy boy of nineteen, and the other a bright little girl of twelve. In 1851 Miller moved to Dushore, where he resided six years, preaching to several congregations in the Cherry and Colly Missions. During three years of this time he also served the citizens of Dushore as Post Master. He next moved to Laporte, where he remained two years. From Sullivan County he moved to Treverton, Northumberland County, where he lived two years, and then returned to his native town, where he has since resided.

Miller may not claim the remembrance and gratitude of the world on account of any achievements which it calls great, but he is for all that truly a remarkable and a most estimable man. He is not merely quiet and modest, unaffected and unobtrusive, but, as a venerable Minister of the Episcopal Church once remarked of him in our hearing, "Miller is a Moses among the Preachers in the matter of humility." We have never known a man like him. He is truly an original character. Not distinguished for being either eloquent or classical, yet he is earnest and sensible, and sometimes quite impressive. During the great revival in the M. E. Church of Muncy several years ago he is acknowledged to have rendered very valuable assistance. His prayers breathe the true christian spirit, and are at times very animating. One of the most impressive funeral sermons to which we ever listened was his discourse on the death of the well known character of Muncy, Sanford Johnson. The good old man had just walked ten miles on a dusty highway, after preaching a morning sermon among the hills, and stepped into the pulpit evidently very tired, yet he discoursed so earnestly and convincingly, and spoke of poor Sanford with so much feeling and justice, as to command the profound respect of a very intelligent congregation.

He has his imperfections of character it is true,—but how common is this to frail humanity! He has been accused of want of punctuality in paying his little bills, yet citizens with whom he has long dealt assure us of his strict integrity, and that he never hesitates to pay when he has the money. It should be remembered that he has always been extremely poor. He has never belonged to that class who have remunerative occupations, houses and lands, money at interest, who lavish their hundreds in ostentatious display and luxurious living, and yet who, as every merchant in Muncy can testify by his Ledgers, are such provoking slow pay. Would we were all as faultless as Miller.

Many injurious reports have been circulated concerning him, but he has always borne such things with extreme good nature. One of the slanders which may possibly have given him a little annoyance, and the only one of which he has

(See 4th page.)

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## Now and Then.

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PUBLISHED EVERY—"ONCE IN A WHILE."

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J. M. M. GERNERD, EDITOR.

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### Now and Then.

It is three years and a half since we published the last number of *Now and Then*. Though no apology is required—"now and then" may mean every seven years as well as once-a-month—yet to its distant readers the Editor would say that he finally had too many other engagements to set type and write editorials for pastime. However, being finally also admonished that a change was necessary, that the best thing would be to take plenty of medicine in the form of fresh air and sun light, he therefore some months ago disposed of the Music and Variety Store.

With renewed physical energies, have come also renewed hopes for *Now and Then*. But how often to issue it, how many numbers to publish before enlarging it, to how many subscribers it can with present facilities be furnished, are problems yet to be solved. One matter, however, is settled. *Now and Then* is worth, will just as readily (so many have assured us) command, and will hereafter be sold at, five cents per number. The reasons for this are numerous and momentous, absolutely overwhelming, and a statement of them we presume is entirely unnecessary.

We can not conceal the satisfaction with which we have seen so many articles copied from our little paper by the big papers—that is where, as in most instances was the case, our rights were duly respected by giving us the proper acknowledgment. But in some cases we did not get our rightful credit, and we now therefore emphatically protest against any more of this kind of plagiarism. We are not big, but we feel as big, our ideas are as big, we can talk as big, and we have as big rights, as the biggest paper in this big country, and we have a big mind to maintain them.

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### Our Little Exchanges.

It is so long since we published our last *Now and Then* that we hardly know what we ought to say about our many little exchanges—that began to pour upon us by almost every mail from various sections of this great country—and to nearly all of which we are indebted for sweet words of sympathy and encouragement. We presume they all long ago concluded that *Now and Then* had become obsolete, as we have not for several years seen the cheering face of one of them. But we hope that they all still live, and still nobly labor for the Right, the True, the Beautiful, as well as for the indispensable Currency, and that we shall soon again be favored by their friendly visitations. We must regret that we have not at present the space more fully to reciprocate their courtesies.

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### Our Advertisements.

We shall hereafter not object to a few select advertisements. That is, all deceptive or suspicious advertisements, and all those relating to patent-medicines, tobacco, liquors, and candies, are positively declined. We believe it would be a happy era for humanity if these things were all dumped into the hole at the north pole, if there is a hole there—would say the ocean, but don't want all the fish killed—and their manufacture henceforth and forever prohibited.

Please notice: the advertisements in this number. We have had a Kedzie Filter in daily use for five years, and we know that it is a most admirable invention. It will remove all

gases, smell, taste or color, from the meanest water. With one of these Filters, you need have no fears of taking into the stomach any kind of larva or spawn of worms, or insects, or disgusting animalculæ. We several years ago ordered one for Alfred Hawley, of Northumberland, and sent two to North Carolina—one to Joseph Eves, and the other to the Rev. Phillip Melick—and these gentlemen give the same testimony.

The other advertisements are equally deserving, but our limited space forbids further notice. Would like to call special attention to the one at the foot of the column, but—the other advertisers might think us partial.

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### Ancient Axe-Marks.

Our venerable Post Master, Enos Hawley, was shown by George Derr Sr., in the year 1832, near Lairdsville, in this County, ancient axe-marks on a pine stump, which, according to 133 rings of annual growth counted by Hawley, had evidently been made about the year 1697. The tree had been felled in 1830, by Derr. A partly detached chip several inches broad was still to be seen, some inches from the heart or centre of the stump, having been made when the tree was of rather slender growth. The cutting implement used, it was evident from the appearance of the cuts, had a very keen edge. But it is not so difficult to account for these cuts, made long before the first white men were known to have settled in this region, and which were certainly not done with one of the rude stone-axes of the aborigines, as they were made sixteen years after the first settlement of the Friends on the Deleware, and upwards of seventy years after the settlement of New Jersey began.

Meginness in "Otzinachson" however mentions much older axe-marks on an oak that was felled about the same time as the above on the north side of Muncy mountain. The growths showed that the cuts had been made about 460 years before, or about the year 1466, but nothing is said about the character of the cuts. The Indians possessed no iron implements at this remote period, and these antique hackings were doubtless done with an axe made of some very compact rock.

The humble natives who made these simple records certainly did not then dream that the Great Spirit would send a race of acquisitive white men who would destroy all the tribes of red men, occupy all their vast hunting grounds, cut down their magnificent forests, level their sepulchral mounds with the plow, build villages and cities where their wig-wags stood, and yet that some of these strange beings would find so much interest in a few marks made on several trees!

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### Then and Now.

Just one hundred years ago, in 1772, according to the best and most reliable information, there were not more than eight or ten houses on the Susquehanna west of the Muncy Hills. So says Meginness. There are lots of houses now, to say nothing of barns, mills, churches, fences, wells, bridges, roads, canals, aqueducts, telegraphs, and rail-roads. The Indians have left behind them no such marks of culture and progress, though they may have occupied the country for—we can not guess how long. The relics they left behind are however of the most durable character, being nearly all fashioned of stone, such as pestles, mortars, axes, knives, paints, gorgets, arrow-points, spear-heads, hammer-stones, net-sinkers, and tobacco-pipes.

And it is also just one hundred years since the birth of Mary Scudder, the first white child born in this County. THEN—there was one unbounded forest, the deep silence

of which was only disturbed by the occasional yell of the lingering savage, or by the howling of wolves, the cry of the panther, or by some other wild animals. NOW—what a contrast! Though the same streams still meander through the same valleys, though the same hills and mountains still present the same general outlines, yet what a stupendous change. The great forest is almost annihilated, the last of the red men have long since disappeared, and all the valleys and hills teem with, and on every hand are visible the noble works of, their ever busy successors.

## Liquor-Licenses, Moral-Suasion, and Philosophy.

The respectable citizens who lend their names to obtain the license to sell the drink that makes the drinkers drunk, may desire to have the drinkers sober, but—do they? A tree can only be judged by its fruits. The signers of license petitions must share the awful responsibility of making drunkards. Do they mourn over those who stagger about our streets? Do they pity the families of these men? It may be, but—those names! where are they? We hope they will “go and *si(g)n* no more.

If we should rely on moral suasion, instead of legal enactments, as many good folks seem to think, to rescue fallen humanity from the demon of intemperance, then why dont our moderate drinkers and religious societies do more to arouse the public conscience, and to make the accursed liquor traffic as disreputable as drunkenness itself? What are they doing?

We have in Muncy and its suburbs eight Preachers, eight Doctors, three Lawyers, two Justices of the Peace, and eight Liquor Dealers. The new philosophy of the correlation and conservation of moral, physiological and intellectual forces, might perhaps be thought to reveal an advantage in this state of society. The intensity of a moral movement often depends upon the force of a demoralizing power. We hope however that this argument will not be seized to prove the importance of having more grog shops. We have now just eight too many. Our Justices and Lawyers and Doctors might have less to do than they are prepared to do, but the Preachers would still have a great deal more to do than they ever expect to do.

## Multum in Parvo.

The first policy issued by the Lycoming Fire Insurance Company was dated May 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1840, to David Mecum, Blacksmith, for \$800.00.

The Methodists of Muncy are not a noisy people, though they have been getting a—*Drum*.

The Muncy Cornet Band now has two sets of music books, and 78 tunes,

Our wide-awake young milk-man—the one with the new “chime” bells—says he has counted as many as one hundred cows that are still kept within the limits of our goodly town by private families! Astonishing!

P. M. Trumbower & Co. are erecting a Brick Foundry on Plank Road St. The main building is to be 40 by 115 feet. Enter:prise!

Thomas Lloyd no longer talks of migrating either South or West. Having accepted the Express Agency, and added largely to his stock of Dry Goods, he evidently means to stay. Sensible!

We have had a number of Domestic Jubilees in Muncy lately, and—promising prospects for more. According to Genesis 2:1. Right.

W. B. Green, the tax collector, will soon start out with the new duplicates. No murmuring!

Edward Lyon has nearly 3,000,000 feet of cut hemlock scattered along Muncy Creek. Driving logs is unwholesome for trout.

Worms are devouring nearly all the cabbage in this neighborhood. Poor prospect for Sour-Kraut.

Of the five Churches in Muncy one still adheres to the practice of renting pews. But only one.

Good News! Daniel F. Good, a good young man, of this good town, has had the good sense, to do so good an act, as to take unto his good self, a good wife. Good!

Albright's Excelsior Feeding Manger is one of the best inventions of the age. We heard a farmer say that he would not be without it for one hundred dollars. The Dr. and J. D. Melick are putting them up in all sections of the country.

John H. Rooker has built a very good double house, for tenants, on Washington St. Clapp & Smith are putting up a tenant house on Cemetery St. Harry Brobst is making preparations to build several. There is a demand for such houses. Encouraging.

“In Russia the doctors live thirty or forty miles from each other. The Russians are a healthy people.” In the beautiful valley of the Otzinachson the doctors live very close to each other. And there is much sickness.

“Ocohopcheny Grove” is the euphonious appellation of the favorite encampment ground of the Muncy Piscatorial Club, on the most enchanting of the Muncy creek islands. Oco-po-cheny, as this hard word is pronounced, was the Indian name of Muncy creek.

Some one in Williamsport, with a provoking want of originality, not long ago published a little sheet under the title of “*Now and Then*.” The Editor was however too sensibly modest to give his name, merely announcing that the paper—which is almost entirely made up of advertisements—was “Printed by the Printers” and “Published by the Publisher.” As it has not appeared since it first appeared, and does not promise ever to appear again, it had better be named—*The Ephemera*—or—*Now and Only-Once*.

There is now in the hands of the Treasurer of the Muncy Boro School District a building fund of upwards of \$4,000. Another building tax just levied, will increase the amount to nearly \$5,500. The old school buildings and lots to be sold when the new edifice in prospect is ready for use will bring, say \$2,000. Now, let the Board of Directors issue bonds for about \$10,000, in addition, and we can have a right respectable and comfortable School House. Cheer up, boys and girls.

The Muncy Piscatorial Sporting Club has passed a resolution to the effect that hereafter no member shall be allowed to take home any fish (sun-fish and butter-chub excepted) unless full eight inches in length. All smaller catch must be taken off the hook very tenderly and returned to their native element so soon as possible. One member (Green) is very much dissatisfied with the arbitrary rule, as he considers it, because, as he says, he never catches anything of much more than half the required length, unless perhaps occasionally a “bag string.” Why not secede?

Some years ago a stranger came to town and stopping at the old Muncy Hotel, then kept by Joseph Sweet, who being quite deaf, he was obliged to talk very loud. He next stepped into a Store a few doors south of the Hotel, where he was again obliged to carry on a conversation in a very loud tone of voice, as both the proprietor (B—L—) and his clerk (William L—) were extremely hard of hearing. The third place he stepped into was the Washington Hotel, then kept by Theodore W—, who also had the misfortune of being in a great degree deaf. The stranger had hardly for the third time raised his voice to the high pitch necessary when he exclaimed in great surprise, “Good Heavens! is everybody in Muncy deaf?”

## Now and Then.

PUBLISHED EVERY—ONCE IN A WHILE.

J. M. M. GERNERD, EDITOR.

### Little Things.

Little things often lead to the most important results. The smallest creatures in the world have, as the geologists have shown, produced the most stupendous results. Frightful diseases are caused by insects so small as to be invisible to the naked eye. The slightest circumstance has turned the tide of a great battle. Trifling incidents have given rise to the best and greatest institutions in the world. "The tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth." One little word has often had more influence than an elaborate speech. One little act of kindness has sometimes effected more than the most eloquent persuasion or erudite sermon. How often the foolish things of this world confound the wise! the weak things confound the things which are mighty! and great things are brought to nought by little things!

Yet, in our weakness and ignorance, we so often fail to appreciate the importance of little things. Had Naaman been told to do some "great thing", he would not have turned and left Elisha in a rage. His servant however understood this great truth about little things much better. While the savants of Europe were constructing costly apparatuses to ascertain the nature or identity of lightning and electricity, our own plain Franklin accomplished that great end with an old key, a little silk thread, a little sealing wax, and a little paper. History teems with such illustrations.

There is greatness in little things. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Little habits are of the greatest importance, as they constitute the sum of each ones character. The greatest hero is not always the one who acquires distinction by performing some daring exploit. He is a greater hero who conscientiously regards all the little daily habits of virtue, honesty, charity, sobriety, gentility, and industry. "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."

### Annals of Buffalo Valley.

John B. Linn Esq., of Bellefonte, Pa., formerly of Lewisburg, we learn will soon have his local history, "Annals of Buffalo Valley," ready for the press. It "commences with the massacre on Penn Creek in 1755, which effectually wiped out the first settlements in Buffalo Valley, then skipping until 1733, date of the Indian purchases, takes up year by year the events in the valley, giving a list of the first settlers, the part taken by them in the Revolution, the rolls of Companies raised," etc., and from what is known of the ability and opportunities of Mr. Linn, it is believed will be as complete a work of the kind as can at this day be produced. It will be illustrated by maps and by engravings of some of the prominent points of interest. While it will be a work of peculiar interest to the citizens of Buffalo Valley, and to the thousands who have migrated from there to nearly all sections of the great West, it will also be read with a lively interest by all who love to read of the trials, conditions, manners and customs, of the first settlers of our common country. It is a labor of love, but we believe the citizens of Buffalo Valley will so well appreciate the record of their patriotic ancestors, that Mr. Linn will find a spirited demand for his book—we know a number of the citizens of this valley who are waiting anxiously for it—and therefore be in a manner paid for his services.

### The Oldest Inhabitant of Muncy Creek Township.

Mrs Catharine Hill, the oldest inhabitant in this neighborhood, is 94 years of age. She was born in Carterstown—now known as Hamburg—Berks Co., Sep. 12th 1773, but a few weeks after the horrible massacre at Wyoming. Her father, Martin Karcher, served as a Major in the Army of the Revolution. She came to this valley sometime before the year 1800, was married to Jacob Hill; and has been a widow upwards of half a century. Her oldest son, David Hill, of the same township, is past three score and ten; and her oldest grandson, Ellis Michael, of Laporte, Ind., is about fifty. She has had five children, twenty eight grand-children, and upwards of fifty great-grand-children; nearly all of whom are living. Her memory is somewhat weakened, yet her mind is otherwise unimpaired; her health is excellent, so good indeed that she has not for several years missed a meal; and her sight is so good, and her hand so steady, that she is able to do various kinds of sewing, and thread her own needle. She has however so nearly lost the sense of hearing, that it is extremely difficult to carry on a conversation with her, and she sits nearly all day long quietly occupied with her needle work. She has always it is said been of a very quiet, unassuming and amiable disposition. Not contented unless constantly occupied, she spends most of her time sewing carpet rags; and she keeps six families always well supplied with carpets. Her prospects for becoming a centenarian are certainly favorable.

### Facts—Events—Comments.

The Carpenters of Muncy are as busy as bees. We are not standing still.

The new Street from Market St. to the Catawissa Depot is now nearly graded. It affords a fine prospect, and is destined to be a favorite promenade.

The stately elm standing at the foot of the ridge between the Baptist Church and the basin of the Muncy canal is one of the noblest natural objects in this neighborhood.

"Uncle John" McCarty has lived about 78 years on the premises where he now resides. Who about here has lived so long in one spot?

Within nine years four persons have been drowned who lived within a few squares of each other in the southern part of Muncy, the farthest part from water.

Maj. Isaac Bruner Sr. is now the oldest citizen in Muncy. Was born in Northampton Co., Dec. 12th 1789. Came to Muncy in 1804. Served two terms as a member of the Legislature during the Buck-Shot War in 1838-40.

In a recent sermon preached in this place the cheering remark was made that, "When Christ died, was buried, and raised, all the gloom that surrounds the grave was taken away." Bible vs Plato.

G—K—, a farmer living near Muncy, has a pig that knows how to milk cows. One day this very knowing piggy drained the udders of a whole herd of cows belonging to a neighbor. What a pig!

There is a half-grown chicken in East Muncy that takes the most motherly care of a very delicate little chicken. The half-feathered little one nightly nestles under the wing of the big one. But the most curious feature of the curiosity is, these chickens are of the same brood.

Henry S. Root has built himself a delightful residence, and is now putting on the finishing touches. The veranda, or piazza, just completed—we heard two carpenters disputing whether it was a veranda, or a piazza, so we respect both opinions by employing both terms—is an elegant affair, tastefully adapted to the plan of the house, and alone cost about \$300.00.

Most of our citizens appreciate Cooke's Circulating Library. But those who pay \$3. per year for mere story papers it is feared do not. They would invest their money much more profitably by patronizing the Library.

A common complaint for some weeks has been cholera morbus. There is no remedy on earth so efficient and so harmless, so prompt and so pleasant, as pure, soft, warm water. Few however know how to use it, or have enough confidence in Nature to depend on it.

Our little Glade Run during the recent sudden freshet was so industrious as to excavate a new channel of some forty or fifty feet in length, and six feet in depth, in the upper part of Soars's Grove. The result is a lovely little island with five trees on it.

A little boy of this place was engaged at outdoor play when a thunder storm suddenly came up. He quietly and with great interest watched the threatening clouds, until a vivid electric flash lighted up the darkened skies, when he excitedly started for the house, exclaiming, "Mamma! Oh! Mamma! look quick! God is peeping out."

The Susquehanna river has, since last fall, thrown up an immense gravel bar just below the Muncy Boom, on this side. It is worth a walk from town to see. And then, if the reader wishes to extend his observation, he can find such evidences of the erosive power of water everywhere in our valleys and hills, and in the underlying rocks. Water is both a builder and a destroyer of continents.

The Muncy Cemetery Co. was incorporated by the Court of Common Pleas of Lycoming County on the 20th day of Jan., 1857. The Cemetery grounds comprise about eight acres; and the total number of burial plots is 416, of which only 116 now remain unsold. The first body interred was that of a child of James Robbins's, in Sep., 1858. Being beautified by many kinds of ornamental trees, by hedges, by flowers and handsome monuments, this necropolis is every year becoming more attractive. It is the most universally cherished of our local institutions. Upwards of six hundred of our late fellow citizens have fallen—Fathers, Mothers, Children, Brothers, Sisters, Companions—and here lie in peace.

The first Grist Mill in Lycoming County was erected about one hundred years ago, by John Alward, the grandfather of Samuel Craft, on the spot where the plaster mill now stands, within a few yards of the brick grist mill at present owned by Wm. Trump & Co. Henry Shoemaker—the grandfather of Charles Shoemaker—bought the old mill before the Indian war of 1779. The gearings having been concealed were saved, but the savages had the satisfaction of burning the mill. The mill erected about the same time by Ludwig Derr, near Lewisburg, we are informed is still standing and in a good state of preservation.

The August number of *The American Historical Record*—a new monthly, edited by Benson J. Lossing, and published by Chase & Town, Philadelphia, and which, from the number before us, promises to be a valuable repository of matter relating to the history and antiquities of America—contains an interesting but brief biographical sketch of Col. John Kelly, one of the pioneer citizens of Lewisburg, Pa., from the pen of John B. Linn Esq., to whose forthcoming history of Buffalo Valley we have elsewhere referred.

An exciting controversy occurred between the members of the Muncy Piscatorial Club—as they were seated on logs around their camp fire one evening during a recent encampment on Ocohopocheny island—as to the taste and utility of fishing with corks on their lines. Several enthusiastic members in the heat of the debate insisted that no refined person will fish without a cork by day-light. The Club is about equally divided in opinion.

The first slate roof in Muncy is on the brick Blacksmith shop recently built by Charles Mozley, on Plank Road St. The second is on the new brick Foundry of Trumbower & Co. A citizen who contemplates erecting a fine residence thinks of roofing with slate. With a slate roof, on a brick building, you can almost defy the Fire Fiend. We are glad to see slate at last introduced here.

The *Waverly Enterprise* (Waverly, N. Y.) was once one of our dearest little exchanges, but it has grown to be such a wonderfully enterprising *big Enterprise* that we did not recognize it as an old acquaintance until we took a second look and saw, that the title is the same, that it hailed from the same place, and that it is edited by the same courteous and enterprising Frank T. Scudder. It is now a fine big 28 column Weekly paper, as wide awake and as sprightly as when a wee bit of a semi-monthly, and by the many big advertisements we have the big pleasure to see that it is well appreciated by the enterprising business men of Waverly. Our big thanks to the *big Enterprise* for the big compliment to our little *Now and Then*.

We have not for some years had such a crop of apples and peaches in Muncy valley as we have this season. Potato, corn and buckwheat crops, are equally as good. Weeds never grew ranker. The crops of moths, mosquitos, curculios, cabbage worms, and locusts, were also very fine. The prospect is good too for a heavy crop of all kinds of nuts this fall. The oldest members of the Piscatorial Club are confident also that fish are becoming more plenty in all the streams of the valley. Is this owing to the new fish laws? But frogs are getting scarce.

David Hill is putting up a neat residence for himself on Plank Road St., east of Muncy, on the northern part of his farm, near where the toll gate used to be. He says that when excavating for the cellar he came upon a stratum of coarse pebbles that he thought had every appearance of having once been the bed of the Muncy creek. The creek, now half a mile from the house, has certainly constantly been changing its course ever since it began its work of washing and undermining, transporting and depositing.

B. F. Stamm, of Detroit, Mich., formerly a citizen of this place, writes, "Like the spring of fresh water to the weary and thirsty traveler, so your little sheet finds its welcome to one who has never forgotten the old friends of his youth. Your biography of Jacob Miller brought him up so fresh in my memory that I could see his young face of nearly forty years ago, and even the straight coat with buttons down before and the white cravat he wore. I could paint his face if I were a painter."

Up to September we continued at intervals to hear the monotonous song of the "seventeen years" locusts. Those we heard in August were mere stragglers, perhaps they had been the last of the grubbs to leave the ground, and thus were left behind by the main body. It was in May and June that these curious bugs appeared in such astonishing numbers. They are said to continue in their perfect form of four-winged insects only about six weeks or two months. And according to the observation of most folks, and of most naturalists, they only make their appearance once in seventeen years. Yet Prof. Jaeger, in his "Life of North American Insects," contends that the *cicada septemdecim* makes its appearance every year, and often several times in large numbers in the same locality during the period of seventeen years. If the general opinion is correct, the next appearance of these locusts in this section will be in 1889. Many folks could see a "perfect letter W" on their wings, but others could see only an imperfect resemblance to that letter. The folks of the first part might also see a man in the moon, by looking pretty sharp.

to a knife without a fork, or to a door without latch or hinges. He needs the co-operation of a gentle and sympathising companion; and but few have ever truly prospered without such co-operation. Poor Pepper was no exception to this law of Nature. But he did not "cut himself off from a great blessing for fear of a trifling annoyance"; he had been willing to subject himself to so agreeable a burthen, as well as to all the other agreeable little annoyances that might follow, and he is therefore entitled to our largest sympathy. Let us then with this liberal view take a look into his humble domicile. Do not laugh as you approach, to excite his suspicion that you are laughing at him; he is sensitive, and may close his door and refuse to admit you into the cheerless place that from "the sun of love receives no cheering ray." But you have a true gentlemanly solicitude never to give unnecessary offense to the humblest, and so he kindly permits you to cross his threshold. There is no chair, so please be seated on that stool, or on that stout bench. That white object on the latter is his buckwheat batter-crock. The paste has so accumulated on the inside and top of the rim that there is but a small hole left in the centre, through which he still dips up the fresh batter. His dinner pot is over the fire. To the stick of wood lying across the top of the pot is suspended by a string the entire bone of a ham from which he had removed the meat, and now the bone will in this manner serve him some time yet to give a pleasant flavor to his victuals. See that handsome cat, sleeping in that old fashioned iron bake-kettle, or "dutch oven," standing near the fire-place. How natural for a man to love. Pepper loved his cat, and very tenderly he used to say when he wished to bake bread in his bake-kettle—"kum raus ketzen, Ich will brodt bocken." In one corner of the room are stacked several dozen sheaves of unthrashed rye. This is both house and barn; he does all his thrashing on this floor. That rude log and straw bunk in the other corner is his sleeping place. \* \* \* The reader may in his imagination finish the picture. We have given all the facts relating to Peppers domestic life that we could gather.

His cabin was so thickly surrounded by fruit trees, that during summer it was almost hidden from the public eye. He took great delight in these silent but to him solacing companions, and kept them so trimmed that they should, as he said, "grow up to heaven." As he advanced in life, his mental aberrations attracted more attention. He believed that he would have the same quantity of land in heaven that he had on the earth, and that whatever he had that pleased him here, he would have so there. He refused all offerings of charity, unless left in his room during his absence or without his knowledge, and then he always regarded such blessings as coming "from above." He had the singular notion that he could live as long as he wished, and when asked how long he intended to live, replied, "Oh! I tinks a thousand years will do."

But poor Pepper was a sadly decrepit old man before he became an octogenarian. The infirmities of age came stealthily stealing on, and the cloud that overshadowed his intellect grew still darker. One bitter cold winter night he came nigh being frozen to death. A deep snow had fallen; no signs of the pioneer had been seen for days; a neighbor went to his cabin, burst open the door, and there found him lying in a most pitiable condition. All his toes had to be amputated. He became a public charge; and our late fellow citizens, Samuel Shoemaker Esq. and Gen. William A. Petrikin, became his Guardians. Concerning his after life, we have been able to learn but little. He did not seem to seriously mind the loss of his toes, and indifferently remarked "O tney will grows out again." In 1831 he was taken charge of by the late Isaac Walton, who lived in the old house at the head of Lovely Lane, now owned by Daniel Waltman, and, after here lingering in "the valley of the shadow of death" two more years, he then passed into "the land of forgetfulness."

## Advertisements.

A limited number inserted. Eight cents a line, each insertion. Parties unknown to us must send the cash.

### Lycoming Fire Insurance Company.

In successful operation over 32 years. Has paid over \$4,000,000 for Losses. But 30 Assessments charged to the Premium Notes since its organization. Amount of property at present insured about \$46,000,000. Risks so rated that each class of property insured supports its own loss. Insures in Town and Country. Claims promptly adjusted. Economical in expenses. Office in Muncy, Lycoming Co., Pa.

### R. M. Green & Bro.,

Muncy, Pa. Dealers in Hardware, Stoves, Furnaces, Oils, Paints, Glass, Ropes, Leather Belting, House Furnishing Goods, Dairy Fixtures, and Manufacturers of Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware.

### Homesteads, Railroad Lands,

and other lands, in the National Colony, for sale. Address, B. S. LANGDON, Worthington, Nobles Co., Minn.

### Breinig's Complete Bone Manure.

A permanent fertilizer, and not a mere stimulant. Ranks superior in sections where fertilizers are extensively used. Price reduced. Send for circulars. Address, BREINIG & HELFRICH, Allentown, Pa.

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Impure water entirely freed from all foreign matters. Admired by scientific men. Commended by physicians. Thousands in use. Five sizes. Price, \$9. to \$15. Send for circulars. Address, R. A. BUNNEL, Rochester, N. Y.

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Already a large collection of Books. Best authors. Terms moderate. If well patronized, will keep on adding Books. It has often been said, "No better Institution in Muncy." E. D. COOKE.

### Our Home Hygienic Institute.

A first-class Health Institution. Five experienced physicians. No drugs. Pure water. Delightful location. Nice furniture. Spring bottom beds. Every convenience. Plenty of help. More than 20,000 invalids already treated. Dr. JAMES C. JACKSON, Dansville, N. Y.

### Phrenological Journal and Packard's

Monthly. Now one of the Great Magazines of the Age. Devoted to Ethnology, Physiology, Phrenology, Physiognomy, Psychology, Education, Art, Science, and Literature. Preeminently a Family Journal. Very handsomely illustrated. Three dollars a year. Address, S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

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Sent by mail, free, on receipt of publishers price. Write to E. D. COOKE, Muncy, Pa.

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Also Sawed and Shaved Shingles. Manufactured and sold by H. NOBLE & Co., Muncy, Pa.

### The Young Pilgrim.

For children and youth. Semi-monthly. Illustrated. Excellent Sunday-School Paper. Single copy, 50 cents a year. Inducements to clubs. Direct to MILES GRANT, Boston, Mass.

### Now and Then.

Copies of Nos. 6 & 7 left. Nos. 6, 7 & 8 sent post-paid for 15 cents. One exchange calls it "a prim and sprightly little sheet." Another says, "it will become a prominent paper." Others are even more complimentary. Subscriptions of 25 cents, or more, or less, received in advance, and the paper—we premise in good faith—sent when published. Address, the Editor.

# NOW AND THEN.

A Journal Devoted to the Topics of the Times.

VOL. 1.

MUNCY, PA. DECEMBER, 1872.

No. 9.

## The Coming Architectural Era.

BY THE EDITOR.

We are about entering upon the third architectural era in the history of Muncy. The primitive log structures, with their little windows, and great outside stone chimney stacks, have all disappeared. The plain but generally larger and more congenial frame dwellings, with large inside brick chimneys, still ample fire places, and split shingle roofs,—and here and there a plain brick house,—belonging to the second era, still have many existing, representatives. The change from the primitive to the present era was gradual, and so is the transition now going on from the secondary to the tertiary period. Our architecture has kept a uniform pace with the slow but steady increase of wealth and population, the change of customs and manners, so that our houses may be considered in some degree to express the character of each era. The log cabin era we may say ceased with the old log school house mentioned in our sketch of the old pioneer Pepper. The second period is hardly so well represented by the present three low one story brick school houses—but when these disappear, and we have a large and attractive school edifice in their place, with all the modern improvements, we will have fairly entered upon the third architectural era.

In every hand we have even now a display of taste and refinement, and evidences of comfort and luxury, contrasting strangely with the simplicity and privation, or utilitarianism, of the past. We are not less practical, nor less substantial. The handsome stone Episcopal Church and its neat iron fence are much more durable than the old structure and the wooden fence of other days. The splendid brick block in the centre of the town is a far better example of ever utility than the low dingy wooden building that Gowers used to occupy. And the coming school house, we are told, is to stand for many generations. Houses are still constructed wholly of wood, but our descendants will some day build mainly of brick and stone. The late ordinance to prevent the erection of frame buildings on Main Street is prophetic of the more substantial age to come. As the population of the country increases, less soil can be spared for raising timber. But it is the exhibition of improved taste, the greater regard for comfort and convenience, that will more particularly distinguish the new era. and to which we now wish to call attention.

Our houses in the second era were nearly all built alike, and this lack of boldness and variety of outline has given the town a tame and unsatisfactory appearance. Such adornments as projections, extra gables, brackets, pendants, tracery, lattice-work, balustrades, battlements, balconies, verandas, observatories, conservatories, bondoirs, catharine wheel windows, and bay-windows, were mostly either long unknown to, or little cared for by, even those who could afford to have them. But we are now in the twilight of a new era. A great change has already come upon us. If John Henry Pepper were now to step forth from his sleeping place and take a stroll through the town he would not be less bewildered than was Rip Van Winkle after his long slumber.

We turn a moment to the late improvements illustrating this steady advancement in taste and sentiment. The new house of Henry Peterman, for instance, is an object of beauty. The fine house of R. M. Green is a mark of cultivated taste, and would do credit to a town of much greater architectural pretensions. The novel cottage of E. R. Noble sets at utter defiance our old foggy notions of law and fitness, but we rejoice that some one had the courage to build just such a house. No other building in town has perhaps been of so much service in demonstrating that roof and walls should mean more than protection, and that chimneys may have a use besides carrying off gas and smoke. The new home of Noble Parker is a neat structure, and suggests pleasing ideas of domestic comfort. R. F. Shoemaker has a cozy and convenient little dwelling that shows what a nice little home a moderate outlay may secure. The more costly residence of John M. Bowman, though built several years, belongs to the modern era, and is one of our best examples of beauty, proportion and good taste. There are other new houses worthy of notice, because contributing more or less to the general advancement of a correct taste for architectural embellishment, and promoting sensible ideas of domestic enjoyment, as the new homes of Chas. P. Ritter, H. S. Root, P. S. Eves, Samuel Gundrum, Adam Rankin, Elisabeth Johnson, H. Z. Brobst, F. B. Woodward, and Godfrey Harp.

Our purpose is not to describe these buildings, but merely to point to them as indicating the growing spirit of improvement, and to the happy general result of which they give us a reasonable promise. Some are not without glaring defects, it is true—the stove-pipe chimney pots on some of our fine new houses are, for instance, altogether too flimsy—but we hope that all such incongruities will hereafter be avoided. We are on the whole making great progress in architecture. Our love of the beautiful, domestic comfort, culture and refinement, our appreciation of utility, social enjoyment, harmony and styles of architecture, are finding expression more and more in the construction of our dwellings. Five years ago not a house in town had a bay-window, now this architectural ornament and luxury is becoming common. James M. Bowman in 1864 fitted up the first range bath-room and closet, and to day quite a number of our private residences are thus furnished. A few years ago there was not a single extension roof to be seen, but now we have such roofs on every hand, with tasteful accompaniments of cornices, brackets, and other work. And besides these there are various new and excellent features, but we have not room to notice them here.

The coming builder, then, will make architecture a study. He will have a well matured plan before he commences at the foundation. The plan will be adapted to the site on which he builds. All the details of internal arrangement will be considered, and no money will be thrown away in making alterations. If his house costs but one thousand dollars he will exhibit no less taste, according to his means, than if he expended ten thousand. If his family is small, and especially if his purse is light, he will not merely aim to build a large and ostentatious looking house, because he will know that he can be as happy, and enjoy the respect of the public quite as well, in a small, neat and well arranged

(See 4th page.)

## Now and Then.

PUBLISHED EVERY—ONCE IN A WHILE.

J. M. GERNERD, EDITOR.

### Acknowledgments.

To the Editors of the big papers who have so kindly taken notice of us, and to those who have favored us with their valuable papers in exchange for our little sheet, we most respectfully acknowledge their courtesies. We can not reasonably expect them to do more than return our compliments, but when they are so generous as to send us their papers oftener than now and then—we have been getting Dailies daily, Weeklies weekly, and Monthlies monthly—why we take them, and do hereby most respectfully acknowledge that their big favors are always appreciated, and very thankfully received. If our Journal should ever get big, we shall *Then* esteem them all the more, because they are so good to us *Now*.

And for the many cheering acknowledgments from our distant readers, and the encouraging words from those about home, we are as thankful as anybody can be. It would have been most mortifying if, after having worked so hard, after handling so many delicate type, and printing an entirely original paper, we had not pleased somebody. Yet, our patrons, especially our advertisers, will, we imagine, be as pleased and as surprised to learn, as we are willing to state, that, since we published the last number, we have added 184 new names to our subscription list. These names belong to sixteen different Post Offices. We issued 500 copies of the seventh number, 600 copies of the eighth number, and shall have to print 800 copies of the present number. We do not yet however need a horse and cart to convey our papers to the Post Office, as we can carry the whole of this edition in a medium size market basket.

And now, having succeeded in pleasing so many, we can not help but hope to please many more, if not everybody. We have provided ourself with a new subscription book. It will hold about 3,000 names, and will therefore answer very well—*Now*. Our kind acknowledgments also to the kind friends who have made efforts to get subscribers for us. If they send us any more names, they will have our thanks—*Then*.

A merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all our readers.

### Our Fuel.

In the recollection of many who have no grey hairs our farmers used to come to town, often dozens of them in a morning, with wood to sell. To our merchants, saddlers, shoemakers, chairmakers, and tradesmen of all names, wood was a staple article of exchange. If a farmer wanted a whip, he would very likely first ask the saddler whether he wanted a load of wood. But it is not so now. It is seldom that a farmer comes to town with wood. Take a stroll along the Muncy canal and see the immense heaps of anthracite, especially in autumn. See the farmers coming in one by one, and, instead of peddling wood, now buying and filling their wazon boxes with coal. We have been informed by our coal dealers that the coal shipped to this place—not to speak of the other shipping points in the valley—now annually amounts to more than 5,000 tons. Think of it! If the Bald Eagle mountain were a heap of coal, how long at this rate would it take the people to consume it who live under its shadow?

### An old Letter from Horace Greeley.

Fifteen years ago we had a lively (!) literary and dramatic society in Muncy, composed mainly of minors, and known as the "Hiawathian Association." As the Corresponding Secretary it became our duty to notify Horace Greeley—then at the head of the Journalists of the land, nobly battling the foes of Liberty with his mighty pen—of his election as an Honorary member. The following letter of acceptance was received from that great and good man:

New York, April 28th, 1857.

DEAR SIR:

Though the name of your Association has an Aboriginal sound, I presume its members do not wear tomahawks as a part of their ordinary uniforms, or at least do not use them on the persons and visages of their Honorary associates. (I only approve the use of this implement on border savages or Border Knifians.) With this understanding, I gratefully accept the membership you proffer.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

J. M. M. Gerner, Esq., Cor. Sec. H. A.

### Miscellaneous Items.

The Athenaeums (of Muncy) are discussing the question of man's origin. It is hoped that none of them will be persuaded that our most ancient progenitors were monkeys, or tadpoles, or any of the lower *nephesh chayah*.

A lady friend (married, and happy) suggested that we should suggest, that our young bachelor readers take warning from the lonely and cheerless life of John Henry Pepper, and get married, or some of them may yet have to bake their own buckwheat cakes.

No site could have been selected by our Directors for the coming big school house, to which there would not be some one to object, but the one chosen—the two Ellis lots, one Bruner lot, and two Petrikin lots, on Market St., opposite the Baptist Church—is the most central, and the most satisfactory to the entire community, of all the eligible sites in the town.

We met one of our citizens not long ago who had just been on the Muncy hills and brought home some of the coal-like shale found on Mr. Heffelfinger's farm. He thought it was coal, and reported (the old report) that a number of practical miners had examined the locality and declared that a valuable bed of coal existed there. Well, we wish that much wanted and long talked of coal bed would come to light, or that the light would find its way down to the coal. This is the only light on the subject that is wanted.

The assessed value of Muncy is nearly \$200,000, or more than twice the value of Canton. Canton has, in three years, raised nearly \$14,000 by taxation, and invested the same in a school property. How much can Muncy afford to invest, with twenty years time to pay the cost? Or, if this is not the proper way to look at the matter, suppose we invest \$20,000 in a school building and furniture, and establish a school of a high standard, in which all our children may obtain a good liberal education. How much money will be saved and spent at home in the course of twenty years, that would otherwise be expended abroad for the same educational advantages?

The Piscatorial Club has been discussing the embryology and reproduction of eels. One member contends that the lamper-eel is the female eel, and that the common eel is the male eel; and is supported in this singular hypothesis by the opinion of certain well known fishermen outside of the Club. All who have been consulted admit that they have never found any eggs in eels, and that they can not explain the mode of their reproduction. It is conceded as an established principle of zoology that all animals, whether oviparous or viviparous, are produced from eggs, but the problem

before the Club is, when, how and where do the eggs of eels produce eels, and why do we not find eggs in eels. The members generally admit that eels begin their life in the sea, ascend rivers and rivulets, and remain in fresh water until full grown, when they return to the sea, and then and there deposit their eggs. All are harmoniously agreed that it is pleasant recreation to compel big eels to come out of the water, with light tackle, so that their capture depends on ones skill; that it is delightfully provoking when one thus fastened gets his tail coiled around a root; and that eels have such slippery skins that it is extremely difficult to hold them after you have them out of the water.

### Personal.

James H. Huling has been a citizen of Hughesville 57 years, and is now the oldest actual resident.

To Mrs. M. J. Levan belongs the honor of having received the first message sent by telegraph to this valley. It was dated, 9 o'clock, 40 min., July 5th, 1851.

DeLa Green, of this place, has accepted the position of Cashier of the new Bank to be opened at Watsontown on the first day of January next.

Miss Cleveland, recently one of the teachers in the Muncy Seminary, lost two brothers by the burning of the Missouri.

Howard Lyon, of Hughesville, has a very fine collection of foreign and domestic postage stamps. He has refused thirty dollars for it.

Miss Maggie Patton is the owner of an antique clock that was brought over in the May Flower. It was one of the relics saved from the fires of last Winter.

Rev. Thomas R. Beeber, of this place, and lately a graduate of Andover Theological Seminary, has accepted a call to take the pastoral charge of the First Congregational Church of Georgetown, Mass.

John Hill Sr. is the oldest person living in Hughesville. He was born in Berks County in 1787, and came to this valley in 1794. The late Wm. Cox Ellis was but 20 days his senior, and was one of his earliest school companions.

Wm. Corson held the lowest number (No. 14) that was drawn at the Presentation Festival—given for the benefit of the Muncy Cornet Band, on the 11th inst.—and was the lucky winner of the highest prize.

Maj. and Mrs. Thomas Chamberlin have been in Paris since the 11th of October. They write: "Seeing the crowds of elegant people that throng the streets, and the vast amount of business that is going on in every direction, it is impossible to realize that Paris was a beleaguered City less than two years ago."

Prof. Carl Rau of New York has published a treatise in the *Archiv für Anthropologie* (Braunschweig, 1872) on the Indian netsinkers and hammerstones found along the Susquehanna in the neighborhood of Muncy. We are to have a translation of it for the Journal of the Anthropological Institute of New York.

Three years ago we met Isaac Turner, of Northumberland Co., wearing a pair of calf-skin boots that had served as his wedding boots in 1829, just forty three years ago. Seeing our old friend in town the other day we inquired about the boots, and were informed that they were at last so nearly worn out that he had to exempt them from further service.

Thos. Lloyd and J. D. Melick are still the champion checkers of Muncy. After fighting more battles than were fought during the great rebellion, with all the excitements of challenges, flank movements, surprises and assaults, they still wear their well earned laurels. Several times they came near being demoralized by strangers, but a few skirmishes proved that they were only badly frightened.

Enos Hawley was the other day presented with a copy of

the new work by William Still on the Underground Rail Road. Friend Enos thinks it would require a great many large volumes like it, to give a complete record of the hair-breath escapes and death-struggles of the fugitives from Slavery. He was long a devoted conductor on the U. R. R., and certainly knows about these matters.

Rev. H. C. Halthcox, Pastor of the Lutheran Church at this place, is a native of North Carolina. During the rebellion he was conscripted into the rebel army, and was obliged to carry a musket four months under the stars and bars. He went through the seven-days fight in front of Richmond, was in the battle of City Point, came within a few hours of participating in the second battle of Bull Run, and ended his brief but eventful military career by being taken prisoner in the hottest of the fight at Antietam.

Seven "stately dames"—Mrs. Cornelia Henderson, of Montgomery Station; Mrs. Elizabeth Doeblor, and Mrs. S. J. Hawley, of Williamsport; Mrs. Susan Weaver, of Phoenixville; Mrs. Lucretia Bodine, Mrs. Regina Rankin, and Mrs. M. J. Levan, of this place—seven eighth of the graduating class of the Muncy Female Seminary of 1850, then under the management of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Smalley—after their long separation of twenty two years, had a happy reunion in this place several weeks ago.

Hubley Albright, of Berwick, but formerly of this place, has constructed a model of a steam canal boat, and is about to apply for a patent. The model it is said "runs quite cheerfully," and it is hoped that Hubley is about to prove as great a benefactor to the genus horse, as he has been to the young of the genus homo. Inventive genius seems to run in the Albright family. The Doctor, Hubley's brother, is also now engaged in getting up an important labor saving machine. The Excelsior Feeding Manger, invented by the Dr. a year or two ago, is proving a blessing to thousands of horses, and a valuable saving contrivance to their owners.

The National Colonists had a grand union Pic Nic and Dinner on Thanksgiving day, in their capacious Hall, at Worthington, Minn., and when speech making came in order our old friend Dr. B. S. Langdon felicitously responded to the sentiment—"Home—'Tis home where'er the heart is." His friends here will appreciate our quotation: "While I am charmed with this land of my adoption, I love my native State. I love her for the fair women and brave men with which she is assisting the republic in fighting the great battle of advancing civilization, and for the honored place she occupies in the history of the past, as well as the glorious—I had almost said millennial—era in which we live. That I should love the land of my nativity is not strange. Who does not? \* \* \* But, Mr. President, there is not a homesick man in the National Colony. We find that it is good to be here."

Charles Kelchner of this place not long since paid his first visit to his *faterland*, Saxony, after a residence in this country of twenty four years. He gives an interesting account of his trip. He returned to his adopted country with a better opinion than ever of its institutions, and of the superior advantages poor men have here to acquire property and gain distinction and influence. He thinks it would do every poor man good to spend a few months in the old countries, where the masses are at the mercy of hereditary kings and princes. He noticed great changes. Although monarchical government is apparently much stronger, and the press is under the strictest vigilance, yet the common people are gradually adopting republican sentiments. A new custom, to which friend Charles found it difficult to adapt himself, is the eating of horse-flesh. He could not take meals at public houses with comfort, as he never knew what kind of meat was placed before him.

house. He will have an original plan, unless he has somewhere seen a house perfectly adapted to his wants and tastes. He will hardly build like any of his neighbors, because he will desire to add to the variety and pleasing effect of the architecture of the town. His house, in short, will be well planned, well painted, well lighted, well ventilated, and then above all, well enjoyed, because he will not live back in a smoky kitchen and sacrifice home comfort to keep up rooms for occasional company. His guests will enjoy his hospitality all the more, when they can freely share his home.

### Prof. H. C. Moyer, and the Canton Union Graded School.

Among the Muncy boys who have gone out into the world and achieved success and won honors, we point with pleasure to the example of Henry C. Moyer. He began life at Williamsport as a clerk, but ambitiously devoting his spare minutes to books, he was in a few years so well self-educated as to succeed as the teacher of a select school, and afterwards to win still greater laurels as a member of the Faculty of Dickinson Seminary. On his leaving Williamsport the *Gazette & Bulletin* (Aug. 1871) said:

"We congratulate the Cantonians upon securing the services of a man so well qualified to teach and so competent to govern. Mr. M. possesses the happy tact of governing with kindness—controlling by love—imparting instruction with apparent ease, and securing the respect and love of his pupils. \* \* \* We part with Mr. M. with deep regret, and bespeak for him a hearty welcome as a scholar, a christian and a gentleman."

He had been tendered other positions of trust, but teaching best suits his tastes, and he is now devoting mind and heart to this calling with a fidelity that does great credit both to himself and to the cause of popular education. The *Pennsylvania School Journal* of March last says:

"The Union Graded School, at Canton, is achieving a success surpassing the expectation of its most sanguine friends."

That this high encomium from a high authority was well merited, we have been gratified to see by the favorable notices of the progress of the School that have from time to time appeared in *The Canton Sentinel*. We are compelled to quote very briefly:

"Prof. M. has had much to contend with during this first term, but has discharged his duties to the entire satisfaction," etc. "The ability of Prof. M. and the assiduous attention of the teachers to their duties, could only result in the rapid advancement and comparative perfection," etc. "His acquirements as a teacher are of a character to insure success, a ripe scholar, a social and agreeable man, a disciplinarian without austerity; these attributes are possessed in a remarkable degree by Prof. Moyer."

This is great praise. Won by patient and continuous toil, it is more creditable than the fame that is often acquired by a few bold exploits or daring acts of sacrifice. The true estimate of a man is to be based on his every day life and habits, and not so much on the achievements due to favorable accidents.

Canton, with an assessed value of but \$95,000, and a population of about 900, has in less than three years established a Graded School at a cost of nearly \$4,000, and paid off nearly the whole sum—and all this, independent of a handsome salary paid to the Principal, and of the general expense of the school, with its four departments, and 160 pupils. The Directors exceeded their power, according to an act of the legislature, in levying the necessary tax, yet the management of the School has been so satisfactory, its advantages to Canton even in dollars and cents has become so manifest, that the Board is wisely sustained by the citizens.

Now and Then.—Subscriptions of 25 cents, or more, or less, received in advance, and the paper sent—every once in a while.

## Advertisements.

A limited number inserted. Eight cents a line, each insertion. Parties unknown to us must send the cash.

### R. G. Rogers & Son.

Proprietors of the Bear Creek Woolen Mills. Dealers in Wool and Woolen Goods, and Manufacturers of Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Flannels, Blankets and Stocking Yarn. P. O. address Muncy, Pa.

### William Grange & Co.

Staple Queensware, China Fancy Goods, Toys, Fruit Jars. At 319 Market St. & 711 N. Second St, Philadelphia.

### George Gowers & Son.

Manufacturers of Boots and Shoes. Dealers in Leather, Shoe Findings, Notions and Confectionaries. Muncy, Pa.

### The Place to Buy Fancy Goods!

E. D. Cooke's, Muncy, Pa.

### Lycoming Fire Insurance Company.

In successful operation over 32 years. Has paid over \$4,000,000 for Losses. But 30 Assessments charged to the Premium Notes since its organization. Amount of property at present insured about \$46,000,000. Risks so rated that each class of property insured supports its own loss. Insures in Town and Country. Claims promptly adjusted. Economical in expenses. Office in Muncy, Lycoming Co., Pa.

### R. M. Green & Bro.,

Muncy, Pa. Dealers in Hardware, Stoves, Furnaces, Oils, Paints, Glass, Ropes, Leather Belting, House Furnishing Goods, Dairy Fixtures, and Manufacturers of Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware.

### Homesteads, Railroad Lands,

and other lands, in the National Colony, for sale. Address, B. S. LANGDON, Worthington, Nobles Co., Minn.

### Breinig's Complete Bone Manure.

A permanent fertilizer, and not a mere stimulant. Ranks superior in sections where fertilizers are extensively used. Price reduced. Send for circulars. Address, BREINIG & HELFRICH, Allentown, Pa.

### Kedzie's Improved Water Filter.

Impure water entirely freed from all foreign matters. Admired by scientific men. Commended by physicians. Thousands in use. Five sizes. Price, \$9. to \$15. Send for circulars. Address, B. A. BUNNEL, Rochester, N. Y.

### The Circulating Library.

Already a large collection of Books. Best authors. Terms moderate. If well patronized, will keep on adding Books. It has often been said, "No better Institution in Muncy." E. D. COOKE.

### Our Home Hygienic Institute.

A first-class Health Institution. Five experienced physicians. No drugs. Pure water. Delightful location. Nice furniture. Spring bottom beds. Every convenience. Plenty of help. More than 20,000 invalids already treated. Dr. JAMES C. JACKSON, Dausville, N. Y.

### Phrenological Journal and Packard's

Monthly. Now one of the Great Magazines of the Age. Devoted to Ethnology, Physiology, Phrenology, Physiognomy, Psychology, Education, Art, Science, and Literature. Pre-eminently a Family Journal. Very handsomely illustrated. Three dollars a year. Address, S. R. WELLS, 339 Broadway, N. Y.

### New Songs and Piano Music.

Sent by mail, free, on receipt of publishers price. Write to E. D. COOKE, Muncy, Pa.

### All kinds of Pine and Hemlock Lumber.

Also Sawn and Shaved Shingles. Manufactured and sold by H. NOLLE & Co., Muncy, Pa.

# NOW AND THEN.

A Journal Devoted to the Topics of the Times.

VOL. 1.

MUNCY, PA. OCTOBER, 1874.

No. 10.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF MUNCY—NO. 7.

"And here and there some stern high patriot stood,  
Who could not get the place for which he sued."

The years 1840 & 41 marked an epoch in the political history of the country. The campaign (hard cider) of 1840 surpassed in intensity of feeling, and enthusiasm, any that had preceded it, and from the prevailing epidemic of feeling Muncy was not exempt. A Wigwam—or Log Cabin, of ample dimensions—was erected on a vacant lot near the present residence of Mr. Jacob Cooke; and was visited during the canvass by some of the most distinguished public speakers of that day, Gibbons, Chandler, Buckeye Blacksmith and others. Here the *Coons* quaffed copious draughts of good hard cider, from the rustic gourd, in imitation, it was said, of their illustrious candidate.

The death of President Harrison one month after his inauguration, gave rise to a series of proceedings which did honor to the men who had followed the President with prayers and invocations, to the close of his honored career. A public meeting was called, and a committee of the following gentlemen appointed to prepare resolutions relative to this melancholly event, Messrs Cooke, Montgomery, Boal, Crouse, and Shoemaker.

Among the professional sensations of the times was the card of Dr. E. D. Kittoe, whose talents, learning and medical skill, were attracting the attention of the community, and was as follows, "He would particularly invite the attention of those afflicted with *Hernia*, and other *analogous* diseases, etc."—the joke being that but few comprehended the term or its congeners.

The militia system of these times afforded many opportunities for self glorification, and buncomb, and many will no doubt remember among the remarkable military characters of that day, Capt. Joseph Lewis, and the eloquent address which signalized his retirement from office. The following extracts are from the printed files:

"Fellow Soldiers: A custom fraught with such sound propriety as a distinguished military hero delivering a farewell address to his men, when mutually about to relinquish the pursuits of fame and glory together" etc. "But fellow soldiers, it is useless for me to go into the numerous details of all our campaigns and conquests,—suffice for me to point you to the hickory-bound oaken vessels, with their drum like sound, completely exhausted and conquered by our undaunted courage" etc. "Alexander is my model, like him when crossing the Heydaspean mountains to his Athenian friends, and you know what dangers I undergo to have you the heralds of my fame—alike in life, I expect to die the death he died."

The period under consideration, and the decade that followed it, may be called the *Literary* era of Muncy. A later period has developed nothing like it, and but few of either sex who filled the ranks of their retiring seniors seem to possess much of their peculiar talents. An examination of the files of the *Luminary* of this time will show a much larger list of contributors to its columns than any subsequent period. The following are appended as specimens of the poetical genius of the time:

When friends without a cause forsake,  
Friends that I've loved for years;  
O then this sad sad heart would break  
Was there no joy in tears.

ANONYMOUS.

Farewell, farewell, a last adieu,  
At last of thee I've taken;  
The solemn sentence chills not you,  
Although it freezes my bacon.

MILLO.

The following occurs in 'Lines to Amelia of Willow Grove.'

Though round my home old winter reigns,  
Though summer friends depart;  
Amelia, snow bird like remains  
Near Sophronisba's heart.

The young and interesting subject of these lines is well remembered. She was a visitor at Willow Grove, and fell a victim to a prevalent fever, and soon after these lines were written passed away. The authoress, believed to be Miss Stratton, soon followed her departed friend, and Heavens portals never opened to receive a purer spirit.

"The dear sweet lass that's far away," is the title of a fragment by Mrs. C. A. Foster, but the title is all we remember. The following lines addressed to a bride by Sophronisba are supposed to refer to Miss Moul of Willow Grove:

"We have seen her leave her home,  
We have heard her marriage vow—  
Though we are sad and lone,  
The Bride is happy now."

In 1841 the first Seminary of learning for young ladies established here was opened. The Prospectus issued by the Trustees opens as follows—"The Trustees of the Muncy Female Seminary having engaged the services of the Misses Wynkoop, the school will be under the direction of Miss Anna Wynkoop." This looks like a *non sequitur*—that because the Trustees engaged the services of *two* ladies it does not, that we can see, follow that the management would in virtue of such engagement devolve upon either particular one, though this highly grammatical Prospectus may have been clear to the Trustees. They state among other things that Muncy contains about six hundred inhabitants, that "the society is perhaps as good as any other town of its size."

We remark that the institution in question does not now exist. Good taste and refinement have abolished *Female* Seminaries. We have now *Young Ladies* Seminaries. Nor do the *males* sit on one side, and the *females* on the other. The vulgar designation of male and female is now, by people who know anything, applied to dogs, and horses, cats and horned cattle only.

The checkered, and indeed, romantic careers of some connected with this first Seminary (within such limits as a proper regard for the sanctities with which the private relations of life are always surrounded would permit) it would be interesting to trace. Of those upon its catalogue, most have reached the maturity of womanhood, and are bravely playing the part assigned them, in the drama of life. Some, we know, have realized all that the gilded prospectus of life promised, while others have "listened with too much credulity to the whispers of fancy; or pursued with too much eagerness the phantom of hope."

Of the teachers, one remains, and one in the maturity of womanhood, beloved by all, has passed away. The chapter that records the story of her life will have its lights and its shadows, and some romantic blendings, the whole crowned by a denoument more happy and more brilliant than the inventions of fiction. It was the privilege of the writer to participate with many others in the last sad ceremonies which surviving affection or friendship could perform at Laurel Cemetery, Pottsville, Schuylkill Co., Pa., April 1865.

The following are all the names upon the roll of the Seminary remembered: Misses Margaret Petrikin, Margaret Maxwell, Annie E. Thomas, Henrietta Ribbsam, Elizabeth Bruner, Martha Lancake, Sarah Crouse, Mary J. Cooke, Lucetia Hawley, Ellen Montgomery, Lizzie Montgomery, Janet Petrikin, Sallie Wallis, Lib Wallis, and Emily Rankin.

TEMPUS.

## Now and Then.

PUBLISHED EVERY—ONCE IN A WHILE.

J. M. M. GERNERD, EDITOR.

### The Now and Then.

THE NOW AND THEN is still among the living Journals, although nearly two years have rolled by since the last number appeared. It seems but the other day. . . . yet it is now more than six years since the first number went forth. We trust, however, that its indulgent readers do not regard us as disregarding our promises. Many knew that we had a valid excuse for so long neglecting to visit them, but few knew how restless our fingers have been to be at work with our editorial quill, composing stick and nonpareil. Yet we have not failed to perform all that we promised. Ten numbers in little more than six years is in strict accord with our prospectus, being emphatically "every-once-in-a-while."

At present we have a good supply of a superior quality of printing paper; and have also recently made some important additions to our printing material in the way of new type, etc. We have also a respectable subscription list, and have plenty of room on our book for—and shall not hesitate to receive—additional names. Was there ever a newspaper that did not ever beg for more subscribers? But as to the future, we can make no new pledges now. We shall adhere to the same old prospectus, and whenever circumstances permit will send out our little NOW AND THEN on its mission of instruction and amusement.

The reader will pardon a few more confiding words about the little paper, as we have had no chance this long while to say anything about it. We have had many anxious inquiries in regard to its continuation, and many cheering evidences of its appreciation. Many subscribers have assured us that they were carefully preserving their copies. We have had frequent application for the back numbers, but—we made the first editions entirely too small. This encourages the belief that the time will come when a full set of the NOW AND THEN will be of some value. It will be of service to the future local historian, as we have already rescued many interesting fragments of our history from oblivion. Each number contains something that will be read fifty or a hundred years hence with a peculiar interest.

### A Remarkable Tree.

An apple tree of remarkable growth stands on the farm of Ebenezer Walton, near his residence, on the east bank of the Susquehanna. The trunk, several feet above the ground, measures eleven feet and seven inches in circumference. This great tree is about one hundred years old, and is probably the oldest apple tree in Lycoming Co. Mr. Walton—who was born on the farm, and is seventy three years old—says that the tree was already very large when he was a boy. The house in which Mary Scudder—the first white child born (1771) in this County—came to life, stood on the bank of the Glade Run, directly back of where Mr. Walton's barn stands; and was not more than seventy yards from this tree. When our lamented historical character, Aunt Polly, was a little girl, she very likely played under its shadow, and eat of its first fruit. The apple is a water-core, and makes, as Mr. Walton remarked to us, "most elegant cider." The tree bore considerable fruit this year, but its best bearing age is long past. Thirty years ago its usual yield was about seventy bushels.

## A New and Valuable Paint.

We take great pleasure in calling attention to the doings of the "Keystone Paint Company," who at this place are manufacturing several new kinds of paint, and are shipping away large quantities, even by the car load, put up in cans and kegs, and in bbls., both dry and in oil, and variously labeled as, "Raven Drop Black," "Keystone Filler," and "Keystone Black." We have made inquiries of several reliable and disinterested carriage-makers who use the Keystone Filler, which is expressly made for carriage and safe work, and car filling, to ascertain the real merits of this new paint, and have been gratified to learn that it is a superior article. Charles DeHass says, "I have never used any Filler that I like better. The most expensive kinds in the market are not in any respect better. It fills fast, is very firm, and adheres to the wood beautifully." Levi Esbach says, "I don't know of a better Filler in the market." Edgar Sheffer says, "I have used all the kinds of Filler that are used, but I like the Keystone Filler better than any other, and shall hereafter use no other." R. E. Gray, the Company's Superintendent, has shown us a number of unsolicited testimonials received from customers in various sections of the country, and these indicate that the several advantages claimed by the Company for the new paint are of decided importance.

Lewis S. Smith, of the firm of Clapp & Smith, of this place, has painted the new mansard-roof on his handsomely remodeled dwelling with this new paint, and we notice that it gives the shingle a beautiful clear-toned slate color, apparently of great body and strength. He says that they had a large stock of other paints at the store, but he preferred the Keystone. He had noticed that the wood and iron fence in front of the residence of John McCarty, covered one year ago with this paint, looked as fresh and as well as when first painted. The slate-like surface it gives to the shingle will certainly preserve them, by entirely preventing the absorption of water, and will no doubt prove a protection, as claimed, against fire. The coarse Filler made for such work is a cheap article by the bbl., and we believe will come into general use for roof painting. It is highly gratifying to see a new business developing here that promises to become so important.

### A First-Class Printing Establishment.

Few men have more closely and faithfully applied themselves to their vocations, than our neighbor G. L. I. Painter has for thirty three years devoted himself to the printing business. Very seldom indeed, during all these many years, has he been missed even for a day from his post of duty. And one of the well-earned results of this devotedness, is as complete a printing establishment as any town in this part of the country can boast. We do not of course recollect when Painter commenced business, but we well remember the little room in which the *Luminary* was some years ago still made up, and the old-fashioned wooden Ramage Press on which it was then printed. Steadily however has this well-conducted establishment grown, and kept up with all the modern improvements in typography, until even a two story building 18 by 38 has become entirely too small. The proprietor has therefore recently added a brick Press-Room 18 by 25, and in addition to the large Cylinder Newspaper Press, the quarto medium Gordon's Job Press, and a Well's half medium Job Press, which have been run for several years by hand power, he has lately purchased a Hoe's No. 3 large (\$1800) Cylinder Job Press, to take the place of the Well's Press; and the three Presses are hereafter to be run by a Steam Engine—a Bookwalter Engine, manufactured by the Lefel Manufacturing Company, at Springfield, Ohio. The remainder of his typographical outfit being equally first class, in quality and in quantity, Painter's facilities for doing job-work are now unsurpassed in this section of the State.

## Architectural Progress.

Two years ago we wrote the article on *The Coming Architectural Era*, published in the ninth number of the *NOW AND THEN*. Muncy has *now* fairly entered upon the third architectural era, of the foreshadowings of which we *then* ventured to write. During these twenty four months a number of improvements have been made, to which we *now* may point as evidences of improved taste and greater prosperity. There, for instance, is the new building of the First National Bank, one of the most beautiful and substantial structures of the kind in northern Pennsylvania. Or there is the elegant residence of Mrs. Margaret Montgomery, a specimen of modern architecture that, merely to look at, affords every one pleasure. And there too, at last, is the long hoped for Union Graded School House, right in the centre of the town, and proudly overlooking all the other buildings, like a devoted schoolmaster in charge of his pupils. Well may we be proud of this truly handsome structure, when it commands the respect of the whole country, and the school boards of distant towns, of even some of the first in the State, send committees here to inspect it. But another building, even more superb and costly, and scarcely less commanding in outward appearance, now rapidly approaching completion, is the new office of the Locomotive Fire Insurance Company. This is a magnificent structure, and is well worthy of the institution that ranks among the very strongest insurance companies in this country. If our pioneers who lived in log cabins were to wake up and see these modern growths, what would be their feelings and exclamations? The living see the changes going on gradually, *now* an improvement here, *then* an improvement there, and fail to realize the actual contrast in appearance of the three eras. We are glad to hear that similar improvements are to follow. The Presbyterians, by the way, have commenced the erection of a parsonage, which, we understand, is to be a good example of modern architecture. And now, we hear, the Episcopalians are planning how to remodel their parsonage, to make it equally pleasing to the lovers of the beautiful.

This reminds us that the old family residence of the Petrikins', on the southeast corner of Main and Plank Road Streets, was one of the first brick houses—if not the first—erected in Muncy. The house was built in 1815, by the late Henry Fahnstock, father of F. B. Fahnstock, and was intended to be used as a store-room and dwelling, though it was used for the latter purpose but a few months. The third story was however added, and many important alterations made, in 1856, by the late Wm. A. Petrikin. Probably the oldest house, now standing, is the one at present occupied by Samuel Waterhouse,—for many years the home of Thomas Maxwell,—on the southeast corner of Market and Water Streets. This frame building originally stood on the site now occupied by the brick house of the Petrikins', on the southeast corner of Main and Plank Road. It was owned by George Lewis, the proprietor of the glass works at Lewis's lake, and was used by him as a store room. The late Samuel G. Shoemaker—who died in April 1873, at the age of 82—some years ago told us that, when he was a little boy, just old enough to manage a team of horses, he assisted at hauling the stone used in the construction of the foundation for this pioneer business place. One can easily imagine the contrast between this primitive structure, and the elegant edifice near the same site now occupied by Tallman & McCarty. As the green wavy 8 by 10 inch window lights of the former would compare with the beautiful french plate glass, 5 feet wide by nearly 10 feet in length, in the front of the latter, so in most other respects does the new architectural era surpass our first house-building era.

## Various Matters.

A member of the Muncy Piscatorial Club has recently purchased a Fishing Boat, sixteen feet in length, of a beautiful model, and very light, built of white cedar, at Erie, Pa., by a couple of Portuguese boat-builders.

W. B. Green, our tax collector for many years, once said that he would cheerfully pay all our taxes, if we would give him all that was spent for liquor and tobacco. And yet there was always vastly more grumbling on account of what we were taxed for the instruction of our youth, for the safety and beauty of our streets, and for the aid and comfort of our poor.

Our Ladies are making preparations for a Grand Fair, to be held during the coming Holidays, for the patriotic purpose of helping the Vigilant Fire Company pay for their new Steamer. A great variety of useful and ornamental articles will be offered for sale, in the way of paintings, fancy needle work, ladies and childrens clothing, etc., and we have been assured that the prices will be fixed at just what the goods are really worth, and no more. This is very reasonable, and we have no doubt that the ladies will be very successful.

The Muncy Trout Ponds have during the past season grown quite popular as a pleasure resort. Those gushing springs and limpid streams of clear cold water, and those splendid trout weighing from one to three pounds each, and even the tens of thousands of little speckled beauties each measuring from one inch to six inches in length, are pleasing things to contemplate. Besides all this, there are accommodations for Pic Nics and Dancing Parties that add greatly to the attraction of the Ponds. Deacon Sprout thinks it no harm to "tip the light fantastic toe," and is always on hand to give well behaved folks a chance for innocent enjoyment.

Now and then there is a country editor who notifies his readers every now and then that, he has been honored by a call by some noted person from abroad. If the editor of the *NOW AND THEN* followed this example, he would have to issue an extra every now and then. His sanctum is visited by distinguished persons, now and then, in squads. It was honored the other evening—all at once—by the following gentlemen: John B. Linn, Dep. Sec. of the State of Pennsylvania; I. S. Alden, National Bank Examiner; Capt. D. B. Elise, (our) candidate for Prothonotary; and Maj. P. B. Wilson, of Centre County.

An accomplished lady pianist of Muncy recently visited Jersey Shore, where she witnessed an exhibition of a singular musical trait by a dog. She was told that the dog was always strangely affected when the "Maiden's Prayer" was played, so she struck the chords of this plaintive and charming composition. The dog, observing the tune played expressly for his ear, began to whine and howl, and as the performance progressed, energetically continued his manifestations. He seemed rather annoyed, or pained, than pleased, though what his real thoughts and feelings were was not clearly evident. Whining and howling is a language not well adapted to express ideas and emotions. The tune ended, the dog's equanimity was at once restored. Various compositions were played, but were apparently unnoticed; though, to do the dog justice, he may have been as attentive as some folks usually are. Again the popular "prayer" was rendered, and then followed a repetition of the inexplicable whinnings and howlings. Truly, this is an inexplicable manifestation!

Read the advertisement of the Vigilant Fire Co., on our fourth page. The object of this scheme is laudable, and the Managers are young men of good character. And we believe that their patriotic efforts will be rewarded with success. They had in September already sold a large number of the tickets; but a full drawing will be more satisfactory, and they did well therefore to postpone. We may here suggest that the country is flooded with stocks and bonds of less value than these tickets, and to which the latter are to be preferred as an investment. That is, there is at least \$4,000 in this thing, and it is therefore safer than the many coal-oil and gold-mining operations in which there is not anything. But, it is for a good object that, we would speak a good word for the Fire Company. Contributors have also the satisfaction of adding—on the mutual insurance principle—to the good fortune of those who chance to get the lucky numbers, and this is worth a great deal to those who get the blanks. It is noble and unselfish to take delight in the weal of those whom fortune favors; and many are the chances for the exercise of this cardinal virtue at a Gift Concert. For this reason—and to help pay for the Steamer—to say nothing of the 112 cash premiums; especially the \$1,000 gift—we recommend the tickets.

## Acknowledgments.

The collection of curiosities in the office of the **NOW AND THEN** now consists of about 3,000 objects, and has been gathered from nearly all quarters of the world. The specimens are nearly all arranged in three departments, viz., Fossils, Minerals, and Indian Relics. Many of them were donated by friends who are kindly interested in our efforts. We have recently—and very thankfully—received the following contributions:

1. A beautiful specimen of "Pipe Ore" from Berks Co. Presented by Solon Wanner, of Kutztown.

2. A fine spec. of Magnetic Iron Ore. Same locality. Presented by Wm. Hinterliter, of Kutztown.

3. Fine specimens of Iron Ores from the Lake Superior and Lake Champlain regions. Presented by Charles Baat, of Kutztown.

4. A large Trilobite from Montour Co. Presented by Wm. Whitlock, of Williamsport.

5. Twenty seven specimens—Gold and Silver from Mexico and Nevada, and relics from Ireland and Scotland. Presented by George W. Nelson, of New York City. Among the relics is a piece of the famous "blarney stone," obtained by Mr. Nelson at the ruins of Blarney Castle. Mr. N. says that he did not have enough faith in the Irish superstition to permit himself to be lowered down by the heels, in order that he might kiss the stone, which is in the wall of the ruins, more than 100 feet from the ground. We too would rather not have the gift of volubility than to be lowered upside down in that fashion.

**NOW AND THEN.**—Subscriptions of fifty cents, or less, or more, will be gladly received in advance, and the **NOW AND THEN** sent every—now and then. Price five cents per copy. Subscribers who receive extra copies of this number will please hand them to such of their friends as they think will be most likely to subscribe. Subscribers who are in arrears will please remember our promise (made long ago) to give due and timely notice whenever we wanted them to hand in our—hard earnings. Most patient and uncomplaining of subscribers, please therefore consider yourselves hereby most respectfully and cordially notified.

As an advertising medium we call attention to at least two important advantages offered by our little sheet to business men; *first*, the paper being small, its advertisements are therefore more likely to be read; *second*, the paper having a large circulation—we print no less than 1500 copies of this number—its advertisements are therefore more likely to be extensively read.

## Advertisements.

A limited number inserted. Eight cents a line, each insertion. Parties unknown to us must send the cash.

### Tallman & McCarty.

Dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Zephyrs, Germantown Wool, etc. Muncy, Pa.

### Insure in the Travellers, of Hartford.

AS IT IS not in our power to prevent accidents, the best thing is to prepare for misfortune. THE CHEAPEST way is to get an accident policy, and as a very little money will BUY IT, apply at once to Wm. B. KELLY, Muncy, Pa.

### Keystone Paint Company.

Manufacturers of Raven Drop Black, Keystone Black Filler, and Keystone Black. Send for Price-List. Address, R. E. GRAY, Superintendent, Muncy, Pa.

## A Grand Gift Concert.

At Muncy, Pa., by the Vigilant Fire Co., No. 1, on the 23rd day of Feb., 1875. The object is—a STEAM FIRE ENGINE. Tickets ONE DOLLAR each—and 8,000 tickets. The following premiums will be paid in CASH, and without discount.

1 Premium,		\$1,000
1 "		600
1 "		500
1 "		300
1 "		200
1 "		100
8 Premiums, \$50 each,		400
8 "	25	200
10 "	20	200
20 "	10	200
60 "	5	300

112 Premiums, amounting to \$4,000

Send for circulars giving references, plan of drawing etc., Money can be sent in Reg. Letters at our risk. Address either of the Committee.

J. I. PAINTER, Chairman,  
R. PLUMER ORT,  
CHARLES DEHASS, } Committee.

## Rogers' Winters & Rogers.

Proprietors of the Bear Creek Woolen Mills. Dealers in Wool and Woolen Goods, and Manufacturers of Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Flannels, Blankets and Stocking Yarn. P. O. address, Muncy, Pa.

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# NOW AND THEN.

A Journal Devoted to the Topics of the Times.

VOL. 1.

MUNCY, PA. DECEMBER, 1874.

No. 11.

## "Bonum Nomen Bonum Omen."

A good name is a good omen says the Proverb, but how we obtained our names, whether good, bad, or indifferent, is a mystery. The learned Camden says, "to find out the true original of surnames is full of difficulties," and "time hath intermingled, and confused all, and we are come all to this present by successive variable descents from high and low." That names, proper or given, began with Adam and Eve we cannot doubt, but surnames it is supposed were first taken up in France about the year 1000, in England about the time of the Conquest (1066) under Edward the Second, and in Ireland in 1014. Previous to that individuals were identified by Tribes named after Patriarchal names, but during the reign of King Brian, he ordered a surname to be imposed on every tribe or clan in order to know from what stock or family they descended. Many got their names from Chiefs who fought against the Danes under Brian, and "to many were affixed the name of Mac signifying son," and O, grandson,—hence we have Neal the father, MacNeal the son, and ONeal the grandson, and so with many other names, as Williams, Connel, and Brian. "All names have been originally significant," and they have originated in various ways. Many arose from nicknames, sobriquets, and cognomens, and some from personal peculiarities, offices, professions, objects from the mineral animal and vegetable kingdoms, and in fact from circumstances of every variable character.

Local names form a large class in some parts of the country, in some parts trades and occupations, and in others animals, and in looking over our village directory I was surprised to find that we were surrounded by Bears, Foxes, Beebers, Lyons, Brindles, Taggarts, Bucks, and Painters, and daily flying around are Hawks, Renns, Robbins, Herons, and Drakes. On one side we have Halls, on another Barnes, and farther on Chappels and Castles. We have a "house of seven Gables," and one all Kitchens. We have Lilleys, and Clover in season and out of season, Sprouts and Roots in abundance, and Winters the year round.

Our Drums, Harps, Reeds, Bells and Gun-drums can make the welkin ring that good old tune of "Tom and Jerry." Our Potts, and Cookies and Bakers, are ever ready for duty, while our Brewers, Weavers, Shoemakers, Butlers, Doctors, Taylors and Turners are never idle. We have Moses and Mozley, Harris and Harrison, Bower and Trumbower, Robb and Roberts, Hart and Harter, Watt and Watson, Warn and Warner, and a Miller and a Lowmiller. Our "Keystone Black" is made by Gray, while our Greens and Blues and Browns add lustre to our scenes, as do also our many Moons and Albright-sons.

We have big and little Hills, a Huckel (minus the berry) Webbs ditto the cob), plenty of Wood, one whole Woodward, but no Cole. Of men we boast a Heil-man, a Shipman, a Stead-man, a Bow-man, a Walt-man, a Peter-man, a Har-man, and to crown all a Tall-man. We have a Kisser, a Busner, many Busses and a Bussler, a Lebo, a Verga young beau, and der Tenifel. We have several Bishops, our small and big Fry, our family of Ayers, our Noble family, our Alexander, our George Washington, our Prince

Albert, and our Edwards, Sheridan, Johnson, Thompson, Montgomery,—“a few of the immortal names that were not born to die.” We Traverse round and collect our Rentz, and hold Converse with our kin, as Rankin, Calkin, Petrikin, Edkin, Eakin, and Younkin.

We have a Shop-bell, a Peel-er, a Light-ner, a Fowl-er a Brush (It was lately borrowed, hope for a return, but it was used to keeping Lent,) a Man-gle, a Wall-bridge, a Read-er, a Right-er, a Riddle, and a set of Cars. We have Bonine and Bodine, Buck and Buckley, Webb and Webster, Good and Goodenow, a Little, a High, a Long, and a *Little Mohr*. We have a Welliver, a Wine-gardner, a Langcake, and a dish of Bacon and Greens. We have our Granges, our Bowers, our Stokes, depth in our Wells, comfort in our Eves, safty in our Barrs, play in our Balls, and strength in our Cartlidges.

We have a young Brigham, but no Brigham Young. We have a Marshal,—and a lady who would make a good collector, she is always Dunning. We have too our complement of the Smith family, but none with the *I* knocked out and an *e* added to make believe that they belong to the *regenerate* Smythes. We have the well known John Smith, and Elizabeth, Betty and Betts, of nursery fame. The Life of our town departed sometime ago, the cause—old Rye.

We could chronicle a chapter of pleasing incidents connected with names, and

Wonder how the hand of fate  
Led faithful Jerry Moyer,  
In choosing him a loving mate.  
To gentle Sally Boyer.

and why a Beeber chose a Robbin for a mate, and how a Houck charmed and carried away a Lamb. A few years ago one of our strongest anti-tobacco men slyly took unto himself a Sieger, and it is now his constant companion and the comfort of his life. (Pardon us, Mr. Editor, but you must take this one more puff.) Sometime ago, when game was scarce in the State of Wisconsin, a young man came all the way to Muncy for a Drake. And was it by magic, that at the same hour that a Bond-woman was made a Bell, a Noble young lady was made Wood? But, what's in a name?

By birth alone the name descends,  
Your honor on yourself depends.

## Correction.

TEMPUS in his "Recollections of Muncy—No. 7," is in error about the building of the Log Cabin during the political campaign of 1840. It was not built during the "hard cider" campaign, but was built by the Coons in 1844. The first speech in it was made by Joseph R. Chandler. The hard cider men held one of their meetings in an unfinished store-room belonging to the late Joshua Bowman, and now occupied by J. Taggart & Co. Here the Buckeye Blacksmith made his great speech. Jacob Sheridan says he helped build the Log Cabin, and as he was then knocked down by a stick of falling timber, he now very distinctly remembers the time.—[Editor.

## Now and Then.

PUBLISHED EVERY—ONCE IN A WHILE.

J. M. M. GERNERD, EDITOR.

### A Visit to Long's Farm.

We visited Long's Farm recently to take the measure of a mammoth White Oak, of which we had often heard, but instead of getting a single item for our readers, we unexpectedly obtained several highly interesting particulars. The farm was long known as the "Adlum's Farm," having belonged to the Adlum family for fifty years. It was bought by George W. Long, of the heirs of Joseph Adlum, in 1850. It is pleasantly located about two miles northwest of Muncy, on Wolf run, and on the State road leading from our town to Willamsport.

At the farm house we had the pleasure of inspecting a number of admirable paintings, executed by two of the daughters of Mr. Long. These performances are worthy of notice. They are indeed not masterpieces, but they are of real merit, and indicate true artistic talent. To become a master of painting, requires great labor and long application, as well as talent. Considering the few lessons these young ladies have had, and their deprivation of opportunities that the artist finds so advantageous, their works are excellent, and show that the young painters are capable of masterly proficiency.

Mr. Long's residence we may term a Picture Gallery. The walls of three rooms, shown us, are thickly studded with paintings, all executed by Miss Samantha Long, and her younger sister, Miss Emma. As Mr. Long showed us picture after picture, we felt satisfied that he had good reason to exult in the accomplishment of his daughters. There are among these paintings several particularly pleasing. One is a life-size portrait of a deceased family cat—a large, handsome creature, that had been a great favorite of Mr. Long's. As we expressed our admiration for this truly life-like picture, Mr. Long quietly remarked, "It is a perfect likeness of the old cat, and that is just the way she sat when Samantha painted it."

We stated the object of our visit, and Mr. Long kindly proffered to conduct us over the farm. In the first field east of the house, we enjoyed another surprise. Entering a quarry to examine some strata of limestone that attracted our attention, we there found a most remarkable illustration of the fact that, the solid crust of our earth is a great cemetery, and that the layers of rock are monuments covered with inscriptions written by the buried dead. We discovered that our feet rested on an ancient Coral Reef—on the shallow bottom of an ancient sea, once teeming with animal life. Interested for years in our geological history, yet we never dreamed that we had so near Muncy a rock exposure so beautiful and interesting. From a few yards square of uncovered limestone, wagon loads of handsome fossil coral may here be gathered. And if the superimposing strata were removed from this formation, we have no doubt—having recently elsewhere noticed similar indications—that one might saunter for many miles over the similar remains and epitaphs of the inhabitants of not only a former ocean, but of a former world.

Near the coralline limestone, in the bed of Wolf run, is another interesting quarry, from which Mr. Long has been removing some fine flat rock for building purposes. Some of the strata consist of a very compact silici-calcareous rock, long known as "Blue Marble," which, Mr. Long says, has a clear metal-like ring, and is capable of

receiving a beautiful polish. The late John Adlum, of Washington City,—brother of Joseph Adlum,—many years ago shipped a lot of these stone to the Capital, where they were used for door and window sills.

A few rods above the marble quarry, and but a few steps from the run, stands the giant White Oak—one of the grandest Wonders of our beautiful valley. Its ancient companions were long ago felled to the earth, and the woodmen only spared it, because he wanted the courage to undertake its destruction. But what man did not do, the elements are doing. Three years ago the tree, while apparently yet in full vigor, was struck by lightning, and its life thereafter soon "departed." The huge skeleton may yet stand and defy the storms for many years, but it too must finally follow in "the way of all the earth." The circumference of this wonderful tree—measured at from twelve to thirty inches above the soil, the unevenness of the ground making this difference—is no less than twenty six feet. We imagine that this great oak was already more than a mere sapling when Columbus landed at San Salvador, three hundred and eighty two years ago! and that the wary savage often lurked behind its ample breadth when seeking the game that furnished his chief subsistence.

### John Betts and His Parents.

John Betts—who lives near Muncy, on Musser's Lane, with his son Simon—is the oldest man now in this neighborhood. He was born in the autumn of 1786, and is therefore in his 89th year. His parents, Johannes and Dorothy Betts, came to this valley, from Germany, soon after the War of the Revolution, and were among our early settlers. John was born on Wallis's Plantation, near Fort Muncy,—one year before the birth of the late Wm. Cox Ellis, who was born within the Fort. Johannes soon after settled on the Muncy and Pennsville road—or rather, near an old road that then crossed the ridge, and near the present Wolf run bridge ran into the old road that led from Brady's Fort to Fort Muncy—and their Log Cabin stood near where O. A. McCarty now resides. It was here, in 1791, that their son, the late Peter Betts, was born. From here good old Dorothy used to go over the ridge to the Big Spring for water—this excellent spring is on Long's Farm, near the Big White Oak Tree—and return with the filled bucket balanced on her head. We have, besides wells and pumps, so many conveniences NOW, that we can hardly realize how the people lived THEN.

The following, about Dorothy and Johannes, we must not suffer to be lost. While at work one morning for Ben. Shoemaker—the husband of Mary Scudder—in a corn field on the river bottom, near where Shoemaker's Shingle Mill now stands, a total eclipse of the sun came on, and was the occasion to these old folks—as it was to thousands of others—of the most serious alarm. The unusual darkness was a phenomenon they did not understand. Probably the sky was overcast with clouds, and they could not see the sun and moon. However, Johannes concluded that the darkness forboded the dissolution of the world, and he whispered to Dorothy that "the Day of Judgment has come." "We will go home to the children," said Dorothy, "and then we will all be together when we die." So to their home they went, to wait for the world's great catastrophe. They then lived on Ben. Shoemaker's farm, on the old Fort road, near where the present road crosses the run. But by and by the heavens seemed less threatening, and then Dorothy thought of her almanac. In a moment she exclaimed, "Oh! der tuifel, Johannes, its nothing but a clipee."

Dorothy became a noted cook and baker, and during the first decades of this century, there were few funerals and weddings in the valley at which she did not do the cooking and baking. She died about thirty five years ago, after a long and useful life. John, her only surviving son—her only daughter, Mrs. McBride, of Danville, is still living—is now almost helpless from "palsied age," and is longing for his release. We recently spent some hours in conversation with him, and when we spoke to him of the possibility of his remaining with us yet some years, he thoughtfully remarked, "Yes, I might, but I dont want to stay. I can hardly get about any more."

## Miscellaneous Matters.

Our big contemporaries often speak of receiving donations of corn, potatoes, turkeys, rolls of butter, etc. We recently received a couple of field pumpkins.

We have only five Churches in Muncy, but—no one knows how many kinds of religion. One of the good Preachers said we had a lot of Pharisees! We hope not.

Just before Enos Hawley retired from the P. O., a letter came here addressed "To the most active Christian young man in Muncy." Friend Enos could never decide to whom the letter belonged.

John B. Linn's History of Buffalo Valley will soon be in Press. Thousands outside of Buffalo valley will read this book, and with scarcely less interest than the people who live in the valley.

About 10,000,000 feet of lumber is piled at Hughesville, on the Muncy Creek R. R., and several millions more are at the saw mills on the creek ready to be drawn to the Station. Our neighbors are prospering.

The Rev. Geo. C. Drake was born (1806) on soil that was long under the jurisdiction of Connecticut, and yet until he reached the age of eighteen he was never beyond the limits of Pennsylvania. How many of our younger readers can explain?

We are indebted to John B. Linn, Dep. Sec. of the Commonwealth, for thirteen volumes of the Colonial Records and Pennsylvania Archives. These will be valuable aids to us in our efforts to gather fragments of our local history.

Several members of the Muncy Piscatorial Club have decided to get paper boats, for the next summers campaign against the chub, perch and sunfish. The Clerks of the Lyscoming Fire Insurance Company are about having a Racing Boat built, of white cedar, for four sets of oars.

Religious Journals say that "works on theology grow fewer and fewer, while works on science increase in geometrical ratio." This reminds us that we lately heard one of our Ministers remark—and this seems to be the general opinion—that the world is gradually growing better.

Dr. Langdon writes that business is "reviving somewhat" in the devastated-grasshopper-region of Minnesota. A day or so before writing he sold 400 acres of land to a man from Northampton Co., of this State, who intends going out there in the spring to live. The settlers are quite hopeful, and think that the "worst pull is over."

Elias Haas, of Derry Township, Montour County, has Wine that is at least 62 years old, and possibly many years still older. It was found in the corner stone of the old Strawberry Ridge Union Meeting House, a building that was erected in 1812, and pulled down a few years ago.

Our venerable townsman Maj. Isaac Bruner said that, in the summer of 1813, when he was a young man of twenty four, he was a "high private" of an independent military company, organized at Muncy, and uniformed, consisting of between 60 and 70 men. The service of the company was offered to the Governor, to help drive away the "red coats," but was not accepted.

Adam Gudykunst—the father of Joseph Gudykunst—was the first man in the town of Milton to own a "Dearborn" wagon. A hatter by trade, Adam used to drive about the country—and often come to Muncy—with his fancy wagon, and sell his hats. It was built in Connecticut, had no springs, and was nearly as heavy as a field-gun-carriage. It would astonish Adam to see the vehicles we have now-a-days.

Since we put in type the report of our "Visit to Long's Farm," the Great White Oak Tree has been cut down. The heart-wood, we are told, had rotted away, and there was almost room enough for a small family to live within the shell.

A family of bees had chosen it for a habitation; and this circumstance—it will be very much regretted—led to its downfall. It is not likely that our posterity will ever see another such a tree, in this valley.

The ladies, so active in preparing for the Fireman's Fair, to be held at Smith's Hall during the Holidays, have reason to be sanguine of success. A general interest is now felt in the undertaking. Every one appears anxious to contribute, and every one no doubt intends to buy. It is for a common cause. And what seems to us so very fair, our fair folks say they intend to have a strictly fair Fair, and be just as fair as the Fire Boys are going to be with their Gift Concert.

We need not go to the Mint at Philadelphia to see a perfectly noiseless Steam Engine. There is just such a rarity to be seen, in daily operation, at the Foundry of P. M. Trumbower & Co., in this Boro. And to P. M. T. & Co. also belongs the credit of having built this quiet and perfect piece of mechanism. We suggest that our readers all go and see it, and then see if they can hear it. A gentleman from Pittsburg, who has visited many such places, said to us that he had never been in a shop where so much machinery was run with so little noise.

"Aunt Polly Shoemaker"—Mary Scudder—one day sent her son Henry (the late Dr. H. Shoemaker) to town for pie plates. Henry on his return attempted, boy like, to cross Glade run on the foot log with his eyes closed; but he failed to accomplish the feat, and suddenly and simultaneously with the pie plates landed on the Glade run gravel. He laid the broken plates before his mother, and said sorrowfully that he had fallen off the foot log. Aunt Polly thought the accident hardly excusable, and declared that she could have walked the log without falling with her "eyes shut." Henry for once in his life doubted his mother, but he did not think it best just then to assure her that he had tried it.

The Managers of the Vigilant Gift Concert postponed their drawing from September last to the 23rd day of February next, because they were determined to sell all of the 8000 tickets, and if it took them "all Winter." They report that they have about doubled their force of Agents, extended their field of operation to some twenty different counties, and are getting on satisfactorily. They have also a few Agents in other States. This is by no means a big enterprise for so big a country. As we understand that they have now but a few tickets on hand, we would say that, if any of our citizens have not yet bought tickets, but intend to buy, they had perhaps better not be too slow about it.

## A Pioneer Tax-Duplicate.

William Mackey, of Clinton Township, recently showed us a very plainly and beautifully written Duplicate given under the hands and seals of John Clark and Walter Clark, Commissioners for the County of Northumberland, at Sunbury, on the second day of March, A. D. 1786, to his grandfather, William Mackey, then collector of Washington Township. Lycoming County—in fact a very considerable portion of Pennsylvania—was then yet a part of Northumberland, and Washington Twp. was about half as large as some of our counties are now. The Duplicate however contains but 64 names—four of these are designated as "Single Freemen," and taxed 10 shillings each—and the total footings amount to only £58, 2s, and 2 p for State tax, and £14, 12 s, and 7 p. for County tax. The lowest individual assessment is 2 s. for State and 1 s. for County tax, and the highest is £6, 12 s. and 10 p. for State, and £1 14 s. and 8 p. for County. The duplicates of taxes levied on the same lands and on the property in the same territory now, would show a great contrast between the NOW and the THEN. Of the names on Mackey's duplicate, we notice that nearly all are perpetuated by a more or less numerous offspring, as Bennet, Caldwell, Haines, Hunter, Huling, Irwin, Musser, Mackey, McCormick, Montgomery, Miller, Shaffer, Sunderland, and Scott.

## Prospectus.

Subscriptions of 50 cents, or less, or more, as may be convenient, will be gladly received in advance, and the **NOW AND THEN** sent every—now and then. Price five cents per copy. Subscribers who receive extra copies of this number will please hand them to such of their friends as they think will be most likely to subscribe. Subscribers who are in arrears will please remember our promise (made long ago) to give due and timely notice whenever we want'd them to hand in our—hard earnings. Please therefore consider yourselves hereby most respectfully and cordially notified.

We reprint the foregoing, from the last number of our paper. Many subscribers have kindly responded; to such we return our heartfelt thanks. There are yet however several hundred to hear from; and when these give us the same chance, we will thank them just as heartily. Having invested several hundred dollars in printing material, we will be very glad indeed if the rest of our patrons will as good naturedly take these gentle hints. We would be pleased too, to have all our patrons call and see our perhaps unique little printing establishment.

We have still on hand a few copies of the 9th and 10th numbers of our paper, which we will forward post-paid for 5 cents per copy. Whenever any of our subscribers change their P. O. address, we wish they would notify us.

As an advertising medium we call attention to at least two important advantages offered by our little sheet to business men; *first*, the paper being small, its advertisements are therefore more likely to be read; *second*, the paper having a large circulation—we printed no less than 1500 copies of the 10th number, and shall print an edition of no less than 2000 copies of this number—its advertisements are therefore more likely to be extensively read.

## Advertisements.

A limited number inserted. Eight cents a line, each insertion. Parties unknown to us must send the cash

### JOHN H. BOOKER.

Merchant Tailor, and Dealer in Ready-made Clothing, Gent's Furnishing Goods, and Hats & Caps. Muncy, Pa.

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Dealer in Staple Provisions, the choicest Groceries, the best of Crackers, the finest of Dried Fruits, and in Glassware, Queensware, Willow Goods, and Sporting Goods. Also Ag't for the Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine. Muncy, Pa.

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Carriage Builders. First-Class Work. Repairing promptly attended to. Near the new School House, Muncy, Pa.

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Manufacturers of Raven Drop Black, Keystone Black Filler, and Keystone Black. Send for Price-List. Address, R. E. GRAY, Superintendent, Muncy, Pa.

### Insure in the Travellers, of Hartford.

AS IT IS not in our power to prevent accidents, the best thing is to prepare for misfortune. **THE CHEAPEST** way is to get an accident policy, and as a very little money will **BUY IT**, apply at once to Wm. B. KELLY, Muncy, Pa.

## A Grand Gift Concert.

At Muncy, Pa., by the Vigilant Fire Co. No. 1, on the 23rd day of Feb., 1875. The object is—a **STEAM FIRE ENGINE**. Tickets **ONE DOLLAR** each—and 5,000 tickets. The following premiums will be paid in CASH, and without discount.

1 Premium,	1,000
1 " "	600
1 " "	500
1 " "	300
1 " "	200
1 Premium,	100
8 Premiums, \$50 each,	400
8 " 25	200
10 " 20	200
20 " 10	200
60 " 5	300

112 Premiums, amounting to \$4,000

Send for circulars giving references, plan of drawing etc., Money can be sent in Reg. Letters at our risk. Address either of the Committee.

J. I. PAINTER, Chairman,  
R. PLUMER ORT,  
CHARLES DEHASS, } Committee.

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Proprietors of the Bear Creek Woolen Mills. Dealers in Wool and Woolen Goods, and Manufacturers of Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Flannels, Blankets and Sacking Yarn. P. O. address, Muncy, Pa.

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A Journal Devoted to the Topics of the Times.

VOL. 1.

MUNCY, PA. FEBRUARY, 1875.

No. 12.

## Dancing in Ye' Olden Time.

The house now occupied by George W. Rooker was built by George Frederick, and sometime during the winter of 1812 was thrown open to the "publick" as an Inn, or Tavern; upon which occasion a grand ball or "house-warming" took place, and a gayer or happier time among the lads and lasses of Pennsborough is not within the recollection of our oldest inhabitant. A more courteous landlord than Geo. Frederick was not to be found, nor the excellence of his larder to be equalled, and on this memorable occasion his reputation became established. After his death his widow succeeded him in the management of the business.

It was the last night too, of Bob Patterson's dancing school; the first dancing school in our ancient Borough. This school was held in a house that stood where Dr. Wm. Rankin's residence now stands, and in a hall that must have been the first place of public assembly in Pennsborough. We are told that several "moral shows" were exhibited there, such as the "babes in the woods," modeled in wax, and "Gen. Washington and the young ladies of Trenton," done up in the same material. Notwithstanding Pennsborough was chiefly settled by Quakers, a goodly number of persons were found ready to join this dancing class, and we have three persons yet among us who learned to "trip the light fantastic toe" at this school,—Maj. Isaac Bruner, Charles Shoemaker, and Nathaniel Burrows of Montoursville. The ladies are all gone. The late Mrs. I. Bruner was the youngest member of the class.

Previous to this ball parties were held in the house now occupied by DeLa Green, and Wm. E. Mohr, that being the first tavern in the Borough. It was kept by one Jack Kelly, who boasted the best accommodations for "man and beast" to be had, and whose black cook Beck could not be excelled in basting a turkey upon the spit. At this time all was woods in this vicinity, and the nearest house on that side of the road was where the Montgomery mansion now stands. Seven decades, and perhaps more, have passed since that corner house was built, and we do not wonder that the phantoms of the present day are afraid to hold their midnight revels there, least the "fabric from its foundation moves."

Sixty three years have passed since the events we chronicle, and since George Frederick's swinging sign was placed over the "United States," and the "flying coach" put down its weekly passengers. Sixty three years, since messengers were dispatched to Sunbury, Northumberland, Milton, Jersey Shore, Williamsport, over the river, and below the hills, to call together the merry dancers; and noble was the response, for we are told one hundred and five gentlemen paid bills, and if every gent. had a partner, we can safely say two hundred and ten persons attended that ball. Imagine, gentle reader, one hundred and five beardless men (whiskers and moustaches were then against the rules) with throats tightly muffled in white handkerchiefs (stocks were of later date) surmounted by a standing collar, helping to longitudinalize the jugular so Madeira and Port could have a free passage, and no sticking fast as with the present "tangle-foot." In those days the liquor was sold by the measure, and divided by the person whose treat it was, into as many drinks as he called up friends to drink. The immaculate ruffled dicky was a part of the gentleman's dress that was indispensable in those days, and the color of the coat a dark green, or plum. The vest was gay and of striped material.

Religious people did not seem to have had as many scruples against dancing as at the present day, for the Rev. John Bryson, who had charge of the Presbyterian congregation at Warrior run for fifty years, had his two daughters at this dance. Mr. Bryson's custom was to take his daughters to the balls and after seeing them in good hands, leave for the fireside of some friend, there to discuss manifest destiny, etc., until a proper hour for calling for the said daughters. The Rev. John Grimes, another Presbyterian divine, was also there, accompanied by his sister. The beautiful young lady whom he escorted home next morning is still with us, and her memory is hung with many bright pictures of that good old time, when

"Each was so happy, and all was so fair,  
That night stole away, and dawn caught them there."

We can not help but think that dancing had some opposition in those days too, but it was not perhaps so strong, as the number of opposing christians was less, the Methodist denomination being the largest at that time, and they only numbered four hundred and eighty one in Lycoming Co.

Space forbids our mentioning the many persons who were present at this party, and perhaps some of us would be astonished to know who danced in those days of youth and vigor, and opposed the pastime as age grew on. We have living in this vicinity four persons who were present; two are ladies who have passed their three score and ten. James Mackey, father of William Mackey, of Clinton Twp., was present, and was conceded to be the most polite beau of those days. He generally made it his business to see that all persons received attention, and all strangers introductions. Who is to be remembered as the James Mackey of the present, fifty years hence? It is with pleasant imagination I can recall our late good Dr. Wood promenading round, or responding to the call all chasseur, or gentlemen to the right. He was quite a young man at this time, reading medicine with his uncle, and was considered quite a catch, and on this occasion we are told was unusually fascinating.

The popular dances were plain cotillions, and contra dances, the German and Lancers being then unthought of. They knew nothing then of

"A lofty jumping and a leaping round,  
When arm in arm the dancers are entwined,  
And whirl themselves with strict embracements round."

One of their favorite dances was called the Ladies Disappointment, and one favorite dancing tune was the Eastern Shore, (a name solemn enough for the sacred music of now a-days.)

It may not be uninteresting to our lady readers to know what the ladies of "that period" wore. Then, as now, party dresses varied, but for home wear all wore alike, in winter linsey woolsey, and in summer cotton cloth, or striped linen, spun, woven, colored, and made at home. Nearly every lady possessed a white dress for parties, but upon this occasion many wore dark merino, and a few imported chints of very large figure. The dresses were made very short, very narrow, (one and a half yards being the rule for width,) extremely short in the waist, cut quite low in the neck, and finished with short sleeves, so that a very little stuff was required to make a dress. The bare neck, however, was always covered by a thin gauze handkerchief, or cape, and the arms by long gloves, or mitts, reaching to the elbow. The hair, which in those days belonged to the rightful owner, was combed, and puffed, several stories high, and crowned by an enormous comb, very much resembling the railway around the dome of the present Insurance Office. But why smile? are we not continually reviving old styles of dress in some shape or other?

For the benefit of some of the one hundred marriageable ladies in our town, let me say that the belle and beauty of that ball-room died a few years ago, at an advanced age, a "dear old maid."

## Now and Then.

PUBLISHED EVERY--ONCE IN A WHILE.

J. M. M. GERNERD, EDITOR.

### Our Changed Names.

We have had many gratifying assurances that the felicitous contribution by \* in the 11th number of our paper has greatly delighted our readers, and we are happy that we can give additional pleasure by publishing another paper from the same pen. Many, or perhaps all, had thought of the origin of our names, how some must have arisen from plants and animals, others from pursuits and professions, etc., but few, if any, had noted how many of the names in this valley were of the particular description named, and certainly no one had ever grouped them together in a manner so happy and interesting. The article, as we happen to know, was, although so pleasing, hurriedly composed, and, though embracing nearly two hundred names, was not however intended to be a complete classification. It must have been gratifying therefore to our contributor that so many other names, and puns, and thoughts, were suggested by this hasty effort. And among the interesting questions thus brought up, is the one relating to Our Changed Names.

It may perhaps surprise some of our readers to learn how many of our names have been changed. As examples we may mention that our Goods are descended from Guth, that our Gudykunts are the posterity of Guthykunst, and that the ancestors of our Opps and Apps were Upps. The fathers of our Shoemakers wrote their name Schumacher, the ancestors of our Fullmers wrote theirs Folmer, while our pioneer Beavers are now represented by Beebers and Biebers. One of the Mussers stated to us that Musser is a corruption of Mercer, while by the record of "Emanuel's Church" we learn that our name Fiester is a corruption of Fister. Henry Janssen, a Captain in the Continental Army of the Revolution, was the paternal grandfather of our Henry Johnson. Our name Green came from Greene, while our Jacob Cooke says his name was simply Cook. Jacob D. Melick says that his great-grandfather's name was Malich, and our Artleys are told descended from Hartley. A dentist of Muncy, some years ago, changed from Slote to Locke. We know of a Swartz who changed to Black, of a Snyder who changed to Taylor, of a Kiser who changed to Kistner, of a Rantz who changed to Rentz, of Newhards and Neuaharts who sprung from Neuhardt, and of families who changed from Mohr to More and Moore. A Burns from the neighborhood of Muncy, is now Prof. Born of the Missionary Institute at Selinsgrove.

While the same general cause—the intermingling of races, and the steady progress of culture—that has led to the constant and rapid transition from the Anglo-Saxon to our modern English has undoubtedly produced a corresponding change in personal names, yet names have also been changed through a great variety of local influences and circumstances. Our Edward Marshall's ancestors we have been told lived on the border of a marsh, and from this circumstance the family acquired the name of Marshall. Many years ago a man named Brower started a Brewery. To distinguish him from the many others of the name of Brower he was called Brewer, and from him are descended the Brewers of Muncy. Surnames were not in general use prior to the Norman Conquest, and originally designated occupation, estate, or place of residence. Changes of surnames in course of time were often as necessary for the distinction of families, as a variety of given names were needed for the distinction of individuals. Few of our names can without great difficulty be traced farther back than two or three generations, and hence it is

not easy to ascertain the changes that have taken place. An interesting chapter might nevertheless be written on the mutations of our local names, by anyone having the time, taste and qualifications, for such a task.

Often the object of change was greater simplicity, and the general tendency of our language in this direction has been encouraged by the best scholars. This is why *u* was rejected from such words as *gould*, *labour*, *fav-ar*, and why *cidre* has been changed to *cider*, *plough* to *plow*, *Engelond* to *England*, and more recently *Esquimaux* to *Eskimos*, and why, in fact, almost our entire language has been reconstructed. It is from this tendency that the name *Gordner* has by some been simplified to *Cotner*, *Rishel* to *Rissel*, *Schneider* to *Snyder*, *Herron* to *Heron*, *Welles* to *Wells*, *Wal'ace* to *Wallis*, and *Brunner* to *Bruner*. We may presume that for this reason *Paynter* is by some spelled *Painter*, for the name is spelled both ways by the numerous descendants of a family who came to America in the *Mayflower*. And perhaps both *Paynter* and *Painter* are mere corruptions of the name *Baynter*. Our name has shared what appears to have been the general fate of names. The pioneer of the family wrote it *Garnhardt*, but we know no person who now so writes it. It has been variously changed to *Garnhart*, *Gernerd*, *Gernert*, and *Gerner*. We never suspected however that there is anything at all suspicious or incomprehensible connected with the change, and were therefore surprised to see the following in the *Luminary*.

"The curious classification under the curious title 'Bonum Nomen, Bonum Omen,' in the last *Now and Then*, calls my attention to some other curious things in the nomenclature of our townsmen. We have read of 'multum in parvo' (and have heard a great deal the reverse) and of 'Ephruribus Unum,' but never outside of Muncy did we hear of a single hart becoming a herd, or of a whole herd becoming a hart; for how *Garn-hart* became *Gern(h)erd* or *Gern(h)erd* became *Gern-hart*, I cannot possibly determine. \* \* \* P."

As P could "not possibly determine" how the change was made, we inferred that he was not only ignorant in this branch of philology, but that he knew nothing bad about our ancestors. That this surmise was correct we learned a week later, when the following retraction appeared:

"I incidentally learned that the little waif sent in over the initial P. has given offense. I wish to assure you and, through you, the public that there was not the most remote intention to undurate the *Now and Then*, or to offensively present the name of its Editor. You, sir, might also be offended. 'Smiths, Painters, and other plebians,' was an expression used. I can but admire your good sense and true manhood in printing it without the least hint of demurrer. Since your last issue I have learned that the original name of the editor of *Now and Then*, was what it now is. Had this been known before there had been a different method employed in noticing the name."

No one perhaps suspected that the term "plebian" was used in its haughty, aristocratic sense of low bred, or vulgar. Painter thought it meant common, or yeoman. In this republican country people of good sense never object to being called plebian, and Painter is an honored representative of this class. We can hardly elect a President unless he has lived in a log cabin, or followed rail splitting, or learned how to tan hides. But the "method employed" in noticing our name is quite another matter, as the penitent little P—arson was himself able to "determine." He humbly admits that he did not know what he was saying. If he desires to busy himself further, he may see by the files of the *Luminary*, that, years before I could write, my father wrote his name Gernernd. If he wishes to go back still farther, he can call at the office of the *Now and Then*. If he did not intend to put a dart through us, he would have employed a "different method" even if he had thought we had changed our name. Still, let us think that

"—he that forg'd, and he that threw the dart,  
Has each a brother's interest in his heart."

## Miscellaneous Matters.

The NOW AND THEN is now printed by Steam.

James P. Guyer, our Gunsmith, has a new Shop. It is a well arranged building. James has been making guns some twenty years, and knew what he wanted.

We are indebted to Miss Rosy Shoemaker, of Bellefonte, for a roll of *Muncy Telegraphs*, of 1839-40, published by her father, J. K. Shoemaker. The donor will please accept many thanks for this valuable gift.

Elias Haas—the man in Montour County whom we have mentioned as the owner of the sixty-two-year-old wine—also owns a complete file of Almanacs from the year 1806 down to the present time. Is there another farmer in the land who can boast such a calendrical collection?

*The Good Cheer*, a neat wee bit of a paper, published semi-occasionally, by W. G. Wenck, the son of an old friend of ours, at McEwensville, will please accept our good cheer. Its readers dare hardly complain of too much "patent medicine" in its columns, as they get the paper for 'nothing.'

Mrs. E. Walton a few weeks ago sent us a basket of large and beautiful apples from the Big Tree. A very acceptable donation. A great many persons have visited the old apple tree since we called public attention to it. The item in regard to it was very extensively copied by the press.

So many newspapers have taken kindly notice of the NOW AND THEN, and have copied its items, that we can not reciprocate the courtesies. We are too diminutive to do them all justice. We can merely assure them one and all that we appreciate their kindness, and feel encouraged by their good opinion and sympathy.

Kinsloe, of the Hughesville *Enterprise*, and Painter, of the *Muncy Luminary*, were at the "second annual dinner" given recently by the M. V. Medical Society, at the Muncy Valley House, but we were not invited. The grateful Editors say that the proceedings were interesting. It is not from revenge that we indorse what the poet says:

"Most of those evils we poor mortals know,  
From doctors and imagination flow."

We hope that, when in the last number of our paper we acknowledged the receipt of several pumpkins, we were not supposed to solicit, ask, beg, or in any way hint, for further donations. We wished to follow the example of some of the big papers, and we had nothing but the pumpkins to acknowledge. It is with mixed emotions of fear and gratitude, therefore, that we again acknowledge the receipt of important favors. One patron kindly sent us a head of cabbage, another a bunch of celery, another a crock of butter milk, one a bucket of skim-milk, and Simon Opp gave us three of his big red premium onions. Notwithstanding our scruples, we do wish some one would send us a mess of sour-kraut.

The Rev. Geo. C. Drake when a boy lived one year in Allentown. Among the interesting recollections of the place, of which we have heard him speak, are the following curious incidents: A procession was solemnly moving through the town, bearing the body of a colored man to its final resting place. A beautiful snow-white pigeon flew between the pall bearers, and quietly sat a moment on the black man's coffin. At another time, while the minister of one of the congregations of the place was delivering an exhortation, a snake protruded his head several inches from a hole in the wall, near the ministers head, and seemed a much interested spectator of the scene presented to its gaze. The more superstitious, Mr. Drake said, were greatly exercised by both these singular events.

We saw Jacob D. Melick and Capt. Lloyd in a state of profound abstraction, with a checker board between them on their knees. They paid little attention to anything, or

anybody; but were wholly absorbed by the forced marches of their silent little wooden men. A bystander unfeelingly attempted to engage them in conversation, but an occasional monosyllable was all that could possibly be got out of them. Finally their affair took a turn, not quite satisfactory to one. "Capt.," says the bystander, "how many moves can you see ahead?" "That depends on the state of the game." "How is it with you, Melick?" "It depends largely on the state of the atmosphere." We did not stay to see how M. felt at the end of the next game, but we saw how undismayed and veteran-like the Capt. struck out to repair his disaster. He did not wait for a change in the atmosphere.

Several members of the Muncy Piscatorial Club are now discussing how they may utilize our ponds and lakes by raising frogs in them. Frogs command a great price in the N. Y. market—as much as \$1 to \$5 for the doz. pair of hind legs, at wholesale—and why then may not frog farming be made highly profitable? Why may not all the pools in our lovely valley and the beautiful lakes on our mountains be converted into "frog ponds?" If Deacon Sprout can raise trout by the hundred thousand in a few wee springs, why may not frogs be raised in this well watered valley by the million? Are the difficulties insurmountable? Seth Green says, "the man who could raise a million of frogs and get them safely to market, would be a wealthy man." The members of the M. P. C. referred to are not selfish, and would have as many of our people as possible turn their attention to a pursuit so promising. And think of the delightful music a few million big "bully runs" would make! Let us have frog farming by all means, if only for the music.

## Old Bet.

It is more than sixty years since the first managrie visited Muncy, and but few persons are still with us who remember this notable exhibition. Old Bet, the elephant—and the chief attraction, for there were but few animals—was taken from town to town during the night, to make the concern the more profitable. Few or perhaps none of the inhabitants of Muncy valley had ever seen an elephant. The Shoemakers' at this time had a Tavern on the high bank on the north side of the Muncy creek, on the old Williamsport road, which was the main road before the bridge a few rods further up the stream was built. The late Samuel G. Shoemaker once related to us that the show halted at the Tavern in the night, and that he was routed out of bed to pilot it across the fording. When he arrived near the edge of the water he stepped up to what appeared to him to be a large covered wagon. Just then the keeper for some reason prodded Old Bet, and the huge proboscidean suddenly wheeled and roared frightfully. Samuel at once comprehended that the big wagon was alive, and, if ever his legs did their duty, they—as he remarked to us—served him faithfully then.

A leading feature of this show was a free ride on the bare back of Old Bet. The hearty youth of that day were quite eager to accept an invitation to take such a novel ride. After a few merry rounds, a quiet signal from the keeper would be followed by a shake, and down would topple the riders. Our now venerable townsman Maj. Isaac Bruner was then noted for his physical strength and agility. He watched the movements of Old Bet, and concluded he understood the "trick" by which she invariably relieved herself of her load. He saw her slowly move her thick hide some inches to one side, and then by a sudden jerk bring it back to its natural place. The motion never failed to bring down the riders. Isaac believed however that he could take advantage of her and maintain his seat on her back. He tried it, and succeeded. Old Bet made many efforts, but Isaac would not be dislodged. The keeper at last declared that Old Bet had "never before been bet," and Isaac Bruner was the hero of that memorable day.

## Curiosities.

We thankfully acknowledge the receipt of the following acceptable donations to our collection of curiosities:

1. To Horace G. Lichtenhaler, of Montourville, we are indebted for several good arrow-heads, found in the neighborhood of Washingtonville.—just where the Indians left them. Horace, we can not imagine what that other non-descript thing was used for by the savages. Possibly it was "medicine"!

2. To Frank A. Lloyd (the Captain's son) we are indebted for 23 arrow-heads, and one spear-head five inches in length. These were all found in this neighborhood, and are perfect and handsome specimens. Frank says that he can not give us the history of these relics, and we are sure that our readers will seriously regret this.

3. To Elias Haas, of Derry Twp., Montour Co., we are indebted for a stone pestle 14 inches in length. We now have 13 of these pestles in our collection, ranging from 9 1/4 to 22 1/2 inches in length. The Indians used them for pounding maize. We are also indebted to Mr. Haas for a remarkable stone spear-head 7 1/2 inches in length, found by John Oyster, in Derry Twp. Also for a small curious copper pipe, found by Mr. Haas on his farm, while plowing. This pipe is a problem. It appears to have been fashioned by hammering, the only way in which the Indians were likely to have made pipes of copper. The only notice we find of copper pipes in archaeological works at hand is in Prof. Charles Rau's "Ancient Aboriginal Trade in North America," pp 5, where we are referred to the fact that when Henry Hudson (in 1609) discovered the river that bears his name, he noticed among the Indians of that region pipes made of copper.

AUTEN, of the *Watsontown Record*, has heard some monstrous exaggeration about our being, as he terms it, "well fixed in this world," and questions the earnestness of our appeal to our delinquent subscribers. Certainly, we are in earnest. And Uncle Sam's little pictures came in lively for awhile. But we invested them all in printing material, and we would be glad therefore to receive a few more of them, from those indebted to us,—if hard money does not very soon come around. As to hard money, we do not especially prefer it, as the pictures are so much "more handy to have in the house," and we would not abolish their use, but what is to become of us all if our labor and property is to be measured by mere paper promises without a gold basis? Our people have been prospering wonderfully, it is true, but what is true in physiology is also true in finance,—getting fat too fast is perilous. But, our subscribers can not harm us by "inflation."

## Advertisements.

A limited number inserted. Eight cents a line, each insertion. Parties unknown to us must send the cash

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1 "		500
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# NOW AND THEN.

A Journal Devoted to the Topics of the Times.

Vol. 1.

MUNCY, PA. MAY, 1875.

No. 13.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF MUNCY—NO. 8.

In a former paper we have spoken of the literary institutions of the epoch of which we were writing. The literary characters of that period (not numerous, or remarkable, if we except a very few names) have not been reviewed. Among these, especially so far as related to belles lettres scholarship, the name of Hon. Wm. Cox Ellis was most conspicuous. His forensic efforts, however, were too florid, too artificial for the highest effect, though he possessed in a high degree those magnetic and sympathetic elements, especially of voice, and manner, which are the necessary concomitants of successful oratory. He had ably represented his district in the U. S. Congress during the brilliant era in which most of the great statesmen of the last generation flourished, and in the self-sought retirement of his later years cherished the most pleasant recollections of his official associates, among whom were Jackson, Adams, Benton, Clay, Calhoun, Wirt, Webster, and others. In the literature of his profession I have often heard his professional brethren say he had few equals. He was an ascetic student, a *dilettante* through life.

Perhaps in linguistic scholarship Hon. G. F. Boal was pre-eminent. He had a taste for the study of the ancient classics, and pursued them as a recreation. With a different temperament, and with different impulses, he would have had at his command most of the resources of professional success. His style of oratory was, however, inflated and bombastic. In an address before the local legislature, speaking of the extent of our territory, he said, "Mr. Speaker, the geographical limits of the Republic surpass the estimation of the geometrical, and upon its land locked seas the tides heave and swell as they do upon the bosom of the mighty ocean." His social qualities were admirable, and adhesive friends stood faithfully by him and smoothed the even thread of life with remunerative official patronage to its close. The few last years of his life were his best, and most independent.

The Local Legislature of Muncy was organized by the election of Thomas Wood Esq. to the Governorship, and Hon. John M. Petrikin to the Speakership; both excellent selections. It afforded an inviting field for the display of real talent, and ambitious mediocrity. We have often wondered at, and lamented that want of enterprise which defeated that commendable recommendation made by the new Gov. in his first message, viz. the erection of a monument to the brave Captain Brady. An appropriation was made for this object, but a contractor could not be found. It was a little too early for contractors; shoddy had not then been invented. Meginness, the historian of the West Branch, has however in a manner most creditable to our local history embalmed the name of this gallant defender of the frontier in the imperishable pages of *Ozinzachson*.

Among the exciting subjects discussed during the session of which we were writing was the prohibition of the liquor traffic. Among the leading supporters of this bill were Hawley, Painter, Gernerdt, Langdon, and Hazen, and against it were Petrikin, Bruner, Thos. Clapp, Brindle, and others *ad infinitum*. The contest was an earnest, not to say acrimonious one. The friends of prohibition finding they would

be defeated upon a final vote did what they could to suppress it, but were forced at last to a decisive action. The opponents of the bill thought the vote, here, would have at least a perceptible, if not a controlling influence upon the *real* Legislature then in session at Harrisburg, and hence their anxiety to precipitate a vote. It was upon this bill that Gernerdt made his maiden speech, with so much eclat, as follows,—“Mr. Speaker, in the language of the celebrated—(a pause)—I have forgotten the authors name—(another pause, then cries of “Go on,” “Never mind the authors name”)—yes, and I have forgotten what he said.” However, in after years, in amateur oratory during the existence of the Philomathic and Hiawathian Societies, he exhibited a versatility, an aptness, not to say genius, that many times “brought down the house.”

During a discussion upon a resolution of Mr. Weeks (a prominent debater) relative to some matter of diplomatic etiquette, intended for the instruction of our representatives at foreign courts, Col. Petrikin (who could never resist a provocation for merriment) made the following ridiculous and offensive amendment,—“that our representatives at any foreign court on all state occasions shall be ordered to wear the following uniform: one pants leg white, the other blue, upon the seat of which shall be displayed, in red, the American Eagle, the whole to be surmounted by a cap containing the ‘white cockade and the peacock feather.’” Weeks, who had just closed an elaborate speech upon this resolution, as the last words dropped from the lips of the clerk (Charles B. Shoemaker) sprang to his feet and with menacing gestures advanced towards the seat of his offending opponent declaring in a vociferous manner that he would not submit to an insult for all the lawyers in—well, a very hot place, or out of it. This created a tumult in which the whole chamber participated, and unparliamentary expletives flew in all directions despite the emphatic admonitions of the chairman. The battle ended, however, in almost the expulsion of one member, and the reprimanding of the other.

During the session George Givins, an ex-shoemaker of Jersey Shore, who had turned “scurvy politician,” was invited as a joke to address this learned body on the public questions of the day. The experiment was a failure, illustrating what was said by the criticised artist that “the shoemaker had better stick to his last.”

The three leading speeches of the session were made by Robert Hawley Esq. and Col. Petrikin on the repeal of the fugitive slave laws, and our relations with the Russian Government during the Crimean war, by Jacob A. Hazen Esq.

TERMS.

A few days before our much esteemed fellow citizen, John Poust, came to the close of his active and useful life, he mentioned to us the following interesting fact: that in 1836, while an apprentice, he helped to put up the first plank building erected in Muncy Valley. His boss, Thomas Ellis, had been over on the North Branch and seen a plank house in process of erection, and on his return put up a plank kitchen for Jacob Shoemaker, about half a mile west of Hughesville. If man were not an imitative being—and it is mainly because he is imitative, that he is progressive—what kind of dwellings would we have NOW?

# Now and Then.

PUBLISHED EVERY—ONCE IN A WHILE.

J. M. M. GERNERD, EDITOR.

## Our Climate.

Lorin Blodget, the highest authority on American Climatology, says, "Altogether, Pennsylvania has a climate highly favored in many respects; usually dry, clear, elastic, and invigorating. It is the best of the temperate latitudes, and its very extremes are favorable to mental and physical activity."

Various sections of the temperate latitudes claim to have "the best." Colorado, Oregon, and Minnesota, are supposed to be especially favored. But this is not the question we propose to consider. Where there is so great a diversity of climatic conditions, there must be more or less of variation in the matter of salubrity. There is however another very important fact related to this question of climate.

Dr. Shew in his work on Consumption says that, a mere *change* from one latitude to another is often of great advantage, and that "this appears to be true in some cases when the change is from a good to a bad atmosphere." He concludes that this benefit "must be owing in great part to the effects upon the mind."

Here we have presented two important facts. The first is, that our climate is the best of the temperate latitudes. The second is, that we can not attribute all the benefits of a change of latitude to climate. The sections of our continent to which it has of late years become so fashionable for invalids to resort, doubtless owe their celebrity to a variety of causes. Climate often gets the credit of effecting wonderful cures, and yet may be the least important of a number of causes which combine to bring the cures about.

The healthfulness of our climate is evident. People live no longer in any other section. The late Dr. Wm. Musser, who was a close observer of such matters, once remarked to us, in a conversation on this very topic, that he believed that, taking the year round, our climate was as healthful as the climate of any other region. Pointing to the many cases of longevity among the natives of Muncy valley, and of the surrounding hills, to our many vigorous septuagenarians and octogenarians, he thought that this was conclusive proof of the general salubrity of our climate.

We may add that our valley might furnish the material for an interesting table of longevity. Not a few of our inhabitants have attained a great age. The following are names of some whose ages ranged from nearly twenty to almost thirty years past three score and ten, viz, James Kiteley, Margaret Dimm, Barnet Rynearson, Jesse Haines, Jesse Blaker, Catharine Hill, and Elizabeth Taylor. Among our aged, still living, we are informed that James Litchard, and William Dugan, are both past ninety.

We need not go far to have the advantage of a *change* of climate. Twenty five miles north-east of Muncy, on the mountain ridge overlooking our lovely valley, at an altitude above the sea four times greater, and amid the most pleasing scenery, the invalid may find all the change that he needs. A friend sorely afflicted with asthma says that, whenever he visits Lewis's lake, he experiences immediate relief, and enjoys the most refreshing sleep. Last spring a family more or less afflicted by sickness moved from Luzerne County to Laporte, and in a few months experienced great benefit by the change. A number of families who have within a few years settled in our valley, have had the same satisfactory experience.

If patients having lung difficulties, or any of the many

forms of indigestion, or suffering from overwork of body or mind, were to go to our mountain forests, streams and lakes, camp out, and enthusiastically follow the suggestions of Dr. Mitchell, as given in his admirable paper on "Camp Cure," in Lippincott's Magazine, of last August, they would find our mountain air marvelously invigorating. It is the change of food, change of habits, change of surroundings, change of occupation, and the effects of change upon the mind, as well as the change of air, that so often helps the health-seeker when he resorts to the prairies of Minnesota, or to the parks and mountains of Colorado. To those who would avoid the expense and danger, as well as the many annoyances, of travelling, and yet need a change, we may therefore suggest that nearly all the advantages of *change*—even of climate—are to be had within the borders of our own County.

## Presentiments.

Who has not experienced an impression that something serious was about to happen him, and been more or less distressed by the thought. Is there among our many intelligent readers one who has not had what is usually termed a presentiment? And how seldom are these presentiments realized! But, because a conviction of something unpleasant about to occur is followed by the very evil dreaded, does it follow that there is anything real in presentiments? Are not the predictions of weather almanacs as often verified? We confess a reluctance to believe in these antecedent impressions. But we will not attempt to give a satisfactory explanation of the strange instances of which history furnishes so many examples.

The supposed connection between "presentiment" and the consummation that sometimes follows, may exist only in the imagination. The foreboding that Charles the XII of Sweden had of his death, might have been a mere coincidence of a common calamity of war with the operation of fancy. Superstition is not merely a thing of the past, of the untutored, or half civilized, or three fourths civilized state of man, but the most enlightened in this boasting age are still more or less the creatures of fancy, of gloomy wonder, of superstitious dread of that which is unknown and mysterious, or of murky apprehensions of events either possible or probable. Superstitious beliefs and dogmas are still widely prevalent. Should we class with these the popular notion of presentiments?

Quite as remarkable an instance of the foreboding of evil as many of the cases cited in history, was the conviction of our late patriotic townsman, William Bruner, that he would fall in the battle of Fredericksburg. As our troops were crossing the Rappahannock he said to his comrades that he would be killed, and never recross that river alive. He expressed his anticipations of death on several occasions, during the day, and seemed unusually serious. He did not shrink, however, from making the sacrifice, for there was not a braver man marching under the stars and stripes. He had often expressed the conviction that a man who died a martyr for his country, had "a sure passport to Heaven." He gravely repeated this patriotic sentiment. Death spared him until at the close of the last day of the battle, then pressed him "close to his cold, clayey breast."

Our lamented martyr, Col. Milton Opp, of the 84th Regt. P. V., had a similar presentiment. After having passed unharmed through twenty seven battles, he was suddenly seized with a conviction that he must fall in the battle of the Wilderness. Before the engagement he wrote to arrange some business about which he felt some concern, and as he handed the letter to a friend he remarked that he would never come out of the impending struggle alive. The prediction proved too painfully true.

Another intelligent officer, of the 131st Regt., had a similar conviction that he would fall at the battle of Antietam. About six weeks before, he dreamed that he was shot while marching through a stubble field. At the battle of Antietam his Regt. was stationed in a stubble field, and it was seemingly the identical place he had seen in his dream. He was strangely impressed that there he must fall. When he saw that the terrible work of slaughter and maiming had commenced, he took out his pocket Testament and wrote in it his name, rank, and place of residence. When the carnage became more general, there was hardly a moment that he did not expect to receive his death furlough. And yet, though the field was reddened by the blood of so many thousand, he passed safely through the dreadful ordeal. He braved death in subsequent battles, but he never felt as he did at Antietam. He recently exhibited his testament to us as a memorial of a strange experience during the war. Not a thought was uttered by either on the subject of presentiments, until he mentioned the interesting circumstance now presented to our readers.

May not presentiments be mere caprices of the imagination, and their occasional fulfillment mere chance coincidences?

### Miscellaneous Matters.

After we had the article on Our Climate in type, we learned of the death of James Litchard. He died on the 30th ult, almost 91 years of age.

George Hinkel, our Perpetual High Constable, is not yet sixty five years of age. He claims that he is quite as active as Uncle John McCarty, who is upwards of eighty.

Prof. Charles Rau—the author of the article in the *American Naturalist* on the Indian netsinkers and hammerstones of Muncy—is contributing a series of illustrated papers of great interest to *Harper's Monthly*, on the Stone Age in Europe.

A late resident of Watsonstown says, that the rapid growth of that place is due to the prolificness of its inhabitants. Several families have each eighteen children. Will Anten please inform us what variety of potatoes are cultivated down there?

Uncle John McCarty says that the first school in Muncy was held in a little unhewed-log building that stood on the lot directly back of Mozley's store, on E. Water Street. This was before the log school house, referred to in our sketch of Pepper, was built.

Samuel Wallis owned the first hounds brought into this valley. William Flemming [son of Dorothy Betts, by her first husband] got a pup of Wallis. Henry Shoemaker [father of the late Samuel G.] offered him the best horse in his stable, but no horse flesh could tempt William to part with his little dog.

The first Dancing School in Muncy, referred to in the last number of our paper, did not open on the night as at first arranged. A great freshet occurred in the Susquehanna, and prevented the teacher, Bob Patterson, from meeting his engagement. But high water did not keep Daniel Shoemaker away, for he came paddling into town in a canoe. He landed in the street, in front of where Uncle John McCarty lives, and there fastened his craft, being attired in his best, ready for the dance.

John F. Wolfinger Esq., of Milton, has nearly ready for publication a History of the Schools of our West Branch Valley, from Sunbury to Jersey Shore, to be entitled "Our Old West Branch Valley Schools and Academies." Wolfinger is an industrious gatherer of historical facts, and his book will no doubt snatch from oblivion a vast amount of highly interesting and instructive matter. He will deserve the thanks and patronage of every friend of education on the West Branch.

Dr. Michael Steck recently purchased "Pappy Round's Lake." This is a pleasant sheet of water, clear as crystal, some fifteen acres in extent, located on the Alleghany mountain, four miles north-east of Huntersville. The Dr. intends to stock it with bass, and make it a place of resort for occasional relaxation from the cares of public and private life. In this artificial and utilitarian age many are beginning to experience

"that hunger of the heart,  
Which comes when nature man deserts for art."

John B. Bruner—one of the Muncy boys who went forth into the world with a good name, and of whom his native place will always have a good report—is now Treasurer of Johnson County, Kansas. In a recent letter he says, "I hope you will continue to publish your very interesting paper. It revives pleasant memories, and causes one absent like myself to appreciate the sentiment of a song I used to hear in Muncy very often:

"My heart still bends to my good old friends,  
To my good old friends of yore."

The drawing—see advertisement—of the Vigilant Gift Concert, has twice been postponed, but we are assured that it will not again be deferred. This time, the Boys say, they will be able to make the ripples in fine condition. On the 21st day of July next, the premiums are positively to be awarded. The distribution will also, we are entirely satisfied, be made fairly, squarely and satisfactorily, as well as positively. The Vigilants deserve encouragement, as by their prompt action in our time of need, they have already saved us a large amount of property. Help them pay for their beautiful "Little Giant."

The Hughesville *Enterprise* may take the premium for the biggest cat—unless the Williamsport *Gazette and Bulletin* has found a "scratcher" heavier than the stump-tail *Felis domestica* belonging to Joseph Cruse—but is there in all this section of country a more venerable feline than Muncy can boast? William Shoemaker is the owner of a cat that is twenty two years old. He is still the fortunate possessor of one tooth, and is still a terror to the biggest of norway rats. She is a great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great grandmother, and has out-lived hundreds of her descendants.

Among the interesting letters received by us in response to the last number of our paper, is one from B. F. Stamm, of Detroit, Mich. He says he remembers "Old Bet," the elephant that Maj. Bruner rode, as he again passed through this section years after the events we have chronicled. "She was exhibited," says Stamm, "in Colvin's barn, at Washingtonville. Many a fair dame with bedaubed face was carried in his famous trunk round and round on the barn floor, for it was said to be a sure preventative of tooth-ache, and all who could, availed themselves of the opportunity."

Jesse Blaker, of Wolf Township—who died several years ago, aged upwards of ninety—was noted for his wit and general good sense. His opinions were often sought by his neighbors. For the following we are indebted to Ellis Bryan, of Eagle Mills, who was an eye and ear witness. Before the Rebellion, Miss Frances E. Watkins lectured on slavery at Picture Rocks. Her father was a southern planter. Her mother was a slave. Hence poor Frances learned by bitter experience some of the evils of slavery. Intellectually, she was, however, a superior woman—superior to many of the selfish lords who esteemed themselves masters by "divine right"—and when she grew up and became free, she pleaded with great fervor and eloquence for her oppressed race. One of her most pleased and appreciative auditors, at Picture Rocks, was the aged Jesse Blaker. After the lecture he was surrounded by a number of his friends, eager, as usual, for an expression of his opinion. "What do you think of the lecturer," asked some one. "Well," replied Jesse with great gravity, "if amalgamation, will bring such stock! Oh God! let her come!"

## To Our Patrons.

We must, now and then, have a familiar chat with our patrons. In our last we stated that the *NOW AND THEN* is now printed by Steam. This is strictly true, but we neglected to say that the steam part belongs to our cotemporary, the Muncy *Luminary*, and so, in justice to our neighbor, we must make another statement. We printed the first five numbers on our own little Press. The process of "striking off" was however attended by such serious annoyances, as the constant danger of injuring our delicate type by an imperfect Press, and the bother of keeping an ink roller in order, that we have gladly availed ourselves of the superior facilities of our accommodating neighbor. Mr. Painter does the work for us very reasonably, and very much better than we can do it. The last number, however, is too pale. It was struck off on one of those terribly cold days in February, when it was almost impossible to make the rollers take the ink. Next winter the new Press-room of the *Luminary* is to be heated with steam. Painter runs three Presses by steam. The *NOW AND THEN* is printed on a Hoe's No. 3 large Cylinder Job Press.

We printed the first number on a little 6 by 9 inch Lowe's Patent Portable Printing Press. We could print but one page by a single impression, and had therefore to make four separate impressions for each and every copy we printed. This made more work than we fancied, notwithstanding the pleasure found in our new occupation, so we exchanged the little Press for one of the same pattern large enough to print one side of the paper, or two pages, at one impression, and in this way we ourselves printed, the four additional numbers. Last autumn, when we concluded to recommence our publication, we purchased another four of type, so that we could set up the four pages, and we now therefore make a complete copy at a single impression. If this number were printed on our little 6 by 9 Press we would have to make 8,000 impressions, whereas but 2,000 are now necessary. We still do our own type setting, or, to use the technical term of the craft, *composing*. Having had no practise at composition, we have to make up for this by patience and application.

Proof-reading and correcting is now the only vexatious part of our work. To go carefully over our proof sheets, and then to have the paper come out marred by typographical blemishes, is certainly provoking. One short paragraph in the last number, for instance, is disfigured by three errors. For and we have one, and twice the word pumpkin is spelled pumkin. We dare not boast of being an orthographist, but we at least knew how to spell these two words. To be an expert proof-reader one should not only have a practical acquaintance with typography, and the whole contents of Webster's Unabridged in his head, but he should have an eye as keen and quick as an eagle. Even well-practiced and accomplished proof-readers, as we see by our best periodicals, not unseldom overlook typographical errors.

We continue to receive cheering letters and remittances. The interest thus exhibited incites us to labor on in the agreeable work that we have undertaken. Our design is not merely to preserve a few of the fragments of our local history, nearly all of which would perhaps otherwise be lost, but we hope also to do our share to encourage good feelings, right thinking, and general progress. Our well wishing patrons can do us good service by handing the extra copies occasionally sent to them, to persons not on our subscription list. New subscribers can have the back papers beginning with number 9, if they wish them. Price, 6 cents per copy. Subscriptions of 50 cents, or more, or less, thankfully received, and the paper sent regularly every—now and then.

## Advertisements.

A limited number inserted. Eight cents a line, each insertion. Parties unknown to us must send the cash

### JOHN H. ROOKER.

Merchant Tailor, and Dealer in Ready-made Clothing, Gent's Furnishing Goods, and Hats & Caps. Muncy, Pa.

### CHARLES MOZLEY.

Dealer in Staple Provisions, the choicest Groceries, the best of Crackers, the finest of Dried Fruits, and in Glassware, Queensware, Willow Goods, and Sporting Goods. Also Agent for the Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine. Muncy, Pa.

### TALLMAN & McCARTY.

Dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Zephyrs, Germantown Wool, etc. Muncy, Pa.

### DE HASS & BROTHER.

Carriage Builders. First-Class Work. Repairing promptly attended to. Near the new School House, Muncy, Pa.

### HOMESTEADS, RAILROAD LANDS,

and other lands, in Minnesota and Iowa, for sale. Address B. S. LANGDON, Worthington, Nobles Co., Minn.

### KEYSTONE PAINT COMPANY.

Manufacturers of Raven Drop Black, Keystone Black Filler, and Keystone Black. Send for Price-List. Address, R. E. GRAY, Superintendent, Muncy, Pa.

### Insure in the Travellers, of Hartford.

AS IT IS not in our power to prevent accidents, the best thing is to prepare for misfortune. THE CHEAPEST way is to get an accident policy, and as a very little money will BUY IT, apply at once to Wm. B. KELLY, Muncy, Pa.

### A GRAND GIFT CONCERT.

At Muncy, Pa., by the Vigilant Fire Co. No. 1, on the 21st day of July, 1875. The object is—a STEAM FIRE ENGINE. Tickets ONE DOLLAR each!—and 5,000 tickets. The premiums—112 in number, amounting to \$4,000, and ranging in amount from \$5 to \$1,000—will be paid in CASH, and without discount. Send for circulars giving references, plan of drawing etc. Money can be sent in Reg. Letters at our risk. Address either of the Committee.

J. I. PAINTER, Chairman,  
R. PLUMER OTT,  
CHARLES DEHASS, } Committee.

### Rogers Winters & Rogers.

Proprietors of the Bear Creek Woolen Mills. Dealers in Wool and Woolen Goods, and Manufacturers of Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Flannels, Blankets and Stocking Yarn. P. O. address, Muncy, Pa.

### William Grange & Co.

Staple Queensware, China Fancy Goods, Toys, Fruit Jars. At 319 Market St. & 711 N. Second St., Philadelphia.

### George Gowers & Son.

Manufacturers of Boots and Shoes. Dealers in Leather, Shoe Findings, Notions and Confectionaries. Muncy, Pa.

### The Place to Buy Fancy Goods!

E. D. Cooke's, Muncy, Pa.

### R. M. Green & Bro.,

Muncy, Pa. Dealers in Hardware, Stoves, Furnaces, Oils, Paints, Glass, Ropes, Leather Belting, House Furnishing Goods, Dairy Fixtures, and Manufacturers of Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware.

### Kedzie's Improved Water Filter.

Imbure water entirely free from all foreign matters. Admired by scientific men. Commended by physicians. Thousands in use. Five sizes. Price, \$9. to \$15. Send for circulars. Address, R. A. BUNNELL, Rochester, N. Y.

### All kinds of Pine and Hemlock Lumber.

Also Sawed and Shaved Shingles. Manufactured and sold by H. NOBLE & Co., Muncy, Pa.

### Lycoming Fire Insurance Company.

In successful operation over 33 years. Has paid over \$500,000 for Losses. But 32 Assessments charged to the Premium Notes since its organization. Amount of property at present insured about \$47,000,000. Risks so rated that each class of property insured supports its own loss. Insures in Town and Country. Claims promptly adjusted. Economical in expenses. Office in Muncy, Lycoming Co., Pa.

# NOW AND THEN.

A Journal Devoted to the Topics of the Times.

VOL. 1.

MUNCY, PA. SEPTEMBER, 1876.

No. 14.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF MUNCY—NO. 9.

Among the local representative young men of the recent past, was the late lamented Col. John M. B. Petrikin. He was a rising man in his profession, and though an ardent political partizan had none of that acrimony in his nature which political antagonisms so frequently produce. His public and professional career auspiciously begun, and to the profound regret of all prematurely closed, at a time when party politics were at their intensest heat; but they were not allowed to interfere with his personal relations, or personal friendships; and indeed it is a fact that his most intimate personal friends and associates were those who differed with him on political subjects. Geniality, equanimity, and unfailing suavity were predominant elements of his character. His public addresses, his political harangues and discussions, abounded in the most genial humor, and the most pleasant and frequently refuted repartee. His unanswered reply to Rev. Mr. Waller during the exciting adjudication of difficulties between Gen. Wm. Petrikin and the Session of his Church, is in point, and to the following effect. Mr. Waller and Col. Petrikin were opposing counsel. Mr. Waller remarked in the course of the examination, in reference to some matters in dispute, that "it was not the practice in courts of justice." The Col. very significantly replied that he did "not consider this a court of justice." The Session either did not comprehend the insinuation, or submitted to this exhibition of contumacy with equanimity.

Many will remember how near the author of these recollections came to being pitched out of a window for the hazardous part he took in one of the Col's jokes. During the Fremont and Buchanan campaign, a Democratic meeting was held at Berger's station. The speakers were Col. Petrikin and Dr. Rothrock. Upon an invitation from the Col. the String Band, consisting of Gerner, Lloyd, Bear, Langdon, Walton and Fahnestock, accompanied the speakers. The wagon containing speakers and band was drawn by four prancing—mules. On the way to the meeting the following joke was concocted. One of the party [nearly all Republicans] was to rise at a certain point agreed upon and deny the allegations of the speaker, and demand the proof. But the objector had scarcely ended his demand when vociferous shouts were heard from the muscular democracy of Berger's Station in all parts of the house, "put him out," "down with the woolly-head," etc. Before however these threats could be put into execution the Col. had succeeded in so far tranquilizing the audience as to allow him to answer the gentleman, stating that he was delighted to have an opportunity once for all of answering these blatant republicans on this subject; and then began such an unfolding of vast books, papers and documents generally, as no political meeting before, or since, has witnessed. His opponent was vanquished—annihilated; and shouts of exultation went up from all parts of that crowded chamber. The joke had been skillfully planned, and the execution was worthy of Drury Lane.

In authorship but two names occur; the late Joshua Bowman Esq., Secretary of the Lycoming Fire Insurance

Company, on "Instructions to Agents," and Jacob A. Hazen, author of "Five Years Before the Mast." The arrival of the first copies of the later book was made the occasion of a congratulatory talk, smoke, and drink at Esq. George Boal's office, then in the room now occupied by that enterprising countryman of Garibaldi's, V. Verga. Speeches were made by Boal, Hawley, Petrikin, Langdon, Levan, C. B. Shoemaker, Parker, Col. Bruner, Cooke and others. The book was favorably noticed by the reviewers, and soon ran through several editions, though it was very severely criticised by some of the official pimps in the U. S. Navy whose shortcomings it exposed. Hazen was afterwards solicited to prepare a work on "Sea Disasters," but the pecuniary inducements he thought insufficient, and turned his attention to political writing during the Native American campaign.

About the time of which we are speaking the greatest Fourth of July we ever had in Muncy took place. The idea originated with Maj. Isaac Bruner Jr., then at the head of the military of the County. He soon upon the disclosure of his plans enlisted the cooperation of the citizens of the place, and a grand Military and Civic Celebration was in embryo. The *Luminary* for two or three months previously to this great occasion had weekly articles bearing upon this subject, and so impressed became the whole country for a hundred miles round that no other celebration was thought of. It was a grand success. The events are too recent to require reproduction here. It will be remembered however that the thing was so much "bigger" than we had anticipated, that it got by 2 o'clock P. M. July Fourth altogether beyond our control. It was too cumbersome to be easily manipulated, and came near going to pieces on our hands. The booming of Brewer's Battery, and other unearthly sounds, made the night of the third and the morning of the Fourth hideous. It was nearly three o'clock before Col. Dodge could find his horse, and the procession nearly melted in the street while waiting. Dr. Thomas Wood was President of the day, and Hon. Wm. Cox Ellis Orator. The audience was so vast that to make himself heard in calling the celebration to order he struck the handle of his fine massive ebony cane so hard upon the speakers desk that half of it flew about fifty feet into the audience, passed over the heads of a cavalry company and lodged in the bonnet of Miss Youmans of Danville. For all of this humbugery Maj. Bruner was responsible. He got us to write spread eagle notices about the "Grand Military and Civic Celebration," and assisted in getting up a pyrotechnic hand bill. The Hotel keepers were to give \$5 each [a large amount at that time] towards paying expenses. He had all the old, middle aged, and young men half crazy for nearly two months. And after the bubble collapsed he with the most imperturbable coolness asked us to laugh with him. Muncy we believe has had no Fourth of July celebration since,—the business was spoiled.

TEMPUS.

We shall print an extra quantity of this number of the *NOW AND THEN* expressly to give away, for the benefit of the proposed [see our fourth page] Brady Monument. Our patrons will please call for the extras at the Bank.

## Now and Then.

PUBLISHED EVERY—ONCE IN A WHILE.

J. M. M. GERNERD, EDITOR.

### Wit and Mirthfulness.

Wit is such a pleasing association of ideas, or circumstances, as to excite absurd conceptions, and produce agreeable surprise. Mirthfulness is that faculty which perceives and delights in grotesque contrasts, and the exercise of which is said to make folks "laugh and grow fat." What would society be if mind were not endowed with this fun-loving attribute! There would be no laughing, no jesting, no mirthful sallies; there would be little sprightliness in conversation; no one could appreciate a witticism, a pun, a repartee, or a humorous anecdote; and even satire and ridicule would lose their sharpest stings. Man would never smile. What a sober, stern, stolid being he then would be. But, happily, mind is endowed with this faculty. Its function in moral and intellectual development, as well as its use in the maintenance of physical health, the Creator himself has regarded as of the highest importance. So let us all laugh, even though we do not all grow fat. Assuming this to be the correct definition of wit, and the natural design of mirthfulness, we hope to afford our readers some amusement by furnishing a few original illustrations. There may be many kinds of wit—as true wit, mixed wit, refined wit, coarse wit, and false wit—but we can not attempt a classification. We present examples simply as they occur to us.

Wit, then, is such a contrast of ideas, as at once affords us pleasure and surprise. A school-day reminiscence of this kind was a remark made in the Old Central School House, by poor John Harp, the unfortunate son of our venerable Godfrey Harp. When the "gold fever" carried away so many of our young men, John started with a party of adventurers for California, but fell a victim to a more fatal fever, and was buried on the great plains when almost in sight of the Rocky Mountains. John was a favorite at school. He had a lively perception of the ludicrous, and delighted to provoke others to laughter. Our well remembered teacher, old Esquire Samuel Shoemaker, was often annoyed by John's propensity to make fun, though no one loved a joke better than the Esquire. We well remember how one day the Esquire in his peculiar fashion looked savagely over his spectacles at John, and cried out, "John, you blockhead, if you don't stop that I'll jerk you out of your boots." But the reader can hardly imagine the ludicrous expression of John, as he defiantly replied—for the effect of an incongruous idea often depends largely on the person that surprises us—"I have on my shoes."

The merest trifle sometimes gives rise to the heartiest merriment. A good illustration of this is a little episode in the life of Dr. B. S. Langdon. The Dr. was making one of his charming little impromptu addresses at a Harvest Home gathering on Hall's Island. His audience was perhaps as eager to catch every word that fell from his lips, as any assemblage was ever earnest to catch the words that fell from the lips of Demosthenes. He began to recite a poem with which he was entirely familiar, yet by some strange freak of mind that will sometimes occur, he was not able to repeat a single line. The poem had vanished from his memory. He paused a moment, but could not recover it. Seeing some of his listeners smile, he now somewhat embarrassed orator exclaimed, "Well, it is good anyhow." The unexpected remark fell on the audience like a torch into a powder magazine.

A great source of pleasure to parents in their children

is, the amusing contrasts which they so often make. Every reader might furnish examples like the following. When the accomplished wife of a certain western editor—she was born near Muncy, and many of our readers can guess her name—was a little girl, it happened one day that the cat fell into the batter-crook. This was regarded as a great calamity to the batter, and it was resolved that there should be no buckwheat cakes that day. The young lady thought otherwise. "It was Puss that suffered, and the batter must be saved. "Why no," said she, "the cat did not stick to the batter, only some of the batter stuck to the cat."

Men in unpleasant circumstances often take comfort in making ludicrous contrasts. In the spring of 1864, Col. H. J. B. Cummings—a former Muncy boy, and a worthy descendant of Gen. Brodhead of Revolutionary fame—was stationed with his Regt., (the 39th Iowa) at Cullioka, Tenn., to guard the rail road. Forrest with a large body of cavalry threatened to cut the road and prevent the supply of our troops around, and south of, Pulaski. Cummings was ordered to throw up earth works forthwith, to protect the high trestle at Cullioka. To save his men from the labor of fortifying, he sent mounted men to the planters' houses within a distance of five miles, with orders that all their able bodied negroes should report to him at daylight the next morning "armed" with pick and shovel. To hinder the preparations for defence the planters ran their negroes off, and not one reported for work. Exasperated at such conduct the Col. sent out men and brought in every planter—men who had perhaps never done a day's work—and set them to work in the trenches, fed them army rations, and placed over them sentinels with fixed bayonets to compel them to be diligent. Standing behind a corner of the work the Col. heard several philosophizing on the situation, when one of them made the following absurd contrast,—"I voted myself out of the Union in one day, but it takes two days d—d hard shoveling to get back again."

Wit does not always excite merriment, nor proceed from a love of fun. Men often try to sting, as well as try to tickle. Robert Rogers, the late popular proprietor of the Muncy and Hills Grove Stage, engaged to take a certain minister to a village in Bradford County. At Dushore they stopped at an inn for dinner. The landlord fancied, and desired to purchase, one of Robert's horses. Robert said the beast was nineteen years old, and would not suit his host. The landlord doubted Robert, and offered 150 dollars. He would risk his own eyes. Robert was still unwilling to sell, and the landlord offered 175 dollars. The owner now thought the offer too good to refuse it, but just as the bargain was being closed, the minister interfered and prevented it. He alarmed the landlord, and reproached Robert for being so unreasonable. Robert felt provoked at what he regarded as unreasonable meddlesomeness, but just then refrained from speaking his mind. He highly valued his old horse, yet regretted to lose so good a bargain. The party continued their journey. During the afternoon the minister admonished Robert of the danger he was in, and urged him to lead a better life. Getting warm with his exhortation he exclaimed, "Robert, you are on the road to hell." Robert could stand it no longer. He instantly began to back his team. "What does this mean?" cried his passenger. "See here," said Robert, dropping the reins, "I hired to take you to Bradford County, but if we are on the road to hell you can go alone, because I don't want to go there."

It is by exposing the faults and embarrassments to which human nature is liable, that a wit causes us to laugh; and a true wit often exposes even himself. Such a wit and humorist, as well as a man of superior sense and knowledge, was our late Hon. John M. B. Pettkin. The amusing in-

cidents mentioned by Tempus. in the 8th and 9th numbers of his "Recollections of Muncy," clearly exhibit this trait of Petrikia's character. Neither friend nor foe, nor even self, escaped his witicism. Yet so irresistible was his humor that he seldom gave offense. An active and ardent politician, yet his strongest political opponents were among his most devoted friends. He seldom lost an opportunity to divert himself, and amuse others, with absurd conceptions, and he seemed to possess an inexhaustable fund of ridiculous recollections. Such was his singular forte in exposing human nature, that he could provoke excessive merriment in relating even a simple occurrence like this: a client of his complained of a difficulty with a burly backwoodsman. In the heat of the altercation the backwoodsman called the complainant a liar. "What did you say when he called you a liar?" asked Petrikia, always on the alert for something ridiculous. "Why," replied the unsuspecting client, "I never let on that I heard him."

## Literary and Historic.

D. J. Stewart's beautiful large atlas-forming sketch-book, entitled "History of Lycoming County," is not cordially received as a history. A new edition, revised and corrected by some competent person intimately acquainted with our history, would however, it must be conceded, be historically valuable. It contains a large amount of interesting matter,—and a multitude of errors.

"Five Years Before the Mast,"—by our former townsman, Jacob A. Hazen, now the General Agent of the Lycoming Fire Insurance Co.,—is quite a popular book. After passing through ten editions in Philadelphia, it went into the hands of Leavitt & Allen Bros., of New York, and the total number of editions is now swelled to fifteen. There is such a lifelike interest in this agreeable narrative of experience at sea, and its descriptions bring what the writer saw so vividly to the reader's eye, that we need not wonder at its popularity.

The Lycoming Fire Insurance Company was incorporated in 1840. Of the fourteen original incorporators—and they were also the first directors by the Act of Incorporation—Edward Lyon and John J. Crouse are the only survivors. The fallen are Jacob Haines, Benjamin Jones, Robert Wilson, Gershom Biddle, Peter Shoemaker, Samuel Rodgers, James Rankin, Joshua Bowman, William A. Petrikia, Cowden S. Wallis, Jacob Davidson, and Jacob Post. To Samuel Rodgers is accorded the honor of first suggesting the organization of the Company. Little did he dream that the amount of insurance would in a few years reach the enormous sum of sixty five million dollars.

James Kiteley, a well remembered member of the society of Friends, came to our valley from York County, about the year 1790. We were lately permitted to examine a MSS volume of "Copies of Letters," written and copied by him between the years 1789 and 1816. They are on religious topics, full of benevolent concern for those addressed, and written in a small, neat and uniform hand, but contain few items of historic interest. We hope sometime to give a more particular account of Father Kiteley. Several interesting journals written by him are said to exist in Canada, and some of his descendants here have kindly proffered to try to obtain them for us.

Robert Hawley, the poet, began his career of life on the street corners of Muncy. He was born on the south east corner of Main and High Streets. After many differentiations he opened a law office on the north east corner. Here he fell still deeper into love with the muses, whom he had already courted, and many charming waifs still exist to testi-

fy to his ever increasing poetical heterogeneity. By and by he differentiated into love with a fairy of flesh and blood who lived on the south west corner, and—after sending many ditties from corner to corner, and finding himself at last fairly cornered—~~at~~ then, and there, on the south west corner, evolved into matrimony. He also afterwards resided for several years on the latter corner.

Some months ago friend Meginness of the *Gazette and Bulletin* referred to some impromptu lines on "Les Miserables," written by Robert Hawley Esq., but could not recall them. It affords us pleasure to say that we once took occasion to make a note of them, and we now gladly take them from an old portfolio to gratify the many friends of the author:

Seek'st thou that to profit and to please?  
Go, straightway read "Les Miserables"—  
Poet, Philosopher—protase or Salut—  
Histori—chronicling the old complaint  
Of woman's hate, and man's ingratitude,  
And mischance's seeming triumph over Good:  
Find there the losing of each evil thrall,  
And the true faith of "God the Lord of All!"

A sermon of great historical interest, as well as literary merit, preached by the Rev. Thomas K. Beeber, son of our late respected townsman Teter D. Beeber, appeared in April (1875) in the *The Georgetown Advocate*. It was the last sermon in the Old South Church at Georgetown, Mass., and was preached just before the present costly edifice of the society was dedicated. The first sermon in the Old House was preached one hundred and five years before by that celebrated divine, George Whitfield. The discourse of friend Beeber is not only full of interest, but it contains some things that make one smile. For instance, we are told that upwards of fifty years ago a part of the congregation proposed to make the singing more effective by purchasing a bass-viol, a bassoon, and a clarinet, but the motion passed in the negative, though "afterwards the parties compromised on the purchase of a bass-viol." In 1822 the first stove was introduced. "For a long while there was no source of warmth save the fire in the ministers sermons—the fire element was not wanting there—and the foot-stoves of the people." For many years it was the custom for the whole congregation to wait in their pews, after service, "until the minister and his family had passed down the centre aisle."

Verily, of making many books there is no end, and why may not Muncy furnish its quota? Since Jacob A. Hazen published his interesting narrative of "Five Years Before the Mast," we have, however, had a long era without the production of a new book, unless we may claim that Mrs. Anna Holstein still belonged to Muncy when she wrote her impressive story of "Three Years in Field Hospitals of the Army of the Potomac." But, at last, a new book has appeared. It is quite small—three and a half inches wide, strong five and a quarter inches in length, and fifty six pages thick,—but, the author has condensed into the smallest space (as he says he tried to do) the most necessary information relating to the proper care of infants. Value does not depend merely on length, breadth, height and circumference. A few little corner bits in Muncy are worth more to day than our Bald Eagle mountain. Dr. George G. Wood's little book on "The Management of Infants and Young Children" is a valuable book. If all parents would follow its suggestions in regard to Hygiene the M.D.'s would loose a great deal, but the little folks would gain by it tremendously.

When "Uncle John" McCarty was a boy—seventy years ago—wild animals in this region were still wondrously numerous. Game often approached to the cabin doors. Uncle John one recent afternoon, at the spot where he was born, and where he has now lived for eighty two years, related to us many of his boy-day recollections. Pointing to a spot a few feet from where we sat, he remarked, "I remember seeing my father stand there and shoot a deer that stood out there in the road. The deer run up to where Dan Clapp now lives and there fell dead." The wolves were almost nightly serenaders. "It beat all," said Uncle John, "what a noise an old she wolf with a parcel of cubs could make." Sometimes a bear would venture to crawl into a sty and kill a hog. But such visitors seldom got far away from the little embryo village. The Waltons' and McCarty's—of whom there were then five or six families—"had dogs enough," said Uncle John, "to eat a bear right up." Jacob Hill, the grandfather of David Hill, then resided on the farm now occupied by David, and was a great admirer of these hounds and mastiffs. "I believe," said he on one occasion, "if der Devil was to kum down there among der Waltons unt McCarty's als he nefer gets away."

## The Brady Monument.

In the *Luminary* of December last appeared the names of 100 citizens who gave \$1. each for the erection of a monument to the memory of Captain John Brady, and a proposition to raise \$5,000 by \$1. subscriptions. Soon appeared the names of the second company of contributors, with a few of the very patriotic letters that accompanied the subscriptions. The proposition was so favorably regarded, that we soon had the pleasure of publishing still another hundred. The flow of subscriptions and letters continued, and in a few weeks later followed the roll of the fourth company. Then stepped forward into line Co. "E," then Co. "F," and lastly Co. "G," and thus, in a few months, the handsome sum of \$700 was contributed. Considering our feeble effort,—other duties have not allowed us to devote much time to this undertaking,—and the very depressing financial troubles that have swept over the country, the growth of this fund has been truly gratifying, if not remarkable. The question of a monument is, therefore, already settled. The "West Branch Hero" who has been sleeping since April 11th 1779 without even a tombstone, is at last to receive a mark of gratitude that will reflect credit also on the generation that raises it. The money already contributed, and now drawing interest, will erect a neat and enduring monument. But, much more has been promised! As it has however been proposed to raise the fund by \$1 subscriptions, all shall first therefore have an opportunity to manifest their respect for the memory of the brave pioneer. The Brady Monumental Association, now consisting of nearly eight hundred members, we hope is yet destined to have a membership of five thousand. We were about to call a meeting of the members for the purpose of organization, but were urged to defer this until politics and the centennial no longer preoccupy the mind of the people. In the mean time, then, we will continue to receive subscriptions. We will be glad to forward circulars, and copies of the *Muncy Luminary* containing the rolls of the contributors, letters, etc., to any one desiring the same. Send one dollar and be enrolled a member of the Association.

## Business Notes.

We saw the pigeons, advertised by Charles B. Bast. They are indeed "fine birds."

Mozley keeps a "What-Not" store. What does he not keep? One more splice and his room will reach the alley.

Tallman & McCarty are active and obliging business men, and keep their store room well filled. This is the secret of their having so good a trade.

B. F. Shoemaker has enterprise. He advertises briskly in the *Luminary*—conspicuously on our Street Sprinkler—and now has a card in the *NOW AND THEN*. Flem deserves to be well patronized.

Charles DeHass commenced Carriage Making in 1861. In 1867 he formed the copartnership with his brother John. Theirs is the oldest of the three Carriage Manufactories now in our town. They have advertised themselves well, by doing their work well.

The Rogers Bros have lately made important improvements in their Factory on Bear Creek, and are now better than ever prepared for business. They represent the fourth generation of the Rogers family in the Wool business in America.

Preston Gowers is making his Business College a success. He has employed his first vacation in enlarging and improving his rooms, to accommodate a larger attendance of students the next session. A new feature of his College, is a regularly furnished Banking Room.

B. M. Green & Bro. are doing, and have all the facilities for doing, an extensive business in the Hardware line. Their first floor runs back nearly the length of their lot, and they have a rail road to transport goods back and forth. Why not also have a little locomotive?

John H. Rooker commenced business in 1844, with a capital of—*fifty cents*. Jacob Cook said he "would starve to death," but his fine stock of goods and store building, comfortable residence and tenant houses, show that health and temperance, industry and economy, are also capital. He keeps everything men and boys wear, excepting boots and shoes.

H. Noble & Co. commenced the Lumber and Mercantile business in 1859. The firm was composed of H. Noble, W. B. Green, and H. V. Peterman. After the decease of H. Noble, [in 1867,] the business was continued [for his heirs] under the old name, by E. R. Noble and H. V. Peterman. In April 1875 E. R. N. and H. V. P. assumed the entire interest, and changed the title to Noble & Peterman. They are enterprising young men, and have a large stock, and a good trade.

## To Patrons and Friends.

We must apologize to all who have paid for the *NOW AND THEN* in advance. Spare hours that we would gladly have devoted to type-setting, we found it necessary to spend in outdoor recreations. We trust that our subscribers will continue to be indulgent. We still hope to publish numbers enough to make a clever-sized book, and are therefore gratified to know that many of our readers have carefully preserved their copies.

We can still furnish copies of numbers 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14. Price 5 cents per copy. To subscribers needing any of these numbers to complete their sets, we will furnish them gratis. If any at any time fail to receive their papers, we hope that they will promptly notify us. The paper is so small that it is quite liable to get lost, or mislaid, or missent, or overlooked. If a *NOW AND THEN* should by accident drop on the floor of a Post Office, where there is a little knot-hole, or a slight crack, there would be imminent danger of its disappearing. We hope the mail Agents on the rail roads are very careful. A strong gust of wind might carry off nearly our whole edition.

The list of the donations made to our museum during the last eighteen months has grown so long, that there is not room enough in this little paper to make due acknowledgments. We must be content, therefore, to return thanks to all who have taken so much interest in our collections. We are about arranging them in a proper manner for exhibition, and shall be pleased to have all who take pleasure in such objects call and examine them.

## Advertisements.

A limited number inserted. Eight cents a line, each insertion. Parties unknown to us must send the cash.

### B. F. SHOEMAKER,

Muncy, has No. 1 Tea, and the best of all kinds of Groceries.

### JOHN H. ROOKER.

Merchant Tailor, and Dealer in Ready-made Clothing, Gent's Furnishing Goods, and Hats & Caps. Muncy, Pa.

### CHARLES MOZLEY.

Dealer in Staple Provisions, the choicest Groceries, the best of Crackers, the finest of Dried Fruits, and in Glassware, Queensware, Willow Goods, and Sporting Goods. Also Agent for the Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine. Muncy, Pa.

### TALLMAN & McCARTY.

Dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Zephyrs, Germantown Wool, etc. Muncy, Pa.

### DEHASS & BROTHER.

Carriage Builders. First-Class Work. Repairing promptly attended to. Near the new School House, Muncy, Pa.

### ROGERS & BROTHER.

Proprietors of the Bear Creek Woolen Mills. Dealers in Wool and Woolen Goods, and Manufacturers of Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Flannels, Blankets and Stocking Yarn. P. O. address, Muncy, Pa.

### GEORGE GOWERS & SON

Manufacturers of Boots and Shoes. Dealers in Leather, Shoe Findings, Notions and Confectionaries. Muncy, Pa.

### B. M. GREEN & BRO.

Muncy, Pa. Dealers in Hardware, Stoves, Furnaces, Oils, Paints, Glass, Ropes, Leather Belting, House Furnishing Goods, Dairy Fixtures, and Manufacturers of Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware.

### ALL KINDS OF PINE AND HEMLOCK

Lumber. Also Sawn and Shaved Shingles. Manufactured and sold by NOBLE & PETERMAN, Muncy, Pa.

### FANCY PIGEONS.

English and Antwerp Carriers. Red Saddle Fantails, with 24 and 28 feathers. Pouters, Black and Dun High-flyers, etc. Prices, from \$5. to \$10. the pair. All fine birds. Address, CHAS. B. BAST, Kutztown, Pa.

### GOWERS' BUSINESS COLLEGE,

Muncy, Pa. Opens Sep. 18th, 1876. Thorough Instruction. Full Course Scholarship, including Blanks, Text Books, etc., \$50. Send for Circular. PRESTON GOWERS, Principal.

### LYCOMING FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

In successful operation over 35 years. Has paid over \$5,000,000 for Losses. But 34 Assessments charged to the Premium Notes since its organization. Amount of property at present insured about \$65,000,000. Risks so rated that each class of property insured supports its own loss. Insures in Town and Country. Claims promptly adjusted. Economical in expenses. Office in Muncy, Lycoming Co., Pa.

# NOW AND THEN.

*A Journal Devoted to the Topics of the Times.*

VOL. 1.

MUNCY, PA. JUNE, 1877.

No. 15.

## The Glade Run Lead Mine.

BY THE EDITOR.

Sometime before the year 1770, three Indians of the Cornplanter tribe, an old man and his two boys, spent some time in our lovely valley on a visiting and hunting excursion. The exact date of the visit is not known, but it was probably several years before the first white man's habitation had been reared west of the Muncy Hills. The only settler's cabin, as one of the boys many years afterwards remarked, was quite a distance south of the hills. Indians in their way appreciate a beautiful country as well as the race that supplanted them, and it is not at all strange that these red faced visitors were delighted with the magnificent scenery which daily affords the present occupants so much delight. The aspect is not now exactly the same, it is true, as a thousand objects now grace the scene that did not then exist, but to the wilder nature of the untutored Indian the silent and unbroken forest doubtless made our valley not less inviting. It was then in some respects the same beautiful valley, encircled by the same romantic hills, watered by the same limpid streams and the noble Susquehanna, and overlooked by the same grand old North Mountains, the Bald Eagle and the Alleghanies. These indian visitors may have viewed the country from some of the identical elevations now frequented by our lovers of the beautiful, as the pleasing impressions made by the charming scene was never by them forgotten.

One of these boys was so pleased with this portion of the beautiful vale of the Otzinchachon, that the recollections of it led him to make it a number of visits when he was far advanced in life. He had then for many years been one of the chiefs of his tribe. There are persons still with us who remember his dignified bearing, and his fine physical proportions, though his name we regret to say seems to have been forgotten. He always made his visits when nature was arrayed in her autumnal tints, and his last visitations occurred during the second decade of this century. He had formed the acquaintance of a few families, to whom he became strongly attached, and always divided his time between them during these incursions, sometimes remaining more than a month in the neighborhood. The only families now remembered were the Scotts on the Loyalsock, the Davises, who then lived at the mouth of Toole's run, on one of the "Muncy Farms," and the family of John Stauffer, who resided several miles northwest of Muncy.

Our respected friend Dr. Joseph Stauffer, now a citizen of McEwinsville, was a lad fourteen years old when the Cornplanter chief was last a guest at his father's house. He says the old Indian was always a welcome visitor, as he was a man of considerable intelligence, of strictly temperate habits, as well as sociable and agreeable in his manners. He had been taught to read (an accomplishment he probably owed to the Society of Friends, who had at a very early day established a school among the Cornplanters,) and delighted to converse on the leading topics of the day. The Doctor accompanied him on several hunting excursions, and says he remembers nothing more distinctly than his noiseless and cat-like tread when in the pursuit of game in the forest. He seemed to know

intuitively where game lurked, and never returned without venison. Often he would go off on a hunt by himself. On these solitary rambles he would take the Doctor's rifle, as it was much lighter and neater than his own.

The Davis brothers, six in number, were all large and finely built men, several of them measuring considerably more than six feet in height, and only one of them a little less. The Doctor says one of the most impressive scenes to him in that era was the sight of these stout men and the noble old chief standing in Davis's yard and stepping forward one by one to have their measures taken. The chief outstripped the tallest of them by two inches, reaching just six feet and six inches, and the self-satisfied expression of his eye showed that he was not a little proud of his superior stature. He was truly a "big Indian." He was still strong and erect, his step firm and his nerves steady, yet it was evident that age was beginning to lay a heavy weight on his manly frame. On this last visit he complained that these long journeys over the mountains began to tax his limbs very seriously, and with undisguised regret he remarked that he would likely never again visit the valley and the people he loved so much.

One of the many conversations of the Doctor's father with the Cornplanter chief is still in part remembered. It related to the mythical lead mine located somewhere on the Glade Run in the neighborhood of Muncy. The early inhabitants were led by the Indians to believe in the existence of a valuable mine, and in later years the discovery of small quantities of lead (occasionally a lump of more than a pound in weight) in the limestone quarry several miles northeast of the town greatly strengthened the tradition. The occurrence of galenite in this quarry is not, however, of such great significance. Traces of the mineral are found in many sections of the State, as well as throughout New York and New England and with far more encouraging indications. Such extensive deposits of the ore exist in Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, and other states, and is obtained with such remarkable facility, that a vein of surpassing richness must be unearthed here to make the mine of much value. In Wisconsin and Illinois alone the lead deposit embraces an area of nearly three thousand square miles, a territory of nearly three times as large as the whole of Lycoming county. Lead is now also obtained with so little cost in the reduction of silver ore, with which it is often found associated, in the Rocky Mountain regions, that in a few years its production in other states may no longer be found profitable.

But many of the settlers in our valley in times past were delighted to think that one of its chief attractions was a valuable lead mine. As Meginniss, in briefly alluding to the fact in his valuable history of the West Branch valley, says, "The confidence reposed in its existence was so strong, that considerable time and expense was incurred in efforts to find it." But it has never been found. Many strange stories were circulated, and various persons have at times been supposed to possess the valuable secret. The Indians very well understood the acquisitiveness of the white man. They continued to visit the valley occasionally after the war and, when interrogated, were quite ready to say that deposits of the coveted mineral existed close at hand. But they would never divulge where the deposits were. Was this stubborn silence maintained in revenge for the loss and despoilation of their magnificent hunting grounds?

The Cornplanter chief declared it to be his conviction that the Indians possessed no such knowledge. He had never heard any of his race speak of such a deposit, and if such a thing had been known he would probably have heard of it. When the stories then current were related to him he was not a little amused, and unhesitatingly pronounced them unworthy of credence. He believed the true explanation was that some Indians had secreted lead in the vicinity, and that on taking it from its place of concealment they took advantage of the opportunity to impose on the credulity of the settlers. The Indians were certainly not miners.

## Now and Then.

PUBLISHED EVERY—ONCE IN A WHILE.

J. M. M. GERNERD, EDITOR.

### The Pine Barrens.

Samuel Bryan, father of the late Ellis Bryan, of Eagle Mills, settled in Muncy Valley about the beginning of the present century. The first time he visited the valley he rode a handsome black stallion. For this steed he was offered all the land from a short distance beyond Shoemaker's Mills to the hills east of Hughesville, but he contemptuously rejected the proposition. He concluded that the land would never be worth anything for farming, and that it would never produce enough to pay the taxes. This section of our valley was long known as "the pine barrens." There are persons still living who remember how very barren it appeared. The primitive forest had been destroyed by fires, and only a charred stump or tree trunk was here and there left standing. The very soil seems to have been almost annihilated. The surface was whitened with innumerable pebbles and boulders, with here and there a patch of scrub oak waist high. "You could see a deer run for half a mile or more," said Ellis Bryan to us several years ago when describing the scene. Many of our early settlers passed these now valuable lands as utterly worthless to locate on hill or mountain lands far less desirable. When, a decade or so later, Maj. Theophilus Little came into the valley—he made his first visit about the year 1808, but did not bring his family until 1813—he was offered these same barrens for \$1.50 an acre, but he preferred the more sterile though better timbered lands on the summit of the Alleghanies, near Lewis's lake, at \$2.50 an acre. The ancestors of the Edkins', the Taylors', the Rogers', the Huckels', and many others, passed by these lands and regarded them as of little value. To see the large, beautiful, and fertile flat of more than a thousand acres, on the verge of which Hughesville is so pleasantly located, and on which are now some of the finest, cleanest and most productive farms in the valley, one can not help but be astonished that the hills of Penn. Shrewsbury Davidson townships, were preferred by so many of our hardy pioneers. There is quite a moral in this little fragment of our local history. Always look below the surface, and duly consider the surroundings.

### Capt. John Cooke's Journal

Capt. John Cooke—father of our venerable citizen, Jacob Cooke, Esq.,—served in the campaign of 1794 and 1795 under General Wayne. He had studied law at Lancaster, and for many years after his military service acted as a Justice of the Peace at Northumberland. He died at Northumberland, in July 1824, not quite 58 years of age. He kept a journal during his military career under Wayne, and it is fortunate that this journal has been so well preserved by his son, as it is now an interesting and valuable document. We were recently permitted to examine its time-colored pages, and were surprised to find that it is almost a complete history of Wayne's expedition. It is not only very neatly written, but its pages show that the writer was a careful observer and an accurate chronicler. [He served with such credit that, at the close of the campaign, he was offered a commission in the regular army by the Secretary of War, but he preferred private life to wearing shoulder straps when there was no fighting.] The

historian, John B. Linn, Esq., some years ago made a copy of it, and published many extracts in Lossing's "American Historical Record." To give some idea of its contents we copy several short entries, made in September 1794, while Cooke was in camp in Indiana:

"September 17th. Parole and C. sign early reveille. Army marched at 6, thirteen or fourteen miles to the Miami villages. The army halted better than two hours near the ground where a part of Harmer's army was defeated and directly opposite to the point formed by the St. Joseph's and St. Mary's, until the ground was reconnoitred, when it crossed and encamped so late that our tents were not all pitched before dark.

18th. We were ordered to throw up strong breast works; timber being very scarce we were obliged to make them of earth. Four deserters came to camp from the British garrison.

19th. Rained and blowed very hard all night. Men still continued to work at breastworks until about 10, when they were obliged to quit work on account of a very heavy rain. An express arrived from General Barbee informing us of his approach and that he would be at this place to-morrow. Began to build a fish-dam to cross the Miami.

20th. A very stormy night. Frequent and hard claps of thunder. Gen. Barbee arrived with his command and brought provision for the army. Several private stores were brought to camp by this command. Their prices current as follows: Mutton and Beef,  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a dollar; Bacon,  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a dollar; Sugar, Coffee and Chocolate, \$1 per lb.; Butter,  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a dollar; Whiskey, \$8 per gal.; Cheese, \$1 per lb.

September 21st, Sunday. Gen. Todd's brigade of Volunteers started this morning for Greenville. Had under his command and direction all the Quartermasters' and contractors' horses for the purpose of conducting out supplies. Attended Divine service, when a sermon was delivered by Mr. Jones, Chaplain, who chose for his text, 8 Chapter of Romans, 31 v., "But what shall we say to these things, if God is with us who can be against us." This was the first time the army had been called together for the purpose of attending Divine service since I joined it."

### Honor Not Claimed.

Some months ago a correspondent of the Franklin Repository, in referring to the Brady Monument project, credited us with having been first to move in raising the monument to perpetuate the names and deeds of our patriotic soldiers who fell defending the Union. The Watsontown Record, kindly speaking in behalf of the Brady monument, under the same impression said:

"To Mr. Gernernd is due the praise and thanks of the citizens of the Muncy Valley for the beautiful soldiers' monument, (the only one in this part of the State), that graces the beautiful cemetery near that borough," etc.

We neither claim nor deserve the praise so often accorded to us. It would be mean for us to accept it. The honor belongs to our patriotic ladies, and they should receive it. Mrs. Mary Jane Levan first conceived the idea of erecting the handsome monument in our cemetery. To her belongs the honor of inaugurating the first effort to raise a fund for that purpose. She began with a subscription paper, but not meeting with the prompt encouragement she thought the cause deserved, she resolved to raise the first money by an ice cream and strawberry festival. She and Miss Charlotte T. Green visited Picture Rocks and engaged strawberries, and on the 16th day of June, 1865, aided by a score or more of ladies who during the war exhibited the same unflinching patriotism, a festival was held which netted the handsome sum of \$102.96. They found many willing helpers.

The ladies then formed an association, and elected the late Dr. E. H. Russell their Treasurer. The second festival was held by the ladies of the Episcopal Church, and was conducted by Mrs. Dr. Thomas Wood and Mrs. John Poust. That netted \$55.43. The Methodist, the Baptist

and the Presbyterian ladies, each in turn gave a benefit of some kind, which together netted \$145.57. We regret that we have neither the dates, nor names of the workers. Mrs. Susan J. Life and her fair pupils engaged in the cause with great zeal, and gave a musical entertainment which added \$61.09 to the fund. There was also a concert, or festival, which netted \$89, but we cannot recall the names of the ladies who gave it. At the close of the war our "Ladies Aid Society" had a balance of \$96.43 in their treasury, and this surplus was graciously contributed to the monument fund. Thus, by the courage and perseverance of the ladies, and after a great deal of real hard work, the first \$550.48 of the soldiers monument fund was finally raised. And thus, to Mrs. M. J. Levan and her zealous coadjutors, is "due the thanks and praise" of the citizens of the Muncy valley.

Our part may be briefly stated. How to raise a memorial worthy of the fallen heroes was a question in which all were interested. The ladies manifested no disposition to relax in their efforts, but they had already nobly performed their part. Other methods to raise the fund were discussed. We thought the quickest way to secure it was to get up a "Gift Concert," and so we went to work. The affair proved a gratifying success. We sold nearly 10,000 tickets at \$1 each. On the 4th day of April 1867 the committee distributed \$8,000 in Pianos, Organs, Books, Atlases, Sewing Machines, Spy Glasses, Microscopes, Webster's Dictionaries, etc., among the ticket-holders, and, soon after, we added \$2,000 to the monument fund. The "Muncy Soldiers' Monument Association" was then organized. Maj. Thomas Chamberlin was chosen Treasurer. The Masonic Lodge gave \$25. Several persons gave sums varying from \$5 to \$10. The whole fund was placed at interest, and when it amounted to \$3,000, the monument was built and ready for dedication.

## Toads and Tortoises.

The duration of life in many small animals is very great. Mr. Thomas Mendenhall, of Pennsville, in 1852 accidentally cut off a toad's foot with a garden hoe. Year after year the maimed batrachian was seen in the same garden engaged in the useful occupation of destroying insects. Last summer, twenty-four years after the accident which deprived him of a foot, he was still alive and well.

Our venerable friend Rev. Henry Miller, of Waynesboro, Pa., writes us that when he was a boy he cut the initials of his name, and the date of the month and year, on the under-shell of a Land Tortoise. About a half a century afterwards he visited the home of his youth, and was agreeably astonished to find his old acquaintance in the same field in which he had marked and left it. This tortoise may still be living, as authentic instances are known of land tortoises that have lived from one hundred to two hundred years.

Mr. Miller also mentions a curious instance showing that tortoises possess a wonderful instinct. Mrs. Miller one day found one in her strawberry patch, and suspecting that it was luxuriating on her berries, she tossed it into an adjoining lot. The next day the tortoise was again feasting on her berries. She then put the creature exhibiting such a delicate taste into a basket and carried it across a public road, through a barn yard, beyond a creek, and placed it on an adjoining farm. The very next day she was surprised to find the pest again at her strawberries.

## Historical Notes.

John B. Linn, Esq., amid the multifarious duties of his position of Dep. Sec. of our State, has at last found sufficient leisure to finish his long promised "Annals of Buffalo Valley." The manuscript is now in the printer's hands.

On the southwest wall or wing of the abutment of the aqueduct across the mouth of the Muncy creek there is a large cast iron plate bearing the following inscription: "Muncy c—k. Aqueduct. W F. Packer Superint' B. Faries Engineer. Petrikin & Linsley. Builders. Built 1834"

James Walton (grandfather of Ebenezer Walton) on the 7th day of December, 1791 bought 450 acres and 158 perches of land of John Penn the younger and John Penn the elder, late proprietaries of the province of Pennsylvania, for the consideration of 582 pounds and 6 shillings and 6 pence in specie. This purchase included the tract settled on by John Scudder and surveyor to him in 1776, (on which tract Mr. Walton now resides), and a portion of the tract settled and improved by Captain John Brady.

Three of the leading citizens of this county, to whom the authors of the new "History of Lycoming County," (published by D. J. Stewart) have expressed themselves so greatly indebted for "great and valuable assistance," have expressed to us their disappointment on account of the many defects of the work. We must not hand this book down to the coming generation as a reliable history, unless some one more competent than the strangers who edited it takes the trouble to get out a new and corrected edition.

About the time George Gortner (or Cottner) was killed by the Indians—two weeks after the death of James Brady, August 8th, 1778—a man by the name of Thomas Hunt was also waylaid and shot. Of his death history we believe has made no mention. The affair was often mentioned by the ancestors of Mr. Charles Shoemaker. Hunt was out searching the woods near the creek for some cows when the Indians fired at him. The shot took effect in his abdomen. He was buried on the ridge back of where Mr. Joseph Gudykunst's barn now stands, and his resting-place was long marked by a large sandstone boulder. Charles Shoemaker thinks the new road from town to the creek crosses the spot.

The *Milliflburg Telegraph* recently published brief sketches of the fifteen original members of the old "Washington Band," organized at Milliflburg thirty two years ago last October. With one exception, all these members are living. The Teacher of this Band was our respected townsman, Capt. Thomas Lloyd, and no reader of the *Telegraph* was perhaps more interested in these sketches. This was the first Band the Capt. taught. The Capt. by the way has not yet entirely given up music. He recently composed several beautiful pieces of music. He has written church music enough during the last thirty years to make a large book, but he has had the ill luck to loose nearly all his manuscripts.

The well in front of Peterman & Son's Hardware Store is one of the oldest public institutions in our town. Uncle John McCarty says he remembers it as far back, as three quarters of a century. One of his juvenile recollections of this well was an unpleasant occurrence to Polly Abbott, a little acquaintance of his who was then about twelve years old. As she was quietly leaning over the wooden frame that supported the old-fashioned windlass and looking at the reflection of herself on the placid surface of the water below, she suddenly lost her foothold and fell headlong into the well. She was a little bruised, and somewhat frightened, but was instantly taken out, and as Uncle John says, "*She did not mind it much.*" The well we are told is about 21 feet in depth.

## Miscellaneous Matters.

The first number of the **NOW AND THEN** was published just nine years ago. We have in nine years therefore issued just fifteen numbers. If there is a journal in the United States of America that can beat this, we would like to become acquainted with its enterprising Editor.

John Sheridan, son of our townsman Jacob Sheridan, has left Texas to locate for a time in the Buckeye State. He writes that certain Rail Road companies have done some "tall lying" about the Lone-Star State. Friend Jacob says he wants John, before he drives his stakes, to take a look at Florida.

Edward Paxton, three years past a resident of the famous Indian river setion, of East Florida, is now home visiting his father, Mr. B. R. Paxton, of Lairdsville. Friend Edward has made several calls at our sanctum and has given us some idea of the comforts and discomforts of life in that wonderful "land of flowers". The picture he gives is in many respects lovely, but when he brings in the mosquitoes one involuntarily scratches his cuticle. The abundance of game and fish, as well as of the plaguy insects, is truly astonishing. He says he is not much afraid of snakes and alligators, and still less of the over-production of oranges.

D. J. Stewart's "History of Lycoming County," when speaking (pp.3) of the fragments of Indian pottery strewn over every sandy flat along the Susquehanna, says, "*it was seldom glazed.*" Are glazed fragments sometimes found? We have never found, nor seen, nor heard of one specimen of this description. Prof. Rau, the highest authority on this subject, in his Smithsonian publication on Indian Pottery, says, "The aborigines of North America,.....were, as far as we know, unacquainted with the art of glazing!" This is only one of the thousand-and-one minor imperfections of Stewart's history. Perhaps it should be classed with the serious defects,—a few of which were pointed out some months ago in the *Muncy Luminary*,—as it is an important question, to the archaeologist, whether the aborigines understood the art of glazing.

Our aged friend Rev. Henry Miller, (remembered by many in this section as the teacher of a select school at Turbutville thirty years ago) of Waynesboro, Franklin Co., Pa., has recently published an interesting memoir of his deceased daughter Henrietta. Miss Miller was an estimable and accomplished young lady, the comfort and support of her aged parents, and her sudden death (in 1874) cast a gloom over a large circle of admiring friends. Her worth has been acknowledged by many private and public tributes to her memory. Mr. Miller in the brief preface very pertinently says, "To record the early culture of a bright-eyed little girl, and show how she was nurtured in childhood, and how her mind was gradually expanded and matured, as well as the growth of the body, until she became an object of admiration, may serve as examples to those who have the instruction of youth, and prove a greater blessing to society than a recital of the heroic deeds of warriors and statesmen." The price of the memoir is only 60 cents, and we hope that the deserving author may receive many orders for this tribute of his affection.

The contributions to our museum since the last issue of our paper are too numerous to notice in detail. To Francis Hill of Meadow valley, California, we are indebted for a package of gold and silver ore, agates, quartz crystals, etc. To Ellis Haas, of Northumberland county, for a number of arrow heads,—one of which is a remarkably fine *saw-edge* specimen. To Russell Hill, of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, for sev-

eral boxes of minerals, fossils and recent shells. To Dr. B. S. Langdon for a large Indian stone war maul found near Yankton Dacotah. To Mrs. Dr. Thomas Wood for a complete and very delicate skeleton of a humming bird. To Jacob D. Melick for a number of fossils and Indian relics obtained by him during recent visits to Ohio, Illinois and Wisconsin. To Capt. John M. Bowman for a collection of Indian relics consisting of several stone pestles, two gorgets, three grooved axes, a number of polished and unpolished celts, and about 500 arrow heads. We are also under obligations for donations to William H. Riegel, William Kisner, James Heron, William Winner, Hiram Fribley, Mrs. Judson K. Rogers, John Cook (of Bellefonte,) and Prof. Rau, of the Smithsonian Institute.

## Advertisements.

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# NOW AND THEN.

A Journal Devoted to the Topics of the Times.

VOL. 1.

MUNCY, PA. JULY, 1877.

No. 16.

## The Rev. Henry G. Dill and the Lazy Omnibus Horses.

One of the most amusing things brought to mind by the anecdotes in the NOW AND THEN under the head of Wit and Mirthfulness, is the following circumstance related to us by our late and esteemed townsman Fleming W. Edwards. Flem, by the way, had a lively appreciation of wit, and often overflowed with a "dry," yet genial and irresistible humor. Upon meeting him one day, soon after the appearance of our paper, he said to us that he was reminded by the story of Robert Rogers and the Preacher of a laughable incident in which he also figured with a preacher. Some years ago he drove the omnibus running between town and Muncy Station. He had a team of very large, strong, hard mouthed, thick skinned horses, that hardly minded a common whip, so he was obliged to carry a stout hickory stick with which to hurry them up occasionally, when necessary to make the trains. On the occasion of which he was about to speak the roads were very muddy, almost impassable, and the old horses could not be induced to move lively except by the application of the hickory stick. The Rev. Mr. Dill, then pastor of the Methodist Church of Muncy, took a seat in the omnibus. When they got as far as Dr. Montgomery's, on the other side of the river, Flem looked at his watch and found that he was likely to miss the train. He saw no alternative but to use the stick, and so he quietly drew it from its place under the apron in front of his seat and began to apply it freely. "Oh! My dear man," exclaimed Mr. Dill, "that is inhuman. How can you be so cruel as to club your poor beasts in that fashion?" The earnestness of Mr. Dill did not disconcert Flem in the least, and he quietly put away the hickory stick. The horses seemed instantly to comprehend the situation. Flem had no mail to deliver. If Mr. Dill was willing to risk his engagement, that was his own business. Those who were well acquainted with Flem can imagine how perfectly cool he took the matter. The omnibus had not yet reached the crossing near the station when the whistle of the locomotive was heard. Mr. Dill suddenly became very uneasy, and leaning forward he laid his hand on Flem's shoulder and anxiously inquired, "Is that the train?" "Yes, sir, that is the train you want to go on," was the cool but kindly answer. The Reverend gentleman now became excited. He suddenly forgot the pain he felt when he saw the horses beaten, but he remembered the stick, and in a tone still more emphatic he cried out, "Mr. Edwards, please try and make that train. *Get out that stick.*" Flem said that he obeyed without a moment's hesitation, and that the old horses never made better time in the mud than they did that day from the crossing to the Station. Mr. Dill barely succeeded in getting on the train.

## Aunt Doak and John Brown's Barber Pole.

One of the liveliest of our Muncy boys in his day was Benjamin F. Stamm, now a successful and respected business man of Detroit, Michigan. Ben was an apprentice to the tinker trade under the late John Long, who at that time occupied the building in which Henry Whitmire now carries on shoemaking. Directly opposite, on the high bank, now the yard belonging to the residence of Baker Langcake, a rod or two back from the street, stood the little house occupied by Aunt Doak, one of the kindest and most widely esteemed old ladies of that era. One night the mischievous Ben resolved to have some fun at Aunt's expense. He slyly removed John Brown's barber pole and hoisted it alongside of the good old lady's front door. Early in the morning he was at his work bench waiting to see what would turn up on the bank across the way. By and by a stranger who had taken lodging at the lower tavern, came leisurely strolling up the street. He observed the barber pole, and concluding that his face needed scraping, he at once made his way up the steps and boldly stepping

into Aunt's house said that he "wanted to be shaved." Aunt failed to comprehend the unceremonious intrusion, and the stranger's strange request. She fancied herself most unwarrantably insulted. Instantly her countenance fired up with terrific indignation, the meaning of which the stranger did not fail to comprehend. She grasped a broom—how natural!—and in no gentle or subdued tone of voice cried out, "*I'll shave you! Get out of my house you impudent thing.*" and forthwith commenced an assault. The stranger lost no time in getting out of the house and down the steep steps into the street, to the extreme delight of the young tinker on duty across the way. He did not even seem to think it safe to pause long enough to attempt an explanation. As Aunt turned to enter the house she discovered the barber pole, and the truth instantly flashed across her mind. But the stranger had disappeared. Some rascally person she knew had played a trick on her. She complained to her neighbors, some of whom had been attracted by the noise, and expressed great mortification that she had treated the stranger so unceremoniously. When Mr. Stamm was here, last summer, visiting the scenes of his youthful activity, there was no face that he missed more than that of dear old Aunt Doak. He wanted to tell her about the barber pole, and ask her pardon. But Aunt had long ago gone the way of all the earth.

## How B. F. Stamm got Coleman Hall's Apples.

Stamm once assured us that he did not perpetrate one fifth of the mischief that was accredited to him, but he had made a reputation by a few bold exploits and consequently had to bear the blame of nearly everything that happened. One day Mr. Coleman Hall called at the tin shop to have some work done, and took advantage of the opportunity to say that his old German tenant near the orchard was provided with several guns and dogs, and that thereafter his apples would be well guarded. "Any one who can steal my apples now," said he, "will be entirely welcome to them." Ben felt somewhat hurt, as he saw by Mr. Hall's manner that the warning was especially intended for him. He had never taken any of Mr. Hall's apples, so he resolved to retaliate by accepting the challenge. Mr. Hall said that he would "*be entirely welcome*" to the apples if he could get them, so he intended to have some of them. It so happened that the old German soon after also called to have some tinkering done. Ben was alone, and seeing that his opportunity had come, at once formed his plan. After ingratiating himself into the old man's good graces, he ventured to suggest that, if agreeable, he and some of his young friends would come up soon and spend an evening at his house. He knew that the old man was very fond of imbibing something stronger than water, so he hinted that they would bring plenty of "*supplies*" with them and that all he need do was to have his women bake a good lot of apple pies. The suggestion pleased the old man, and the evening for a "good time" was agreed upon. Stamm notified about twenty-five of his companions, gave them instructions, and on the evening appointed they paid their respects to the German family. The evening passed away very pleasantly. The old man was easily persuaded to make free use of the "supplies," and it was not long before he was in a condition wholly unfit to watch apple trees. In due time, according to understanding, about a dozen of the boys started for home. The rest preferred to remain awhile longer, and continued to make themselves very agreeable. The party of the first part after leaving the house made a rapid flank movement for the orchard. Quietly and quickly they shook off and gathered apples sufficient to supply the whole company for more than a fortnight. At the appointed place they sat down to eat apples and wait for the rest of the company. The entire movement was well planned and successfully executed. Mr. Hall came to town a few days afterwards and humbly acknowledged his defeat. "*That rascally young Stamm,*" said he, "*is too much for my Dutchman.*"

### Our First Settlers.

One can hardly imagine the appearance of our romantic valley, and the distress and destitution of its inhabitants, one hundred years ago. Then there were no railroads, no canals, no bridges, no churches, no schools and no villages. An almost unbroken forest still covered the virgin soil. The clearings were so insignificant, and so scattered, that they could hardly have been noticeable from the elevations overlooking the valley. The few public roads were mere "bridle paths." Although Muncy township then embraced an area of probably four hundred square miles, yet it is doubtful whether it contained more than four hundred inhabitants. Nearly all the adult males are probably included in the 143 names appended to a memorial of "the Distressed inhabitants of the County of Northumberland inhabiting the West Branch of the River Susquehanna above Muncy Hill," dated Muncy, June 10th, 1778, and in the 71 names annexed to a "Memorial of the inhabitants of Muncy" dated on the 21st day of June. These important documents may be found in the 3rd vol. of the 2nd series of the Penn'a. Archives. Among the names—many of which appear on both lists—we observe the familiar ones of Barber, Burns, Webster, Hollingsworth, Ellis, Polhamus, Wallis, Robb, Scott, Cortner, Hepburn, Coryell, Hall, Covenhoven, Patton, Hammond, Harris, Lawrenson, Silverthorn, Brady, Craft, Knap, Smith, Hill, Stevenson, Scudder, Armstrong and Watson. These petitions appeal to the "Supream Executive Council of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in Lancaster," for men and ammunition, and the latter represents that "unless Our Honorable Council Does grant us some Assistance wee shall Be obliged to evaquete this frontier, which will be great encouragement to the enemy, and Bee very injurious to our Common Cause." A similar petition, also dated on the 21st day of June, was sent from the other side of the river, from a large territory then known as Bald Eagle township, and among the 47 signers are names now no less common, as Hamilton, Jackson, Fleming, Huff, Corson, Ellis, Macfadden, McMichael and McCornick.

Such petitions were sent from all sections of the exposed frontier. They indicate a destitution and suffering terrible even to contemplate. But it was almost in vain to beg for troops, as the commonwealth had few troops to spare. John Brady signed the Muncy "Memorial" dated June 21st, but perhaps hardly expected to get any help besides ammunition. He with a few other bold spirits had but the preceding summer been ordered by Washington to return to the West Branch, and "use their influence in inducing the people to sustain themselves." All that a few brave but almost unsupported men could do, was done by John Brady, Hawkins Boone, and John and Samuel Dougherty. Brady after the battle of Brandywine at once returned to his farm in the Muncy Manor, and erected his stockade fort. In conjunction with his old headquarters at Fort Augusta, this was the base of his operations until the time of his death. And many did he gallantly save from the tomahawk and scalping knife. Some of the women and children he sent to Fort Augusta, while those in this neighborhood he kindly received at his own fort. He and his son James both lost their lives

in this noble service. James fell within three weeks after he signed the 21st of June memorial.

We cannot in these days of safety and plenty realize the condition of our first settlers. John Scudder—the first settler in the Muncy Manor, having located here some six or seven years before Captain Brady—built his cabin on the high bank near the mouth of the Glade Run. It was here that Mary Scudder, our first native white child, was born. The cabin had no floor but the bare earth, and did not even have the comfort of a window. The bed was supported by four stout rustic posts, each post cut with a fork, and had rather the appearance of an old fashioned cabbage bed. It was well elevated to protect the sleepers from rattlesnakes and copperheads, which were then so common that it is said the hogs fattened on them. Mrs. Scudder in after years used to relate with delight how the people lived when she commenced housekeeping. The floor of her house she said was soon worn "nice and smooth" and when swept "it would fairly shine." She used also to relate many thrilling incidents that occurred in those days, but nearly all are now forgotten. In that day men were more familiar with the axe and rifle, and women with the spinning wheel and loom, than with the pen, and it hardly occurred to them that they ought to leave behind a written history of the scenes and trials of their day. After Scudder settled in the Manor, others soon followed. When the tract (1615 acres) was re-surveyed, in May 1776, the following persons had taken up all the remaining land and made improvements, viz: Mordecai McKinney, Peter Smith, Paulus Sheep, John Brady, Caleb Knapp, Jerome Vanest and John Young.

As Mrs. Scudder was the first woman to settle on this side of the Muncy Hills, her advent was a matter of some importance. At least so thought David Robb. David and his three brothers, John, Robert and James, had located some distance from the river, and were as yet doing their own housekeeping. They had not heard of the arrival of Mrs. Scudder. One pleasant morning soon after she came David explored the valley in search of game. The only item of dress on his person was his shirt. Why need he wear additional clothing on such a day and in such a country! As he was near Scudder's place he concluded to step over to the cabin and enjoy a few moments conversation. He had almost reached the threshold when he very unexpectedly faced Mrs. Scudder. Oh! horror! a woman! One glance was enough. He did not stop to apologize. He turned on his heels and bounded away like a deer. Mrs. Scudder used to say that he "ran as if the Indians were after him," and her family—down to the fourth and fifth generation—have never ceased to laugh at the mere mention of "David Robb's fright."

Of the pioneers who in course of time settled near the Scudders, the distinguished hero Capt. John Brady—whose log house and stockade fort was the first improvement on the site of our town—was their nearest neighbor. Of him Mrs. Scudder and her daughter Mary (alias, "Aunt Polly" Shoemaker,) used to relate a number of reminiscences, though few are now remembered. The Indians frequently lurked about the settlement during the dark and bloody era of 1777-9, and it was sometimes extremely hazardous for any one to venture beyond rifle range from the fort. The savages resorted to various devices to decoy and entrap the settlers. Often they would imitate the cry of some wild animal and try to draw the unsuspecting settlers into ambush. One morning Brady's keen ear detected something suspicious in the well-im-

tated gobbling of a wild turkey in the neighborhood. Another inmate of the fort was so completely deceived that he was about to take his gun and go out and shoot the bird for dinner. Brady told him to let that turkey alone, as he intended to look for it himself. He thought he knew where the gobbler was lurking, and cautiously entered the woods. He soon heard a repetition of the noise. As he suspected, the gobbler was a cunning savage. He presently discovered his head protruding from the hollow of a tree, and detected him in the very act of gobbling. Unsuspecting savage! He did not dream that the "bold defender of the settlements" had an eye on him. Brady's rifle cracked, and then there was one treacherous foe less, and one more white man saved. It would add not a little to the interest of this incident, if we could point out the precise spot where it occurred.

Savages were not the only foes dreaded by the pioneers. The valleys as already stated were infested by venomous snakes. One day little Hugh and Jane, twin children of Capt. Brady, tired of play, had fallen asleep side by side on the floor of the cabin, and a large copperhead had unobserved crawled between them. The watchful mother discovered the hideous reptile lying between her unconscious darlings. What a spectacle for her to contemplate. The sight of a bloodthirsty savage rushing upon them with uplifted tomahawk could hardly have been more appalling. In the greatest alarm she rushed to bring her husband. Brady seized his rifle, and with unfaltering nerve took aim and blew off the reptile's head. Imagine the joy of that mother when she found her children safe! And was ever marksman better pleased with his skill than Brady, as he quickly removed the headless reptile, and saw his fond wife embrace his now frightened little ones! Whether this circumstance occurred after he settled here, or when he lived on the river opposite Ludwig Derr's trading post, we have not been able to ascertain. The twins were nearly eight years old when he located here.

### Miscellaneous Matters.

Charles Beeber says he never had a tobacco crop so far advanced at this season of the year as his present crop. He predicts a dry August.

The Brady Monument Fund, as lately reported in the *Muncy Luminary*, amounted to \$836.00. Additional subscriptions have since been received.

The crop of frogs and snakes in our valley seems to be unusually large. Animal life is under the influence of climatic changes no less than vegetable life.

Captain Lloyd is now allowing dust to accumulate on his checker board. Jacob D. Melick is up on the Hudson, in New York, and J. W. Musser is in California.

A String Band composed of colored citizens has been organized in Muncy. The performers and instruments are: George Lynchcome, 1st violin; William Mortimer, 2nd violin; Moses Bell, B flat cornet; James Washington, guitar, and Daniel Emmanuel, violoncello.

When times begin to improve in rich iron-producing little Lehigh, the prospect may be said to brighten for the whole country. A Lehigh correspondent writes to us as follows: "The times are picking up a little in our section. A great many of the mines are now in operation."

The late Dr. E. H. Russell has been remembered with gratitude thousands of times because he planted a long row of shade trees along the lower sidewalk of Plankroad in East Muncy. The trees are now of good size and handsome, and their genial shade is enjoyed alike by residents and the passing pedestrian.

The Watontown Silver Cornet Band, escorted by Messrs. R. McCormick, Wm. F. Shay, J. J. Leiser, and L. C. Fosnot, honored our town with a visit on the evening of the 12th inst., and serenaded many of our citizens. The music—which would do credit to a much older Band—was particularly sweet and enlivening, and caused a general stir in our streets.

We saw a lonely potato bug perched on a beanpole in our garden. From the solemnity of his countenance we fancied that he thus soliloquized to himself: "This is not a healthy country. Of the large colony we started in this garden, not one soul is living. The ground is covered with the dead. It is very strange. I think our ancestors were unwise to leave Colorado. I believe I am getting sick at my stomach. What was I made for?"

The sandstone boulder that long had marked the grave of Thomas Hunt—mentioned in our last paper as having been killed by the Indians—we have since been informed, by Mr. Charles Shoemaker, was removed many years ago by a man employed (by Mr. Shoemaker's parents) to build a bake oven. The man gathered the stone needed for the oven from the fields, and before Mr. Shoemaker's folks were aware of it he had broken up and removed the boulder.

The game of quoits has for a month past been a sort of endemic amusement in our town,—the ring of the metal may be heard every afternoon from 5 o'clock until dark,—but the championship is not yet positively decided, though it is generally conceded to B. F. Merrill at long range, and to L. E. Schuyler at short range. Some thirty years ago the champion at 10 to 25 paces was Benjamin Johnson, but at 5 steps George De Hass seldom failed to carry off the honors.

John Lukens, the first Surveyor General of Pennsylvania, died eighty-seven years ago, having at the time only seven heirs. In consequence of a very indefinite clause in his will, which was, we are told, that his lands should be "held until they increased in value," the division of his estate was postponed generation after generation. But at last—when the number of heirs had increased from seven to more than ten times seven—the law has made an adjustment. A number of the heirs reside in Muncy.

Our respected Justice of the Peace, John J. Crouse, is one of the oldest of our citizens. He remarked to us the other day that he could think of only four men now living in the place who resided in it when he settled here in 1826. He followed Chair and Cabinet making for about ten years. In 1823 he made the coffin for the old Revolutionary soldier Henry Lebo, and buried him by the side of his old commander, Capt. John Brady; and in 1833 he made the coffin in which were deposited the remains of John Henry Pepper. He says that *THAT* the dead were not confined so extravagantly as pride and fashion now require. The price of a cherry or walnut coffin then was from six to eight dollars. How fast the world does move!

We believe that the late Mrs. Barbara Fowler was not as old as generally believed. Our impression is the result of a conversation had with her some years ago, when her memory was yet unimpaired. She said that she could not tell her age exactly, as she had lost the record of her birth at the time her house was destroyed by fire. She considered herself very little older than the late Mrs. Wm. B. Petrikin, and said that she (Barbara) was yet quite a young woman herself—not much past 21 or 22—when (in 1818) Col. William Brindle was born. According to the notice published at the time of her death Barbara was as old as Mrs. Catharine Hill of Muncy Creek Township, or Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor of Rock Run, but she must certainly have been younger than either of these aged people by at least ten years. Fifteen years past three score and ten is, however, a great age. It is the more remarkable in Barbara's case, as she lived many years alone and was often known to neglect herself in her diet, to say nothing of the injury she did herself by the immoderate use of tea and tobacco.

## Museum Notes.

A singular fragment of a sandstone boulder—the piece is about one foot in length and six inches thick—was presented to us by Joseph Michael, of Clarkstown. It was found on the northern slope of the Muncy hills, on Michael's farm, but it does not belong to the geological formation of the hills. It is a relic of the Drift era, and may have been transported many miles. Its curious feature consists of a perfectly round and straight rod, one inch in diameter, uniform the full length of the stone, and of the same material. Mr. Michael and others conjectured that the rock had at some time been drilled, and that the "core, or filling" had finally become consolidated. It is more likely that the core is a fossil plant. There are no distinct marks showing the scars left by the leaves which were once attached—though the fossil is exposed its entire length—yet it is probably a representative of the great plants of the club moss type (*Lepido dendra*) which are found in the coal measures. The specimen is interesting, because the like is seldom found in such a situation.

To Mr. Levi Houston, of Montgomery station, we are indebted for a handsome double-bladed drilled stone Indian tomahawk. Its length is only  $4\frac{3}{4}$  inches, and as it weighs only 4 ounces, and is made of soft rock, it could not have been of practical use as a war implement. It may therefore be designated as a "Ceremonial Weapon." It is a perfect specimen, and very elegantly and symmetrically shaped. We have other complete specimens of its class, but not any so beautiful. It was recently found on A. B. Henderson's farm, near Montgomery station. The history of such a relic would be interesting. This specimen may have been carried in some grand parade by some proud warrior, or used as an insignia of rank on some state occasion by a great chief. But when, by whom, and of what tribe? Mr. Houston respectfully declined to give its history.

From Mr. W. R. Bush, of Peoria, Ill., we received a box of curiosities, consisting mainly of petrified wood and specimens of five species of fossil coral found in different parts of Illinois. One especially interesting specimen is the (fossil) vertebra of a shark obtained by Mr. Bush last May from a phosphate bed on Cooper river, South Carolina. The size of this vertebra— $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches in length, and almost 4 inches in breadth—indicates a fish of enormous dimensions. But it is well known that sharks of wondrous size existed in past geological ages. Hitchcock in his *Elementary Geology* (p. 155) gives a natural size figure of a tooth found in North Carolina, which he supposes belonged to a shark between 70 and 100 feet in length. A 300 pound man would have made but a light meal for such a monster.

## To Our Patrons.

Now—we want money. But only of those who *owe* us. We need it. We cannot publish our paper without it. It is as indispensable as grease to make a wagon run easy. The type of this and the last number was set up by A. W. Baker & Bro. They also want money. Besides we have bought a new supply of paper. We have postage to pay. It costs us to have our paper "struck off" at the steam printing office. The money received from those who paid their subscriptions is all gone, long ago. Every cent was spent on the paper. Our books show that we have not made money. We keep a careful account, on both sides of the ledger. The paper is behind. We are out of pocket. We cannot blame our subscribers. Hundreds

have offered to pay us, but we said, "wait until we give you notice in the paper that we want money." And they kindly waited. Now—let them offer to pay us. We will thank them—THEN.

Price of the **NOW AND THEN**, 5 cents a copy. Of the back numbers we can furnish all from 9 to 16 inclusive. We shall not take pay in advance hereafter for more than two or three numbers, as we find we cannot discharge the obligations thus assumed except only now-and-then occasionally once-in-a-great-while.

## Advertisements.

A limited number inserted. Eight cents a line, each insertion. Parties unknown to us must send the cash

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# NOW AND THEN.

*A Journal Devoted to the Topics of the Times.*

VOL. 1.

MUNCY, PA. SEPTEMBER, 1877.

No. 17.

## Our Pioneers from Bucks County.

About the year 1787 a small party of young men came westward from Bucks county, this State, to settle in the Muncy Manor. James, Ezekiel and Isaac Walton, Silas, Benjamin, William and Isaac McCarty. All strong, healthy young men, determined to hew out for themselves and families a home in the then vast wilderness of middle Pennsylvania.

A few years previous to their coming the Muncy manor had been surveyed and divided into farms, and had been sold to actual settlers. Among the settlers were Capt. John Brady, John Scudder, Mordecai McKinney and others. These settlers had been compelled to abandon their improvements on account of Indian depredations and to flee for their lives. There was one exception to this general abandonment of the manor by the settlers. Mrs. John Brady left her husband behind, in his grave so hastily made, a sacrifice to his generosity and noble deeds.

Some of these original settlers returned, others did not. Many titles lapsed and were resold by the Penns. It was under such auspices that the father of the McCarty brothers made up his mind to accompany his sons to the Muncy valley, and as he was the oldest member of the party claimed the first choice of property for sale there. The Scudder farm on account of its situation on the bank of the river was considered the most desirable. That naturally proved his choice, but before starting the old gentleman changed his mind about emigrating and concluded to remain in Bucks county. The young men came on without him. On arriving James Walton being the oldest member of the party claimed the Scudder farm as his. This the McCarty brothers had to accede to as the precedent had been established by their father before their coming, and the Walton brothers had reluctantly agreed that such should be the rule. James Walton located on the Scudder farm, William and Benjamin McCarty settled on the John Brady farm which adjoined it on the east, Isaac Walton located on the McKinney farm adjoining the Brady farm on the east. These three farms lay side by side and comprised all the best bottom land in the manor. They each contained about 300 acres. The other members of our pioneer party went outside the manor and settled in different localities.

William McCarty married Miss Mary Lloyd of Bucks county before coming to the Muncy Valley, they had fourteen children, eight boys and six girls. Thirteen lived to grow up. Uncle John McCarty was the third son, and Lloyd McCarty the youngest child. Both yet live in Muncy, hale and hearty old gentlemen, one of the few links that yet bind our thoughts to yonder time.

Benjamin McCarty, the brother of William and the founder of Pennsborough (afterwards changed to Muncy) married Miss Mary Smallwood of Harrisburg and had ten children, six boys and four girls.

William and Benjamin McCarty divided the Brady farm between them. William took that portion between what is now West Water street and the Muncy Creek, Benjamin that portion between West Water street and the southern boundary. Main street now represents

what was then the boundary between the Brady farm and Isaac Walton's. William built a temporary home on his tract between the site of Fort Brady and the banks of Muncy creek, where he lived until he built a house where Uncle John McCarty now resides. At the latter place he passed the remainder of his days in domestic quietness. His remains lay in Walton's grave yard, marked by a marble slab.

Benjamin built a public house on his tract on what is now known as the "burnt district" in Muncy, where he kept tavern until the year 1810 when he moved up Glade run and settled on what is now the Isaac Turner farm, where he died. He was buried in Walton's grave yard, but his grave was not marked permanently, hence its identity is lost.

In the year 1797, ten years after coming to the Muncy valley, Benjamin McCarty conceived the idea of starting a town. He accordingly commenced laying out lots on his portion of the Brady farm fronting on what is now Main street, and sold them out to different parties. His example was followed by his brother William north of Water street, and by Isaac Walton who owned the land on the opposite side of Main street. The town was called Pennsborough in honor of the Penns, but for many years it bore the name "Hardscrabble," we have no doubt to the sorrow of its founders. The streets of Hardscrabble we fancy where now the youth and beauty love to promenade then were given up by the few inhabitants to the jamboree of wolves and panthers, bears and wild cats, and the boys and girls of that time did not importune their parents to be out after dark as they do now.

Such was the commencement of the town of Muncy, and such the part played in its founding by the Bucks county pioneers. Their descendants yet live in and around Muncy, enjoying many of the fruits brought by civilization and our old settlements, but alas! the pioneers themselves sleep beneath the clods of the valley.

GEO. G. WOOD.

## Annals of Buffalo Valley.

John Blair Linn's History of Buffalo Valley, several times announced in our columns as forthcoming, has finally made its appearance. It is a handsomely bound octavo volume of 620 pages, and is splendidly printed on a good quality of tinted paper. And the author, we are happy to state, has performed his far more difficult part as creditably as the printer. He did not engage in the work from pecuniary motives. He is not an itinerant historian, wandering about and writing local histories on short acquaintance, like the strangers who dabbled in the history of our County not long ago. He undertook the task because he was impelled to it by love, and he has spent many years collecting the annals he now presents. The chronological arrangement of his material, and the impartial manner in which he presents it, displays both great care and judgment. A year date in large figures forms the first heading of each chapter, the events are all given as near as possible in the order of their occurrence, and the reader is led through the book with as much grace and precision as the best drilled Soldiers move on dress parade. It is a laborous task to collate local history. Some errors are unavoidable. But we venture to predict that the "Annals of Buffalo Valley" will never be convicted of many of a serious nature. It will go down to posterity as a book of high character. It is not only of special value to the people of Buffalo Valley. It is hardly less interesting to the inhabitants of Muncy Valley. The names of Brady, Robb, Scudder, McKinney, Wallis, Sil verthorn, and of many others who at times figured here, are mentioned on many of its pages.

# Now and Then.

PUBLISHED EVERY-ONCE IN A WHILE.

J. M. M. GERNERD, EDITOR.

## Our Future seen Through Magic Spectacles.

Taking a stroll through our various streets a few days ago we were exceedingly gratified to notice that, even in these provoking hard times, our town is not without some noteworthy improvements. A. D. Hower, for instance, has lately finished a handsome residence on North Washington street. James P. Guyer will soon complete a neat double front to his dwelling on Cemetery street. David Stoltz has a substantial brick house nearly ready for occupation on Main street. John Dimm has a fine brick dwelling under roof on West Water street. Pharez Cornealison is putting up a cozy residence on North Market, opposite De La Green's place. Besides these there are various other improvements, as the brick extension of Charles Ritter's furniture room, the new Engine House and bell tower on High street, etc. This is certainly a matter of encouragement. If in these *strike*-ing dull times we continue to make progress, may we not reasonably expect a rapid growth when good times come again? Taking a hopeful view of the situation, as we strolled through our streets, we asked ourselves what will be the general aspect of our town and its surroundings and the condition of things one hundred years hence?

We ventured to put on our magic spectacles, when we were not a little astonished to find many significant Editorials in the *Muncy Luminary*, dated August 15th 1877, from which we will give the following brief extracts:

"The long row of some twenty workmen's cottages erected on Brady avenue by the Gowers Brothers, the proprietors of the large Boot and Shoe manufactory on Main street, are now nearly ready for their tenants, and constitute an important addition to that portion of Muncy City. The Gowers manufactory by the way is one of the oldest of our institutions, as it was established nearly one hundred and forty years ago, by George Gowers, the great-grandfather of the present enterprising young proprietors."

"A new Gas Light Company has been organized with a capital of \$30,000 to meet the rapidly increasing demand of Port Penn Ward. A suitable lot for the gas works has been selected at the northern end of Scudder avenue. It is a real comfort to know that every part of our city is soon to be well supplied with street lamps."

"The Sunday School excursion on the Muncy and Laporte R. R. to Lewis's Lake, on Wednesday last, was in all respects a pleasant affair, without an accident or incident to mar the pleasure of a single participant, and will long be remembered. The schools were taken up at 8 o'clock, A. M., and brought back at 6 P. M., by two special trains, of 13 cars each, and were accompanied by 27 members of the Muncy City Cornet Band."

"The foundation for the new office of the Locomotive Fire Insurance Company, which is to take the place of the building erected more than one hundred years ago, and recently torn down, is now ready for the marble and brick walls. The new structure will have a frontage of 110 feet on Main street, 180 feet on High street, and will be five stories high and surmounted by a magnificent tower, double the height of the former one."

"The new School House on McKinney street, in the seventh ward, is a splendid structure, of which the City of Muncy may justly be proud. It is in all respects a first class building, and has been admirably furnished. The Building Committee have managed economically to rear such a house in these times at a total cost of only \$150,000. It will accommodate 900 pupils. We are here reminded of the old Central School House built in 1873, which was torn down some twenty years ago to make room for our noble High School building. It was the first Union Graded School House in the city, and though it would be regarded as an ordinary building now, it was then considered a very imposing structure. Judging from the allusions to it in the

NOW AND THEN, as well as the *Luminary* of that era, it gave our ancient town considerable importance."

"At a sale of books at Merrill's auction rooms, on Vanest street, on Tuesday evening last, a bound copy of the original "Now and Then" brought the modest sum of \$65.50. The re-print of this valuable relic may be had for only \$2.00."

"On the 11th day of April 1979 will be the Second Centennial anniversary of the death of Capt. John Brady, and one hundred years since the erection of the handsome monument to his memory. The City Council is holding in consideration appropriate preparations to celebrate during the year the struggles and achievements of the pioneer settlers by a grand Floral, Pomological, Agricultural, Mechanical, Industrial, and Art and Science Exposition. The estimated cost of suitable structures for the various displays is two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars."

Want of room prevents us from publishing additional extracts. As we laid down our magic glasses we could not help but think how astonished we all might be, if we could wake from our deep sleep one hundred years hence and see what our descendants have accomplished. If the vanguard of our pioneers should wake up now, they would hardly be less astonished than we would be THEN. They would no doubt have to rub their eyes, before they could believe that the picture before them was not the "baseless fabric of a vision."

## Our Borough Name.

A writer in the *Luminary* is perplexed in regard to the name of our Borough, and asks for information. He says:

"In the last number of NOW AND THEN I find a reference to a petition dated Muncy, Aug. 10, 1778. In a historical memoir published a few years since, the writer says that Muncy was called Pennsborough in the latter part of the last century. From which I infer that our town was first called Muncy, then Pennsboro, and then Muncy again. Am I right?"

No. In 1778 there was no village in our valley to christen Pennsborough, Muncy, or by any other name. It was not until nearly twenty years later that Benjamin McCarty made the first move toward creating a town by laying out a few streets. Even our esteemed citizen Uncle John McCarty still remembers when it could boast only eight dwellings. But there was a very large township known as Muncy. It embraced all the territory now known as the townships of Muncy, Muncy Creek, Moreland, Franklin, Penn, Jordan, Wolf, Shrewsbury, Fairfield, Upper Fairfield, Loyalsock, Eldred, Hepburn, Plunkets Creek, Cascade, and a large part of both Lewis and McIntire. It was an important township, and was the "Muncy" from which the petition of Aug. 10, 1778 was sent.

When Benjamin McCarty laid out our town, in 1797, he named it Pennsborough, in honor of the late proprietaries of the Manor in which it is located, and of whom he had purchased the land. It was for many years, however, sometimes known by the less pleasing appellations of *Pinchgut* and *Hardscrabble*. The town was incorporated as a Borough in the year 1826. In the following year the name was changed to Muncy, by act of Assembly.

We have now explained *when* and *how* the name was changed, but our questioner is curious to know *why* the change was made. Uncle John McCarty says that the old people thought that "Pennsborough Borough would sound too flat," and so they preferred the name Muncy Borough. We hope no objection will be made in this late day to their choice. The Muncy Indians sometimes behaved very badly, it is true, but they at one time had as good a title to this land as we have now, and they were themselves sometimes badly treated. And then, besides, their name is a very pretty one. "Goosetown" has taken good care to preserve the name of our former proprietaries by adopting the name of Pennsville. Then too, we have a Penn street, a Penn Township, and a Port Penn, as well as a Pennsylvania.

## Forgotten Graves.

Fifteen years ago, when the excavation was made for the cellar and yard of Capt. John M. Bowman's residence, the forgotten grave of one of our pioneers was brought to light. It lay north and south, and as it was cut through transversely—by the south line of the excavation—a sectional view was afforded which clearly showed its width and depth. It was about four feet deep and less than two feet wide, as near as we can remember. It could be distinctly traced by the blackened earth with which it had been filled. The bones were so nearly decayed, that it required a careful examination to distinguish them as those of an adult human being. There was not the slightest vestige discovered of a coffin. The bones remaining were carefully gathered up by the late Hon. Wm. Cox Ellis, who had them for some time in his office and made great account of them. He regarded them as sacred relics of an era in which he felt a deep interest, and about the events and characters of which he always delighted to converse. After we had examined the grave he invited us into his office and asked our opinion in regard to it, but we were not able to add anything to the conjectures of so astute an observer. Uncle John McCarty also says that he had no knowledge of the grave, and believes that it was the forgotten resting place of a pioneer. Possibly its occupant may have been one of the many unfortunate victims of Indian cruelty, and, like Hunt and Cottner, was buried near the scene of his misfortune.

Uncle John however remembers the graves of several pioneers, which we must mention in this connection. One of these was still well preserved when he was a boy, and was under a plum tree, within a few rods of the site of Fort Brady, on land now belonging to R. F. Shoemaker. Its almost forgotten occupant, as Uncle John's ancestors used to relate, had been killed by the savages, somewhere near the Glade Run, not far from the fort. His name Uncle John thinks was Childs. The other grave our venerable citizen never saw, but he remembers hearing the old settlers often speak of it. It was among a clump of apple trees, some distance from the creek, on the Henry Shoemaker farm, now belonging to J. A. Langcake. For a number of years the hat and shoes of this unfortunate pioneer were to be seen on his grave, and were regarded by the settlers as very sad mementoes. He too had been killed by the Indians and was buried near the place of his disaster. His name is not remembered. There are many such spots that we would now regard with a peculiar interest, if the graves, and their silent sleepers, were not entirely forgotten. But the forgotten ones do not sleep less soundly and peacefully in their oblivion, than the fallen who repose beneath the handsome marble and granite memorials in the beautiful Muncy Cemetery. Though "unhonoured and unsung," they are still but pioneers—and but white pioneers, from the Muncy valley—in "the swallowing gulf of dark oblivion."

## Canine Sagacity.

The following instance of the sagacity of a Terrier belonging to Edward Cooke, is worthy of being recorded. The little canine had been bitten in the shoulder, and the wound had become an ugly sore. Edward concluded to put on a preparation of tar and lard. The Terrier objected, and had to be held while the application was made. But, experience being the great teacher of dogs, as well as of all superior intelligences, the Terrier found that the compound was cooling, and that it kept off the flies. Several days after he asked for a new application. When men can not speak, they make known their wants by motion. Thus the Terrier expressed his wish. He looked at Edward wishfully, and wagged his tail. What eloquence there is in the wag of a dog's caudal appendage! He then turned his head and pointed to the sore with his nose. Again he looked up at his master and pleadingly moved that wonderful vertebral prolongation. A second time he pointed to the sore, and a third time he wagged his tail. He asked too plainly to be misunderstood. Edward went to the place where he kept the tar and lard, and picked up the little wooden spatula with which he had made the first application. The dog had followed. Edward then took up some of the mixture on the spatula and walked away. Again the dog followed. He then bent down and applied the desired salve. The Terrier did not now need to be held. He whined several times as the application was made to the sensitive wound, but he resolutely and voluntarily stood still until the unpleasant operation was finished. He then walked away with a self-satisfied air, quite as expressive as the wagging of his tail. In dog fashion he said, "Thank you, sir! I have just what I wanted."

## Town Chat.

Jacob Sheridan is the oldest saddler in Muncy. He has been at work here since 1841.

The Hon. Henry Johnson is our oldest attorney at law. He commenced practice here in 1841.

William Lowmiller is our oldest carpet weaver. He began shoving the shuttle for us in 1838.

Uncle John McCarty is now the oldest man living in town. He was born here on the 4th of November, 1794.

William Plotts is now our oldest shoemaker. He came here in 1838, but has worked on the bench almost constantly for fifty-five years.

Of the sixteen members now constituting the Muncy Cornet Band, the Gowers brothers and John De Hass are the only ones who were members at its organization, in March 1870.

Daniel Clapp commenced business in Muncy in 1843. So far as we have been able to learn, John Durell, of Jersey Shore, is the only merchant in the county now engaged in merchandizing, who has been in the business longer than Mr. Clapp.

Samuel P. McReynolds, of this place, published the first newspaper in Sullivan county. His printing material Judge Lewis had used when publishing the *Lycoming Gazette*. His office was near Dushore, and his paper was *The Sullivan County Eagle*.

Our late "old man eloquent," the Hon. Wm. Cox Ellis, did not entirely devote himself to Law, Politics, and Literature, but took a great interest in the Natural Sciences. In 1828 he became a Corresponding Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia.

The first apprentice at printing in the *Luminary* office was George D. Bowman. He was Painter's first devil, but was not by any means his biggest devil. He is now in charge of the United States Land Office, at Massillon, New Mexico, after having for many years served the public well as Editor of the *Clinton Republican*, at Lock Haven, Pa.

The oldest acting editor on the West Branch, when a juvenile, lived at Bloomsburg, Pa., and published a little amateur sheet under the title of *The Rattler*. Not all of our readers would perhaps understand, unless we mentioned the fact, that we refer to our respected neighbor, the Editor of the *Muncy Luminary*. He only rattled a year or so, but he has been industriously *luminating* some thirty-six years.

Soon after J. D. Melic returned from New York, we saw him making for Capt. Lloyd's store. He said he was going up to "dust off that checker board and handswoggle the Captain." He said this in that confident tone in which resolute men speak when they are perfectly sure of a thing. Less than an hour later we saw him at the Captain's store fanning himself with a straw hat and complaining that the "atmosphere was oppressive." The Captain appeared to be perfectly comfortable. He soon found a chance to whisper to us that he "had just beaten Melic three straight games." It was easy to comprehend the situation. The next day we had occasion to go to the store. We found the champions again engaged at their favorite pastime. The Captain was impressively grave and silent. Melick was gaily whistling "Hail Columbia." "How changed the situation is since yesterday," we thought. Their faces were as good as barometers. The Captain did not whisper anything to us this time. He told Frank to go out and see which way the vane on the Presbyterian Church steeple was pointing. Melick raised his head just long enough to give us a very expressive wink. Not having time to wait to see the finale, we left.

## The Editor's Table.

The **NOW AND THEN** has appeared so irregularly, and now and then at such long and uncertain intervals, that we could not expect our table to be very well supplied with exchanges. And yet, papers often find their way to our sanctum,—and have often cheered us with kindly notices, and by containing selections from our columns. Our space is too limited to return these courtesies. We have however space to notice those now on our Table:

*The Centennial* is a neatly printed monthly amateur journal edited and published by W. F. Babcock, at Hoo-sick, N. Y. at 25 cents per annum. It has a dozen special contributors, and its contents place it high in the ranks of boys amateur papers.

The *Florida Star* is a "big little" monthly of sixteen pages, magazine pattern, published at New Smyrna, Volusia county, Fla., by three brothers, Wm. H. Coe, C. H. Coe, and W. A. Coe. It is an interesting journal to anyone interested in the "Land of Flowers," and will be particularly useful to any one who is particularly interested in the Indian river country. Its price is only 50 cents per annum. The proprietors probably have an orange grove planted, on which they are hopefully leaning while their "Star" is shining.

The *Huehsville Journal* is the title of a paper just started at Hughesville. We have seen but several numbers, but these initial specimens indicate that our new neighbor will be conducted with ability, liberality and dignity. We will be pleased to have the *Journal-Man*, and the *Man's-Journal*, both come now and then to the office of the **NOW AND THEN**.

The *Democratic Banner*, of Williamsport has rapidly grown in size, strength and circulation. The first number, issued hardly more than three years ago, was a small affair in size, and appeared to have a poor prospect in the strife for existence, but by the wonderful pluck and energy of Haines, its editor and proprietor, it has become—*Weekly and Daily*—a prominent newspaper in this section of the State. Haines was at first his own compositor, pressman, and even devil. He has a valuable contributor now in Clinton Lloyd, Esq., who is furnishing sprightly and intensely interesting papers under the heading of "Personal Recollections of Washington."

The *Gazette and Bulletin*, of Williamsport, began its existence about eight years ago, but as it originated in the union of the old *Lycoming Gazette* and *West Branch Bulletin*, it is really the oldest paper in Lycoming county. It is now 76 years old. It not only long ago became the leading paper in this section of the State, but it continues to maintain its advantage with great ability and enterprise. The present editor-in-chief is the well known author of "*Otinachson*." Although also the biggest paper in our county, it has never felt too big to treat the little **NOW AND THEN** as a welcome visitor.

## Our Museum.

An acceptable donation, sent to us by J. H. McMinn, of Williamsport, consists of twenty paper cards, on which are mounted as many beautiful specimens of thin, transparent lamina of Chester county *Mica*. These specimens are strangely marked in fixed colors—variegated, somewhat like the sheets of wax used by the ladies in making "autumn leaves"—and in a strong light afford pleasing flashes of prismatic hues.

To William H. Riegel we are indebted for half a peck or more of *Ammonites*, *Spirifers*, and *Rhynchonella*, from the Silurian rocks of our valley. These specimens

—of extinct sea shells—range in size from a cherry stone to a large large hens-egg, and many of them are quite perfect. The rocks around and beneath us are crowded with these "medals of creation," indicating that there was a wonderful profusion of life in that remote geological epoch.

Price of the **NOW AND THEN**, 5 cents per copy. Do not send pay in advance for more than two or three numbers. Can furnish back numbers only from 9 to 17 inclusive.

## Advertisements.

A limited number inserted. Eight cents a line, each insertion. Parties unknown to us must send the cash.

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Muncy, Pa. Dealer in Lumber, Shingles, Pickets, etc.

**R. F. SHOEMAKER,**  
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Dealer in Staple Provisions, the choicest Groceries, the best of Crackers, the finest of Dried Fruits, and in Glassware, Queensware, Willow Goods, and Sporting Goods. Also Agent for the Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine. Muncy, Pa.

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# NOW AND THEN.

A Journal Devoted to the Topics of the Times.

Vol. 1.

MUNCY, PA. JANUARY, 1878.

No. 18.

## Our Pioneer Physicians.

The first physician known to have settled in the Muncy Valley was Dr. William R. Lathey. He was an Englishman by birth and education, and moved here a short time previous to the year 1800. He married Miss Mary Wallis, a daughter of Samuel Wallis. He bought the farm now owned by Mr. Henry Ecroyd, near Pennsville, Muncy township, and built the large stone house yet standing in a state of excellent preservation. He resided there and practiced medicine a few years, and then moved to Northumberland, where he died about the year 1813. At his death he willed all his property to his wife, who also became his executor. He left one son that we know of, Geo. W. Lathey, Esq., who afterwards came to Muncy and practiced law; remained a few years and removed to Clarion county, where he at present resides. We are told that Dr. Lathey was an excellent physician, that he was rated among the best in the State. We have made a great exertion to learn more of his history, but have unfortunately failed.

The next physician that settled in the Muncy valley that we have any history of was Dr. Thomas Wood, Sr., an uncle of Dr. Thomas Wood, Jr., who died a few years ago. Dr. Thomas Wood, Senior, was the fourth and youngest son of George Wood; he was born in Cumberland county, this State, in the year 1730, just at the close of the revolutionary war. His great grandfather, John Wood, was an adherent of King William and fought under him at the battle of "Boyne" in the year 1690. His grandfather, James Wood, was born in Ireland in the year 1708, and emigrated to America in the year 1731 and settled in Dauphin county, this State, where his father, George Wood, was born in 1732.

Dr. Thomas Wood, Sr., received a good education, and commenced to study medicine with Dr. Doty, of Millers-town, Pa., about the year 1800. He came to the Muncy valley in 1803 and at once commenced to practice medicine. In the year 1823, when forty-three years old, he married Miss Eliza Montgomery, of Paradise, Northumberland county. After practicing very successfully for twenty-one years he relinquished his practice in favor of his nephew, Dr. Thomas Wood, Jr., and moved to Paradise with the purpose of passing the rest of his days in domestic quietness. Before two years elapsed, while yet in the prime of life, he was called away from earth with his trials and disappointments to enter on the new life beyond. He died at the age of forty-six, and was buried among his wife's kindred in the Chilisquaque graveyard, where his bones yet rest. He left no children. His widow married Mr. Robert McCormick, of Milton, and she died two years ago, after raising a large family and living to a ripe old age. Gen. Robert McCormick, of Milton is one of her sons.

Dr. Wood, the subject of this sketch, possessed many excellent qualities of heart and mind, generous and self-sacrificing to a fault. He made an excellent physician, as many aged people who yet live can testify. His practice was necessarily large in the then sparsely settled country; it extended over an area of nearly thirty miles square, and he was compelled to ride entirely on horseback, making a circuit among his patients, eating and sleeping, where

happened to overtake him. We have been told by several old men that often they have met him on horseback *sitting asleep* in his saddle, so tired and worn out was he with his long rides. At the time of his death he owned a great deal of property in and around Muncy, which he bequeathed to his nephew, Dr. Thomas Wood, Jr., and niece, Miss Rachel Davidson, of Jersey Shore. His will contained a clause indicative of the man, he did not forget to charge his nephew to take the best care of his hunting dogs and favorite cat. In habits he had many eccentricities, with which we could fill columns if space admitted. But it suffices to say that, although fifty years have passed since his career as a physician ceased, there are many yet living in whose minds his memory is yet green, to whom his goodness of heart and skillful hand have administered.

G. G. W.

## Our Borough Names.

Shortly before our esteemed townsman, Hon. Henry Johnson, left Muncy for his new home in Des Moines, Iowa, he handed us the following memorandum made by him some years ago during the examination of the old deed books in our Recorder's office:

"Benj. McCarty and wife to John Freagles, Deed Book D, page 9, Feb. 15, 1798, conveys 'a certain piece or lot of land situate in the township and county aforesaid, it being the lot marked No. 6 in the plan of *Pennsborough*, as may be seen by applying to the plan of said town, and adjoining the public road and to extend 50 ft. along said road and 182 ft. back.'"

This agrees with the statement already made in regard to the name *Pennsborough*. One month after this deed was made the founder of our borough made another indenture which, however, seems to indicate that to the four names already mentioned we must add still one more. Mr. Johnson's note is as follows:

"Benj. McCarty and wife to Jacob Haines, D. B. 127, March 15, 1798.—'A certain lot or piece of ground in a certain new town called *Pennsgrove*, in the Township of Muncy aforesaid, and marked in the general plan of the said town, No. 5, containing in front on the public road or street 50 ft., and in length or depth to an alley of 14 ft., 182 feet.'"

Was there a desire to substitute for *Pennsborough* the shorter name of *Pennsgrove*, or was there a mistake made by the Recorder in copying the deed? Look up your old deeds and let us know whether there is another instance of the use of the latter name. Thus far, then, we have as our borough nomenclature *Hardscrabble*, *Pinehut*, *Pennsborough*, *Pennsgrove*, and *Muncy*.

## An old Meeting House.

The plain, neat and substantial edifice so well known to the dwellers of the Muncy valley as the Friends' Meeting House, at Pennsville, was built in the year 1799, or about 79 years ago, and is, we presume, the oldest house of worship now standing in Lycoming county, or perhaps on the West Branch of the Susquehanna. It succeeded a log building used several years for the same purpose, and as a school house, and which occupied nearly the same site. The first meetings of the Friends in this valley were held at Samuel Wallis's, near the river, allusions to which we find in the diary of the esteemed pioneer schoolmaster, James Kirtley.

## Now and Then.

PUBLISHED EVERY—ONCE IN A WHILE.

J. M. M. GERNERD, EDITOR.

### Our Distinguished Pioneer, Samuel Wallis.

Samuel Wallis, one of the earliest and most prominent of our pioneers, whose name figures as often as any other in our early annals, came to this valley from Philadelphia, where he was engaged in mercantile and commercial business. He was an orthodox Quaker, a man of large fortune, of great energy and influence, well educated, a surveyor, and an ambitious speculator in lands. He located many large tracts, one of which was the valuable domain of nearly four thousand acres—since known as "Hall's Farms"—on which Fort Muncy was erected, and which was for some years the most important point on the West Branch. A friend of ours a few days ago informed us that he last spring saw an old map hanging on the wall in the Commissioners' office in the Court House at Lock Haven, on which he counted thirty-five contiguous tracts of land located on the Sinnemahoning, all bearing the name of Samuel Wallis, and containing from eight hundred to eleven hundred acres each. Wallis was engaged in many enterprises, and was said to have been of great service to the first settlers. He represented the county of Northumberland in the General Assembly, was afterwards appointed Associate Judge, and when the new county of Lycoming was formed, in 1795, he received the first commission of Associate Judge under the new organization.

But little of his great wealth—great for that day, and which would, if kept intact, have made his family one of the wealthiest in this country—passed into the permanent possession of his descendants. The failure of others brought financial embarrassment upon him, from which he never recovered. He died in Philadelphia, of yellow fever, in 1798, aged about sixty-eight years. His assets at his death amounted to nearly £100,000, and his liabilities to less than £40,000, yet it was so difficult to realize on the extent of his property that it soon passed from the possession of his heirs. In 1802 what remained of his immense landed estate—some eight thousand acres of the best lands along the river between Jersey Shore and Sunbury—was sold at Sheriff's sale. But he left a legacy of great value, of which his impatient creditors probably made no account. His descendants inherited and were allowed to possess a vast quantity of old papers, letters, deeds, bonds, patents, accounts, receipts, surveys and copies of surveys, petitions, treaties, affidavits, wills, revolutionary passes, warrants for arrests, etc., etc., which now possess great historic interest and value. A very large store goods box packed completely full of these valuable relics is now in possession of, and carefully treasured by a descendant, a great grandson, now residing in the borough of Muncy, our respected townsman, Howard R. Wallis. Mr. W. has generously placed these papers at our service in the cause of local history, and in our next number we shall give our readers such information as an examination of them may bring to light.

### James Kiteley and his Diary.

In the fourteenth number of our paper we alluded to several journals written by James Kiteley that were believed to exist in Canada, and which some of his descendants here were trying to obtain for us. One of these long wished for journals has at last been found, and although, like the "copies of letters" already mentioned, it is mainly a record of religious matters and experiences, there is now and then among its contents a note of historic interest. "Father Kiteley," or "Grandfather Kiteley,"

as this esteemed pioneer was commonly called, came originally from England, but came to this valley from York county, in the year 1790. He was an active member of the Society of Friends, and if he was not the first, he was certainly one of the earliest of our schoolmasters, as he established his school directly after he settled here. Among his pupils were our late and well-remembered citizens, Hon. Wm. Cox Ellis, John Hill, Samuel Wallis, Abraham Bodine, Barnet Rynearson, David Lloyd and Col. Jacob Beeber; John Warner, of Pennsville; and Joseph Newman, of Tivole, both Octogenarians, are the only scholars, so far as we have been able to learn, who are still living. The humble log structure in which he taught, and which has long since disappeared, was on his place of fifty acres, now owned by Christian Kahler, directly north of the farm of B. M. Ellis, near Hughesville.

Our venerable citizens Uncle John McCarty, Lloyd McCarty, Charles Shoemaker, Mrs. Barbara Bodine and Enos Hawley, all distinctly remember Father Kiteley, and very respectfully speak of him as possessing many noble qualities of heart and mind. His pupils often mentioned him and his peculiarities, and regarded him with the highest degree of respect and reverence. He was esteemed by them for his piety and conscientiousness, his quiet and unassuming manners, his kindly and charitable disposition, and even for his eccentricities. The late lamented John Hill—son of Jacob Hill, Kiteley's nearest neighbor—often spoke of him in terms of gratitude for the life-long influence of his precepts and example. He died in 1827, aged nearly ninety-three years, and was buried in the Friends' burying ground at Pennsville. Elizabeth Kiteley, his wife, died in 1839, aged nearly ninety-seven years, and is sleeping by his side. They had three children, viz: Deborah, Isaac and Tamer Deborah (the mother of John Warner), died at the age of eighty-three, Isaac at about eighty, and Tamer (Eves) reached the great age of her father. Of the twenty-five or more boys who composed the class to which John Hill and Wm. Cox Ellis belonged, some eight or ten, we are told, lived far beyond the limit of three score and ten, as their ages ranged from eighty to ninety years each. These old men often talked of the happy days when they went to school to the sedate and kind old Father Kiteley. A number of his pupils are sweetly resting around him in the same church-yard.

Father Kiteley, true to his teachings, was strictly temperate in his habits; but, though he abhorred drunkenness, he was not a teetotaler. This extreme of temperance was not then advocated as now. One of the early Associate Judges for this county fell into the habit of imbibing too freely of the drink that, "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder;" he was a warm friend of Kiteley's, and the latter was sorely grieved to see the effects of the soul destroying practice.

He addressed a long and imploring letter to him, dated 12 mo., 1809, in which he says:

"The principal occasion of my addressing these remarks to thee is from a sorrowful and afflictive scene that my eyes beheld, in my late visit to thee, which occasioned my poor soul to be exceedingly afflicted and sorrowful ever since; in beholding and hearing of the awful and tremendous effects of that mighty destroyer of mankind, *strong drink*—through the means of which it is that the holy name of the Most High is so daringly, profanely and blasphemously used. \* \* \* \* \* This happened at a public house immediately under thy notice, where I had but just taken a seat, when the woman of the house broke out into loud weeping, saying that their children would be ruined, for there is nothing to be heard here (says she) but cursing and blasphemy."

Therefore, in true love, I tenderly entreat and beseech

it of thee, if thee has any tender concern at heart, for the eternal welfare of poor mankind, that they may escape that destruction that is certainly awaiting sin and iniquity,—I say, I respectfully beseech thee to act consistent with the dignity of thy office, by a Godly life and righteous example to the people. This is what the righteous laws both of God and man are strictly calling for, otherwise thou art but bearing of the sword in vain, as governors of every description are ordained of God for the restraining of sin, and the promoting of righteousness in the earth. O! Dear S—, may these solemn considerations have a serious place in thy mind, so as to fortify thee with an holy zeal, for the filling of thy station with dignity and consistency, and as far as thy power and influence can extend, to endeavor to break up and lay waste all such detestable and abominable nurseries of sin and wickedness as tippling houses and distilleries are."

That Kiteley himself practiced what he preached, is evident from the following anecdote: His near neighbor, Jacob Hill, Dr. George Hill's grandfather, had an apary, and nearly always had on hand a keg or two of *metheglin*, a fermented liquor made of honey and water, which was in common use in those days. Of this drink Kiteley was very fond, and was often pressed to drink it when at his good neighbor's house, though he always partook very moderately. On one occasion, however, the old man drank a little too freely. He was unusually dry, and before he was aware of the fact he had taken too much. He went home. Just what he did and said there, under the influence of the *metheglin*, will never be known. An old citizen says that the effects of this beverage last so long that it generally "took several days to get sober again." On his next visit to neighbor Hill's, however, Kiteley gave unmistakable proof of his detestation of inebriety. As he was about to depart Mr. Hill brought some of the *metheglin* into the room and, as usual, offered him a drink. "No! no!" said he, "*I can not take any more of that. The last I drank here produced a tumult in my mind, and I can not drink any more.*" And he was never known to take another drink of *metheglin*. Whether his friend, the Associate Judge, thus denied himself to avoid "tumult in his mind," we do not know. He was wise if he did.

We now turn to Kiteley's diary. It is prefaced with religious reflections on his life, which end with this sentence: "I now entered upon keeping a diary in order to inform myself how I spent precious time afforded me." Another good example, which it would be well for all to follow. His first entry exhibits the main current of his thoughts and the nature of his faith, and is a specimen of a large portion of his almost daily jottings:

"1790, 7 mo. 22. Fervently supplicated my great and mighty helper, to favor me with the means of enjoying *Holy Quiet* both inward and outward—That I may come into the experience of a *closer walking* with him—Petitioned to be preserved from the spirit and nature of this world, and all its entangling, deceitful friendships."

Written for his own comfort the few notes in this journal relating to persons and events are not so precise and full as he would perhaps have made them, had he supposed that nearly a century later they would get into print and be read with a lively interest. Our readers will regret, for instance, that he does not mention the names of the unfortunate party referred to in his first note relating to a passing event:

"8 Mo. 2. My heart very mournful, from an account which Mercy Ellis gave me of 3 persons, a father and 2 sons, distant neighbors up the river, who having loaded a canoe too heavy, in their taking it across the river it sunk, and they perished, leaving 3 mournful families to lament their loss."

Mercy Ellis, the mother of our late distinguished citizen, Wm. Cox Ellis, then lived on the farm now owned by Edward Marshall, and was therefore what was in those

days regarded as a very near neighbor. William Cox Ellis, at the time of this mournful occurrence, was but three years old. As there are but few notes relating to the events of the day in which he lived, we take the liberty to make extracts which refer mainly to himself. The following shows that he was of a very sensitive and conscientious cast of mind:

"1791, 8 Mo., 9. As I sat at supper, some of the sins of my youth came before me. I withdrew and walked out into the fields alone, humbled myself before the Lord, with tears supplicated that my sins and iniquities might be blotted out for Christ's sake. When I was a boy I committed two offences that occasioned this repentance now in old age, into which I was led by bad example. A blind man who used daily to sit and beg in the streets of London, as I passed by him I put a small stone into his hat, he supposing it to be money humbly thanked me for it, but finding himself deceived, he called me naughty boy. The other was a poor old woman who had a stall in the street, for the selling of fish and oysters, who used on Winter evenings to have a paper lamp at her stall. *My fallen evil nature* prompted me to dash out her candle with my hat, which I accordingly did, and then ran away. She innocently called me a naughty boy. And now the good Remembrancer has brought these long hidden things to remembrance, how bitter is the Reflection; and however small or trifling these remarks may appear to some, yet these then laid a foundation for this baptism of tears to wash it away. So just and righteous is that awful sentence of the Apostle, that there is *No Sin nor Transgression* but what shall receive a Just Recompense of Reward."

In his entry of 1792, 2 Mo., 1, he says:

"In the evening 3 young persons of the Methodist persuasion made me a visit. I was comforted in their innocent company."

He makes frequent allusion to the Methodist denomination in this kindly spirit. Very soon after the above, he writes:

"This evening a young woman of the Methodist society made me a Religious visit—I hope profitably—tending to her encouragement in the way of the Lord."

In the following we have another proof of an active conscience:

"8 Mo., 2. Made too free with the character of some distant persons, which in Retirement came before me, and occasioned pain."

That Father Kiteley was a good man is evident by his diary as well as from the testimony of his pupils and neighbors. And that he may still speak for the good and comfort of his fellow creatures as he so greatly delighted in doing while he lived, we give all the space we can spare for selections from his journal:

"1792, 9 Mo., 23. On my way to meeting fervently supplicated to be preserved watchful over my heart and tongue, now determining that the *devil* shall do his own *drudgery*."

"10 Mo., 8. Very unwell, yet went to a distant family to discharge a duty—Favored with an humble state of mind; and the evidence of Peace."

"11 Mo., 17. My mind much depressed for an unhappy man that is to suffer death this day, for violating the laws of both God and Man."

"18. Two of my Methodist neighbors this evening made me a religious visit, I believe to profit. We spent our time in the Lord's fear, and His presence was with us."

"12 Mo., 16. Made a visit, where I added to my poverty by too much conversation on trivial things."

"18. This evening mournful and in heaviness on account of slanderous reports, of which I am as clear as I was a thousand years before that I existed. I opened my complaints before the Lord."

"1793, 4 Mo., 11. This day week day meeting opened. James Cresson and Abraham Yarnal, from Philadelphia, and Ruth Anna Rutter, attended said meeting. James appeared in testimony, under which I was refreshed."

"5 Mo., 5. Joseph Moore, John Parish and John Elliot, sat in meeting with us, being on their way to an Indian Treaty."

"12. Much hurt by insipid lifeless preaching, destitute both of Law and Gospel—being the airy flights of the creature. Silence much preferable to such senseless noise. My mind greatly burdened under it."

"24. Took an opportunity with a store-keeper in the practice of handing out spirits to his customers; showed him the iniquity and the bad consequences of it. He said that he took it kind of me—would use his endeavors to abolish the practice."

"9 Mo., 8. Joseph Moore, John Parish, Jacob Lindley and John Elliot sat at meeting with us, being on their return from the Indian Treaty."

"10 Mo., 6. Jesse Haines, from Wilmington, sat with us and appeared in a short sound testimony."

"17. Thomas Nickers attended our meeting. Satsilent throughout."

"20. Thos. Nickers sat with us, appeared in testimony and was large therein."

"11 Mo., 7. Attended week-day meeting. Our esteemed friend and able minister, John Simson, attended also, and appeared in a large, clear, sound testimony."

"12 Mo., 6. After night I felt a strong impression on my mind to retire and supplicate the Lord for a child that had lain long under affliction. I did not hastily yield obedience, but growing uneasy I at length abruptly left the company of a friend who had come a great way to visit me. I retired, and approached Infinite Mercy on my knees—awfully interceded for the dear infant, in that most holy faith which is the gift of God. \* \* \* \* The most awful weighty season that I remember. It being about 3 miles distant, I went next morning to inquire concerning it; when stepping into the house to my great surprise I saw it lying a corpse. Upon inquiring I found that the child had changed for death about the time that I retired in the night from the house, and departed about an hour after. My mind humbly bowed before the Lord."

"20. Opened evening school, a number of young men attended, whose education appears deplorable. My bowels rolled towards them."

"1794, 4 Mo., 20. Took a solid opportunity with a retailer of spirituous liquors. Spread before him the iniquity and dreadful consequences of handing out strong liquors to his tipling neighbors—letting him know that such who knowingly furnish them with the means of their ruin will stand charged with their blood. He received my labor of love in a kind and loving manner."

"1795, 10 Mo., 26. Set out on foot for Philadelphia, and was extremely fatigued by the time that I reached it. Attended quarterly meeting. On my return put up at a German tavern near the Iron works on this side Schuylkill. The family appeared an abandoned, wretched set of creatures. I spent the evening in pain and distress."

"11 Mo., 12. Deborah Darby and Rebekah Young attended our fifth day meeting. They had two meetings before at S. Wallis's on 1st and 2d days. Deborah remarked that there were many of other societies who were nearer to the Kingdom than many of our own members were."

"13 This day I was called upon to serve as a Jurymen, in the mournful case of Robert Reynolds, who was accidentally shot in the Wilderness, by one of the company whom he was out with on a hunting diversion. He greatly deplored his mournful situation, saying that he was overtaken as a thief in the night."

"1796, 1 Mo., 11. Opened school again;—at night bowed my knees in tears and contrition for the dear children and myself."

"7 Mo., 14. Week day meeting small, and some of these slept away their precious time,—open our eyes, Oh Lord! lest we sleep the sleep of death."

"21. Being week day meeting we had the company of that eminent Minister of Christ Jesus, John Wigham, of Aberdeen in Scotland; accompanied by Ebenezer Crissom, of Philadelphia—who appeared in a sound, clear and living testimony, and was large therein. \* \* \* \* It was a blessed meeting to me."

"24. Being first day we had the company of our self-denying friend Joshua Evens, from the Jerseys, who appeared in a heart-searching testimony."

"29. We again had the company of Joshua Evens, who appeared in a lengthy testimony,—spreading before us the necessity of a self-denying life in order to become Christians,—saying, that there is no poorer creature than a dry, formal Quaker,—and pressed us to discharge the solemn duty of prayer at morning and night—not by a set form of words, but a language arising from the state of the heart."

"10 Mo., 16. At meeting we had the company of James Wilson and Samuel Pennock. James told us that it was dangerous to build a large superstructure of Religion upon a small foundation."

"1799, 10 Mo., 12. Being first day, we had the company of Abel Thomas and Amos Lew. Abel exposed the hypocrisy of such as confine their religion to sitting demurely in meeting for an hour or two, once or twice a week. Al-

though his ministry was lively, yet it was not powerful enough to keep several of our members on the foremost seats from sleeping most of the time."

"12 Mo., 8. Comforted in reading pious Milton's Paradise Regained, who thus expresses himself—

"This is true glory and renown, when God  
Looking on th' earth, with approbation marks  
The just man, and divulges him through heav'n  
To all his angels, who with true applause  
Recount his praises; thus he did to Job."

We regret that our limited space will not permit us to copy a large portion of this interesting Diary, though we may treat our readers to another feast of good things from it hereafter. It shows that the high opinion entertained of him by the old folks was well deserved. He did not wander after the 'metecors of philosophy,' nor strive to win the wreath of fame, but he kept his eyes steadily fixed upon the "permanent lustre of moral and religious truth." As Milton adds concerning Job, we may say of pious Kiteley:

"Famous he was in heav'n, on earth less known;  
Where glory is false glory attributed  
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame."

Price of the NOW and THEN, 5 cents a copy. Can furnish back numbers only from 9 to 18 inclusive. Do not wish, at present, to take pay for the paper in advance.

A citizen of Wellsboro, Pa., desires a complete file of the NOW and THEN, and has commissioned us to pay \$2.00 for a set of the first eight numbers. We will also pay 50 cents for a copy of the first number.

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A limited number inserted. Eight cents a line, each insertion. Parties unknown to us must send the cash.

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# NOW AND THEN.

A Journal Devoted to the Topics of the Times.

VOL. 1.

MUNCY, PA. FEBRUARY, 1878.

No. 19.

## Our Lamented Colonel Fribley.

The Atlantic and Gulf R. R. Co. is gratuitously distributing a pamphlet of 120 pages, for invalids, tourists and emigrants, entitled "Guide to and through Florida, the Land of Flowers"—Col. J. B. Oliver, 34 Park Row, New York, will send you one for a three cent postage stamp—in which we find the following notice of one of the stations of that road:

"OLUSTEE—47 miles from Jacksonville. Olustee is the site of the most important battle fought in Florida during the late civil war. Major General Truman Seymour, with a large body of U. S. troops, in Feb. 1864, marched from Jacksonville, westward and at this place encountered the Confederate army under Brigadier-Gen. Joseph Finegan. A desperate battle ensued, which lasted all day, and was characterized by great bravery on both sides. Seymour was beaten, and retreated from the field, abandoning his dead and wounded to the enemy. His loss was 1200, including Colonel Fribley, of the negro troops, killed. Finegan's loss was 250. The Confederate cavalry pursued Gen. Seymour as far as Baldwin, picking up many prisoners."

Col. Charles W. Fribley was the oldest of four patriotic sons of our estimable citizen, John Fribley, Esq., and was one of the best and bravest young men who fell in the war of which Olustee was so disastrous a battle to the Union cause. His brothers all gallantly served on the same side, and all returned in safety to their parental fireside. Charles sleeps on the ill-fated field on which he fell, his grave unmarked and unknown, but decorated perhaps every month of the year with wild flowers. His name and rank, and place of death—"Col. Charles W. Fribley, 8 U. S. C. T., killed at Olustee, Feb'y 20th 1864"—is inscribed in enduring letters on the handsome soldiers' monument in our beautiful Muncy Cemetery, and on each Decoration day the memorial is affectionately decked with wreaths and flowers. Charles will always be fondly remembered by this generation, as he was manly, honorable and intelligent. He was ambitious, and would no doubt have won many laurels had he lived until the close of the war. The principal fort in the strong line of fortifications around Jacksonville during the war was named "Fort Fribley" in tribute to his worth and bravery. The many personal friends and admirers of the young hero will appreciate the following stirring lines by Capt. Sam. Whiting, a Southern poet, and give a most cheerful assent to the noble sentiments of peace embodied in the last three stanzas:

### O-LUS-TEE.

Upon a bright November day,  
The woods in glory all array'd,  
I journey'd from the coast away,  
To TALLAHASSEE's inland shade.  
On swept the cars past town and cot,  
Through piney woods and fragrant bowers,  
The vision cheer'd by many a spot,  
Well worthy of the "LAND OF FLOWERS."  
I sat entranced by many a scene,  
So grateful to th' enthusiast's eye,  
Here, cultured fields—there, groves of green,  
Before me in rich beauty lie.  
The hardy live oak, here displays  
Its foliage glittering in the breeze,  
And there, the sun's disporting rays,  
Gleam through the sweet magnolia trees.  
"Fit scene for peace, for love," I cried—  
"From worldly strife and passions free;"  
"That is," said some one at my side,  
"The battle-field of O-LUS-TEE!"

"Four years ago, on such a day

As this, here raged a bloody strife;  
The boy in blue—the boy in gray,  
Here offered up a precious life!"

There rose before my vision then,  
A picture of the deadly fight,  
The clanging blow—the shouts of men,  
Each battling for fancied right.

I saw the glazing eyes of those,  
Struck down by rifle ball and shell;  
I saw the angry look of foes,  
I heard the piercing rebel yell!

I marked the charging squadron's wheel,  
I heard the stirring bugle call,  
I heard the red-mouthed cannon's peal—  
I saw the men in wind-rows fall.

Sudden the hideous spectres fled—  
The hushed sounds of battles cease;  
A cloudless sky is overhead,  
Indicative of Love and peace.

Oh! brothers of the wintry North!  
Oh! brethren of the sunny South!  
May civil discords call you forth  
No more, to face the cannon's mouth.

Peace smiles on all our glorious land,  
From war's rude conflict we are free;  
United, henceforth, we shall stand,  
Forgetting bloody O-LUS-TEE.

## Our "Well Behaved" Pioneer, Robert Robb.

Robert Robb, one of our "first settlers"—see No. 16 of the NOW AND THEN—was appointed ensign of a "Company of Foot . . . of the 3d Battalion of the Pennsylvania Regiment" by the Honorable William Denny, Esq., Lieut. Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Province of Pennsylvania. His commission, on heavy parchment, given under the hand and seal at Arms of the Lieut. Governor, at Philadelphia, on the 27th day of April, 1758, is a greatly prized family relic now in the possession of his grandson, our present respected citizen, Robert Robb. Another relic, of equal interest, is a commission from Gov. Thomas Mifflin, dated Oct. 26th, 1791, appointing his grandfather "a Justice of the Peace in the District consisting of the Township of Muncy, in the County of Northumberland so long as he shall behave himself well." Our pioneer Robb did "behave himself well," and died a highly respected citizen on the 10th day of September, 1814. His remains lie in the old graveyard at Hall's station, near the ashes of Capt. John Brady, and both graves, like the graves of nearly all our first settlers, are unmarked.

### Corrections.

Mr. Editor: G. G. W., in his communication in the last No. of NOW AND THEN is mistaken in some of his remarks about Dr. Lathey. His name was Wm. Kent Lathey instead of Wm. R. He was married to Mary Wallis, eldest daughter of Samuel Wallis, Jan. 30th, 1800, and died July 25th, 1809, at Northumberland. They had three sons, two of them, Samuel Wallis Lathey and Charles Lathey, died when about three months old. Henry Kent Lathey, the remaining son, was a physician, and moved to Alton, Ill., where he died about the year 1862. Boyd, a son of Henry K. Lathey, is still practicing medicine in the same place. Geo. W. Lathey was a son of William Kent Lathey, but not of Mary Wallis. He is still living and, we have lately heard, is practicing law at Erie, Pa. II. R. W.

To the above correction we would add that Uncle John McCarty says that our second physician was a man by the name of — Willits. He was a single man, and boarded with Jacob Merrill (grandfather of Benj. Merrill) who then kept a tavern. He went from here to Selins Grove, and there practiced medicine and married. Uncle John's father, William McCarty, died in 1813, and was attended during his illness by Dr. Wood. Ed.

## Now and Then.

PUBLISHED EVERY—ONCE IN A WHILE.

J. M. M. GERNERD, EDITOR.

### Valedictory.

The present number is the last number of the first volume of the NOW AND THEN. We venture no assurance beyond this announcement that we shall continue the paper; but, should we renew our occasional visits, shall we again have the hand of our faithful and patient readers? We have journeyed very pleasantly together. We have been cheered with many expressions of sympathy and appreciation. Shall we separate?

Most of our readers are already aware that we have disposed of our dear old home here in Muncy, and that we have almost completed our arrangements to make our future home in sunny Florida. We say this with many sincere regrets. As the time fixed for our departure approaches we realize more than ever how many and how strong are the links that hold our affections to this lovely valley, and to its kind and intelligent people. But,—we must not hesitate.

When our papers are read by readers yet unborn—when our friends, who know that our will to work has been greater than our strength, have gone down with us into silence—the question may be asked why we have not published more than nineteen numbers in ten years. We have had too many other cares and duties. The little paper has contributed but little towards our maintenance. We only published it because we found pleasure in thus employing the little time other engagements have allowed us.

It is necessary for us to seek a change of occupation and climate. We are not so situated that we can here avail ourselves of the conditions which will enable us to possess and enjoy what we regard as the greatest good that life can afford. We must hereafter live as much as we can in the open air, and our condition and plans for the future require this change. We desire to turn our attention to the pursuits of husbandry, to the oldest and sweetest occupation of man, and we hope that the Grangers will not object to our company.

Farewell! dear readers! farewell!

### The Wallis Papers.

When we hastily penned the brief editorial in our January number relating to the valuable papers of our well known pioneer, Samuel Wallis, we expected to publish a few more numbers and give our readers a great deal of the interesting information which may be gleaned from these long hidden records. But time has hurried us on—"with its resistless, unremitting stream," and we are now obliged to abandon this new field of research and content ourselves with only one more brief article. Not the tenth part of this large collection of papers has yet been carefully examined, but enough have already been looked into to show their great historical value. It was through this enterprising pioneer that the ancestors of many of our people settled on the West Branch of the Susquehanna, and these musty records contain many long lost secrets that would surprise and gratify our intelligent readers. We will hastily notice several of the papers now open before us.

The first is an "Article of Agreement" between Henry Pepper, of the city of Philadelphia, gardener, and Samuel Wallis. In the sketch of (John) Henry Pepper, in the

8th number of the NOW AND THEN, the reader will find it stated that Pepper was a gardener employed by Samuel Wallis, and that he "probably" came here about the year 1790. The agreement is dated the 25th day of March, 1796. It reads:

"That he (Pepper) will without any unnecessary loss of time proceed to the Farm of him, the said Samuel Wallis at Muncy in the County aforesaid and there serve him as a Gardner for and during the term of one whole year, to commence from the time he shall arrive at the Farm aforesaid. And the said Samuel Wallis shall and will provide for him \* \* \* sufficient bread and lodging during the said term, and pay to him at the rate of nine dollars per month for all the time he shall remain in the service of the said Samuel Wallis under this contract, and to pay his reasonable traveling expenses from Philadelphia to Muncy."

We will next notice a batch of letters written by Robert L. Hooper, and addressed to Samuel Wallis, then "in Second Street, near the new Market, Philadelphia," as these are of special interest to many people now residing in our valley. Hooper acted as agent for Wallis, and it was through this agency that many of our first settlers located here. It was in this way that the parents of Mary Scudder came to settle here, at the mouth of Glade Run, as will appear by the following extract from Hooper's letters:

TRENTON, December 8, 1769.

Mr. Samuel Wallis: Dear Sir: I reached home last Sunday in company with Mr. Stocton and Mr. Scudder. We were a little unfortunate in our returning. Mr. Stocton carelessly left his saddle-bags at Muncy and did not discover his neglect till we reached Augusta where we was delayed near three days. There I rec'd your letter and met J. B. Hunter told me in private that the fellow was drunk when he made so free with my Character I would have had him by the Nose; but enough of him, you know I am convinced of his baseness to all men. J. B. endeavoured to work on Stocton and Hunter and Grant attacked Scudder. They had no success, and both Scudder and Stocton have agreed to purchase and move in the spring. They except to them pines between the Bo. at the head of the Glade and the River. I have run a line for them to exclude a part of the pines and think I can show you it will be right to close with them, however to avoid splitting with them and to have time to know your sentiments I have reserved till Christmas to consider the matter. \* \* \* As I expect to see you soon you'll excuse my being more particular, but by the way I must inquire whether you are yet made happy in the possession of that amiable and worthy lady Miss H.

TRENTON, January 7, 1770.

Dear Sir: Mr. Scudder, Jun., has been with me and is in every respect satisfied with my Title. Next Wednesday I am to meet him and the other persons concerned therefore I shall in a few days be able to inform you what conclusions are made. Mr. Scudder agrees to push up in February but says all matters must be settled with his father first, which I expect to accomplish next Wednesday. \* \* \*

TRENTON, January 20, 1770.

Dear Sir: In my last I mentioned writing to you per post but as Mr. Scudder's father and I could not agree till this day thought it was to no purpose. Mr. Scudder who is a wealthy Farmer, will purchase for his son John, the person who was up with me, 250 Acres at £40 per 100, will pay £20 the first of April next, and give his Bonds for the remainder, one half payable in April 1771 and the remainder in April 1772 without Interest. He says he has full expectations of receiving all the money next summer and if he does he will immediately discharge the whole Debt. I know him to be an honest punctual man. John Scudder is very anxious to settle there and will Build, etc., immediately. On my better acquaintance with him I think you can't have a better man. I am at a loss to know whether Mr. Stocton will go or not, his wife dreads the Indians and he has many small children; however I am in bargain with four Low-dutch men who are able to purchase and whose wives are willing to go.

\* \* \* I shall be glad to receive a line from you and to know if you like Mr. Scudder's proposals and what forwardness the Boat is in.

TRENTON, March 12, 1770.

Dear Sir: Since I left you Mr. Stocton has been at my House on his way to Philadelphia, but I was not returned

home. I suppose he has since been with you. On Friday last one Mr. Covenoven, a very good man, set out from my House to join Wolf at Northampton and us at Middletown, and on Saturday I went to Mr. Scudder who went with me to Mr. Blews, a very respectable Farmer in Somerset County who had engaged, with his three Brothers, to go with us provided the person to whom he sold his place (a person on Long Island) came to perfect the Bargain with him. \* \* \* \* You may depend on Scudders being up in April and finding him a steady, sober and active man much attached to you. \* \* \*

I am, Sir, your assured Friend and Ob't servant,  
ROBERT LETTIS HOOPER, Jun.

We had often wondered why Scudder did not retain possession of his place on the river, and how it came that James Walton in 1791 obtained a deed for the same direct from the proprietaries of the Muncy Manor. We are now apprised by these papers that Samuel Wallis had taken up a large quantity of the lands of this valley before the Penns reserved and surveyed the Manor, and that the said Manor included a portion of the land which had thus been located by Wallis. We find that Wallis had purchased five warrants and orders for survey from different grantors; that four of these warrants and orders are dated the 1st day of August, 1766, and one the 17th day of March, 1767; that regular surveys had been made in pursuance of these warrants and orders by the Proprietaries' regular commissioned Deputy Surveyor; that the surveys were certified and returned into the Surveyor General's office by the said Deputy; and that on the 27th day of September, 1768, and on the 12th day of April, 1770, Samuel Wallis actually obtained the Proprietaries' Patents for all the lands so surveyed and returned. These Patents are now in the possession of a great grandson, our fellow townsman, Howard R. Wallis, and are documents of more than common interest. Was it not natural, therefore, that Wallis should consider himself able to give a good title, and that he should desire to get "good," "honest," "steady," "sober" and "active" men, like John Scudder, to settle here? But how came he to loose his title? In answer to this question we copy the following from one of these very interesting Wallis papers;

"Immediately after the Grand Indian Purchase was concluded, in November, 1768, the Proprietary officers laid out a Manor, now called the Muncy Manor, which interfered with a part of the foregoing Patents, and such part of them Patents as the Manor did not interfere with, the Proprietary officers granted away upon common orders, in what was called the Land Lottery, on the 3rd day of April following, to Different People, who have since obtained Surveys and Returns, so as to cover the whole of the land so Patented by Samuel Wallis. The Proprietary officers now contend the Legality of Samuel Wallis's Title and urge the following Reasons—to wit:

1st, That a Title to land obtained before it was purchased of the Indians cannot be valid in Law, because it is contrary to their common mode of granting.

2nd, That they (the Superior Officers) were deceived or rather not made acquainted with the True Situation of the land but that the Returns of Survey, were Blind and Vague and Did not sufficiently Describe the place on which they were laid.

3rd, That the Surveys contain a very considerable quantity of surplus land."

These objections were in turn objected to by Wallis and learned legal Council, but they were deemed all sufficient by the Proprietaries, and the Letters Patent to Wallis were accordingly by them considered null and void. But in justice to our distinguished pioneer it should be stated that, "if the Proprietary Superior Officers were Deceived, the Deception was of their Own Inferior Officers, and not from Samuel Wallis, who in obtaining of these Lands did in every respect pursue the common method of Negotiating Business through each of the Respective Offices." The Returns of survey were certainly somewhat

"blind and vague." They all describe the lands as situated "in the County of Cumberland," though all the connected facts show that the lands were situated in the County of Berks. And the same error also appears in all the Letters Patent, all locating the lands in Cumberland County.

But our space is now filled, and we must leave these interesting papers—this rich mine of local historical facts—and turn our attention to other pursuits.

## Our First Editor.

In the old Episcopal burying ground on Washington Street, where silently repose the remains of John Henry Pepper and Mary Scudder Shoemaker—historic names, now familiar to the readers of our little paper—there is a grave with a plain marble headstone bearing the following inscription:

J. POTTER PATTERSON

Died February 27, 1835. Aged 22 years,  
8 months and 5 days.

This young man was the first editor of the *Muncy Telegraph*, the first newspaper published in the Muncy valley. He came to this place from Juniata county in the year 1831, and began his editorial career at the early age of eighteen. He was tall and slender, prepossessing in appearance, exemplary in his conduct, and was regarded as a very promising and intelligent young man. He lived with his young wife in the frame house belonging to the Petrikin estate, opposite Capt. Lloyd's store, and there took sick and died of consumption. In April, about six weeks later, his paper was taken charge of by John Kidd Shoemaker, who continued it until the appearance of the *Muncy Luminary* in 1841. It was J. Potter Patterson's grandfather, William Patterson, who commanded the whites in the Battle of the Muncy Hills.

We have had the fortune to get into our hands only one number of the *Telegraph* edited by the youthful Patterson. Our specimen is No. 8 of Vol. 1, dated Tuesday, November 29, 1831. It contains but few editorials, though the selections are full of interest. One editorial, however, is well worthy of notice. The postage on a letter at that time was from 18¼ to 25 cents, according to the distance carried; and the rates on newspapers were proportionately high. The people were appealing to the authorities for cheaper postage. Patterson copied a long and able article on the subject from an exchange, and prefaced it as follows:

"We are pleased to see the spirit with which our editorial brethren generally, have taken up the subject of diminishing the postage on letters and newspapers, and we hope it will receive the attention from our representatives in congress, that its importance demands. Such a measure cannot but be productive of the most beneficial effects. And at this time, when there is so much difficulty about the disposal of the surplus revenue of our country, we can think of no place where a portion of it could be so advantageously applied as to the NULLIFICATION or REDUCTION of the present tax on knowledge. We had intended to dilate on this interesting topic before the following extract from the *Lowell Mercury* came to hand, as it expresses our sentiments much better than we are capable of, it is laid before our readers with a request that it may be attentively perused.

Ed. Munc. Tel."

The hand that penned these lines has long been mouldering beneath the clods of the Muncy valley, but there are not a few old people still living who will re-read them with interest, and vividly recall to mind the lamented young writer, and think of the great and wonderful changes made since his day.

## Miscellaneous Notes.

Few families in this country have perhaps attained the comparative total and average age reached by the family of James Kiteley, our pioneer schoolmaster. The combined age of himself and wife and three children was 445 years, and the average of their ages was no less than 89 years.

Under the caption of "The Markets" in the *Muncy Telegraph* of November 29th, 1831, referred to in another column, we notice that then the price of butter was 12½ cents per pound, and whiskey 33 cents per gallon. No wonder that the people then thought that 25 cents postage on a letter was a heavy tax!

It seems that people in old times had very different ideas about some things from what we have now. Charles Shoemaker told us that when he was a young man, about the year 1817—as near as he could remember; the glass works at Lewis's Lake he said had been abandoned, and were partly in ruins—he spent a week hunting in the vicinity of the lake. Charles Howlet then kept a store at the lake. The hunting camp was down on the Loyalsock about ten miles distant, and Howlet closed his store and joined the hunters. A man came to the store for a sack of salt. Finding the store closed, and hearing that the storekeeper was in camp on the Loyalsock, the man walked ten miles after the key of the store, and then turned right about and walked ten miles more to get the sack of salt. Who in these days would walk twenty miles for a sack of salt? Would you?

The young folks of this era can scarcely realize how this section was once alive with game and fish. It is real entertaining to hear Uncle John McCarty tell how he used to help catch shad here in our lovely Susquehanna, and how he used to see great loads of them sold at the rate of four dollars per hundred,—only four cents each,—and how at even this low rate he remembers one haul with a seine by which nearly one hundred and twenty dollars worth were caught. Now a poor man must pay the half of his days wages, and sometimes even more, when he wants the luxury of a nice shad. Friend Enos Hawley several years ago told us that Joel McCarty, one of the first settlers of Elkland, once counted thirty elk in one herd that came to water at Thomas's Lake. We also remember hearing him say that Abraham Webster, the man who, when a boy, was a prisoner among the Indians, killed thirty bear in one season; and that Joseph Webster, Abraham's son, in one season, killed no less than sixty deer. What a sportsman's paradise this country must have been in those days!

## Museum Notes.

[The following items were written and in type ready for our January number, but were crowded out by other matter.]

To Elias Haas, of Derry township, Montour county, and Thomas P. Warner, of Pennsville, we are indebted for a number of arrow points. To D. D. Manville, of Muncy, for a beautiful polished "banner stone," found on Zeb. Britain's farm, in Franklin township.

To Robert Hawley, of Williamsport, we are indebted for an Indian "dart," found in Minnesota by George Dart. This dart possesses additional interest from the fact that Mr. Dart carried it about in his pockets for thirteen years. The Dakotah or Chippewa who first possessed it probably did not have it as many weeks before he lost it.

During the last ten years we now and then added the rattles of a rattlesnake to our collection of curiosities, and had then accumulated *seventeen* sets of rattles. Visitors often expressed surprise to see so many. Several months ago Samuel Rogers informed us that rattlesnakes were common

on Bear Creek, and we intimated that we would like to have a few more rattles. A few days since friend Samuel called and completely surprised us by a donation of no less than *thirty-nine* sets. The largest of these—and but few are small—consists of *seventeen* rattles.

An interesting Indian relic presented to us by H. H. Craig, is an arrow-head made of *native copper*, found by the donor several years ago on the Muncy Hills a mile or two south of Clarkstown. As it is four and one-half inches in length and one inch in width, it may possibly have been fastened to a wooden handle and used as a javelin. We have now nearly 3000 perfect arrow points and spear heads—and have given at least 1000 to other collectors—but this is, so far as we know, the only specimen made of native copper that has been found in this section of the country.

No class of Indian relics are of more interest than pipes, and, with the exception of complete specimens of pottery, no objects are so rarely found in this section. Although we have been constantly on the lookout for them for nearly twenty years, we have only succeeded in placing seven prehistoric specimens in our collection. We were therefore not a little pleased to be the recipient of a complete carved stone pipe from the hands of William Mackey, of Clinton township, of this valley. It was found several years ago on Mr. Mackey's farm. The pipe held an important place in the moral, political, and social affairs of the red nomad, and was much used in his ceremonies, and this particular specimen may have an interesting history.

From Edward Paxton (son of B. R. Paxton, of Lairds-ville), we received specimens of several species of coral, a fragment of coquina rock, and the "blade" of a saw-fish, all from the Indian river, Florida. The "saw" is simply a strong blade-like prolongation of the upper jaw, with sharp teeth or spines arranged along both edges (24 on one edge and 25 on the other, of the specimen before us), and is used with terrific effect to kill other fish. Edward says it is "unwholesome" to let a living saw-fish strike his beak against one's legs, as he knows by an unpleasant experience he had with one in a boat just after the fish was captured. They sometimes attain a length of twelve to fifteen feet, and the fact that the whole whale tribe, as well as smaller fish, and fishermen dread them, is easily understood when one examines the formidable weapon with which they are furnished.

## Errata.

We might call attention to a dozen or more typographical errors in our last number, but can not spare the room to make so many corrections. Have had too many "iros in the fire" to spend the time we wished on our paper. But, we have an indulgent set of readers.

There are also other errors. One occurs in the article on "James Kiteley and his Diary." The farm on which Mercy Ellis resided does not belong to Edward Marshall, but was left by the will of her son-in-law, the late Jacob Haines, to, and is now owned by, three of her granddaughters.—In the article on "Our Borough Names," the name Freagles should be Feagles. Our typo says he will shoulder the blame for this and other errors, as we had made the proper corrections on the proof sheet.

We have a supply on hand of the last 11 numbers of the NOW AND THEN, and will mail a set of the same to any address on the receipt of 35 cents, if ordered before the 1st day of April.

And Now is a good time to remind our patrons who still owe us that we are anxious to settle with them. We hope none of our subscribers have forgotten that they are subscribers.

# THE INDEX

NOTE: Inasmuch as Mr. Gernerd never numbered the pages of these earlier issues, a method of page identification had to be devised. Since each of the nineteen issues consists of four pages only, it was decided to trace the reference to the number of the issue and the page of that issue, using a pair of numbers in each case. For instance: "Abbott, Polly", (Issue) 15, (Page) 3; hence "15-3"; and "Academy, Old", (Issue) 1, (Page) 1 or "1-1".

Abbott, Polly, .....	15-3	Family Origin, .....	11-3, 12-3
Academy, Old, .....	1-1	Brush, Rev., .....	3-3
Achenbach, Eliz., .....	7-1	Bryan, Ellis, .....	13-3, 12-2
Adlum, Jos., farm; John, .....	11-2	Samuel, .....	15-2
Albright, Dr. C. E. inventor; Hubley of Berwick, .....	9-3	Eryson, Rev. John, .....	12-1
Alder, Mrs. E., first piano, .....	3-3	Bucks Co., Pioneers, .....	17-1
Joshua, Esq., .....	4-1	Bucks Hill, view, .....	3-3
First Dearborn wagon owned by, Allen, Barclay, .....	4-2	Hon. Daniel, .....	4-3
Alward, John, .....	3-1	"Buck-Shot War", .....	8-3
Aqueduct, Muncy Marker, .....	8-3	Buckskin Breeches, .....	8-1
Archaeological Era in Muncy, .....	15-3	Burial Ground, Old Episcopal, .....	19-3
Armstrong, .....	10-2	Burns, .....	16-2
Athenum Society, .....	16-2	"Burnt District", .....	17-1
Authors of Muncy, .....	9-2	Burrows, Nathaniel, .....	2-1
Axe-Marks, Ancient, .....	14-3	John and sister, .....	6-1
Babb, M. D., .....	7-2	Butt, Prof., .....	1-1
Baker, Albra W., printer, .....	2-1	Calvin, Miss Jane, .....	1-1
Balls, of Old Muncy, .....	16-4	Caldwell, .....	11-3
Band, Colored String, .....	6-1	Canal, West Branch, First Boat, .....	4-1
Watsontown Silver Cornet .....	16-3	Canton Schools .....	9-4
Muncy String, .....	14-1	Carriage, first, .....	3-1
Muncy Cornet, .....	17-3, 7-3, 9-3	Cartledge, George, marble cutter, .....	6-3
Bank, First National, .....	10-3	Cemetery, Muncy Co., .....	8-3
Banner-Stone, .....	16-4	Chamberlin, Maj. and Mrs. Thomas, visit Paris, .....	9-3, 15-3
Baptist Church, first dedicated, .....	6-3	"Changed Names", .....	12-2
Barber, .....	16-2	Checker Games, .....	9-3, 17-3
Barr, Roan, .....	8-1	"Childs", killed by Ind., .....	17-3
Battery, Brewer's, .....	14-1	Circulating Library .....	1-3, 7-4, 8-3
Bear Creek, .....	19-4	Clapp, Thomas, store, .....	3-3
Beeber, Rev. Thos. R., .....	9-3, 14-3	Clapp and Smith, .....	1-1
Elizabeth, .....	8-1	Daniel, .....	14-3, 17-3
Teeter D., .....	14-3	Cleveland, Miss., teacher Muncy Sem- nary, .....	9-3
Charles, .....	16-3	Coder's Hotel, .....	3-1, 5-3
Col. Jacob, .....	18-2	Coffins, old time, .....	16-3
Bennet, .....	11-3	Cooke, Jacob, Mer., .....	4-1, 10-1, 15-2
"Berger's Station", .....	14-1	Edward, .....	7-4, 8-3
Betts, John, .....	11-2, 6-1	Mary J., .....	10-1
Peter, .....	11-2	Capt. John's Journal, .....	15-2
Simon, .....	11-2	Edward, .....	17-3
Biddle, Gersham, director, .....	14-3	Copper Arrowhead, .....	19-4
Blaker, Jesse, Wolf Twp., .....	13-2, 13-3	Coral Reed, Muncy V., .....	11-2
Blarney Stone, piece of, .....	10-4	Cornelison, Pharez, .....	17-2
Boal, Prof., .....	1-1	Cornplanter, Chief, visit to Muncy, .....	15-1
G. F., Esq., .....	1-1, 10-1	Coughburn, Dr. and sister, .....	6-1
men, .....	14-1, 13-1	Corson, William, .....	4-3, 9-3
Boarding School, .....	3-1	Coryell, .....	16-2
Bodine, Abraham, .....	18-2	Covenhoven, .....	19-3, 16-2
Barbara, .....	18-2	Craft, Samuel, .....	8-3, 16-2
Mrs. Lucretia, .....	9-3	Cresson, James, .....	18-3
Early Baptist, .....	6-3	Crisson, Ebenezer, .....	18-4
Boom, Muncy, .....	8-3	Crous, John J., charmaker .....	16-3, 14-3
Born, Prof. .....	12-2	Sarah, .....	10-1
Borough Name, .....	18-1	John, .....	2-1, 10-1
Bowman, George D., "printer's devil", .....	17-3	Cruse, Joseph, .....	13-3
James M., has first bathroom .....	9-1	Cummings, Col. H. J. B., .....	14-2
Joshua, Esq., .....	11-1, 14-1, 14-3	Darby, Deborah, .....	18-4
Captain John M., .....	9-1, 15-4, 16-2, 16-3,	Davis, Family of Clinton Twp., .....	15-1
17-1, 17-2, 13-1		Davidson, Jacob, .....	14-3
Bowman and Foster, boat owners, .....	4-1	Dearborn Wagons, .....	3-1, 4-2, 5-3, 11-3
Brady, Fort, .....	11-2	De Haas, Chas. and John, Cabinet makers, .....	14-1, 17-3
Captain John, .....	13-3	George, .....	16-3, 6-2, 10-2
Hugh and Jane, incident, .....	16-3	Derr, Geo. S., .....	7-2
Monument, .....	14-4, 13-2, 16-3	Ludwig, .....	8-3
"Brick House", first, .....	10-3	Dill, Methodist Minister, .....	16-1
Brindle, Col. Wm., .....	16-3, 6-3	Dimm, John, store .....	3-3, 17-2
Brittain, Zeb, .....	19-4	Phillip, lost in Lake Erie, .....	2-1
Brobst, Harry, .....	7-3, 9-1	Margaret, .....	13-2
Brown, John, barber, .....	16-1	Doak, Aunty, .....	16-1
Bruner, Maj. Isaac, Sr. Militia Co., .....	14-1	Doctor, Geo., tinner, .....	3-3, 8-1
Maj. Canal builder, .....	8-1	Dodge, Col., .....	14-1
Major rides elephant, .....	13-3	Doebler, Miss Elizabeth, .....	9-3
John B., of Kansas, .....	4-3, 13-3	Dogs, Mental peculiarities, .....	7-4
Jacob, .....	8-1	"Canine Sagacity", .....	17-3
Elizabeth, .....	10-1	Dolon, saddler, .....	3-3
Maj. Isaac, Sr., .....	8-2		
William, .....	13-2		

Dancing School, first, .....	6-11	Heathcock, H. C., Luth., Past, .....	9-2
"In Ye Olden Time", .....	12-1	Hammond, .....	16-2
Downing, T. G., .....	4-3	"Hardscraple", .....	17-1
Drake, Rev. George, .....	4-3	Harp, John, Godfrey, .....	14-2, 14-3, 9-1
Dugan, Wm., .....	13-2	Harris, .....	16-2
Dykens, Maj., 4-1; Mrs. Jane, .....	8-1	Hawley, Enos and Robert, .....	19-4
"Eagle Mills", .....	15-2	Robert, Poet, .....	14-3
Ecroyd, Henry, .....	18-1	Enos, .....	18-2, 18-1, 7-2, 9-3, 11-3
Edwards, Mrs. Abby, .....	7-1	Mrs. S. J., 9-3; Lucretia, .....	10-1
Fleming W., .....	16-1	Hazen, Jacob A., author, .....	14-1, 13-1
Elephant, "Old Bet", .....	13-3	Heightsman Geo., .....	1-1
The First, .....	12-3	Heavley, J. A., adv., .....	16-4
Elk, in the Elklands, .....	19-4	Henderson, A. B., 16-4; Mrs. Cornelia, .....	9-3
Elliott, John, .....	18-3	"Jimmie the Elddier" .....	6-1
Ellis, B. M., .....	5-4, 18-2	Hepburn, .....	16-2
Professor, .....	13-1, 16-2	Heron, James, .....	15-4
Anne, .....	2-1	Hilawathian Lit. Soc., .....	13-1, 9-2
Mercy, of Muncy Choir, .....	2-1, 18-3	Hill, Jacob, Anec., .....	14-3, 16-2, 18-2, 8-3
Hon. Wm. Cox, Orator 5-3, 9-3, 14-1, 11-2, 17-2, and 3	11-2, 17-2, and 3	John, 18-2; Dr. George, .....	18-3
men., .....	18-2	David, .....	14-3, 8-1, 2-3
Episcopal Church, early, .....	2-2, 10-3	Mrs. Catherine, .....	16-3, 13-2
Same, .....	5-3, 9-1	Oldest Inhab., .....	8-2
Burying Ground, .....	8-1	John, Sr., .....	9-3
Episcopal Church Festival, .....	15-2	Hinkle, Geo., high constable, .....	13-3
Eschbach, Levi, .....	10-2	Hollingsworth, .....	16-2
Evans, Joshua, N. J., .....	18-4	Holstein, Mrs. Anna, author, .....	14-3
Eves, Tamor Kiteley, 18-2, 9-1; P. S., .....	9-1	Hooper, Robert Lettiss, .....	19-2
Fahnestock, Henry, 10-3; F. B., .....	10-3	Hotel, "Muncy", 7-3; "Washington", .....	7-3
Faries, R., Engineer, .....	15-3	Hough, Capt., .....	4-1
Feagles, 19-4; John Freagles, .....	18-1	Hounds, first in Valley, .....	13-3
Fiester, Maria, .....	2-1	Houston, Levi of Montgomery, .....	16-4
"The Misses", the first Muncy girls to go off to boarding school, .....	3-1	Hower, A. D., .....	17-2
Fire, "The Great", .....	3-3	Howlet, Charles, store keeper at Lewis Lake, 19-4; boat owner, .....	4-1
Fire Wells, .....	3-3	Huckle, Eliz., Early Baptist, .....	6-3
Vigilant Fire Co., .....	13-3, 13-4	Hughesville Journal, 17-4; Hughesberg Band", .....	3-1, 9-2
Fire Engine, "Little Giant", .....	13-3	Hulings, James H., oldest Cit., .....	9-2, 11-3
First Settlers, .....	16-2	Huller, Christ, tavern keeper, .....	6-1
"Five Years Before The Mast", Author .....	14-1	Hunt, Thomas, killed by Ind., .....	15-3
Fleming, Wm., .....	13-3	Grave of, .....	16-3
Flock, .....	2-1	Hunter's Lake, giant eels, 5-3; Hunter, .....	11-3
"Forgotten Graves", .....	17-3	Indian Relics, .....	10-4, 12-4, 9-3
Fort, Brady, .....	11-2	Pipes, 19-4; Indian Treaty, .....	18-4
"Fort-Road" old, .....	11-2	Insurance Co., Muncy Fire, .....	8-4, 10-3
Fourth of July, Great Cel., .....	14-1	Organization, .....	14-3
Foust, Mrs. Mary, .....	8-1	Irwin, .....	11-3
Fossils, Curious, .....	16-4	Jackson, James C., .....	9-4
Fowler, Mrs Barbara, .....	16-3	Johnson, Eliz., Sanford, .....	9-1
Frederick, Geo., Tavern Keeper, .....	6-1, 12-1	Benjamin, 16-3; Henry, .....	17-3
Fribley, Hiram, .....	15-4	Jones, Benj., .....	14-3
Col. Chas. W. and John Esq., .....	19-1	Kahler, Christian, .....	18-2
"Fribley Fort" Fla., .....	19-1	Karchner, Martin, .....	8-2
Friends Meeting House, .....	18-1	Kelchner, Charles, visits Saxony and Ketchner's "Woods", .....	4-3
Funerals, Old Time, .....	6-1	Kelly, Jacob, tavern keeper, .....	6-1, 12-1
Games, Old Time, .....	6-1	Martin, 6-3; Colonel John, .....	8-3
Geology, of Muncy V., .....	4-2, 5-2, 11-2	William, adv., .....	13-4
Gerner, tribute to, .....	15-2	Keystone Paint Co., .....	10-2
Museum, .....	15-4	King, C. F., editor, .....	3-3
First Speech, .....	13-1	Klinslow, .....	12-3
"Gift (Concert)", .....	15-3	Kiteley, Rev. James's Journal .....	14-3, 18-1
Glacial Remains, big boulder, .....	6-3	18-2, 19-4	
Glade Run, .....	8-3, 10-2, 11-3		
Glass Works, .....	19-4	Deborah, Isaac and Tamer, .....	18-2
Gold Fever, .....	14-2	Elizabeth, .....	18-2
Good, Daniel F., .....	7-3	Kittoe, E. D., Canal boat Capt., .....	14-1
Goodenow, Wm., horticulturist, .....	6-3	Professor, .....	1-1, 10-1
Gortner, George, killed by Ind., 15-3, .....	16-2	Kisner, Wm., .....	15-4
Goosetown, .....	17-2	Knap, .....	16-2
Gowers, Preston, bus. coll., .....	14-4, 17-3	Kramer, lumberman, .....	3-3
Store adv., .....	9-1, 9-4	Lairdsville in 1882 .....	7-2
Grange, Oscar, 6-3; Thomas, .....	6-3	Lake, "Pappy" Round's, .....	13-3
Grand Military and Civic Cel., .....	14-1	Lewis's, .....	19-4, 13-2, 10-4
Gray, R. E., .....	10-2	Thomas's, .....	19-4
Great Mill, First, .....	8-3	Langcake, Baker, 16-1; Martha, .....	10-1
Green, Mrs. Charlotte T., .....	15-2	Langdon, Dr. B. S., .....	14-2
DeLa, 9-3, 12-1; R. M., .....	9-1	In Minnesota, .....	9-3, 19-3
R. M. and Bro., adv., .....	8-4	C. B., 2-1; Maria, .....	2-1
W. B., .....	7-3, 10-3, 14-4	Advertisement, .....	8-4
Grimes, Rev. John, Presby., .....	12-1	Lathey, Wm. Kent, 19-1; Henry, .....	19-1
Grassler Jeweler, .....	4-3	Boyd, 19-1; Dr. Laithy, .....	1-1
Gudykunst, Adam, hatter, 11-3; Joseph .....	15-3	Geo. W., 18-1; Dr. Wm. R., .....	18-1
Grundrum, Samuel, .....	9-1	Laurenson, .....	16-2
Guyer, James P., gunsmith, .....	12-3, 17-2	Lead Mine, Mythical Glade Run, .....	15-1
Haas, Chas. of Derry Twp., Tavern Keeper, .....	12-4	Lebo, Henry, Rev. Sol., Coffin of, .....	16-3
Hall, 16-2; "Hall's Farms", .....	18-2	Levan, Mrs. Mary Jane, .....	15-2
Family, 3-1; Farms, .....	8-1	Receives first Telegram, .....	9-3
Haines, Jacob, 14-3; Jessie, .....	18-4, 13-2	Lew, Amos, .....	18-4
Jacob, 18-1; Prof., .....	1-1, 11-3	Lews, Capt. Joseph, 10-1; George .....	10-3
		Lewisburg, early religion in, .....	8-2

Library, Circulating, .....	3-3
Lichenthaler, Horace G., .....	12-4
Life, Mrs. Susan J., .....	15-3
Lightner, Mrs., .....	2-1
Lincoln, Pres., anecdote, .....	2-4
Lindley, Jack, .....	18-4
Linn, John B., Men., 15-2, 15-3, 17-1, .....	8-2
Litchard, James, death of, .....	13-3, 13-2
"Literary Era in Muncy", .....	10-1
Little, Maj. Theophilus, .....	15-2
Lloyd, Capt. Thomas, band leader, .....	15-3, 16-3, 17-3, 3-1, 3-3, 9-3, 1-1, 2-1
"Esquire", Residence, 1-1; Mary, .....	17-1
David, 18-2; "W", .....	2-1
Mrs. Jane Quinn, 8-1; Frank A., .....	12-4
Log Cabin Campaign, .....	10-1, 11-1
Long, family picture gallery, .....	11-1
John, tinner, 16-1; Farm, .....	11-2
George W., .....	11-2
Samantha and Emma, .....	11-2
Lottery, The Land, .....	19-3
"Lovely Lane", .....	8-4
Lowmiller, Wm., .....	17-3
Lukens, John, peculiar will, .....	16-3
Lyceum of Old Muncy, .....	1-1
Lyon, Edward, .....	7-3
Howard, Stamp Coll., .....	9-3
Lycoming Fire Insurance Co., .....	7-3
Mackey, Wm., Clinton Twp 11-3, 12-1, .....	19-4
"Magic Spectacles", .....	17-2
"Management of Infants, etc.", .....	14-3
Manor of Muncy, .....	8-1, 19-3
Manville, D. D., .....	10-4
Marble, Native blue, .....	11-2
Marshall, Edward, .....	18-3
Masters, Parvin, .....	4-3
Maxwell, Margaret and Thomas, 10-1, 10-3	
McCarty, "Uncle" John, Anec., 14-3, 15-3, .....	17-1, 18-2, 8-2, 8-1
Silas, Benjamin, William, Isaac, .....	17-1
pioneers, .....	11-2
Lloyd, 17-1, 18-2; O. A., .....	8-1
Benjamin (Uncle of Uncle John), .....	19-4
Joel of Elkland, .....	4-1
McCleary, Merch., .....	11-3
McCormick, .....	3-3
McDaniel, J., .....	17-1
McKinney, Mordecia, .....	6-1
McKissen, .....	4-3
McMichael, Russel, .....	17-3
McReynolds, Samuel P., publisher, .....	3-1
McR. Hotel, .....	7-3
Mecum, Davis, blacksmith, .....	12-3
Medical Society, Muncy V., .....	15-4, 16-3
Melick, Jacob D., .....	17-3, 3-3, 7-3, 9-3, 12-3
J. D., .....	4-3
and Eves, shingle mill, .....	17-2
"Memorial of Inhab. of Muncy", 16-2, .....	15-2
Mendenhall, Thos. of Pennsdale, .....	3-1
Merrill, B. F., 16-3; B. S., 6-3; James, .....	19-1
Jacob and Benj., tavern keepers, .....	18-3
Methaglin, beverage, .....	2-2, 18-3
Methodist Church, early, .....	5-1, 7-1
Methodism in 1833, .....	16-4
Michael, Joseph of Clarkstown, .....	3-3
Cabinet shop, .....	8-2
Ellis of Indiana, .....	10-1, 11-3
Mittia System, .....	15-4
Miller, Rev. Henry, 15-3; Henrietta, .....	11-3
Rev. Jacob, .....	3-2
"Miltonian", .....	12-1
Mohr, W. E., .....	4-1
Monroe and Forsyth, Merch., .....	11-3
Montgomery, Miss Eliza of "Paradise" .....	10-1
18-1; Montgomery, .....	10-1
Thomas, tavern keeper, .....	12-1
Ellen, 10-1; Lizzie, .....	18-5
Mrs. Margaret, 10-3; "Mansion", .....	8-1
Moore, Joseph, .....	9-4
Morris, Mrs. Bernard, .....	13-3
Moyer, Prof. H. C., Canton School, .....	8-3
Mozley, "What-Not" Store, .....	17-2
Charles, .....	18-2
Muncy, Founding of, .....	10-1
Fort, .....	19-3
Female Seminary, .....	2-3
Telegraph, 1-1; First Newspaper, .....	3-1
Population & Industries in 1868, .....	10-3
Recollections of, 3-1; Band, .....	
"Farm", 7-1; Trout Ponds, .....	

Fort, 11-2; "Muncy Hills", Battle of, 10-3. (See Vol 4, N. and T.)	
"Museum Notes", .....	16-4, 17-4, 19-4
Musser, J. D., .....	16-3, 11-3
"Mussers Lane", 11-2; Dr. Wm., .....	13-2
Newman, Joseph of Tivoli, .....	18-2
Newspaper, first, .....	19-3
Nickers, Thomas, .....	18-4
Noble, Hezekiah, .....	1-1, 7-4, 8-4
Ernest Rudolph, 9-1; "E. R." .....	14-4
Noble and Peterman, Merch., .....	3-3
Founded 1859, .....	14-4
Norway Rats, .....	3-3
Now and Then, Origin of, .....	1-2
Desc. of Vol. One, .....	14-4
"Ocochpocheny, Piscatorial Club, 7-3, .....	8-3
9-2, 10-3, .....	12-3
Old, Songs, 1-4; Oldest House, .....	10-3
"Old Bet" (1815), .....	12-3
Opp, Col. Milton, .....	13-2
Organ, Frst in Episc. Church, .....	2-1
Ort, Plummer, .....	15-4
Painter, G. L. L., .....	10-2
"Friend George", .....	2-2
Palmer, Minister to Argentine, .....	2-1
Parker, Noble, .....	9-1
Parish, John, .....	18-3
Patton, Mrs. Maggie, and her antique clock, .....	9-3, 16-2
Patterson, Geo., dancing maser, .....	12-1
"Bob", dancing teacher, .....	12-3
J. Potter, epitaph, .....	19-3
William, in "Battle of Muncy Hills", (see vol. 4), .....	19-3
Paxton, Edward and B. R., .....	10-4
Visits Fla., .....	15-4
Pennsborough, "Chiefly settled by "Quakers", 10-1; settlement, 17-1, .....	17-2
Pennsville, 17-2; "Pennsgrove", .....	18-1
Penny, John and sister, .....	6-1
Pepper, Henry, 19-2; sketch of, .....	8-1
Henry, coffin of, .....	16-3
Peterman, Tannery, .....	3-3
F. S., builds stone house, .....	5-3
Henry, 9-1; Henry Valentine, .....	14-4
Peterman and Sons, hardware, .....	15-3
Petrikin, "Corner", 1-1; J. M. B., .....	3-1
Col. John M. B., Character and Career, .....	14-1, 13-1, 14-2
Petrikin and Lindsey, builders of Muncy Aqueduct, .....	4-1, 15-3
Gen. W. A., tavern keeper, .....	6-1, 8-4
Gen. Wm., .....	14-1
Margaret and Janet, .....	10-1
Family Residence, .....	10-3
Mrs. William B., .....	16-3, 14-3
Philharmonic, Lit. Soc., .....	13-1
"Physicians, Our Pioneer", .....	18-1
Piano, first, .....	3-3
Picture Gallery, of Long Family, .....	11-1
"Pine Barrens", .....	15-2
"Pinchgut", early Muncy Name, .....	17-2
Pioneers, Bucks Co., .....	17-1
Pipe, Copper Ind., .....	12-4
Plank-House, first, .....	13-1
"Plank Road", Old 4-3, 7-3 8-3, 10-3, .....	16-3
Plotts, William, Shoemaker, .....	17-3
Polhamus, .....	16-2
"Popgun", Laporte Newspaper, .....	3-3
Population, Muncy, 1841, .....	10-1
Pott, Jacob, .....	14-3
Pottery, Indian, .....	15-4
Poust, John, 3-3; carpenter, .....	13-1
George, 6-3; Mrs. John, .....	15-2
Presbyterian Church, .....	2-1
Parsonage built, .....	10-3
"Pyana", Miss Ellis's, .....	1-1
"Presentiments", .....	13-2
Rankin, Doctor, 1-1; Adam, .....	9-1
Mrs. Regina, 9-3; Emily, .....	10-1
Dr. William, 12-1; James, .....	14-3
"Rattler", Early Bloomsburg paper, .....	17-3
Rattlesnakes, .....	19-4
Rau, Pro., Chas., "Muncy artifacts," .....	13-3
Rawl, Judge, .....	4-1
Reader's Jewelry Store, .....	2-1
"Recollections of Muncy", .....	1-1
(Continued serially in issues 1, 2, 3, 4)	
"Republican", Clinton Co., .....	17-3
Reynolds, Robert (shot by J. J. Wallis) .....	18-4

Riebsam, Dr. C. B.,	3-1	"Eagle",	17-3
Riebsam and Fredericks, Merch.,	4-1	Sunderland,	11-3
Phillip, 7-1; Henrietta,	10-1	Sweet, Joseph, tavern keeper,	7-3
Riegel, Wm. H.,	15-4, 17-4	Taggart, J. and Co.,	11-2
Rickhold, Wm.,	6-3	Tallman and McCarty,	10-3
Riley,	3-3	Taverns, the first in Muncy,	12-1
Risk, Robert, Merch.,	4-1	Taylor, A., 4-3; Tailor, Mrs. Wm.,	16-3
Rissel, M. S.,	6-3, 8-1	Taylor, Eliz.,	13-2
Ritter, Oliver, 3-3; Charles P.,	9-1, 17-2	Templars, the Good,	1-2, 2-3
Robb, Maj. Flemmington Wellington,	6-1	"Tempus" (Dr. Benj. Langdon) 1-1, 2-1, 3-1	13-1
tenor singer, 2-1; John,	16-2	Temperance early, 18-2; T. Movement,	13-1
Robert, Pioneer,	19-1	Thespians, Society,	2-1
David, John, Robert and James,	16-2	"Thistle Iron Works",	5-3
brothers,	16-2	Thomas, Annie E., 10-1; Abel,	18-4
Robbins, James, first burial in Muncy Cem.,	8-3	"Toads ad Tortoises", article,	15-2
Rogers R. G. and Son, Adv.,	9-4	Toole's Run,	15-1
Factory, 3-1, 9-4, Samuel,	19-4, 14-3	"Training Davs", Old time Militia,	1-1
Charles, 19-4; Robert, stage driver,	14-2	Tree, "Remarkable Apple",	10-2, 12-3
Mrs. Judson K.,	15-4	Treontown,	3-1
Rogers Bros., Bear Creek,	14-4	Trumbower, P. M. and Co.,	7-3, 8-3
Rooker, John H., tailor,	14-1	Trump, Wm. and Co.,	8-3
Root, Lee, 4-3; Henry S.,	8-2, 9-1	Turner, John,	5-3
Rothrock, Dr.,	14-1	Isaac of Northumberland Co., 9-3,	17-1
Russell, Dr. E. H.,	15-2, 16-3	"Underground Railroad",	9-3
Rutter, Ruth Anna,	18-3	"United States Tavern",	12-1
Rynearson, Barnet,	18-2, 13-2	Vanest, (Van Est), James,	16-2
Schools, Muncy Boro.,	7-3	Verga, Vincent, tailor,	14-1
Union Graded,	10-3	Vigilant Fire Co. adv.,	10-3
"Old Brick" and "Meeting House"	8-1	Van Fleet, Sallie,	6-1
"Old Log",	8-1	Van Buskirk, Thomas, tavern keeper,	6-1
"The First School",	13-3	Wallis, Samuel, 8-1, 16-2; sketch of...	13-2
"Old West Branch Valley Schools and Academies",	13-3	"Sallie", 10-1; "Lib",	10-1
"Old Central",	14-2	"Plantation", 11-2; hounds,	13-3
Schuyler and Bear, builders of Muncy dam, 4-1; L. E.,	16-3	Papers, 9-2, 18-2; forfeits title to Muncy Manor Lands,	19-3
Scott, John,	3-1, 11-2, 12-1, 16-2	"C. W.", 2-1; J. Lukens, epitaph,	6-3
Scudder, John,	10-2, 15-2, 16-2, 17-1	Cowden S.,	14-3;
Frank T.,	3-3, 8-3	Mary Wallis Lathey,	18-1
Seyern, Prof.,	1-1	Howard, R.,	18-2
Shad Fisheries,	19-4	Waller, Rev.,	14-1
Shannon, Rev. Samuel, Jessie (Cooper)	7-1	Warner, Thomas P.,	19-4
Shay, Wm. F.,	16-3	John, 18-2; Deborah Kiteley,	18-2
Sheddon, Prof.,	1-1, 2-2	Watson,	16-2
Sheep, Paulus,	16-2	Waltman, Daniel,	8-4
Sheridan, Jacob,	11-1	Walton, E.,	4-1, 8-1, 10-2, 12-3
John and Jacob,	15-4, 17-3	Bridge and Basin,	4-1
Shettle (Shuttle) Hill,	1-1	John and Sister,	6-1
Shoemaker, "At the Mills",	3-1, 15-2	Isaac, 6-1; Ebenezer,	15-3
"Wash", 2-1; Peter and Charles,	14-3	James, 9-3; buys land,	15-3
canal boat owners, 4-1, 6-1,	14-3	James, Ezekial and Isaac,	17-1
Mary Scudder, (Aunt Polly) 5-3,	10-2, 5-3	Graveyard,	17-1
John,	5-3	"Washington, George", first canal boat to go through Muncy Locks,	4-1
Daniel and Sisters,	6-1	Waterhouse, Samuel,	10-3
Daniel, 13-3; Doctor,	6-1, 11-3	Wayne, Gen., notes,	15-2
Ben., 11-2; Charles, 12-1, 8-3, 15-3, 16-3, 18-2, 13-1; Rosey, 12-3 J. K.,	12-3	Weaver, Mrs. Susan,	9-3
Samuel G., tavern keeper,	8-1, 8-3	Webster, Abram and Joseph, bear hunters,	19-4, 16-2
Buys a dog,	13-3	Webb, J. A. and Bros., tanners,	4-3
Samuel, Esq.,	8-4, 10-3, 14-2	Weeks, Mr.,	13-1
R. F., 9-1; adv.,	14-4	White, Anna, first Baptist convert,	6-3
William, Cat owner,	13-3	White Oak, Mammoth tree,	11-1
John Kidd, editor, 19-3; Jacob,	13-1	Whitmire, Henry, Shoemaker,	16-1
Silverthorn, (See P. O. Mural)	16-2	Whitmoyer, Musical Clock, 1-1; Jacob,	3-1
Simpson, John,	18-4	Wigham, John,	18-4
Sinnemahoning Creek,	18-2	Willets, ———, early M. D. (before 1810)	19-1
Slavery, Abolition of,	1-2	Williamsport "Banner", 17-4; "Gazette and Bulletin",	17-4
Smalley, Rev. and Mrs.,	9-3	Wilson, Prof.,	1-1
Smallwood, Mary,	17-1	Wilson, Robert, 14-3; James,	18-4
Smith, Rev., Episc.,	2-2, 6-4	Wind Mill Factory, early,	1-1
John D., of Moreland,	4-3	Winner, Wm.,	15-4
"Smith's Hall",	11-3	Winters, John H., 5-3; John A.,	17-4
Lewis S., 10-2; Peter,	16-2	Wolfinger, John F. Esq., Milton,	13-3
Sprout and Brothers,	4-3	Wolf Run,	11-1
Deacon Sprout,	10-3, 12-3	Wolverton, Mrs.,	4-3
Stamm, "Throp",	2-1, 8-3, 4-4	Wood, Dr.,	1-1, 2-1, 6-1, 19-1
Benj. F., apprentice,	16-1	Hopewell Hepburn,	3-3
Stauffer, Dr. John,	5-3	"Mr. and Mrs." T.,	8-1
Stauffer, John,	15-1	Doctor Thomas,	12-1, 4-1
Doctor, Joseph,	15-1	Mrs. W.,	15-2, 15-4
Steck, Dr. Michael, buys a lake (Highland),	13-3	Dr. Thomas, Sr. and Jr., history of,	8-1
Stevenson,	16-2	Dr. George G. author, 14-3; contributor,	17-1, 18-1
Stewart, D. J., Atlas, "Many errors",	14-3, 15-4	George, John and James,	13-1
Stockton,	19-2	Ancestry, 18-1; Thomas, Esq.,	13-1
Stokes, Edward,	4-3, 6-3	Woodward, F. B.,	9-1
Stoltz, Mill, 4-3; David,	17-2	Wynkoop, The Misses,	10-1
Stratton, Miss,	10-1	Yarnal, Abraham,	18-3
"Sullivan Co., Free Press,	3-2	Young, John, 16-2; Rebecca,	18-4

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H. J. Holmsten

# THE NOW AND THEN.

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## FLORIDA REMINISCENCES.

When giving our readers good-bye in the valedictory in the last number of the NOW AND THEN, ten years ago, we said that we had "almost completed our arrangements" to go and live in sunny Florida. After the paper went out, we went down to the Land of Flowers, and for nearly three months went about seeing the strange peninsula, until we almost went perplexed to decide what to do. We were more than once almost persuaded to complete the arrangements, but could not quite resolve that it was after all just the proper thing. We found about what we expected, after reading an armload of Florida books, pamphlets, circulars, papers and letters, and were not disappointed in the soil, climate, scenery, productions and society. We saw everything, except some towns, lakes, everglades, the three-yard rattlesnakes, eighteen-foot alligators, etc., that we had read about. But life is a wonderful combination of things, and its successes and enjoyments depend upon so many appurtenances besides soil, air, water, rain, sunshine, birds, fish, crops, flowers and neighbors. Far more depends upon one's own wits, strength, courage, perseverance, habits, wants, means, family, than is realized by most people who migrate. There were personal reasons why we decided not then to move to Florida—a feather may turn the scales when balanced—and so we returned to live again in the beautiful Muncy Valley, under the shadow of the Bald Eagle Mountain.

Our acquaintance with Florida is rather limited, but under the circumstances it may not be amiss to give some of the results of our observations. Much has been said and written, by tourists, and even by settlers, for and against the State, that a better acquaintance would modify. Many, in fact, have been obliged to change their minds. We are therefore admonished to handle the subject "with care." The impressions of Northern visitors are strikingly conflicting, and must be regarded with liberal allowance. The opinions formed depend largely on the bias,

judgment, temperament, finances of, and accidental influences upon, the visitor; even more sometimes than upon the country itself. We had a good chance to see this while prospecting with a large excursion party. During the day we usually scattered and prospected, and evenings, when assembled at the hotels or boarding houses, reported and compared observations. It was strange how differently the same sights, facts and objects, resources and opportunities, impressed the different observers, and how contradictory the views expressed. It was only a repetition, however, of the irreconcilable opinions already noticed in newspaper articles and pamphlets. The lesson learned was that each one must see and choose for himself; and that even then time and faithful work must demonstrate the wisdom of his choice. Tourists, and even settlers, differ in their views, the same as on politics, medicine, science, religion, and every other subject. Even the orange growers, after years of study and experience, differ widely in their methods and theories. Thousands have been misled, and thousands more will be disappointed, by settling in Florida and engaging in enterprises, by merely looking at things through other people's eyes, or because incapable of adapting themselves to unfamiliar conditions. This is also true of Kansas, Texas, California, and every other State. And the class of settlers who usually fail is that large class who so often "fail to make the ripples" elsewhere.

Another observation was the contradictory impressions on the same person. We had been amused by the inconsistent letters of a dear friend who visited Florida. At first everything seemed bright and promising, and he ventured on some quite sanguine predictions as to the future of the State. In less than two months he experienced a complete revulsion of feeling, and left the peninsula in utter disgust. Visitors are often at first unfavorably impressed, then fall in love with the country and become permanent settlers. The late Solon Robinson at first wrote dispar-

aging letters to the New York *Tribune*. Afterwards he settled there and lauded it as one of the choice spots of the continent. An intelligent Boston lady settled with her husband among the pines and bays in the flat woods in Bradford County. After living there a year or two she said to me that she often wondered what her friends thought of her letters. "I know," said she, "that I write very contradictory letters. One day I am pleased and hopeful, and praise the country; the next day I feel discouraged, get homesick, and say very unfavorable things." A year or two later I learned that she and her husband returned to the "Hub." They could not adapt themselves to Florida. A German of means came from New Jersey to see his son, who was improving forty acres in the same county, and boarded a week at the house where I stopped. It so chanced that Florida was then in one of her most unamiable meteorological moods, for the weather even in that delightful climate sometimes gets ugly freaks. The sun was hardly visible for three or four days, and nearly the whole surface of the country was covered with water. The old gentleman became very restless, and thus addressed his more sanguine son: "Is dish der fine country vat you write me so much about? I see noddings but rain unt water, unt pine trees. I goes pack home, unt you pëtter go pack mit me. I don't take der whole State of Florida if you gif it to me." Back he went. But, notwithstanding his disgust, he could not forget Florida. A year or two later he made another visit, bought an improved place of several hundred acres, and moved down with his family. We repeat, our impressions depend upon ourselves, our wants, judgment, domestic relations, finances, and a variety of mere personal causes, no less than upon the country.

Florida has resources, as well as every other State in the Union, but the resources are only to be fully understood and developed by patient study and hard work. The desire to make money by speculation, by rise of real estate, by inducing settlers to come and improve, is universal. We Muncy people are not less anxious to have the world know what a good location we have for manufacturing, and for pleasant homes, and are ready to welcome settlers with open arms, if they only come with means and enterprise to develop our advantages, and will pay us well for our town lots. So in Florida. The speculation mania has run high, and while it has in its way contributed largely to the growth and prosperity

of the State, it has also done great harm, caused many disappointments, and retarded development by diverting the attention that should have been given to the natural capabilities of the soil. The inhabitants have been too much inclined to wait for the Goddess of Fortune to come and empty her cornucopia. They have not worked to develop, demonstrate and prosper as they should have done. It is not so much that the climate *makes* them lazy, but it is so mild and kindly that it *allows* them to be so. We are not naturally less indolent. We do a great deal only because we must, to provide for six or eight months in which nothing will grow, and to keep from freezing. The Confederate soldiers from the extreme South exhibited the same energy during the rebellion as the Northern troops.

One of the best lessons of the neglect of opportunity we learned from a plain "cracker" woman. Her husband was a county official, a man well known and respected, who dealt some in real estate. We went to see him about lands. The interesting couple lived in the great pine forest of Bradford county, in a one-story, two-room cabin, with the fashionable outside stick and mud chimney, without a stove, and without sash or glass in the windows. How soon we would freeze to death in such a house up here! They were no longer young, being surrounded with children and grandchildren. Finding the old lady a sprightly talker, we tarried to enjoy her conversation. She thought that we contemplated settling near by, and was quite communicative in regard to the advantages of that section. She talked as well as any real estate agent we met. She showed me her garden, the beautiful orange and other fruit trees growing thriftily about the house, hives of bees, and flowers, and claimed that it was a country of great possibilities. I believed her, as she gave indisputable evidence of all she said. But why was not the half, or the fourth, or even less than the one-fifth of the eighty acres improved and planted, as the little patch about the house? A lifetime spent in the pine woods, and so little accomplished! The opportunity seemed to be appreciated, yet it was not improved. Why? Ten acres under cultivation like the half acre she showed me would support a large family. A Connecticut woman not five miles away had, in a few years, made an attractive and valuable place of more than ten acres, and did so mainly with her own hands, as her husband was a help-

less cripple; yet few of the natives, few even of the Northern settlers, were then like her demonstrating the capabilities of the soil and climate. Why? We can think of some reasons. Life is easy, not hurried there, as it is here. They live as they *can*; we live much more as we *must*. They have almost as many months in which to plant as we have weeks, and so they need not hurry. Not a few, it is said, are still content to "live on fish in the summer and on Yankees in the winter." They want yet more Northern folks to come and make things "boom." Many have the orange fever so bad that, having a few trees planted, they "only stand and wait." Solon Robinson once asked a native, who had just netted a good price for the oranges grown on six trees, why he had not planted sixty trees. The significant answer was, "What should I do with so much money?" But many, we understand, are now doing better, and a better day is coming for Florida. Various problems have been solved, new ideas are taking deep root, and industry is being greatly stimulated. The prediction of Charles Hallock, made a few years ago in the preface to "Camp Life in Florida," that "the population and developed resources of Florida are destined to double in ten years," has been fulfilled in the increase of population, and more than accomplished in the progress of various developments.

But to return to the cracker woman. She had always lived in the "flat woods." The furthest she had been from her birth place was to the St. Johns, forty or fifty miles away. She had never seen snow, nor trodden on frozen ground. She could hardly realize that a river like the St. Johns could be frozen over, so that a heavy team could pass safely over on the ice. She had never seen a mountain. An orchard of apple trees was in her imagination as strange a sight as any of our readers may fancy an orange grove. She wanted to hear about the North, and as she was also a good listener, I gave her a description of the Muncy Valley. I spoke of the fertile farms; the many improvements and conveniences; the beautiful fields of grain, timothy and clover; the rich milk and good butter; the luscious cherries, pears, peaches, and the acres of apple trees; the romantic hills and mountains; the many charming vistas; the noble Susquehanna, and the picturesque gap in which it flows throw the Muncy Hills; the cool and crystal mountain streams, with their trouty pools, rocky bottoms, rushing rapids and charming

water-falls; and as I spoke I mentally contrasted the endeared picture in my mind with the poor soil, monotonous flat woods, and snaky bays on every side—there was not another habitation within sight—and wondered to myself whether it would pay me to exchange. I shall never forget the expression of the good woman's face as she sadly remarked, "Oh, my! how I should like to live in such a country! How often I have wished to see the mountains! If I had your nice baking apples you might have all the oranges." Reader, I could not help it, but just then the thought came with startling force into my mind, "And would you not be a fool to leave such a country for this?" But I then thought why I had come to Florida, and seeing that what I had said was not calculated to make the woman contented, I gave her an equally truthful view from another point of observation. I then told her that it was not always so desirable a country to live in, on account of the long and wearisome winters, in which not a flower, blossom or expanding bud was to be seen; how the feathered songsters deserted us in the fall not to return until enticed back by the warm breath of spring; how the cold waves and arctic blasts often come down over the mountains so biting and savage that we may be seen hurrying along the streets as if we thought there were demons in the air in pursuit; how we envelop ourselves in heavy shawls, furs and great-coats, encase our hands in thick gloves or mittens, and even tie up our ears and noses, if we wish to venture any distance from our homes; how for months the ground is either frozen solid to the depth of one, two or three feet, or the roads so muddy as to be almost impassable, or closed by snow-drifts as high as the fences; how tight and strong we build our houses, how we even tighten the very doors with cloth or strips of rubber to keep out the biting air, and how every family must have one or more stoves in constant blast to keep from freezing to death even in such warm houses; how disagreeably the many sudden changes of weather effect old people, the young of delicate constitutions, and even sometimes the strong and healthy; how liable we all are to rheumatic, neuralgic, catarrhal, asthmatic and pulmonary affections; how thousands are yearly carried off by consumption, diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, croup and pneumonia; and how thousands were leaving this wintry land to find homes in balmy Florida, and how gladly thousands more would follow if they could do so without losing the

society of their friends, and were able to make the unavoidable sacrifices. I felt better satisfied when the poor woman more contentedly remarked, "Indeed, I would not like that," and we ended the conversation by again discussing the advantages of Florida.

Florida has often been pronounced "a God-forsaken country." The oldest State in settlement, the tardiest until recently in development, it has been thought to possess few advantages, and that it must be a poor country for residence. Many visitors have deemed themselves liberal to allow only two things in its favor—an enjoyable winter climate and a good soil for oranges. Thousands have gone through the length and breadth of it with the view of settlement, only to return to the North thoroughly disappointed. Considering the interminable diversity of tastes and judgment, the history of human progress and experience in all new settlements, the innumerable influences that bear so unequally on our lives, and how slow many are to fall in with new conditions, this is not strange. It would be far more surprising if everybody liked Florida. But why do so many like it? How account for the wonderful development now in progress? The time is coming when the visitor will be amazed that it was ever considered a God-forsaken country, fit only for orange culture and a winter retreat for tourists and invalids. Many published letters will be regarded as the letters written during the occupation of Philadelphia in 1778, by a German officer in the British army, who said he could not picture to himself an earthly paradise and take in Pennsylvania. [Penn'a Magazine of History and Biography, No. 1, Vol. I.] "If the Honorable *Count* Penn," said the disappointed officer, "should surrender to me the whole country for my patent, on condition that I should live here during my life, I would scarcely accept it. And this is the promised land, the land flowing with milk and honey, which so many before us have praised!" Of our sturdy ancestors he declared, "Not one has a healthy color." And we can hardly forgive him for saying—"Almost all have a quiet madness, a derangement of mind which proceeds from sluggish, not active blood. One cause, perhaps, is that no food here has so much nourishment as with us. The milk is not half so rich, the bread gives little nourishment. Like the products of the earth, animals too are only half developed." But after this follows proof of *development* that throws Florida into the shade. "There is nothing,

however, more terrible than the *big rattlesnake*, which is from twelve to sixteen feet long, and which, as it is believed here, kills by its glances. A countryman in my quarters lost a relative of his in this way. He had gone hunting, and seeing a bear standing still, aimed at and shot it; scarcely had he reached the bear, when he too was obliged to stand motionless, remained thus awhile, fell and died; all this was caused by a rattlesnake, which was perched in a high tree." Much that has been said and written against Florida is not more reasonable. The truth is, God has so distributed His favors that each portion of our country has a full share, and He has by no means slighted Florida. But the real object of this paper is not to defend the now progressive State from her defamers. We have not undertaken to discuss her advantages and disadvantages, of both which she has her share. The object has been merely to explain that it was *our fault*, that it was on account of personal considerations, that we changed our mind and did not settle in The Land of Flowers.

This paper is already too long for our space, but we will add a word regarding Florida as a health resort. The climate is unquestionably delightful and healthful; but the many invalids we met and conversed with convinced us that too much is expected of it. Many in advanced stages of disease shorten their lives by the hardships of long journeys, both in going and coming, and by the depressing influence of living away from friends and the comforts of home. I talked with some who felt as if they were exiles, whose hearts ached when they thought of home and friends far away, and this alone is enough to counteract all the therapeutic advantages of the fine climate. True, under favorable circumstances immense benefits have resulted, even in apparently hopeless cases, but invalids are usually too credulous, too disposed to expect the results without due regard to the conditions, and therefore attach too much importance to the climate. To persons who can travel from place to place and take reasonable care of themselves—who can divert themselves in fishing, boating, hunting, exploring, botanizing, collecting birds' eggs, shells, etc.; who can enjoy the charms of novelty and adventure, and who do not therefore feel the loss of home and the society of friends—to such Florida is truly a sanitarium. But the factors to be regarded as of equal importance to the climate and the balsamic air of the pine forests, are the

general change of air, food and habits, the benefits of alternate, invigorating exercise and refreshing rest and sleep, and the inestimable advantage of a new and wholesome occupation of the mind.

### CURIOUS MINIE BALL COINCIDENCES.

Stephen Flick, a private of Company H, commanded by Captain B. F. Keefer, 131st Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, was hit in the mouth by a Minie ball at the first battle of Fredericksburg. The ball knocked out four of his teeth, and, as an officer of the company expressed it when telling us of the circumstance, "knocked the boy head over heels." Flick always lamented the loss of his teeth, as this was the only serious result of the casualty. The ball lodged in the roof of his mouth, and was immediately removed by himself without doing any further harm. It is a curious coincidence that two comrades of the same company, Oscar Childs and John Rodman, were hit in the mouth by Minie balls, in almost the same manner, in the same engagement and at nearly the same time. They were both more seriously hurt, however, as the balls fractured their jaws and passed through their cheeks. Two other Muncy boys, Ellis L. Ayres and William Coder, met with the same ill luck, but in other battles. Flick carried his ball about as a pocket piece for some months, often exhibiting it to his comrades as a rare trophy, but unfortunately lost it before he was discharged. He prided himself as being more skilled than his fellow soldiers. He claimed that he was the only man of his regiment who could perform the extraordinary feat of catching a Minie ball with his mouth. The Muncy company of the 131st, by the way, had a terrible experience in this engagement at Fredericksburg. Six men never came off the field, and out of a total of sixty-three but thirty escaped uninjured. Fearful, indeed, were the sacrifices made by the boys to maintain the institutions and government of their fathers. They did more for the country during the four years of war than the country has in a quarter of a century yet done for them.

#### ELLIS L. AYRES' EXPERIENCE WITH A MINIE BALL.

Another and more remarkable case of Minie ball casualty was that of Ellis L. Ayres, another Muncy soldier, and private of Company F, Captain John Farley, 84th Regiment P. V. This distressing incident occurred near Fairview, at the battle of Chancellorsville, on Sunday morn-

ing, the 3d day of May, 1863, when the gallant 84th fought with most wonderful desperation, and lost no less than 215 men. It happened, as near as we can ascertain, at about the same time that "Fighting Joe Hooker" was disabled, on the portico of the Chancellor House, by the falling of a pillar that was struck by a solid shot, and by which unfortunate circumstance the Army of the Potomac was, as General Pleasanton said in *The Century*, that day "virtually without a head." Ellis was in the act of leveling his piece to fire into the rebel ranks, then almost hidden from his view by smoke and woods, when he received the ball in his mouth and fell forward on his face. The missile had knocked out three of his teeth and badly shattered his lower jaw, then taking a downward course lodged somewhere in his neck. When he so far recovered from the shock that he could get up, his regiment had fallen back, and he found that he would soon be liable to be captured. He therefore hurriedly broke his gun by striking it against a tree, to make it worthless to the enemy, according to the rule of war in such cases, then lay down on his face alongside of a log, making a headrest of his arm, and feigned himself dead. By this time he was so covered with blood that the simulation was not difficult. He had not lain long thus when two of the Johnnies stepped on the log, and several others passed alongside of him. It was a time of most painful suspense, as he expected each moment that one of their glittering bayonets would be thrust into his body. On discovering him one exultantly remarked: "There's a d—d Yank out of the way." Fortunately, perhaps, for Ellis, there was exciting work going on just then close by, so that a prostrate Yank was not regarded as a subject requiring immediate attention. It was not long before the grays found that part of the field getting too hot, there being too many unhurt Yanks yet in the way, and there now seemed a chance for Ellis to get back to his company. He at once decided to make the experiment, though he had to pass some distance between the fire of both friends and foes. He luckily succeeded, and was soon safe in the rear of the Union lines, under care of the Federal surgeons. On the 8th he found himself in Mount Pleasant Hospital, at Washington. From here he was on the 21st day of June removed to Satterlee Hospital, in West Philadelphia. On the 18th day of September he received his discharge, and returned to Muncy, not a well man, but a wretched invalid, doomed

to pass through yet many long, wearisome months of agony and anxiety. In a few weeks he had been reduced fifty pounds in weight, and when his relatives and friends saw him none supposed that his constitution could much longer stand the strain. The ball was still in his body, causing him constant suffering, and bringing on one abscess after another. It gradually worked down his neck, then under his left collar bone, then down his breast, now under his left arm, down and around his side, and finally—just two years, five months and nine days from the day he had received it in his mouth—it came out directly below the left shoulder blade. A happy day for Ellis. It brought instant relief, followed by rapid improvement. If the entire track of the ball were now visible, he could perhaps show a longer scar than any soldier who survived the carnage of that terrific battle, in which more than 16,000 brave men were lost to the Union army. The ball weighs exactly one ounce. It was slightly battered by the concussion with the jaw bone, and is a formidable-looking object to pass through a human body as described. It has been carefully preserved by him as a dearly earned testimonial of his devotion to the old flag, presented to him by order of the Confederate government, under peculiar circumstances, with imposing ceremony, on the bloody field of Chancellorsville. It is now more than a quarter of a century since the then most undesired but now much valued memorial was received by Ellis, then not yet twenty-two years old, but he is still with us, a good and useful citizen, in the enjoyment of fair health, considering his broken constitution. His lower jaw is very weak, however, and hard indeed would be his fate if again obliged to subsist on rations of dry hard-tack. He says he has long since forgiven the Johnny who caused him so much suffering; and, if it were possible to find him, would go a long way to shake hands and have a friendly chat with him, though he could not think of returning the ball, after being the undisputed owner of it for more than twenty-five years, and having received it without condition attached to the tenure.

Several citizens recently attempted to make a list of the names of men forty-five years and upwards of age, who were born in Muncy and are still here. They had about a dozen names when we saw the list, and they could not then think of any others. The "Salutatory," in this magazine, indicates how rapidly changes take place, and will remind the readers of many other deaths and removals that we did not have the space to notice.

### Throwing Mud at Miss Cleveland.

"Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland not so very many years ago was a school teacher in the pretty town of Muncy, Lycoming County, where the winds come down from the mountains with sharpened edges on them. Miss Cleveland was not so popular with the 'fair Alviras of the seminary' as she has become in later times in other places, and 'for short' was called 'Jake' by the students and the young men who took her out buggy riding on moonlight nights."

This item appeared in the *Philadelphia Press* sometime ago, and was extensively copied by the newspapers. It is said to be mild compared to some of the paragraphs that have emanated from this "pretty town" of Muncy, and possibly from the same adverse source. What thoughts are naturally suggested to the thousands who read these intimations? That Miss Rose was not "popular;" that she flitted recklessly about with young men on "moonlight nights;" that being called "Jake," she was whatever that epithet implies; and that, in short, she was not of much account. Is not the above item vindictive? It is a dishonorable innuendo. Who would know by such hints that Miss Cleveland was a sensible, prudent and highly respected person? We were not one of her personal friends; but we saw her often when she taught school here. We know her intimate friends well, and know something about her. We pronounce the above a base and cowardly abuse of the freedom of the press. True, Miss Rose was not popular with all the students. How many teachers ever are? And as to the "moonlight night" insinuation, her old neighbors say it is unwarranted. No teacher we ever had probably cared less for the young men of the night-hawking species—or any other kind. She was "not so popular" with them. She could help herself too well for them, and when she wanted a buggy ride she sent her order to the livery. She had the independence of character that a progressive and ambitious woman should have, but she always conducted herself with the propriety that is reasonably expected of an educated and refined lady. The secret of the dislike of some was that she wore her hair short, sometimes walked the streets with an umbrella under her arm, held up her head, and could, and always did, take care of herself. She was "not so popular" with others because she was hostile to fashion. She believed, as she has since publicly declared, that corsets, cotton, French heels, bustles and the like had better go, than sacrifice comfort and health. She was not popular with some, probably, because they were "not so popular"

with her. She was generally popular with all she cared, or that she could spare the time, to associate with. Her intimate friends were of the best and most respected of our citizens. They felt aggrieved by the above paragraph, and denounced the spirit that prompted it. Many in this "pretty" town think so well of her character and abilities that they believe that she would have made a much better President than her big brother. But why attempt to pull Miss Rose Elizabeth down because she has been getting on in the world? Who is throwing the mud?

### The Last of Mary Scudder's Children.

Mrs. Hannah Steedman is now the only survivor of the nine children of the late Mary Scudder Shoemaker, historically known as the first white child born in Lycoming County, or in this section of Pennsylvania west of the Muncy Hills. She is not only the sole survivor of the Benjamin Shoemaker and Mary Scudder Shoemaker children, but she has attained a greater age than either of her parents, or than any of her eight brothers and sisters. On the 6th day of March last she entered her 83d year. Her mother died at the age of nearly 80, and her father at 78. And of her well-remembered brothers and sisters, Dr. Henry Shoemaker died at the age of 77, John Shoemaker at 78, Mrs. Susanna S. Langdon at 78, and "Aunt Sallie" almost reached 80. "Aunt Hannah," as we all now respectfully call her, has also survived her husband, David Steedman, and seven children of her own, and is now, therefore, the sole living representative of two large families. One of her sons died a cruel death in Andersonville prison; another also of exposure and hardship while in the service of his country. Her husband had also been in the militia service before he died. The late Major General Steedman, of Ohio, was her nephew. Decoration Day is always to her an event of special and serious significance, and the never-failing little flag that then adorns her humble home touchingly testifies to her affection and patriotism. Of nineteen names on her family records, all save her own are therefore enrolled in the column of Death. She now waits for the summons to join the eighteen in the City of the Silent.

One night soon after the battle of Antietam the pass-word of the camp guard of the 131st Regiment, P. V., was "Mary Huckel." Some of the soldiers had been pupils of Miss Mary's school, and kindly remembered her during the stirring time of war.

### The Dog Nuisance.

The auditors' report for the year 1887, on the account of the Prothonotary of Lycoming County, shows that the amount paid during the year for sheep killed by dogs was \$2,301.00, and that the receipts for taxes on dogs in the same time was \$3,980.50, or \$1,679.50 more than was paid for the sheep killed. The total surplus or balance now "due dog fund" is \$10,634.00. This is a rather cheering report. It is elating to have so much of a surplus in the treasury. It is somewhat solacing, too, that the dogs must pay for the sheep they kill. And it is a satisfaction to know that the loss in sheep killed is not more than \$2,301.00 in twelve months, when we consider the irrepressible propensity that dogs have to kill sheep. But there is another side of the question that is not so cheering. The money paid for sheep killed is but a fraction of the real loss to the farmers, and hence to the people and the county, for which dogs are responsible. We do not now speak of the turkeys, chickens and geese they kill, and of the many other annoyances of having dogs run at will, but only of the loss in sheep raising. We ought to have, and would have, as sheep raisers have assured us, ten times more sheep in Lycoming County if there were no dogs, or if the dogs were never suffered to leave the premises where they belong. Some farmers have abandoned sheep raising altogether on account of the dogs. Problem: What then is the real loss to the county?

### The Insects not all Listed.

"Scientists have listed the insects of the world and find that they number 60,000." — *Philadelphia Press*.

These figures are entirely too small. An aunt living on the famous Indian River, in Florida, not long ago wrote us that sometimes she cannot hear the ocean roar on account of the singing of the mosquitoes. If the mosquitoes along that lagoon were listed they would possibly in round numbers foot up 60,000,000 to the acre. The insects of the world would more likely number about 200,000 species. Why, Herman Strecker, of Reading, Pa., has more than 30,000 species of only moths and butterflies, and every now and then he lists some new form even in his special line. Then think of the beetles, flies, grasshoppers, spiders, and all the other kinds of insects. There is only One who can list all the insects of the world. It will be a long while yet before scientists enroll even all the species.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

ISSUED BI-MONTHLY.

J. M. M. GERNERD, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

For terms of subscription and advertising rates, see cover.

JULY AND AUGUST, 1888.

## SALUTATORY.

DEAR READER! We have ventured to return to our editorial chair, table and waste basket, and now politely salute you. We wish to grasp you by the hand again, and make another pleasant journey in your agreeable company. If you will give us your attention and sympathy, we will earnestly try to serve and entertain you. There are many things on the way we travel together in which we are mutually interested, and perhaps a conference now and then may prove mutually advantageous. You can often help us while we are trying to assist you. You can give us friendly counsel, and supply us with valuable material for our future numbers. But, first of all, we once more ask your indulgence. Tell us of our faults, but please bear with us patiently. It is a great *sécret* to know just *how* and *when* to say a thing, and just *what* ought to go into the waste basket. If we sometimes err, please remember it is human to err. If, when our work is finished, nothing of consequence has been said or done that should be taken back, or that ought to have gone under the table, it may certainly be claimed that it has been well done. And so, good reader, hoping to have your friendship, we have sharpened our long-neglected quill, and will again undertake such editorial work as time, strength and certain business cares will permit.

And now, and here, in this greeting, is perhaps the best time and place to say what we want to say about our revived little paper, and its revived big—not promises, but—hopes and aims. It is just twenty years ago—in June, 1868—that the first number of the first volume of the *NOW AND THEN* appeared. And ten years ago—in February, 1878—the last number was added to the file. Thus, in one decade—short to the world, but not always seeming so to us—we edited nineteen numbers, and from *Then* rested our editorial pen ten years until *Now*. In appearing again, we have but little to say in explanation, but that little we shall say frankly. When we tell the truth, it is not always prudent nor incumbent upon us to

tell the whole truth. Ten long, busy and eventful years have furnished many valid excuses; but, without further plea, we rely on the kind indulgence of the esteemed patrons to whom we are still indebted for advance-paid subscriptions. We have often worried about this, but can also say that we had never wholly given up the idea of publishing the paper again. At the very time we penned the valedictory in the last number, we *now* admit, we *then* had its publication in a new field in serious contemplation. We are still in possession of the miniature but well-equipped printing office with which we commenced its publication. But, kind patrons, is, and was, not the *NOW AND THEN* always—*Then* and *Now*—in time, up to time and on time? When and how often is *Now* and *Then*? Technically we did not, need not and do not worry. We never feared that any of our kind patrons would take action against us for obtaining money under false pretense.

We now appear in the same old form, but with a slightly changed face. We present the same familiar and convenient old heading, and retain the same breadth and length of column, and the same size page; but, instead of the eye-straining nonpareil type, we make our second advent in handsome and larger brevier features; and from a four-page, eight-column, we are transfigured into a more capacious twelve-page and twenty-four column journal. Many of our old readers who did not use eye-glasses *then* we see are, like ourself, wearing them *now*, and we imagine the change to larger type will be quite agreeable. The dear old folks—so many of whom are *now* no more—used to complain to us now and then that the delicate nonpareil of the *NOW AND THEN* was too trying for their eyes.

The character of the matter will also be nearly the same—items of history, biography, science and anecdotes—and the spirit in which we shall address our readers will be as earnest, as hopeful and as friendly *Now* as it was *Then*. A feature entirely new is the outer garment, or duster. This, we believe, will be regarded as a great improvement, and as all will acknowledge who wish to preserve their papers. It will serve to keep the papers clean, and can be easily removed when they are to be bound. We hope to confine all advertisements—if we ever get any—to this wrap, and intend to give our readers as much for their money as we possibly can in the clean, white, solid twenty-four columns within. We know how annoying it often is to be compelled to read

advertisements in disguise, or that are sandwiched in between items of general interest, and we promise that in at least twelve pages of our journal we shall not take any such advantage of our readers. We make a slight change in the price of subscription, but this we feel assured will not meet with any objections, especially as it is not at all proportionate to the improvement and increased cost.

As stated in the first number of Vol. I., the little serial was not undertaken for profit. And, in a pecuniary sense, we confess that it never was profitable. Many subscriptions were never paid, that would doubtless have been cheerfully paid if we had not neglected to call for the pay. Yes, we did several times "call," but the summons was in some out of the way column or corner of the paper, and in such fine type, and was so often overlooked, or as often forgotten, or something, we cannot tell just what, as it was so long ago, that many failed to respond. The NOW AND THEN was printed for pastime and pleasure, for instruction and entertainment, and in this it proved a success beyond our expectations. Quite a number of complete sets have been preserved and handsomely bound, and it is no slight gratification to know are treasured as if of undoubted value. Frequent applications for copies that we could no longer supply have alike attested the interest and appreciation it has commanded. We shall be glad indeed if the second volume now contemplated proves as welcome a visitor. And may we not hope that the shekels will come in as fast as we shall be obliged to pay them out?

Sad and startling are the changes of the last twenty years. It is impossible to embrace them in one view. Many who cheered us with kindly greetings, freely gave us tangible expressions of sympathy, and furnished us with facts that gave the first volume its chief value, are not here Now to receive our grateful obeisance. A great company of esteemed friends whom we used Then to meet every now and then on the streets of Muncy have fallen in the battles of life. We have not space to mention all, and those not here named are not forgotten. One of the first to take us by the hand and manifest a friendly interest in the paper was the late gifted Hon. William Cox Ellis. The Rev. George C. Drake and Dr. B. S. Langdon were valued contributors. Among the many others from whom we from time to time obtained items of interest, and of whom we are always reminded when we look over our columns, we now recall to mind Maj.

Isaac Bruner, Sr., Samuel G. Shoemaker, Ebenezer Walton, David Hill, Maj. John S. Dykins, Thomas Wood (farmer), Dr. William Musser, Dr. Michael Steck, Ellis Bryan, Enos Hawley, "Uncle" John McCarty, John Poust, Dr. Joseph Stauffer, John J. Crouse, Simon Schuyler, Flem. W. Edwards, Jacob Cooke, John Warner and Joseph Gudykunst. Among the dear old ladies now deceased, who now and then gave us valuable information, were Mrs. John Shoemaker, Mrs. John S. Dykins, Mrs. William A. Petrikin, Mrs. Jane Quinn Lloyd, "Aunt Sallie" Shoemaker and Mrs. Franklin B. Fahnestock. And among the many other departed from whom we received various expressions of interest and sympathy, still fondly remembered, were Mrs. Joshua Alder, Miss Elizabeth Huckel, Mrs. Lucretia Bodine, William B. Shoemaker, Richard Rogers, Rev. Archibald Heron and wife, John Hill, Sr., (of Hughesville), Maj. M. S. Fredericks, Theo. C. Wells, Daniel Clapp, Michael S. Rissel, Teter D. Beeber, Benjamin Pott, Joshua Bowman, Adam Rankin, Noble Parker, Dr. Hugh Montgomery, W. H. H. Walton and Samuel H. Wallis.

But the common enemy, Death, has not claimed all who have departed from our midst since the birth of the NOW AND THEN. Other great and frequent changes have deprived us of the daily meetings and greetings of as many other friends. A long social column has steadily moved away, and scattered, one here and one there, to all points of the compass. Muncy has during several decades contributed to the population of about all the towns around—and nearly all the towns around us have in this time sent people to live in Muncy. Dr. William Willits, Dr. L. G. Baker, Charles Bowers, Pharez Bacon, J. Artley Beeber, William Lloyd, Charles Beeber, Frank Lloyd, J. F. Hedden, Hope Walton, Wm. A. Krouse, Mrs. Emma Mohr Foresman and Mrs. Amelia Meyers represent a long column who have during this period moved to Williamsport. Daniel F. Good, Captain George Webb, James W. Fredericks, Lewis K. Poust and Capt. William Flack are among those who have located in Lock Haven. Milton Hawley is in Watsontown, and B. F. Funk and W. R. Bridgens are in Milton; P. F. Stetler and William Coder are in Lewisburg; Hubley Albright is in Laurelton; Alfred Hawley in Northumberland; Capt. B. F. Keefer and H. Morris Fahnestock in Sunbury; Dr. E. Kennedy, Jacob G. Lilley and Lemuel Hess are in Shamokin; W. B. Poust

in Shickshinny; Clark E. Wells in Bloomsburg; Rev. Thomas R. Beeber in Norristown; William Melick in Philipsburg; Maj. Thomas Chamberlin, William B. Kelly, Dr. William Hollowpeter, Elizabeth Willits, T. Dimmer Beeber, P. M. Barber, Jesse Rank and many others are in Philadelphia.

Among the many who have in this time gone to other States we at this moment recall to mind Mrs. Rev. George C. Drake and her son John, who are now in Iowa; J. W. Musser, Alfred Shoemaker and Miss Mercy Shoemaker, now in California; John Fribley and his sons Hiram and William, now living in Michigan; Francis Beeber, George Doctor and Ellen Doctor, John H. Tyreman, Mrs. Gertrude C. App and Mrs. Elizabeth Steck, now in Virginia; Mrs. Dr. Joseph Stauffer, now in West Virginia; the Misses Susan and Helen Heron, in Tennessee; Dr. J. J. Leiser and Dr. F. Reber Musser, in Montana; Benjamin S. Drake and T. Hope Wood, in Minnesota; George H. McMichael, William Gortner and William Mackey, in Illinois; Col. William Brindle and Miss Mary M. Wallis, in New Jersey, and B. R. Paxton, in Florida. The fact is, we are compelled to stop here, or this recalling of names of deceased and migrated friends and our salutation to the living will monopolize all our space.

We greet our old friends, one and all, here, there, everywhere, now, then, named and unnamed, without respect to person, size, creed, politics or purse, in the spirit of liberty, fraternity and equality, and wish all joy, peace and plenty, Now, and life in the eternal THEN to come. It would afford us great pleasure to hear from any or all of our widely-dispersed old friends, and from a host of new friends. If any are reminded of reminiscences, anecdotes or scraps of unwritten local history, such as we have been publishing, we shall be very glad indeed to be favored with such matter. The occurrences of our time, or of the days of our ancestors, the little happenings that we often pass by as of little consequence, or regard as of little interest except to ourselves, will be part of the very marrow of our history when written. With this greeting we now hand you the first number of the second volume of the NOW AND THEN, sincerely trusting that it will touch your hearts at the right spot to win your everlasting friendship.

The first pressed brick manufactured in this vicinity, we have been told, were made nearly fifty years ago, by Austin Meyers, at Port Penn.

## OUR AIM AND SCOPE.

The object and range of the NOW AND THEN is briefly stated on the title page. History is mentioned first, then amusement—but instruction and advancement though named last, are regarded as first in importance. The past is dead. It is not ours. No matter how fondly we cherish its memories, the *Then* that is past is forever past. Now is our time. Now is our opportunity for enjoyment and improvement. Now concerns us infinitely more than the dead past.

The future is before us. Each coming day that we are permitted to see will be ours. We live Now, and as we anxiously look into the future, we hope to live Then. Our time Now is in fact chiefly spent in work for the future. The future is even in some respects more to us than the present. The present will not long be ours. The days go as fast as they come. We work to-day for the advantages of to-morrow. Our life is most nobly spent, if thoughtfully devoted to preparations for the future. If we build Now, we may inhabit Then. If we sow Now, we may reap Then. If we economize Now, we may enjoy Then. We learn Now, that we may know Then. We obey the laws of life Now, that we may not be sick Then. We avoid transgression Now, that we may not be punished Then.

The past teaches us innumerable useful lessons. Therefore history, duly considered and appreciated, is of great value. If the experiences and teachings of the past were utterly obliterated, if the lessons of our fathers and of our own past lives were all forgotten, we would Now of all creatures be most miserable. Even the lower animals profit to no small extent by what the past has taught them. This is why crows post sentinels when they commit depredations on our corn fields. This is why the pestiferous rodents are so shy of our traps. This is also why all domestic animals become more or less docile and subservient under kind and rational treatment. It is the real secret of Rarey's and Bartholomew's wonderful success in training horses. And if the dumb brutes can learn so much, where is the limit of human advancement if proper use is made of past experiences and present opportunities!

History, then, is more than a source of mere amusement and pastime. It furnishes countless facts, experiences, precepts, contrasts and amusing anecdotes, for our instruction and advancement. Its highest purpose should be to make us better Now, and still better Then than Now. We

use the term history in a wide sense. Local history embraces all that our ancestors did, said, hoped and Then knew, or that we Now do, say, plan and have. But there is also the great field of natural history. The earth on which we live has its history. All the creatures that breathe the same air and go into the same "one place" have their history. And all this properly comes within the aim and scope of the NOW AND THEN.

Sketches and anecdotes illustrating the nature, habits and intelligence of animals that share life and earth with us, and that live for us, though made to be taken and destroyed, are also interesting and useful in elucidating the great problems of even human actions, mind and existence. The size of the journal may seem rather small to take in such a vast domain, and we can only "at one time and another," devote it and ourselves to the manifold topics thus defined; but we hope, nevertheless, to do some valuable work. But please note that we say we *hope* to do some good work, and that we do not boastfully promise that we shall. We will try. So, good reader, you will now understand our aim and scope, and the position the NOW AND THEN wants to take among the multitude of papers in this land and age of newspapers. Will you help? With your hearty aid and comfort, we feel that we shall accomplish something.

### Some Remarks in Regard to Our Title.

As it is ten years since we have chatted with our readers, and as this is the first number of a new volume, we wish to add a few more words in a confidential way about our title. Of course the indulgent reader can bear a little more and will not say anything, as the great, cold, busy, haughty outside world will not care to be informed about our little affairs. We have already given much more space than was at first intended to the introductory and explanatory articles headed "Florida Reminiscences," "Salutatory," and "Our Aim and Scope," and now as we are about ready to go to press we find that we really want to whisper yet a few more things into the ears of our patient readers.

We had expected to publish our paper again now and then, once in awhile, or at one time and another, just as we used to do years ago, but as the weight of each copy is *now* four times greater than *then*, and as we *now* also hope to have four times the circulation we had *then*, the question of postage has *now* suddenly assumed

eight times the importance it had *then*, and has consequently compelled a change in our plans. In order to have the NOW AND THEN entered at the Muncy post-office as second-class matter, and thus secure the advantage of the low rate of postage, we were authoritatively told by Postmaster Fulmer that it must be "issued at regular stated intervals," and also not less than "four times a year." We addressed a letter of inquiry to the Post-office Department to learn whether it might not be considered as second-class matter if we published it regularly four times a year, and sometimes between times, but we were promptly informed that it was imperative that a publication be "issued at regular stated intervals" to be entitled to the privileges of second-class matter. The Third Assistant Postmaster General politely added that "'Now and Then' is not legitimate second-class matter." Now, as we do not wish to publish as often as once a month, and as we do not want to publish at such long intervals as once in three months, and as we desire to save just \$7 of every \$8 that it would cost if entered as third-class matter, we have therefore concluded to issue the NOW AND THEN as a bi-monthly, or once every other month, and thus, by the post-office regulations, prove to the Honorable Third Assistant Postmaster General that it most emphatically is "*legitimate second-class matter.*"

The real signification of the title NOW AND THEN is not lost, however, because we shall now issue it at what the Post-office Department terms "regular stated intervals." There is entirely too much in the name for us to think of adopting some other title. *Now*, as defined by Webster, means "present time." This is an important part of the field of the NOW AND THEN. It is the very centre of the horizon of its observation. From this middle ground we look back into the past, or attempt to look forward into the future. *Then* signifies "a time specified, either past or future." In our title it has the most comprehensive signification that can be given to it. Now and Then is therefore a synonym of the past, the present and the future. All time is specified. Reduced to one word, it means eternity. "An eternal *Now* does *Ever last.*" How can a title be more comprehensive! It embraces more than any mortal has ever yet dreamed of in his philosophy. *Now* may refer to the things of this day, this month, this year, this life, this age, this world. *Then* may refer to the days of our youth, to the days of our

fathers, to the ages of antiquity, to pre-historic times; or to coming days, to coming months, to coming years, to coming ages, and to the life and to the world to come. Who can comprehend the full meaning of the Apostolic exclamation: "Now I know in part, but THEN shall I know even as also I am known." We fondly, therefore, cling to our dear old and convenient title, and most respectfully remind the Third Assistant Postmaster General that it expresses much more than irregularity of publication, and that the NOW AND THEN is most assuredly "legitimate second-class" mail matter—that is, if it is, as he says, issued at "regular stated intervals," or once every other month.

We thus humbly submit to the Third Assistant Postmaster General. Of course, we must. But we wish to ask him a question. He obliges us to answer and affirm to no less than nineteen interrogatories, and to send him a copy of the NOW AND THEN, to enable him to decide the momentous question whether the magazine can be admitted as second-class matter, and so we trust that he will be kind enough to answer only one or two questions *without swearing*. If, as Webster says, *Now* means "present time," and *Then* signifies "a time specified, either past or future," is not the NOW AND THEN issued at *stated* times if it appears every now and then? In other words, if we *specify* that it will be issued every now and then, and we accordingly do issue it every now and then as *stated*, and each issue is duly *dated* when issued as *stated*, is it not then issued at the "regular stated intervals"? Again, if the NOW AND THEN is issued as frequently as once every other month, is it not issued every now and then, according to Webster? How, then, can you in either case say that "Now and Then is not legitimate second-class matter?" The logic of the Post-office Department we know is against us, but we would like to have the Third Assistant Postmaster General's critical view of *our* logic. We think we have a wonderfully comprehensive and accommodating title, and we cannot for a moment think of dropping it to suit the post-office regulations. It is still, *now*, as it was *then*, the NOW AND THEN.

### History of the West Branch Valley.

The first and second monthly parts of the revised History of the West Branch Valley are now in the hands of subscribers. Quite a number of copies have been subscribed for in and around Muncy, and we hear from all sides the

most favorable expressions regarding the initial numbers. The opening chapters embrace much more, have far greater interest, than those of the old work—although the first edition is esteemed as very interesting and valuable, and copies have occasionally changed hands at a great advance on the original price—and the author announces that it is his aim to make all the coming parts more exhaustive and entertaining. It will in every respect be a more elegant and valuable volume. As an edition of only 800 copies is to be printed, and as it will not be stereotyped, we can safely predict that the day is not far off when the complete work can hardly be had for love or money. It is but a small edition for the large and rapidly increasing population of the West Branch Valley from Sunbury to the Sinnemahoning. The author, in his notes on the cover of the second monthly part, says that subscriptions are coming in from other States, and that "the prospects are that the limited edition will be largely taken up by persons living abroad—particularly in the West." Those interested in our local history who have some prescience will therefore do well to take time by the forelock and at once forward their subscriptions to the author and publisher. He has no agents, as he can little afford to pay a commission. His work is not like D. J. Stewart's "History of Lycoming County," hurriedly written by itinerant historians, engaged in from speculative motives, but is the ripe fruits of many years of loving, patient and disinterested devotion to local history, and from the pen of one of our best known citizens. It will be a treasure to possess, and a precious legacy to hand down to posterity. See the advertisement on the fourth page of our cover.

Past Commander De La Green, of Musser Post, No. 66, has always had a great longing to see the battle-field of Fredericksburg, where he received his two installments of rebel lead. In May he finally visited the scene of Burnside's memorable move of twenty-six years ago, and took a good long look at the now quiet and peaceful field. His escort consisted of a Union captain, and two ex-Confederate captains, who had all, like himself, taken a hand at, and had been wounded in, the Fredericksburg fight. He came home with a very favorable impression of his ex-Confederate friends, and is of the opinion that at least these two not only love peace, but that they would right loyally defend the old flag if it were again assailed by a domestic foe, and that their idea of "protection" also includes wool, steel rails and everything we can raise and make under the old flag. And he was assured that many who wore the gray now think just the same way.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

Devoted to History, Amusement, Instruction, Advancement.

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VOL. 2.

MUNCY, PA., SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1888.

No. 2.

## How Forty Muncy Boys Burlesqued the Forty Horse Show.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE FORTY HORSE SHOW.

On the 8th day of September, 1849, Muncy witnessed the greatest in-and-out-pouring of people from the surrounding country that ever occurred before or since the dedication of the John Brady monument. We have had other great gatherings, to celebrate the Fourth of July, to welcome the return of the soldiers from the battle-fields of Mexico, to greet the boys who fought for the preservation of the Union, and big crowds during exciting political campaigns, but no assemblage until the 15th day of October, 1879, that surpassed, and never another that equaled, the immense host that was drawn here to see the street pageant and performances of the celebrated Forty Horse Show, on the day, month and year first above mentioned.

The North American Circus, of which Spalding & Rogers were proprietors, was advertised three or four weeks in advance in the *Muncy Luminary*, and by immense and attractive bills, conspicuously posted in all the taverns in the valley, and throughout all the adjacent country. Then shows visited our town much oftener, averaging probably one a month some seasons, and it seems to us that they were always far better patronized than Now. And looking back at them again, as we saw them with our very young eyes, it also seems to us that they were Then a great deal better. Not two weeks before the North American Circus came we had the renowned June, Titus & Co.'s Circus and Menagerie. In less than three weeks after the Forty Horse Show along came Dan Rice's celebrated Circus. The admission to each was only 25 cents, but it made most of the boys saving, and ready for odd jobs, to raise the quarters needed on show days. To be deprived of the pleasure of going to a show was something not then compliantly endured by a boy. And well the

showman understood how to attract the crowd. Advertising was almost reduced to a science, and the artifices resorted to were almost endless. The North American was pre-eminently successful in its advertising tricks, for, as already stated, no show ever before or since drew such a multitude together in Muncy.

Great importance was attached to the announcement that in addition to the famous circus troupe an entire and effective dramatic company, under the direction of H. F. Nichols, proprietor of the Adelphi Theatre, Washington, D. C., was connected with the show "for the purpose of getting up every night the grand heroic and patriotic spectacles of General Washington, Old Put and Mad Anthony Wayne, reviving reminiscences of those times 'that tried men's souls.'" The performance was to conclude with a "grand national tableau of General Washington mounted on a noble charger borne on the shoulders of his brave Continentals." This was a stirring invocation to the patriotism of the days when Fourth of July celebrations were never missed. It was likewise a most effective appeal, for it appeared that nearly the whole population for miles around came to see the show. And there was no deception in this. All that was here promised was performed in the most impressive and stirring manner. It was truly a "reviving" tableau when the Father of His Country, seated on his noble charger, was carried around the arena supported by a platform resting on the shoulders of two files of tall, strong, handsome Continentals. The picture still lingers in the memory of many. It was admitted that the North American Circus was in all essential respects a first-class show.

#### THE APOLLONICAN.

But the great ruse that drew and disappointed, and yet intensely amused the crowd, was the wonderful mechanism that was to make the music in the street parade and in the show. The bills represented it as a great, imposing structure on wheels, about the size of a Reading railroad

baggage car, and described it as "by far the most stupendous musical project of the age, composed of over 1,000 distinct musical instruments, more powerful than a band of fifty musicians, and drawn by forty horses." It was the Apollonian, as the stupendous thing was called, and the amazing forty horse power by which it was to be drawn, and by which we have been told some even supposed it was to be operated, that brought the yeomanry to town and that crowded Main street for squares into a jam. It was truly a big affair, as described, and was drawn by forty horses, as advertised, but some things were said about it that naturally caused some disappointment. It was declared, for instance, that the music could be plainly heard at a distance of five miles. The truth was, it could hardly be heard at the distance of five town blocks. We remember hearing John DeHass say that he and his sister drove down from Montoursville, and it being the time for the street display when they were about five miles from town, they stopped and listened, and as they drew nearer paused from time to time to listen, but never heard a note of music until almost up against the wonderful musical project of the age. Some declared it was only an old abandoned church organ. The statement that it was composed of over 1,000 distinct musical instruments was now understood to mean that the stupendous thing was only composed of over 1,000 distinct "pieces." It had, as some of the more inquisitive persons soon discovered, a hidden bank of keys, like the keys of an organ, and was played by a man concealed within the ponderous case. But it brought in the multitude, and was therefore a successful musical project. It was something, too, to see forty horses drawing such a pile. The affair was therefore regarded in a very good-natured way as a grand musical joke. It has often and truthfully been observed that we Americans love to be humbugged.

## CHAPTER II.

### WHITMOYER'S FAMOUS MUSICAL CLOCK.

For many years—in days still remembered by many now past the "noon of life"—the greatest public attraction to the young in Muncy, and often even to the old, was Whitmoyer's musical clock. George Whitmoyer, the proprietor, was a kindly-hearted, thick-set, medium height German, whose occupation was baking gingerbread and making small beer, and whose place of business was a small red building—with a base-

ment and a flight of steps leading from the sidewalk to the cake and clock room—that stood on the south front corner of the lot on which the widow of the late Martin Fahrenbach now resides. The frame of the little white building recently standing on the site, and removed to make room for the handsome new house now being built by Mrs. Annie Hess, a daughter of Mrs. Fahrenbach, was, in fact, still a part of Whitmoyer's house. His cakes were highly esteemed both for their great size and superior quality. Joseph Fahrenbach says they were as long and as broad as his two hands. Thomas Lloyd declares they measured 8 by 10 inches. John M. Bowman thinks Captain Lloyd knows more about land measure than surveying cakes, and insists that they were only 5 by 8, but is positive that they were all of two inches thick, and emphatically corroborates the universal attestation that in quality they have never been surpassed. Major Bruner's recollections coincide very nearly with Captain Bowman's. Robert Robb says they were nearly as large as bricks. Esquire Shoemaker agrees that they were truly enormous, but when asked if he could eat more than one replied, that one cent was all that he was at one time allowed for gingerbread, and therefore he could not say. At all events, the cakes and the beer, together with the wondrous clock, made Whitmoyer's house long a famous and constant place of resort. On public days he was always thronged, and the clock was kept playing from morning until midnight. How many yet living, and how many more now dead, have stood in silent wonderment before that fascinating clock, and while munching the old German's delicious gingercakes, watched the three prim little musicians on the case that moved in accord with the tunes it played! We, in this exceptional age of wonderful inventions, in this new era of multiplied amusements, of almost endless luxuries and refinements, of organs, pianos, bands and orchestras, can but feebly realize how much real pleasure Whitmoyer's musical clock afforded the young and many of the old in the days of which we write. It played six airs. The only one of which the name is remembered is "Bonaparte Crossing the Rhine." It played a waltz or two, as Lloyd McCarty tells us he was much interested in watching a number of Germans waltzing to its music, as he had never before seen that kind of a dance. Martin Fahrenbach brought the clock from Germany, when he first came to America,

more than sixty years ago. For nearly a quarter of a century it belonged to George Whitmoyer, and was one of the greatest ornaments and attractions of the town. But like all earthly things, the clock had its day, and other attractions came to take its place. Whitmoyer died just before the war with Mexico, and his widow took the clock at appraisement. At her death, not a great while after, it was sold at public sale by Benjamin S. Merrill, who was just then beginning his career of vendue crier, and was bought by the late Major Isaac Bruner, but what finally became of it we have not definitely learned.

#### THE BURLESQUE.

The last event in the history of the famous clock of which we have positive knowledge transpired between the afternoon and evening performances of the Forty Horse Show, and was a fitting and glorious winding up of its illustrious musical days in Muncy. The idea occurred to Frank Thropp and Thomas Maxwell, two of the liveliest boys in the town at that period, that the old clock was just the project to caricature the stupendous Apollonian fraud. Getting a truck wagon, these leaders placed the clock on it in proper position for playing, and forty boys—at least this was the intended number—who were enrolled to form in procession and parade it about the town, took their places in line to play the no less important part of the forty horses. The circus was exhibiting on Pepper street, on the lots then owned by the late William Cox Ellis, but now belonging to Calvin Shook, directly back of the present residence of Hon. Isaac Bruner. The boys quietly proceeded down Pepper street in the direction of Port Penn, and there finally formed for the grand parade and burlesque. When they arrived at the circus ground the music and procession at once attracted the attention of the showmen, as was hoped, and the absurdity of the ludicrous representation was duly appreciated and highly enjoyed by the Apollonianites. Passing on, the juvenile mimics turned down Main street, and triumphantly marched through the town, causing no little merriment, and taking themselves the liveliest satisfaction in the performance. We regret very much that we cannot give the names of all the actors in this grand musical farce. Our esteemed friends, A. T. McCarty and Nelson Bruner, are the only two we know to be still with us. Robert Maxwell, William McCarty and Washington D. Bowman, all of whom after-

wards fell as martyrs to the cause of the Union, are the only other boys, besides the leaders, already mentioned, now positively remembered. This interesting episode in our local history could have been much better written twenty-five or thirty years ago.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### A REMINISCENCE CONNECTED WITH THE CLOCK REMINISCENCE.

Sometime during the summer of 1858 Spalding & Rogers' Circus performed in the town of Liberty, in Missouri, and it so chanced that A. T. McCarty, who then resided in that section of the State, was at the time stopping in the place. George Cake, also a former respected citizen of Muncy, and still remembered as once partner of Captain Thomas Lloyd in the boat building business at Port Penn, was then traveling with the show as a canvassman. McCarty had seen Cake in the morning sitting on a baggage wagon, and thought for a moment that he was some "auld acquaintance," but could not just then place him, and so thought no more about him. Taking a seat outside of the hotel where he had just taken supper, he saw Cake again, then on the premises in charge of several performing ponies, and very soon recognized him. The latter had also been observing "Tally," and thought he ought to know him, and when he found that he was himself so closely scrutinized he was convinced that he did. The recognition was now at once mutual and positive, and the next moment the old acquaintances were shaking hands, equally delighted by the unexpected meeting. Reader, have you ever met an old friend, when far away among strangers, and after years of absence from your native home? If you have not, you cannot appreciate the satisfaction this sudden coming together gave these Muncy scions. If you have, you can imagine the eager questions and answers that followed in quick succession in their conversations that pleasant summer evening. Cake, highly gratified to have such an opportunity, insisted on the right of entertaining Tally, as he considered himself just then "at home" in the town of Liberty, having his stakes driven and his tent raised. Tally accepted the kindly-tendered hospitalities, was introduced to many of the showmen, and had a complimentary seat near the band during the performance. He was introduced to Mr. Rogers, the proprietor, as Cake's old friend from his old home in Pennsylvania. "And well I remember Muncy," said

Rogers, after the formality of the introduction, and added, "We showed there with the Apollonian in 1849, and had the biggest crowd that we had on the West Branch. Muncy is a famous little town for shows. But what I more especially remember was the handsome burlesque the boys got up on our music and forty horse team." He was humorously proceeding to give a more minute account of the clock joke, when Tally interrupted him with the confession, "Yes, Mr. Rogers, I have some recollection of the circumstances myself, and ought to have, as I was one of the forty boys that took you down." "Indeed," exclaimed Rogers, and in a most affable manner went on to say, "Well, Mr. McCarty, I am certainly delighted to meet you. You most surely did take us down. We were never so handsomely burlesqued, and I don't deny that we deserved it. You probably did not enjoy it any more than we did. The men often laughed about it. But there was one thing I have always very sincerely regretted. I should have given the young gentlemen complimentary tickets for the evening performance. It did not occur to me until the thing was over, and it was too late. The fact is, I did not as quickly realize the completeness of the joke as the rest, and until they began to chuckle over it and twit me about it. It has been growing bigger and bigger in my mind ever since." And Tally says the Apollonian and Forty Horse Show has from that night been growing a little smaller in his mind whenever he thinks of the old Whitmoyer clock and the Forty Muncy Boys.

### Memoranda of a Pioneer.

Among the many papers of our well-known pioneer, Samuel Wallis, now in the possession of his great-grandson, Howard R. Wallis, of Muncy, was found a diminutive and time-stained memorandum book that is now a curiosity. On the title page it is designated as "The Gentleman and Citizen's Pocket Almanack, by Andrew Stewart, Bookseller, for the year 1767,"—printed in Philadelphia—"at the Bible-in-Heart, in Second-Street." Although only one-fourth of an inch thick, and but two and a half inches wide by about four inches long—small enough for the vest pocket—and about one-half the pages were blanks intended for a "Gentleman and Citizen's" memorandum, yet it claims to contain "Many useful Lists and Tables not in any other Almanack printed on the Continent," and "more than double the quantity of any other

Pocket Almanack printed in Philadelphia."

To show what information a gentleman of the Province at that era desired to have in this convenient shape, and what changes time has brought about, we note the headings of a part of the contents, viz.: "A Tide Table." "Fairs are held." "Rates and Hire of Stage-Waggons and Stage-Boats, with the time they set off from Philadelphia." "The Members of the Proprietary and Governor's Council." "List of Representatives in Assembly, Sheriffs and Coroners throughout the Province." "A Table of Kings and Queens, from the time England was so called by King Egbert, with the Number of Years they Reigned." "A Table of Simple Interest." "Quaker General Meetings." "Rates of Portage of Goods, etc., not more than half a Mile, and for Storing or Housing the same; agreeable to an Act of Assembly, passed in 1761." "A Table of the Value and Weight of Coins as They now pass in England, Philadelphia and New York." "A Gauging Table for Rum Hogsheads." "The daily pay of His Majesty's Foot and Marines."

But the chief interest in the little relic is *Now* due to the fact that it was the memorandum book one hundred and twenty-one years ago of Samuel Wallis, one of the first actual white settlers on the West Branch of the Susquehanna west of the Muncy Hills, who was just *Then* at the active age of thirty-seven, forming his plans to penetrate the great wilderness in this part of the Province. He had then already, it appears, purchased some warrants and orders for surveys from different grantors, and proposed to have the surveys made in pursuance of said warrants and orders, and was then evidently contemplating the early settlement and improvement of his prospective lands. The memorandum had been but little used, and the greater portion of its blank pages were left without notes. The first record informs us that he had "entered to board for 3d year at Rebecca Steels, Dec'r 20th, 1766, @ £40 <sup>per</sup> year," and other pages contain memoranda and figuring that no one perhaps even then could have understood but the clever pioneer himself. There are notes and dates relating to frequent visits to the "country" that indicate a life of constant action and business, and that he had been absent from the city during the year altogether more than one-half the time. But there are entries on several pages of the now treasured memorial which the mutations of the one hundred and twenty-one

years have made specially interesting. We copy as follows:

"Memorandum of Sundry articles to provide for to carry in the Woods, viz.:

- 6 pounds Chocolate.
- 18 " Brown Sugar.
- $\frac{1}{4}$  " Tea (in the desk).
- $\frac{1}{4}$  " Pepper, ground.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Bushel of Salt.
- 2 Nutmegs and a graitior.
- 1 Small Fryingpan.
- 1 Tin half gallon Fish.
- 1 Large Tin pan to put victuals in.
- 6 Small Tins for plates.
- 1 Knife and fork for my own use.
- 2 new Sack Bags.
- 2 Blanket Coats for Jno. Wallis.
- 2 do Jno. Dallam.
- 2 do Jno. Farmer.
- 1 do Wm. Beaver.

To get my Old Blanket Coat mended and get a new Blanket Jacket.

- 1 pr New Lyings for Self.
- 1 " Wm. Beaver.
- 1 " Jno. Wallis.
- 1 " Jno. Farmer.
- 1 " Jno. Dallam.

Strings for all the Lyings.

- 4 pounds High Briston Shott.
- 4 " Mustard Seed do
- 400 pounds Flour.
- 100 " Bakon (very fat).
- 6 " Suet.
- 2 Large Canoes.

\* \* \* \* \*

50 Gallons Rum in 10 Gallon Kegs.

- $\frac{1}{4}$  Cask powder.
- 56 lbs. Lead.
- 1 pr. Indian Blankets.
- 1 pr. Stroud, Blue—half thick for Legings.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Doz. Shirts, White.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Doz. do. Check.
- 2 Small pieces Callico—very gay.
- 1 Doz. Coarse Combs.
- 2 Doz. Cuttoo Knives.
- A few ps Gay Ribbond.
- A small Quantity of Beads.
- 200 Coarse needles.
- Thread.
- 200 — Flints."

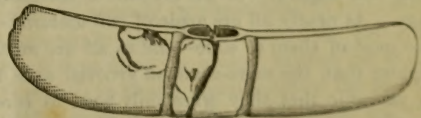
These memoranda suggest a state of things very different Then from what we have Now. The beads, coarse needles, gay ribbons, combs and flints were probably intended as means of conciliation for the savages, who still lovingly lingered on their favorite old hunting grounds, while sundry other articles indicate that Wallis did not mean to be entirely without the comforts of civilized life while in the woods. He was evidently very fond of chocolate, as it was the first article he seems to have thought of, and must have liked it even without milk. There were Then no herds of cattle browsing here in meadow or in woodland, and condensed milk was

not yet in the market. Other items are quite suggestive, and incline one to ask questions.

What use had they for mustard-seed shot? The fifty gallons of rum were presumably intended for various uses—in case of sickness, or possibly as a prophylactic, or as an antidote for snake bite—the woods were then fearfully infested with the dreaded rattlesnakes and copperheads—and perhaps was provided also to pledge the hospitalities of the camp to possible visitors, for the temperance men of those days were not usually teetotalers. The first brewery in Pennsylvania, we have read, was constructed by William Penn. The NOW AND THEN would call attention to these things as bearing on the great moral question so often discussed—is the world growing worse and more intemperate, or is it growing better and more temperate? It inclines to the more hopeful view that the world is making a slow but steady advancement in the right direction.

### Gather up the Fragments.

Some fifteen or eighteen years ago we picked up a fragment of a stone tomahawk that lay near the water's edge along the Susquehanna River, on the Montgomery farm, near the railroad bridge. It was a small, slender, gracefully shaped, pick-like implement,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  inches in length, made of a dark slate rock, too light for use in war, or any other practical purpose, and belonged to a class of relics now designated by archaeologists as "ceremonial weapons," because believed to have been usually worn on ceremonial occasions. It was broken through the middle, as illustrated by the accompanying wood-cut, so that the fragment gave a full length exposure of the drilled hole, which was not large enough to admit of the insertion of a very strong handle.



The hole did not extend quite through the weapon, indicating the possibility that the implement was first fashioned into shape and afterwards drilled, and broken during the latter process. But entire specimens are found with incomplete shaft-holes, and may thus have been sometimes secured to the shaft with light strips of raw-hide. We made a careful search for the missing part, then, and often afterwards, when

hunting for relics in the locality, but finally concluded that it was still embedded somewhere in the soil or perhaps forever lost in the bed of the Susquehanna. The piece now possessed was not lightly valued, however, but was carefully preserved, as it distinctly showed the size and elegant shape of the implement. Yet we never, perhaps, opened the drawer in which it lay that we did not wish we had the other piece. Some ten or twelve years after finding the part thus treasured we called at the Wagner farm house, a mile or more farther down the river, and were kindly invited to examine the contents of a small basket sitting on the parlor table filled with pebbles, arrow-heads, etc., that it was remarked had been picked up about the house on the farm. In the accumulation was a fragment of a relic made of black slate that bore a most wonderful resemblance, we thought, to the remnant so long in our collection, and being told to appropriate whatever we wished to have, it was the first object to be transferred to our pocket. So confident that it was the missing part we had so often searched for, we were not surprised, only delighted, when, a few hours later, putting the fragments together, there was now a complete, beautiful and symmetrical implement, as if broken and lost only a few days before, though possibly separated for several centuries. Surely, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost," is an injunction it is a good thing to remember, even when hunting Indian relics. But, besides six perfect specimens, we have yet parts of nine different broken weapons of this class, and as this is the only *restoration* that has, so far as we know, occurred in our valley, we are not very sanguine of finding the missing parts of the others. All these specimens differ in form, and are examples of the good taste and ingenuity of the artisans of the Stone Age. As nearly all are made of soft material—the most of them of slate—and as all are much lighter than the more common grooved axes, it is probable that they were only used as ceremonial or ornamental weapons. The substance of one-third of those in our collection is soapstone. One beautiful specimen, however, is of a hard rock—*syenite*—and as it is polished in the highest degree, an unusual amount of labor must have been bestowed upon its manufacture. Possibly some proud war-chief once had this delicate implement suspended from his belt, and felt quite consequential as the owner of such a precious ornament.

### The Brady Monument Unveiled, Muncy, October 15th, 1879.

The interval of NOW AND THEN, 1878-1888, has connecting links which, if the modesty of the editor will not allow him to supply, a correspondent certainly may claim the privilege. I said in my address on the occasion referred to that the credit of the first suggestion of a monument belonged to J. F. Meginness, of Williamsport, who in his "History of the West Branch Valley," November 1, 1856, on page 239, says: "The people of Lycoming County cannot show a better appreciation of true patriotism than by erecting a humble slab in perpetuation of the memory of the gallant Brady." I further said the praise for carrying out this suggestion belonged to J. M. M. Gerner, of Muncy, who, by days and nights of toil, had carved from Meginness' slab a cenotaph of wondrous beauty.

There was a prompt echo, I may add, from Western Pennsylvania to one incident mentioned in my address, which I think will interest the readers of NOW AND THEN. Isaac Craig, Esq., of Allegheny, Pa., wrote me October 29, 1879:

"I have received and read your address at the unveiling of the Brady monument with great interest. Your notice of the German mother finding her lost child by singing a favorite hymn recalls an interesting sequel related to me about a year ago by the venerable and Rev. Samuel Williams. In the old French war two little girls, who were on a peach tree in Tulpehocken, were taken by the Indians. The youngest, Regina, was scalped without other injury by the Indian that first approached them, but another Indian approached who took a fancy to them, and instead of slaying them carried them into captivity. The scalped child was tenderly cared for and survived to be returned in the manner related by you. Mr. Williams, who is nearly eighty years of age, told me that he was born and reared in Bedford County, where both of his parents were born. He had often heard the story referred to. In 1825 or 1826, whilst yet a licentiate in the ministry, he served a small Presbyterian church in Schellsburgh, Bedford County, and a small Baptist church in Somerset alternately. About the close of 1826, Mr. Peter Schell, the son-in-law of Mrs. Statler, requested him to conduct the funeral services of his mother-in-law, on the top of the Allegheny Mountains, not far from Stoystown. When they arrived at the house, as it was customary among the Lutherans and Reformed to give a sketch of the life of

the deceased in connection with the service, Mr. Schell took him into the room where the corpse lay to give him some particulars of her life. Approaching the corpse of a very aged woman, he drew back her cap and showed Mr. Williams that she had been scalped, and narrated the story of her capture by the Indians seventy years before. It was the very Regina who recognized her mother by hearing her sing the once familiar hymn. She had grown up and married a Mr. Statler and raised a large family of most respectable character. The funeral services were at the house of a Mr. Lambert, another son-in-law."

When I was at college at Mercersburg, in 1847, Hon. Peter Schell, who, I understand, was the Peter Schell referred to in Mr. Craig's letter, was a trustee of the college. He was influential in securing for the college many students from Bedford County; among them were Samuel A. Statler and Samuel G. Stadler, afterwards physicians in Bedford County. Mr. Schell's son, Hon. William P. Schell, Auditor-General of Pennsylvania, 1878-1881, had preceded us a few years in the same college, but his reputation as a good student and a vigorous athlete had been preserved with the *bald* joke that his short hair was attributable to his early piety. It would seem now, in the light of this genealogical fact, that his premature baldness "had a far deeper meaning when historically considered."

JOHN B. LINN.

Bellefonte, Pa.

### A Western Editor on Muncy.

At a railroad meeting held in June last, at Fergus Falls, Minnesota, O. P. Miller, editor of the Worthington *Advance*, made a speech, of which the Fergus Falls *Weekly Journal* reports as follows:

"He said that towns now-a-days are not built by having natural advantages, but by men. He pointed to Toledo, Ohio, without a single advantage, and told how, with a few *good men*, they got a road to the coal fields, and then how manufacturing commenced, until to-day it has a population of 75,000 people. He spoke of Muncy and Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—Muncy with all the natural advantages and Wilkes-Barre with none—and how the latter, with some *good men* to push her ahead, got railroads and manufacturing until to-day she has a population of over 30,000 to 1,200 for Muncy. This, he said, shows to what extent natural advantages build up a town. Of course he said they were a great factor, but *good, live, energetic men* were worth more than all the natural advantages."

The editor of the *Advance* does not appear to be well enough posted to be accurate. The advantages are, and always have been, largely the other way. The great deposits of anthracite coal in the vicinity of Wilkes-Barre have mainly built up that town. A few of the leading mines employ about 15,000 men—and this is mainly the result of a great natural advantage. If Miller had taken the trouble to consult his encyclopedia he would have learned that Luzerne has a larger coal product than any other county in the United States. In the same way he might also have informed himself that Wilkes-Barre was founded a quarter of a century before Muncy, and that it has besides had the great natural advantage of being located near the very centre of the vast and rich agricultural Wyoming Valley, and has had the advantage of being the seat of government of a county containing an immense population compared to that of Lycoming County. With such "natural" advantages Muncy to-day might easily have a population of 50,000. And if Mr. Miller had allowed Muncy an increase of as many hundreds since the census of 1880 as he has given thousands to Wilkes-Barre—which would have been fair—he would have stated our population as being 2,000, which is just what our citizens claim. The evidence—and so also in the case of Toledo—is in favor of natural advantages. Otherwise Mr. Miller is near about right. We have *some* natural advantages, and might to-day just as well as not have a population of 5,000 or more.

But, these Western men have such a sordid and earthy idea about the mission of a town. If a town does not grow, it must lack "good, live, energetic men," and they see *no good* in that place. When a town ceases to grow they cannot endure to live in it, and hasten to pull up stakes and get out of it. Admit that a town has reached its age of *maturity*, in length, breadth and general proportions—like Miller himself, for instance—has it then filled its highest mission on earth? Is growth in wealth and population the real and noblest work of a town? If Mr. Miller will visit Muncy he can soon convince himself that in a town of 2,000 the people may be just as good, live, energetic, sensible, sober, useful, moral, cleanly, orderly, honest, sprightly, sociable, progressive, intelligent, happy, patriotic, and as good-looking as it is possible for the people of a large town to be. Come and see us. We can also show you that we are making *material* progress, if that is required to make you think favorably of us.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

ISSUED BI-MONTHLY.

J. M. M. GERNERD, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

For terms of subscription and advertising rates, see cover.

Entered at the Muncy Post-Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1888.

## EDITORIAL EXPLANATIONS.

We would express our thanks for the kind letters and subscriptions that are coming to us from all quarters. It is impossible to answer each correspondent separately, and at length, as we feel inclined, so we will merely reply in a general way, and entreat each one to regard the NOW AND THEN the same as if each number were a letter marked "personal." The letters on the table before us are all very encouraging. They will incite us to unremitting efforts to make our little magazine worthy of the opinions pronounced. Our limited space will not allow us to publish these letters, though it would be a pleasure to have them in print.

We also thank the newspapers, of city and country, that have so kindly noticed the resuscitation of the NOW AND THEN, and for the compliments they have paid it. It is altogether natural that these attentions should be gratifying to the editor, and we do not hesitate to acknowledge that we are gratified. We are also tempted to show our readers what they say, but then our space is too limited for matter that relates to the magazine itself. The NOW AND THEN is most faithfully devoted to itself when its columns are "devoted to History, Amusement, Instruction and Advancement."

So many readers, in response to the query in our prospectus, have already expressed the wish that we republish the articles of permanent interest contained in our first volume, that we have about concluded to do so. The first selection may perhaps appear in our next number. It will virtually be new matter to a large number of our present readers; and many who read the articles years ago, but neglected to save the papers, we have been repeatedly assured will be glad to have them again. And to the comparatively few who have preserved complete files of the paper, the proposed notes and comments will perhaps make the republication of the leading articles likewise acceptable.

By the way, we hope that our old readers, who still have their papers, will kindly look them over, and if they are able to make any needed corrections, or if they find they can add any matter that will contribute to the interest and value of the contents, we hope they will be pleased to do the NOW AND THEN the favor of furnishing the same. We have readers whose recollections run back into the era to which some of the articles relate, and they doubtless need only reperuse their papers to be reminded of many good things that they alone can save from oblivion.

We would like very much to have copies of *The Muncy Telegraph*, the first paper printed in Muncy, commenced in 1831, by J. Potter Patterson, and continued after his death, in 1835, until 1841, by John Kid Shoemaker. Also any copies of *The Muncy Luminary*, issued in the early period after its establishment in 1841 to 1850. And likewise copies of *The Olive Branch*, a Muncy paper published a short time about the year 1844, by J. M. Newson. If there are any more of these old papers in existence—we have recently had the good fortune to receive several copies of *The Muncy Telegraph*—we will be thankful indeed for the use of them. It seems quite possible that some more may be found stowed away in garrets, closets, old chests, secretaries or boxes, and that a little searching may result in doing some real service to local history. The value of old papers in ascertaining names, occupations, dates and occurrences, and furnishing clues and links to connect the broken chains of history, can hardly be expressed, and can certainly not be appreciated except by persons who, with true antiquarian predilections, have resorted to them and tested their value.

It will be noticed that we have hoisted the signal, "Copyright Secured," on the prow of the NOW AND THEN. The meaning of this is, that if—during a term of at least twenty-eight years from the date of recording by the Librarian of Congress, or of forty-two years in case of renewal—any newspaper, magazine, review, pamphlet or book copies any of the articles of the NOW AND THEN without proper acknowledgment, we will have broad-shouldered Uncle Sam to back us, if we are disposed to make a fuss and put in a claim by action at law for damage. And even the title of our serial, it appears, is thus secured to us as well as its contents. This formal step, which we had never thought of before, was taken at the suggestion of an experienced editor

and publisher. Every number issued must be duly entered, and paid for, cash in advance, to make the claim of copyright valid. The law imposes a fine of \$100 upon the proprietor of any paper claiming copyright not thus secured. The entry fee is 50 cents for each number, and two copies of each number must also be sent to the Librarian of Congress to perfect the claim. Uncle Sam cannot, at least, be charged with being a respecter of periodicals; the first magazine in the land must pay no more, must do no less nor more, and is not any better guarded than the NOW AND THEN.

If the NOW AND THEN will continue to get such literary support from its friends as the correspondence in this number of the Hon. John Blair Linn, and the Hon. H. J. B. Cummings, then it will never be lacking in interest. We have nothing to add to what the latter says regarding the wonderful razor-back hog of Florida, but the reference Mr. Linn makes to the first suggestion of a monument to Capt. John Brady suggests, in justice to other good citizens, a few words by way of explanation. The first suggestion "in a public capacity," as claimed in a communication on the subject in the *Muncy Luminary*, in November, 1879, and as stated a short time previous by Mr. Meginness himself in the *Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin*, was made *fourteen years* before the publication of the History of the West Branch Valley. The late Thomas Wood, Esq., practically made the first "public" suggestion, on the 25th day of March, 1842, in the Local Legislature, then held in Muncy, by then offering a resolution to that body, recommending the erection of a monument to Brady. A note of this appeared in the *Muncy Luminary* of April 2d, 1842, and the fact is indisputable. But the truth is, to neither Meginness nor Wood belongs the honor of the *first* suggestion. Fourteen years yet before our Mock Legislature was organized, we know the many admirers of Brady were already talking about a monument to his memory. The Davis brothers had long before fixed up the hero's grave, and had marked it by driving in a locust post at the head. And when the old soldier, Henry Lebo, died, he was buried by the side of his beloved Captain Brady, according to his dying request, and in the spot he, too, it has been said, had marked. To be certain that Lebo was right, Mary Scudder Shoemaker, who also well knew the grave, was first taken to the grave-yard to show his friends the spot. And after the grave was dug two of the

Davis brothers came along, and looking down into it, said that it was made in accordance with Lebo's wish. This was in 1828. The late John J. Crouse made Lebo's coffin, buried him by the side of his captain, and through him we know that, from that time at least, the people talked of a memorial to Brady. Crouse informed us that this project had been talked of *at a very early day*; that he himself had once, in the era we speak of, contemplated getting up a subscription to raise money for *at least an humble slab*. It is but an act of simple justice to John J. Crouse to make this statement. Brady was always a name dear to the inhabitants of the Muncy Valley. How perfectly natural, then, for them to think and talk of giving him something more durable and appropriate than a locust post.

### The Razor-Back Hog of Florida.

[We take the liberty to publish the following extract from a private letter written by the Hon. H. J. B. Cummings, of Winterset, Iowa. It relates to a subject we were obliged to omit in our "Florida Reminiscences," and will be read with interest.—EDITOR.]

"MY DEAR GERNERD: \* \* \* Your Florida article comes up to my notion exactly. I have spent the last six winters in that State, and have been amused to see how so many laud it and its climate to the skies and so many hold it to be all that is detestable. It all depends on taste, health, habits, pocket-book, and a dozen other things that might be enumerated. One thing I am convinced of, and that is, that it is not the place for a man without some means to start with, unless his condition of health or that of his family makes a change of climate a necessity, and he is willing, on that account, to get along the best he can. Orange growing, starting from the pine woods, is slow work and a constant outlay of money and work for five to seven years. But in your enumeration of the beauties and curiosities of Florida, how came you to omit the pine-wood-razor-back hog of Florida? Did your "cracker" acquaintance not show you a specimen? What a head and snout they have! How thin they are! What light and airy hams! They tell me down there that they can turn on their sides and slip through the narrowest crack in the fence, and that the only way this can be prevented is to tie a knot in their tails—the knot will hold them. I was solemnly assured that this is *their* way of ascertaining whether they are fat enough to kill—

they lift them by the ears, and if the snout bears down more than the tail, they let them run awhile longer. And how they can run! The first winter I was there the State Agricultural Fair was held in February. The managers, to encourage the raising the better breeds of hogs, had offered a large premium for the best hog. Some fine Berkshires and Chester Whites were exhibited, and among them the razor-back. The judges were native "crackers," and they gave the premium to the razor-back. On being expostulated with for such an outrage, the answer was, 'What do we want in this country with any hog that a d— nigger can ketch?' Knowing the fondness of the darkey for pork, and certain of his propensities, it cannot be gainsaid that there is some logic in the conclusion the judges reached."

### BRIEF NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

JUDGE PAINTER, our veteran meteorological observer and recorder, is determined to be more scientifically exact hereafter in ascertaining the extremes of daily temperature. He now has a self-registering thermometer.

THE HON. J. BLAIR LINN delivered the historical address on the occasion of the centennial of the introduction of Methodism into Centre County, held in Bellefonte last summer. Governor Beaver presided, and after he had, in his polite way, introduced the historian as the proper man to prepare and deliver the address, he added, by way of compliment, "also, since Mr. Linn cared for nothing that wasn't a hundred years old, he was a suitable man for the occasion."

It is more becoming a man to confess that he has done wrong than to praise himself. We remember hearing Thomas Downing admit that he was once so disrespectful to the late George Stolz as to call him "Old Dad Stolz." Mr. Stolz, he said, turned to him and with a smile asked, "See here, Thomas Downing, how much older than you do you suppose I am?" On comparing ages, Downing found himself the elder by nearly two years. He says he felt so rebuked that he was careful never to repeat the offense.

MR. JOHN F. MEGINNESS, in his revised History of the West Branch Valley, says of the valley of Muncy: "There is not a lovelier or more attractive district in all the Susquehanna region.

\* \* \* Much has been said and written about the romantic beauty of Wyoming; poets have sweetly sung of its charms in verse, and

painters have transferred its glories to canvas, but in natural grandeur it does not excel that of Muncy Valley, *if indeed it compares favorably with it.*" The citizens of Muncy Valley, at least, will share the doubt expressed by the words we have put in italics.

IS THERE nothing in a name? About eight years ago some eight or ten little girls, who then attended the Muncy Graded School, formed a society, which they named the "L. W. C." The letters stood for "Little Workers' Club," but they pretended that it was a secret society, and they would not even divulge the meaning of the initials. The reticent members wore handsome silk badges, with the letters L. W. C. on them in gilt, which troubled the other pupils as to their signification. Finally La Mont Lloyd claimed that he had discovered the meaning, and boldly declared that all who wore the mysterious emblems were "*Lazy Wicked Cusses.*"

JACOB G. LILLEY, a former Muncy boy, now lives in Shamokin, wears the uniform of the Reading Railroad Company, and is getting along nicely. He says he "likes Muncy;" that he "cannot get along without the good old Muncy Luminary," and "must have the NOW AND THEN." He has bought a property in Muncy, on South Main street, and wants to make his home here again some day. He says he has only one objection to the town—it *has no water-works!* Well, Jacob, that is an undeniable objection, but we trust it will not be so much longer. Plenty of water—pure, cold, soft and sparkling—is just begging to be brought to town.

BENJAMIN JOHNSON, son of William H. Johnson, sometime ago fired into a flock of English sparrows, and killed nineteen. Benny can wear the belt now for the best single shot until some one does better. "Spare the birds;" yes, boys, "spare the birds," most certainly, but not the English sparrows. By the way, the *American Agriculturist* said that the great blizzard of March last was so destructive to the sparrows that "they succumbed to cold and starvation by the million." If they had only succumbed *by the billion*, what a blessing it would then have been to agriculture, and what a delightful riddance to the dear blue birds and robins, and many other of our little feathered friends, whose young they mercilessly kill, and whose nests and eggs they maliciously destroy. No "duty" in the way of sympathy to the heartless English sparrows, but "protection" to our useful American birds, as well as to American workingmen.

WE do not in all things exactly "run the same course our fathers have run." They did not shrink from taking long walks, as most of us do in this age of railroads. Here, for instance, is an example: Between forty and fifty years ago, John Edkin, the father of George Edkin, of Mawr Glen, one morning shouldered two heavy rifles and walked from his home on Edkin's Hill, Sullivan County, to the gunsmith in Williamsport. After the rifles were repaired and Mr. Edkin had attended to some other business errands at the county seat, he again took up his load, and in the afternoon of the same day walked back to his home in hilly Sullivan. The distance walked was *fifty-six miles*.

R. W. MERCER, of Cincinnati, Ohio, deals largely in all sorts of curiosities, including fossils, birds' eggs, stamps, old arms, old-fashioned clocks, war relics and Indian relics. We received a circular from him in which he cautions collectors against manufacturers of bogus Indian relics, and gives the names of some of the impostors, and says that he will soon add other names to his "list of frauds and swindlers." One of the condemned is "Charles N. Bodey, of Orwigsburg, Pa," who, he says, "makes a specialty of flint points worked over in fancy forms in great variety." That is right, Mr. Mercer; let the light of the swindlers so shine before men that they may see their evil works.

THIRTY-FIVE or more years ago John Walton was a noted banjo player. His fame extended beyond Muncy. *Then* the *Now* fashionable instrument was his great delight, as well as the great enjoyment of the boys and men who often gathered around him. He sometimes surprised the minstrels who came along with the circuses and menageries that *Then* traveled the country with their own conveyances, and it is said that he was more than once urged to go with them, but he had no inclination to peregrinate as a showman. *Now* his juvenile accomplishment seems to have entirely deserted him. No one can ever prevail upon him to play his once favorite banjo. He would rather any day paint a house.

WHEN Jacob Dimm, of Muncy Township, was a young man—before the present bridge at Shoemaker's mill was built—he one day fell off the foot-log, while crossing the creek with some friends, and had a narrow escape from drowning. Instantly the cry was raised, "Get him out! quick! get him out!" but precious moments were lost because the water where he fell in was

deep, and because it is something of a risk to tackle a strong man when he feels that he is drowning. And it seems almost natural for some to stand back as if awe-stricken—like so many Muncy people do at a fire—while others are exerting themselves to the very utmost to save. The late Col. John Gortner took in the situation more calmly, but perhaps not less thoughtfully than the rest, and exclaimed, "*Let him drown a little, and den he is more easy to get out.*"

Of the many stories published relating to the battle of Gettysburg, the narrative of the Christian Commission, that appeared some months ago in the *Philadelphia Press*, under the heading of "Two Brass Buttons," has been pronounced the most interesting. It was written by the Rev. George A. Peltz, who is well remembered here by many as the young pastor, sometime before the war, of the Muncy Baptist Church. He was pastor in 1863 of a mission in New York City, and being allowed a month's vacation, he hurried off to spend it with the Christian Commission in ministering to the comfort of the sick and wounded, and arrived on the field of the great battle almost in time to hear the last shot that was fired. The story is a relation of actual and deeply affecting incidents that then and there and subsequently occurred under his own eyes.

ONE day, towards the close of the war, while the 112th Regiment, P. V., was encamped at Dinwiddie Court House, a Dinwiddie planter came to the headquarters of Captain George W. Webb, of Company F, and complained that some of his men—a number of whom, as well as the captain, were Muncy boys—had killed and carried off a yearling calf that belonged to his plantation. Captain Webb expressed his regrets that any of his men should do such a thing, and called up the company for an investigation. When the men stood in line Webb told the planter that he should now point out the guilty men, and if he could identify them he would make them pay him for the calf and otherwise punish them. After taking a thorough look at the boys, who were all in full dress, and looking as grave and innocent as if it were impossible for any of them even to covet a man's calf, nor anything that is another man's, the planter finally exclaimed: "*Consternation! they all look alike to me,*" and laughing, turned on his heels and walked away. There was one mess of that company that possibly may have felt a sense of relief when the planter retired.

ON the 27th day of September it will be twenty-six years since the Muncy and Hughesville companies of the Pennsylvania Militia returned to their homes, after eleven days of exciting service at the seat of war, and were met by our grateful citizens with martial music, and escorted them into town amid the ringing of bells, and honored as "veterans." Our company, commanded by Captain Thomas Lloyd, was known as the "Muncy Rangers." An inspection of the muster roll of seventy-seven names reminds us of the melancholy fact that a large proportion of the members are now dead, and that many others have moved to other parts of the country. It is proposed, in some future number of our bi-monthly, to give some account of the "Rangers," and of the important service performed by the patriotic militia at the time of the invasion of Pennsylvania.

A NEIGHBOR of ours on Shuttle Hill said that he saw a robin on the lawn feed one of her young, that could already fly, something that it was unable to swallow, and that soon caused it much distress. Hopping back to the choking offspring, the sympathetic parent quickly reached into its gaping mouth and withdrew the threatening morsel, and then all was right. Question: Was this the action of mere instinct, or a performance of mind? If only the operation of instinct, then what is consciousness? Another interesting case in point: A lady friend reported to us that she saw an old robin with a worm in its mouth, just ready to start off to feed its young, when an English sparrow rushed forward and snatched the "bread out of its mouth." Query: Was this instinct, intelligence, or an evidence of total depravity? Whatever the answer, all must agree that the actions in both cases were wondrously human-like.

UPWARDS of thirty years ago, James D. Brewer, the inventor of "Brewer's Fish Way," and long known as a skilled and enthusiastic piscatorialist, set an outline in Hunter's Lake, and caught an eel that weighed seven pounds. He says that he had not counted on such rare game, and had set only quite small hooks, baiting them with the common dark-red angle worm. The eel came out of the water as if he had an uncommonly docile disposition, but fearing that he might suddenly change his temper, his delighted captor thrust a spear through him as soon as he was landed on the bottom of the boat, and then, as Brewer expressed it, "he showed his wonderful strength by doing some powerful twisting." In No. 5 of Volume 1 of the NOW AND THEN

we mentioned the capture of four enormous eels, in October, 1868, at the outlet of Hunter's Lake, that together weighed twenty-seven pounds, the largest weighing nine pounds; but they were caught in a fish-basket, and that was quite another thing.

HORACE GREELEY gave good advice when he said, "Go West, young man! go West!" At least that is what Thomas E. Murphy, who left Muncy about sixteen years ago, doubtless thinks. Thomas used to work on the bench at shoemaking for William Plotts, and is well remembered by many of our citizens. He went to Sand Point, Idaho, in company with a young man from the State of New York, with whom he had become acquainted after he left here, and together the adventurers took up 320 acres of land. In course of time his partner became restless and wanted to sell out, so Thomas made himself lord of the entire half section, not dreaming of the good luck the transfer would presently develop into for him. But by and by gold was discovered on the estate, and more recently silver, and now, to make a story of some length short, there are, as we have lately been informed, three veritable gold mines and one silver mine being worked, in each of which Thomas has a half interest, and his future prospects are considered glowing. He is married and has three children, that, our informant states, we are much pleased to say, he—the lucky Thomas—values still more than he does the mines.

ABIGAIL EDWARDS has for several years enjoyed the distinction of being the "oldest inhabitant" of Muncy. She was born in Buffalo Valley, on the 10th day of September, 1792, but when she was only nine months old her parents settled on the Glade Run, and so she now claims Muncy as her real home for upwards of ninety-five years. Her health continues to be excellent for her age, and her prospect is good for a few more years of life, although she is now twenty years older than her mother was at her death, and nineteen years older than her father. An uncle lived to be 101 years old. Abigail moves about the house as nimbly as many a one who was not born until she was a grown-up woman. Her mind is also still comparatively vigorous. We recently had a very pleasant chat with her about the days of long ago. She remarked that she sometimes thought the people were not so sociable Now as they were Then; but yet, when she studied over the matter, she believed there was really a change for the better. There was a great deal more drinking and fighting in those days, and the people were rougher and not generally so well educated. We expressed the hope that she would live to be as old as her uncle, to which she quickly replied, "I don't want to live that long, unless it is the Lord's will." Her parents were strict Quakers, and lived near Quakertown, Bucks County, before they removed to the Buffalo Valley. She had two brothers and a sister, who, like herself, did not remain Quakers. One of the boys went off to the war in 1812, and she says she would have gone with him if she had been a boy.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

Devoted to History, Amusement, Instruction, Advancement.

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VOL. 2.

MUNCY, PA., NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER, 1888.

No. 3.

## A Club of Offensive and Defensive Bachelors in Muncy Fifty Years Ago.

Not only the many relatives, descendants and personal friends of the thirty-five persons named below, as the officers and managers of a club of indignant and alarmed bachelors, existing in Muncy fifty years ago, will feel interested in the meeting, organization and resolutions of said body; but all who barely remember or ever heard of these men, or who feel interested in our local history, or in the great problems of celibacy and matrimony, will read with eagerness what they had to say to the world, and of themselves, as bachelors. As no application, so far as we can learn, ever came to Muncy from Somerset ladies for husbands, notwithstanding the many inducements offered, we infer that the petition of the fair but neglected ladies to the Legislature brought the bachelors of that section to a proper realization of their abnormal condition. By their resolutions it is at once evident that our bachelors were not at all unfavorable to matrimony, yet their friendly views of that institution are most conclusively apparent from the fact that in a very few years they were nearly all married. And who now knows, perhaps these very resolutions were in part designed, and also largely served, to bring the marriageable ladies of this section more promptly to terms. Several of the bachelors did not succeed in getting wives quite so soon as the majority, and two at least were never married; but this may all be attributed to the reason, as resolved by the club, that there was "a great dearth of marrying ladies." We append the report of the meeting, etc., entire, just as it appeared in the *Muncy Telegraph*, for March 30th, 1839, as we are sure it has not lost more of interest than it has gained by age:

### BACHELORS' MEETING.

Pursuant to public notice, a large and respectable meeting of the Bachelors of Muncy Borough and its vicinity assembled at the house of Col. John P. Schuyler, in said borough, on Saturday evening, the 23d inst. The meeting was organized

by calling Col. J. RUSSEL BARR to the chair.

MESSRS. CHAS. SHOEMAKER and BENJAMIN SHOEMAKER were chosen V. Presidents.

Z. Butt and John W. Eldred were chosen Secretaries.

The meeting being thus organized, the President stated its object, when, on motion, the following gentlemen were appointed a committee to prepare a preamble and resolutions, viz:

G. W. Lathy, Esq.,	Samuel Doctor,
D. R. P. Stratton,	James Barlow,
John Robb,	John McCarty,

Joseph Gudykunst,

who, after retiring a short time, reported the following, which were separately considered and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The Ladies of Somerset County have been petitioning the Legislature for a tax on Bachelors above a certain age, this meeting, composed of individuals answering the description, and directly interested in the question, has been called to take the matter into consideration. From time immemorial the class of animals to which, in the language of the ladies generally, and the fair petitioners in particular, we have the dishonor to belong, have been unrelentingly vilified and persecuted. This, in our own opinion, and it may be relied upon, for it is unbiased by scolding wives and squalling children, is unjust. None in any community are found more willing to submit to the requisitions of Scripture and law, and to contribute to the utmost of their ability in relieving, as Don Quixote did, distressed damself. Our hearts are open as day to "melting charity." We cannot, however, but consider the measure proposed as unjust, unreasonable and unconstitutional. The tax to be assessed is in the nature of a penalty for an alleged default or misdemeanor—it is therefore necessary that the objects of punishment should first be proved in fault; whereas, it has long been an unsettled point whether bachelors continue *solo* from choice or necessity, or ladies maintain their celibacy on account of the neglect of the harder part of creation or their own squeamishness and coquetry. Until these facts are established and the guilt of the arraigned party clearly shown, the petitioners can with no semblance of justice urge their plan, or the Legislature legally grant their prayer. Therefore,

Resolved, That we will petition the Legislature to pass an act making it penal for any lady to refuse, without sufficient cause, the first offer; and requiring them in case any gentleman mani-

feats an inclination to lead them to a state of double blessedness, and is restrained by *mauvaise honte* or bashfulness, to "pop the question."

*Resolved*, That we will further use our influence to procure a law making it a penal offence to decline the proffered services of any gentleman who wishes to maintain the reputation of the sex for gallantry, or in classic parlance, gives him the "glove;" and that the ladies be bound, on all occasions, in season and out of season, to extend all the encouragement in their power to every languishing and faint-hearted swain that may cross their path.

*Resolved*, That if a tax be laid, any gentleman getting the sack three times shall be exempt from Legislative taxation.

*Resolved*, That, for the purpose of protecting ourselves and furthering the views of the petitioners, we will form ourselves into an association, offensive and defensive, to be called the *Matrimonial Junto*.

*Resolved*, That whereas we consider bashfulness, or want of confidence, a fruitful source of celibacy, we beg leave to suggest the following as an efficient remedy: 1st, That every gentleman, when in company with ladies, wear a ring on the little finger of the left hand if disengaged; if otherwise, on the same finger of the right. 2d, That the ladies express the same by wearing the ring on the third finger of the right hand if free, and on the same finger of the left if engaged. The trying operation of "popping the question," or casting the die for happiness or misery, may then be gone through by the gentleman removing the ring from the little finger of the left to the right, which the lady will answer, if favorably inclined, by removing hers from the third finger of the right hand to the place before named, as denoting engagement.

*Resolved*, That we applaud the Somerset ladies for the stand they have taken, and though not deserved in this section of the State, will prove a lasting reproof to the gentlemen of Somerset, and others who have recklessly followed in their footsteps.

*Resolved*, That, if the ladies of Somerset can establish the fact that the bachelors here or elsewhere are derelict in duty towards them, we will make all the reparation in our power, by furnishing all of them who may apply, well recommended, with suitable husbands, those first applying having the advantage of a choice, till our club is extinct.

*Resolved*, That if a lady "pops the question" to any member of this Junto, and he backs out, he shall be *expelled* without benefit of clergy.

*Resolved*, That the gentlemen of Somerset who have so long basked in the sunshine of the smiles of the fair petitioners, and ruthlessly resisted their attractions, deserve to go down

"To the vile dust from whence they sprung,  
Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

*Resolved*, That one great reason of the single blessedness of the gentlemen of Muncy and its vicinity has been the great dearth of marrying adies.

*Resolved*, That the only thing necessary to stay the crime of celibacy here is an importation of the petitioners.

*Resolved*, That we will, at all times, be in readiness to furnish the Somerset ladies with husbands upon personal application being made to the club, and that we may easily recognize them, we request that they come conspicuously labeled as follows:

FROM SOMERSET COUNTY,  
WARRANTED GENUINE.

*Resolved*, That we feel proud in being able to inform the ladies of Somerset County that we live in a rich valley, on the West Branch of the Susquehanna, and that we have everything that is good to eat in abundance, and downy beds to repose on.

*Resolved*, That each member of this association pay an annual contribution of ten dollars, for the purpose of raising a fund to be appropriated as follows: The member who shall first perpetrate matrimony shall be entitled to one-third of the whole sum thus raised; and if so lucky as to procure one of the fair petitioners of Somerset, to one-half. Every other member to receive one-third of the balance, as he deserts the barren land of celibacy.

*Resolved*, That any member of this club who may express an opposition to a matrimonial alliance, or who shall refuse to make every exertion to obtain husbands for applicants from the aforesaid county, shall be expelled from the club and shall be doomed to wear a badge for one hundred days with the word "Obadiah" conspicuously written thereon.

*Resolved*, That the President appoint a Corresponding Secretary, a Treasurer and twenty-nine Managers; whereupon the President appointed the following:

G. W. LATHY, Esq., *Cor. Secretary*.  
F. W. ROBB, *Treasurer*.

Edward Lyon,	C. H. Schuyler,
H. N. Shoemaker,	George Frederick,
H. McKinster,	G. Biddle,
Daniel Shoemaker,	Peter Beeber,
Humphrey Cadwell,	Jacob Dimm,
G. F. Boal, Esq.,	Dr. G. Hill,
Peter Shoemaker,	W. B. Watson,
Charles Heacock,	George Bechtel,
T. D. Beeber,	Samuel Doctor,
William Lloyd,	D. R. P. Stratton,
Robert Cooke,	James Barlow,
J. Roan Barr,	John Robb,
Jacob Bruner,	John McCarty,
Isaac Bear,	Joseph Gudykunst,
Samuel Bear,	<i>Managers.</i>

The meeting was then severally addressed by G. W. Lathy, Esq., Z. Butt and G. F. Boal, Esq.

*Resolved*, That when this meeting adjourns it will adjourn to meet again on the last Monday in May.

*Resolved*, That all communications be addressed to the Corresponding Secretary.

*Resolved*, That the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the officers and published in all the papers in this borough, in the *Somerset Herald*, and in all other papers in Somerset County favorable to matrimony, and all bachelor editors throughout the State are requested to publish them.

J. R. BARR, Pres't.

CHAS. SHOEMAKER, }  
BENJ. SHOEMAKER, } V. Presidents.

Z. Butt, }  
J. W. Eldred, } Secretaries.

Only three of the members of this Matrimonial Junta now remain in this valley: Dr. George Hill, of Hughesville; Jacob Dimm, of Muncy Creek Township, and J. Roan Barr, of Muncy Borough. And according to all the information at hand, there are only four others yet remaining in the land of the living: Robert Cooke, now of Howard, Centre County, Pa.; Fleming W. Robb, of Wyoming, Nebraska; H. Nelson Shoemaker, of Durant, Iowa, and William Lloyd, of Attica, Harper County, Kansas. The club had but an ephemeral existence. The obvious motive and spice of it all was mere nonsense, and we all well know that

"A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the best of men."

To George W. Lathy, Esq., is accorded the honor of having concocted the racy preamble and resolutions. Judge W. P. I. Painter resided in Mauch Chunk at the time, but says that he well remembers the sensation the proceedings produced throughout the country. Some pungent paragraphs went the rounds of the newspapers, and generally at the expense of the allied celibates of Muncy. One editor, it is remembered, remarked that it was not to be wondered at that Joseph Gudykunst could not get a wife, as he had such an ugly name that none of the girls would have him. But before the close of the year a number perpetrated matrimony, and in a short time the greater part were bound by the same "holy bonds." The jolly and gallant young bachelors wisely ratified their expressed faith that "it is not good for man to be alone." The President of the club, J. Russel Barr, who died quite recently at Washington City, it is said was the first to break rank. Whether he received the one-third of the annual subscriptions—a snug little sum to begin housekeeping with in that day—we are not informed. The few survivors, as they once more see the report and resolutions in print, will doubtless again enjoy a good laugh, and jocosely "count their youthful frolics o'er."

## The Grist Mill Industry in the West Branch Valley.

Upon visiting one of our modern flouring mills, and observing the systems of rolls, middlings, purifiers and patent processes for grinding corn, buckwheat and other grains, beside the other expensive and ingenious machinery thereunto belonging, it is almost impossible to believe that within a single century the savage aborigines of this valley destroyed the first feeble effort put forth by the white inhabitants, to obtain meal from grain by grinding it by machinery.

The evolution of mills for grinding grain is as wonderful as it is interesting, and may be described briefly in the following lines: The method employed by the natives to bruise a few grains of maize consisted of a flatish sort of stone slightly hollowed out, upon which another stone was used, and by dint of rubbing and pounding, the grains were reduced to a coarse meal. The early white settlers improved upon this method by cutting a depression of some depth into the top of a stump, and suspending a stone over it from the limb of a tree, which acted as a spring pole, by which means the grain was reduced to meal with some degree of speed. The descendants of Amariah Sutton distinctly remember such a stump that stood near the site of the present barn of Hon. R. J. C. Walker, on the bank of Lycoming Creek, which was the family mill just one hundred years ago.

Later on, iron coffee mills were occasionally brought into the valley and used for grinding grain, the most notable example being the mill used at Antes Fort during the construction of the water power grist mill in 1776. Tradition informs us that this coffee mill was kept going day and night, by willing hands relieving the wearied ones from time to time, in order to supply meal to the garrison. The bran was removed by means of a home-made horse hair sieve. This coffee mill found its way to a slaughter-house near Jersey Shore, where it was used for grinding spices until lost in the memorable flood of 1865. After this time millstones came to be used; these were cut from selected boulders of conglomerate, such as occur near Ralston, or at times from the hard red sandstone that is found on the Bald Eagle Mountain. These millstones were run by crude, cumbersome cog-gearing, operated by an overshot water-wheel. With the millstones came bolting cloth, and each customer had to take his place in turning the bolter, to

remove the bran, before his grist was ready to be taken home.

Following the above came the French burr, which continued until supplanted by the roller process. All three of the latter methods of grinding grain are now to be found in our valley, though the millstones are employed mostly in grinding the coarser grain.

Previous to the erection of grist mills the settlers endured serious hardships in obtaining flour for their families. It was a general custom for many years to load up a grist of wheat in a canoe, take it to Grant's mill, in Dry Valley (about four miles above Northumberland), await their turn for the grain to be ground, and afterward pole up the river home, sometimes a distance of fifty miles. Later on, when bridle paths were cut through the wilderness, grain would be "packed" on horseback over mountains and through dense forests thirty or forty miles and return. On these occasions the distillery, which was inseparable from the grist mill, would yield its cheer to the assembled inhabitants, and this, with the old-fashioned games, visiting, exchange of news, &c., the time passed pleasantly while the grist was being ground.

Probably the first grist mill erected in the West Branch Valley was the historic structure built by Ludwig Derr on the present site of Lewisburg. The date fixed for this mill was about 1770. Grant's mill, in Dry Valley, was a very old mill, and may have been the oldest in the valley. About the year 1772 or 1773 John Alward is said to have erected a grist mill near the present site of Muncy. In 1773 or 1774 Andrew Culbertson settled at the mouth of Mosquito Run and built a grist mill, which was probably destroyed by the Indians in 1778. It was rebuilt in 1787, upon the return of the settlers after the "Big Runaway." It was afterward burned down and a large mill erected over the foundation of the old one by Thomas Caldwell. This mill was burned down in 1850, and never rebuilt. The patronage to this mill came in great measure from White Deer Valley, across the Bald Eagle Mountain by way of the Culbertson Path.

The next mill in point of date was the historic edifice at the mouth of Neapanose Creek, known as Antes' mill, built by Lieut. Col. Henry Antes during the year 1776, and rebuilt in 1790, as well as several times since.

The next mill was built near the mouth of Lycoming Creek, by Robert Martin, before 1789; it was afterward struck by lightning, when some

men ran to Gundrum's for milk to drown the fire out (thinking, in accordance with a popular superstition, that water would have no effect upon fire caused by lightning). The mill was rebuilt in 1837, and eventually fell into decay. The stone arch over the tail-race and some foundation walls and bed timbers are to be plainly seen at the present day, close by the Lycoming tannery. The property passed into the hands of Thomas Grant in 1813, and from him to Jacob Bastian in 1820, to John Cowden in 1827, for his son John H. Cowden, who abandoned the old mill and built the brick mill, which passed successively through the hands of A. Boyd Cummings, John V. Woodward, E. B. Campbell, and to Abram Good, the present owner.

Along after the year 1787 several small mills were built whose history has not been obtained. Henry Scott's mill on Loyalsock Creek, above Montoursville; Hall's mill, near the mouth of Carpenter's Run; John Burrows' mill, on Muncy Creek; John Knox's mill, at the mouth of Larry's Creek. This last mill has been succeeded by other mills down to the present day. Boyd & Wilson built a mill near the mouth of Chillisquaque Creek in 1791. The Millport mill, in Nippenose Valley, was built in 1816. The State mill was built by General Burrows, below Montoursville, in 1825. Lloyd's mill, in Montoursville, was built in 1836. The City Mills, in Williamsport, was built by Peter Herdic and B. H. Taylor in 1854. Grist mills now dot the country in all directions, where a good water power can be obtained, so that an extended notice of the modern structures would exceed the limits of this sketch.

JOHN H. MCINN.

Williamsport, Pa.

### Reminiscence Suggested by the "Now and Then."

One dark night, more than forty years ago, Washington D. Bowman—that prince of good fellows—and the writer were sitting in front of Mr. Bowman's store devising schemes to amuse ourselves and while away the time which hung heavy on our hands. Wash. suggested that we erect a "hat lifter," a device to compel pedestrians to take off their hats to us whether inclined to do so or not. The suggestion was at once acted upon. This effective, if not artistic, contrivance, consisted of a strong twine string, one end of which was attached to a tree that

stood on the curb of the pavement, the other end fastened to a high board fence which ran from the store to the house. Behind this fence, close to a knot-hole, Wash. and I waited for a victim. We did not wait long. Presently a firm, quick foot-step was heard approaching. We knew that there was only one man in Muncy who had that step, and that man was Dr. Edward D. Kittoe. We also knew that he was the last man to have his hat "lifted" without his consent, and that he would thrash us unmercifully if he caught us. But it was too late to retreat. In another moment his shiny silk hat struck the string and was whisked into space, fell to the pavement with a thud, and bounded into the gutter a battered and ruined "tile;" the owner wondering what had caused its sudden fall from its high estate. To say the doctor was mad but faintly expresses it. All the blood in his veins boiled in an instant. When he picked up his hat and saw the ruin wrought, the British lion in him was aroused and longed to stretch out its paw and crush the authors of the ruin. Ripples of laughter were wafted through the knot-hole and fell on his sensitive ear. He grasped the situation, and with a bound sprang for the spot whence the laughter proceeded, and landed with his breast on the top of the fence and caught me by the cap before I could get out of the way. It is needless to say that I clung to that cap with the tenacity of a bull-dog. I knew that if he got possession he would retain it and identify me. Fortunately for me the fence was too high for him to get over and at the same time retain his hold. When he let go and ran for the gate, two thoroughly frightened boys might have been seen running as if for dear life through the devious paths of Mr. Bowman's garden, seeking an outlet to the alley and trying to avoid the clutches of the irascible doctor, who was in close pursuit. After doubling on our tracks several times, we reached the ice house and jumped to the alley, a distance of about ten feet. To allay suspicion that we were the guilty pair, we hurried into the store and took seats on nail kegs—the only seat a boy was allowed to occupy in those days—behind the stove, and awaited developments. Soon the doctor came in, hat in hand, and commenced a violent tirade against the Americans in general and the vile manners of American boys in particular. After he had subsided, Mr. Bowman turned to Washington and said, "Wash., where have you been?" He replied that he had been attending "meetin'."

The old gentleman said nothing further, but I could see by the merry twinkle in his kindly eyes that he more than half suspected that we were the guilty pair. It is needless to say that we erected no more "hat lifters" that season, at least not when we knew that Dr. Kittoe was in town.

ALFRED HAWLEY.

Northumberland, Pa.

### Buried Indian Relics.

In the autumn of 1872 Joseph Fahrenbach, while husking corn in a field along the Cemetery road, a short distance east of Muncy, on the ridge near Muncy Creek, on the Shoemaker farm, as then called, found scattered over the surface, within a space of a few yards square, six large Indian stone lance-heads. He conducted the writer to the spot, and further search then and several times subsequently added only a few broken specimens to the number of relics found, and revealed no evidence that the place had been an Indian camping site or workshop. In August, 1886, just after a crop of oats had been taken off, when the ground was in a favorable condition, I made another careful search, and in the same small area found four more perfect specimens, besides a number of fragments. Later in the same season, after the ground had been plowed and well settled by rains, several visits to the spot in company with Jacob Rickolt resulted in the discovery of six more entire specimens, besides a lot of fragments, all in the same small space. We now have sixteen perfect, one *re-stored*, and nearly the same number of broken specimens.

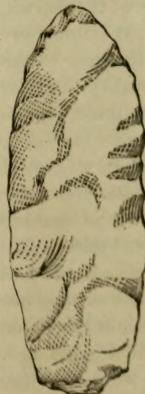


FIG. 2.

The annexed cut, Fig. 2, is a perfect representation of one of the complete specimens. The others are not all quite as symmetrical, but they are of the same pattern and material. They vary in length from four inches to more than six inches, and in about the same proportion change in width and thickness. The material is a very fine-grained, hard, dark brown, silicious stone, with somewhat of a metallic ring. Small boulders of the same kind of rock occurring in the drift scattered over the surface of the locality indicate that the material may have been obtained close at

hand, and that the implements were manufactured somewhere in the neighborhood, though there were no flakes or chips found to show that they had been made where deposited. They had evidently been buried here in a body. Finally they were scattered in the soil by the white man's plow and cultivator; some of them were probably thus broken, and others perhaps were crushed by the horses stepping on them, or by the weight of the heavy farm wagon.

Why were they deposited here? How long had they been buried? By whom were they secreted? And why left here? We are left to imagination to answer these questions. We can reason only from the few facts that we know. They were certainly not left here without a motive, and not likely with the intention of allowing them always to remain buried. They were doubtless deposited for safety, and until they were needed. There were individuals among the aborigines whose special vocation it was to manufacture various kinds of implements and then barter them for what they needed in the way of food and clothing. There was, in other words, a division of labor, as with us, only in a more rudimentary way, determined by taste, natural talent, opportunity and acquired skill. Yet not a few may have made their own arrowheads and lance-heads, the same as some farmers who have the required skill do their own blacksmithing and repairing of farm implements. These lance-heads may, therefore, have been deposited here either by the manufacturer or by some Indian who had purchased them. They were not needed at the time, and could be found here when desired. As to the age of the deposit, we can likewise only conjecture. It is now more than one hundred years since the last of the Indians were occupants of this valley, and for one hundred years or more before their departure they had been trading with the white man, and had learned to use his copper kettles, his steel hatchets and knives, his rifles and his iron arrow points, and had begun to lose the art of making utensils and implements of clay and stone. We may readily suppose that these lance-heads had been buried two hundred years, and we may not unreasonably imagine that they might have been hidden three, four or five hundred years ago. And we can also only guess to what tribe the owner may have belonged. Various tribes have dwelt here within the knowledge of the white man, and how often these valleys and mountains

had changed owners in previous ages will never be known. And we can but imagine the reason why these implements were never reclaimed. The owner may have taken sick and died; perchance he may have fallen in battle, or perhaps he was taken away captive and never returned, and thus the secret of his deposit may have perished with him. Or possibly the owner may, after making the deposit, have become the fortunate possessor of a rifle, and never more cared for his far less serviceable stone weapons.

Similar deposits of stone objects of Indian manufacture are often found throughout the country. A great number have been described in the annual reports of the Smithsonian Institution. Many have contained from upwards of a hundred to more than a thousand implements. In one instance we remember reading of, a remarkable deposit was found in Illinois that was said to have consisted of three thousand five hundred specimens. How many like deposits have been found in this neighborhood we do not know, but we suspect that more have already been unearthed than most of us would suppose. A large deposit of arrowheads, we were told, was found many years ago somewhere up Muncy Creek, in digging the foundation or cellar for a house. In times past there was not the general interest taken in Indian antiquities that is now shown, and such discoveries were not closely investigated and recorded. It is important to know all the facts connected with such discoveries, and to have a correct description of the specimens found, to make them of real value to archaeological science. Such collections are not always placed temporarily in magazines or hiding places by the owners, but may be deposited from entirely different motives. They should therefore be very carefully examined, and every fact be carefully noted.

Some years ago we met the late venerable Richard Rogers—one of the oldest of the eighteen children of Samuel and Ann Rogers, who settled with their large family at Forksville in 1802—and were informed by him that he and his wife, many years ago, dug into a sepulchral mound on the Loyalsock, and found "a stone deer-skinner and forty flint arrowheads, that seemed to be lying together as if in the hands of a skeleton." These were evidently buried with the dead from superstitious or religious promptings. We heard some years ago of a number of lance-heads that were found in an adjoining

county, in the forest on a mountain side, so arranged as to form a circle, with the pointed ends sticking in the earth and only the butt ends being visible. These were probably thus left from devotional or sacrificial considerations.

About twenty-five years ago Captain Andrew Clarke Mensch, then residing in Clinton Township, while digging a ditch to drain a muck-bed on his farm, about one mile from the Susquehanna River, found a deposit of a large number of rude flaked implements that had been buried about two feet below the surface. These were taken to the wood-shed as something curious, but without suspecting the great interest they might have to the archæologist. One day the Captain's little boys found them and had a perfectly delightful time breaking them into innumerable fragments with the broad end of the axe. We happened to come along a few days

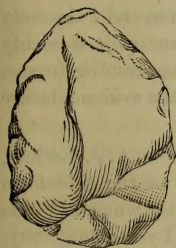


FIG. 3.

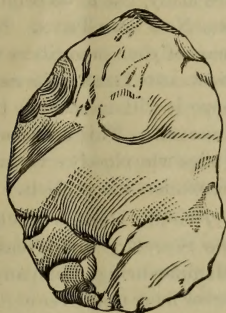


FIG. 4.

afterwards, and on learning of the discovery and the sad fate of the interesting relics, asked the favor of a search-through the wood-shed, and by doing so had the good fortune to secure two unbroken specimens that had been overlooked by the thoughtless but industrious youngsters. We did not ourselves fully appreciate their importance at the time, or we should have made a more careful investigation. Figs. 3 and 4 are faithful illustrations of the two much-prized specimens now in our possession. The smaller implement is  $2\frac{3}{4}$  inches wide by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches in length, and the larger is 3 inches by  $4\frac{1}{4}$  inches. They bear a strong resemblance to the "paleolithic type" of Europe, and to the rude similar relics found in various parts of this country, and now referred by Dr. Charles C. Abbott and other archæologists to a *paleolithic* period in America, and therefore we shall always lament the loss of the collection. The location in which, and the depth at which, they were found may, in connection with their

type, favor the theory of their belonging to a remote or old-stone period; though this is a question we do not now presume to decide. The ordinary Indian relics we commonly find on or near the surface, in graves, in mounds, or in hiding places or "caches," are more finely made—indicate a more advanced state of development—and are designated *neolithic* or *new-stone* implements. The Smithsonian Institution has recently addressed a circular of inquiry to collectors in regard to the "class of American Aboriginal Stone Relics which have been heretofore denominated rude or unfinished implements of the paleolithic type;" and so we presume the time will come, sooner or later, when some clear and important generalizations will be evolved in reference to an early prehistoric period.

### The Number of Insects Listed.

In the article "Insects not all Listed," in the first number of the *NOW AND THEN*, it was asserted that "the insects of the world would more likely number about 200,000 species." We did not make the number greater because we desired to be on the safe side in the matter. Since then we have read an address by that eminent authority on insects, C. V. Riley, published in the United States Agricultural Report for 1884, from which we excerpt the following astounding revelation:

"The recent advance in our knowledge of the life-history and habits of species has been great, but leaves yet an immense field for future research. Insects probably outnumber in species all other animals combined, some 350,000 having already been described, and fully as many more remaining yet to be characterized."

By this we see how far we are behind the "recent advance" in the science of entomology. The *Philadelphia Press* put the number listed at only 60,000, and so there is at least one great journal yet behind the *NOW AND THEN*. And when the "fully as many more remaining"—or the grand total of 700,000 species—have been listed, what will yet remain to be done then? We might just as well be ahead in this insect race as behind, and so we will now declare that we have an irresistibly growing inclination to believe that when the insect species are all listed they will number at least a round 1,000,000. There is yet "an immense field for future research." And may not new species still be coming into existence every—now and then? Geology has revealed the fact that many specific forms have gone out of existence.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

ISSUED BI-MONTHLY.

J. M. M. GERNERD, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

For terms of subscription and advertising rates, see cover.

Entered at the Muncy Post-Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER, 1888.

## OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

It is highly gratifying to receive so many nice letters from the subscribers and friends of the *NOW AND THEN*, and we will with pleasure devote a little space to a notice of these evidences of regard. It would afford us additional pleasure to publish these letters, and we know they would be read with no little interest, especially by the acquaintances of the writers, but there would then be no room left for other matter. We can only refer directly to a few of them, and in but a cursory way. To avoid partiality, and to get at the matter of showing their general tenor in the shortest way, we will make a few draws—after the fashion of the lottery—from the large pack of letters on our editorial table, and transfer a few lines from each letter thus drawn.

*First Draw.* This proves to be a letter from our old friend W. B. Poust, of Shickshinny, Pa. He says: "I would not be without the *NOW AND THEN* for ten times its cost. And as I was so unfortunate as to lose some of the former edition, like a great many others I would be pleased to have you republish the contents. I earnestly hope that your subscription list will get so large that you will never think of stopping it again." This letter was not very long, but it was among the first to come, and gave us great pleasure. We will certainly not stop his paper when his subscription expires.

*Second.* A longer letter, from an esteemed cousin, P. P. Mohr, of Lehigh County, Pa. "I do not think," he says, "that I could make much improvement on the *NOW AND THEN*. \* \* \* The paper is too local to interest strangers as it does the people of Muncy. I think it is not entertaining enough to sell. But your object is not to make money, \* \* \* and you know your own business." We value our candid cousin's opinion, and hope to hear from him soon again. Somehow we are getting subscribers who are almost entire strangers to the Muncy

Valley, and hope to get more of the same description. Besides, we are now getting help, and expect to get aid from others, that we think will make the magazine "entertaining enough to sell," even to strangers. And then, a great portion of our local history, instruction and discussions will be of universal interest. In a later letter P. P. M. expresses himself "delighted with the *NOW AND THEN*," etc.

*Third.* Judge W. W. Schuyler, of Easton, Pa., says: "I like the new *NOW AND THEN* very much. It is in the highest degree creditable alike to your enterprise and intelligence, and you can count on me as a permanent subscriber. \* \* \* I always considered the first numbers of *NOW AND THEN* as perfect, even down to 'the eye-straining nonpareil type,' set in such solid column. It has lost somewhat of *character* by joining the list of magazines. Of magazines there are many, but in its original form there was but one *NOW AND THEN*. \* \* \* But the great mass of your subscribers will, no doubt, welcome *NOW AND THEN* in its new dress, and I sincerely hope it will meet with the success it so richly deserves." This is encouraging, coming from a Judge who closely scrutinizes the evidence before he renders his verdicts.

*Fourth.* Here is a letter from A. J. Breinig, the Secretary and Treasurer of the Allentown Manufacturing Company, who we guess was never more than over night in Lycoming County. He expresses himself thus: "Sample copy of *NOW AND THEN* on my desk this A. M., and after disposing of routine business took it up. \* \* \* It is seldom that any periodical is finished by me at one sitting, but *NOW AND THEN* proved so interesting that notwithstanding the thermometer indicated 96° the reading was so pleasant that every column was read. The "Florida Reminiscences" proved especially valuable in confirming views entertained without having had the pleasure of taking observations on the spot myself. \* \* \* Now and then I shall want to have the pleasure of perusing the products of your newly sharpened quill, and so enclose subscription."

*Fifth.* An interesting letter from N. Ferree Lightner, special solicitor for Northwest Masonic Aid Association, St. Paul, Minn, says: "A little 'Muncy' colony resident in my house, Frank E. Forster, Howard Wallis and myself, have read with pleasure your first number of the renewed *NOW AND THEN*, and having a little currency of the period laid away in a musty drawer of the

time NOW AND THEN first saw light, I know no better use to make of it than to enclose it for said paper. It is our pride to boast, in the language of our jolly friend Charles W. Robb, 'nothing good was born below the Muncy Hills.' \* \* \* So success to you. My long residence in Sunbury connects me intimately with Muncy, even were it not my birthplace, and no place in the Keystone State is dearer to me."

*Sixth.* William B. Kelly, of the American Fire Insurance Company, of Philadelphia, kindly writes: "The renewed NOW AND THEN appears in a very much improved form. Age seems to have given it vigor, and the rest of one decade added beauty. Please put my name among the regular subscribers."

*Seventh.* General Robert A. McCoy, now cashier of the Blair County Banking Company, Tyrone, Pa., says: "I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your magazine, and to enclose you one dollar for subscription to it. Although it is thirty-four years since I left your pleasant old town to enter life's battles elsewhere, memory often turns to the home and people of my youthful days. Prominent among these recollections are the old farm of my grandfather, Andrew Reeder; the Sunday school at Hall's Farm, under the supervision and instruction of that most estimable of ladies, Miss Susan Hall; and my especial associates when in your place, Dr. Samuel U. Pott, Col. H. J. B. Cummings, Col. Drake and Oscar McKelvy, two of whom have crossed the great divide separating us from that fairer land."

*Eighth.* Rev. Henry C. Moyer, of Ovid, N. Y., says: "I am much pleased with NOW AND THEN. It starts off with the same bright, breezy and cheerful tone which characterized the first volume. Its tenor leads one to suppose that the Editor has not grown a day older. There is certainly very little indication of the gathering years, only as they are mentioned; and I most heartily congratulate you on the happy faculty of staying young." This is very complimentary, and we enjoy and appreciate it; but we wish to be excused for saying that we have since had a much more flattering and pleasing recognition of what Time has done for us. We were on our way down town the other day. A dear little tot of hardly more than four years was swinging on a front yard gate, and we spoke a pleasant word to her as we hurried along. Three times she cried out after us in eager tones, "How you do, Santa Claus?" Her ten-year-old

brother was quite horrified and harshly commanded her to "shut up," but he spoke too late to deprive us of the pleasure of the flattering compliment.

*Ninth.* Mrs. Anna M. Holstein, of Bridgeport, Pa., says: "I am very glad, indeed, that NOW AND THEN is to be resumed. In the past its coming was always anticipated with pleasure, and the contents enjoyed fully as much as more pretentious publications. \* \* \* Hoping that you may be so financially encouraged as to continue it permanently."

*Tenth.* Col. Thomas Chamberlin, of Philadelphia, says of the NOW AND THEN: "It was a pleasant surprise to me, as I had no idea that your ambition aimed at anything so large and attractive in its general 'get up,' as the pamphlet before me. I enclose my subscription, and hope that you may have abundant encouragement from all quarters. \* \* \* Don't you think that an occasional article based on the Indian relics now in your possession, and furnishing something of the history of the tribes, \* \* \* their occupations, implements of warfare, domestic utensils, social usages, \* \* \* would be highly appreciated by the subscribers to NOW AND THEN, as well as by the general public?"

*Eleventh.* Benj. F. Stamm, of Detroit, Michigan, says: "My mouth watered as I read concerning Whitmoyer's ginger cakes and beer, and the musical clock. I agree to the enormous size and excellence of the cakes, but please tell my friend Thomas Lloyd that he must not feel bad because I cannot fully subscribe to his 'survey.' The cakes were big; and so the money I had to buy with. The pennies of a bound boy then were few, and were of great size on account of the *fewness*. I am ready upon cross-examination to go beyond Lloyd's measurement. A cent in those days was to me about the size of a cart wheel, and the cakes were large in proportion, and therefore enormous."

*Twelfth.* Clyde Keefer, of Sunbury, Pa., says: "Please forward to my address the NOW AND THEN. I am a son of Capt. B. F. Keefer. A copy of your paper came to the house last week, and father said we would subscribe for it at once. I think it is a magnificent paper."

*Thirteenth.* Hon. John Blair Linn, of Bellefonte, Pa., says: "Very interesting to me. I never knew before that David Steedman's wife was a daughter of Mary Scudder Shoemaker. I knew Mr. Steedman, and had seen Mrs. S. frequently, but never knew of her genealogy. This

one number is worth a dollar, and more, to me, and I therefore enclose the dollar."

The pack of letters is still large and tempting, but space will not allow us to draw more, nor even to give longer extracts. We have reserved room yet for the following note just received from a Muncy lady:

ED NOW AND THEN: Your pleasing reminiscence of Whitmoyer has awakened in the slumbering memory of many a school boy and girl of fifty years ago recollections of those huge ginger cakes for which we had to pay a cent of proportionate size (bigger than the present quarter of a dollar); but we never begrudged it, for we got the worth of our money, in what Whitmoyer would never give the recipe of for "love or money." But a lady living near one day placed herself where she could watch the old baker, and came off with a full knowledge of all the ingredients used, and to-day feasts her friends on delicious gingerbread. Every town has had its cake shop and sign—

#### "CAKES AND BEER FOR SALE HERE,"

and were as much frequented as the ice cream parlors of to-day. Mrs. Hellriggle was towards the last a rival of Whitmoyer's, and kept a shop in the stone house now owned by Mr. George Rogers. Her cakes were also delicious, and she was a noted cook for parties and hotels. "Old Hellriggle," her husband, was head potter in the then Bechtel pottery.

L.

Thanks to all our correspondents and patrons, for taking us so kindly by the hand. We have already received so much financial encouragement, that nothing that we can possibly help shall now prevent the completion of the volume, as proposed in our prospectus. We have not yet subscribers enough to save us from financial loss, but funds are still coming in, and we hope will keep on coming. We trust that the magazine will always merit the favorable opinions expressed, and that we shall always have the kindly indulgence asked for in the Salutatory. All suggestions and criticisms will receive serious attention, and be regarded as for our profit and advancement. The historical parts of the old NOW AND THEN will be republished as soon as we have the space to spare. Possibly we may by and by be obliged to add a few more pages to our little magazine.

#### The Power of Imagination.

Many wonderful cases showing the power of the imagination have been recorded by medical and metaphysical writers. But we do not need go to our libraries for the evidence, as similar proofs of the power constantly occur in every human life. Not one of us but is governed more

or less by imagination. No one can deny that he does not frequently imagine strange things concerning himself, or regarding his fellow-mortals, and thus often, and in many ways, prove the power of imagination. The following is a case, by way of illustration, that shows how the most matter of fact men are thus influenced: Captain Thomas Lloyd once heard the late Jacob Cooke remark that it was almost impossible for him to swallow a pill. No matter what he took with it to make it go down, everything would go down but the pill. Now the Captain says—he said this in his store one day to some friends in a sort of confidential way, yet we nevertheless thought it proper to make a note of it for the benefit of metaphysical science—that he never before had any difficulty in swallowing pills, but the very next time he undertook to perform this simple feat of deglutition he thought of Mr. Cooke's struggles and failures, and the pill positively refused to go down. He tried various expedients usually resorted to in pill administrations, but everything would go down without taking along the pills. One day his wife—who imagined at once that it was only imagination—said she would fix up one that he could swallow. She handed him a dainty lump of nice jelly and urged him to swallow it at once without a moment's deliberation. The Captain made a determined effort, and actually got the material below the epiglottis, but it stuck fast in his throat. Madame declared it was only imagination. "No," insisted the Captain, "I guess I know if it went down. I can feel it sticking here," and pointing to where it seemed to have lodged, he would not be otherwise convinced. His wife had, however, given him—*nothing but jelly*.

#### A Venerable Cordwainer.

William L. Plotts is the oldest shoemaker in Muncy, if not in Lycoming County, having worked on the bench almost constantly for about seventy years. He was born May 26th, 1807, in Warren County, New Jersey, within five miles of Easton, Pa., and commenced cobbling when only eleven years old. The changes that have taken place in his time—on every hand, and in all human affairs, in all parts of our great country—and of which he says he often thinks—seem to him most wonderful. The change is great even in the custom of adorning and protecting the feet. He remembers when it was a common thing for the women in village and country to go barefooted in summer. When

they walked to church on Sundays they often carried their shoes and stockings in a handkerchief, or reticule, and then when near the place of worship clothed their sun-bronzed feet. Some wore their heavy calf-skin shoes until near the house, and then put on their best stockings and "welt springs" or "pomp springs" of morocco. This was the custom of the fair daughters and wives of the rich farmers as well as of the poorer class. There was not the distinction made in rural society Then, by dress and worldly possessions, that these perishable things too often make Now. The most prosperous then made and wore their "home-spun." We live

"As custom arbitrates, whose shifting sway  
Our life and manners must alike obey."

Our venerable shoemaker came to Muncy in 1838. He had worked in Milton three months as a journeyman, and came up from that place on the packet-boat. On board the boat he made his first Muncy acquaintance, Col. William Brindle, who was just returning home from graduating at West Point, and who was then a hopeful, affable and prepossessing young man. The first year he served as a journeyman with Hawley, Starr & Co., who carried on tanning at Lairdsville, and had a leather and shoe store at Muncy. The next year he commenced business for himself in two small buildings belonging to Wm. A. Petrikin, that then stood where the First National Bank building now stands. The change that half a century has brought about in Muncy is hardly less amazing. Not one who Then carried on business is here in business Now. Sometime ago he diverted himself by making a list of the families in and around the town whose shoemaking he used to do, and was astounded to find that of these families one hundred and fifty were entirely broken up by death, and by dispersion to the four winds. Mr. Plotts has the appearance of being a younger man than he really is, and seems to have a good prospect of seeing yet many more changes while lingering until his "glass be all outrun." He has always been a good, peaceable and diligent citizen, and well deserves the universal esteem in which he is held.

#### A Large Local Field.

[The following from a second amusing letter received from our esteemed old friend, Hon. H. J. B. Cummings, is entirely within the scope of the NOW AND THEN. By the title page it may be seen that its aim is also Instruction, Amusement and Advancement—and in this it is espe-

cially cosmopolitan. All will regret that the Colonel did not say what happened at the clam bake.—EDITOR.]

WINTERSSET, Iowa, Sept. 13, 1888.

MY DEAR GERNERD:

I have your letter asking for any reminiscences I may have that come within the scope of your publication. I supposed your field was quite largely a local one, but then why did you print extracts from my private letter recalling to your remembrance the famous razor-back hog of Florida? Your local field is evidently large—perhaps if it takes in Florida it may include Idaho. I went to Idaho a few years ago with an editorial excursion party. You know our American people boast they are just and fair or nothing. Let me give you an instance of that justice. We made quite a stop in an Idaho Mormon town, and crowds gathered at the depot to see what a party of Hawkeye quill drivers looked like. I got into a conversation with one of the natives and plied him with questions relating to his religious principles and practices. He told me he was the eldest of a family of forty-three children, all having the same father. He said he had two wives. In answer to the question how he got along with them, he answered: "Oh, very well. I treat them impartially. I let them go out week about washing, and give them for the support of the children half they make."

We had another startling incident. We stopped at another place to inspect a soda spring. A pitcher of the soda water was brought into our coach. Now, it so happened that in our coach there was one Democratic editor. (Democrats, you know, are somewhat scarce in Iowa.) The water was passed to him. He tasted it, and his nose at once assumed an angle of forty-five degrees. Then he mortified us all with the question: "*Does all water taste like this?*"

We reached Shoshone at midnight, where we were to remain until morning. Our five Pullmans were filled with sleepers. A quartet with the finest voices met us at the depot, and as the train came to a stand-still we were awakened by what seemed to me the sweetest music I ever heard. Raising the window curtains, we saw our singers by the aid of a torch-light one of them held—another was holding a banner on which was painted: "*Don't shoot, boys; we are doing the best we can.*"

From there we went on until we reached Seattle, near which we were treated to an old-fashioned clam bake—but Washington Territory must be outside the limits of your local circle.

\* \* \*

H. J. B. C.

### It is so Easy to Forget.

John F. Meginness, the historian, had a happy time not long ago pouring over a set of dusty scrap-books that he found in the office of the Hon. John Blair Linn, at Bellefonte. He had struck a rich little mine of just the data he was in search of, and at once fell to work taking notes. Linn left him early in the evening to attend to some professional business, and when he returned at a late hour he found the contemporary chronicler filling up the last pages of his pencil tablet and very happy. Linn glanced at the page from which he was copying and laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the engrossed annalist.

"Why, at you, of course," said Linn, as his visibilities became aroused still more.

"And why at me?" and he looked up at Linn with his eyes beaming with wonder.

"Because you wrote the article you are copying yourself years ago," and as he said this Linn chuckled all over.

"The deuce I did," said the surprised historian, as he gave the article a closer scrutiny. "Dast my buttons if I didn't," he soon exclaimed, and in a great hurry put the scrap-books back where he found them. Linn promised that he would not *say anything*, but lawyer like he put the accent so that he might still *say something*, and so he did, and so he didn't. That is the way it got out.

### A Venerable Nimrod.

After a residence of thirty years in Iowa, David McCarty, two years ago, returned to pass the remainder of his days within sight of his ancestral home—for the old log house in which he was born is still standing—and the stately old Alleghenies, on which he spent so many of his younger and happiest days as a Nimrod. His chief hunting companions, J. Lukens Wallis and Ellis Bryan, were no longer here to greet his return. He says he often meditates on the wonderful changes that have taken place since he was a boy, when the woods yet abounded with plenty of game, and when he used to help the men catch shad in the Susquehanna. A mess of trout—and fine big ones—he says could be caught almost any time with hook and line in the Glade Run. This was *Then*, but it is not so *Now*. David was born July 1, 1804, and was therefore only ten years younger than his brother, the late "Uncle" John McCarty. His brother, Lloyd McCarty, now 77, with whom he has his home, was the youngest of fourteen

children, and so David says he still regards him as "the baby." Both David and Lloyd, like "Uncle" John, delight to talk about old times, and we hope to get some interesting reminiscences from them for the *NOW AND THEN*.

### Col. Richard M. Johnson's Visit to Muncy.

During the past year the word Tippecanoe has been used so much, and has been so closely connected in the past with the word Tecumseh, that it may interest the reader to know that the slayer of the noted Tecumseh once visited Muncy. Tecumseh was the chief of the Shawanese, and a dangerous enemy of the white man. During the battle of the Thames, when Richard M. Johnson was supporting Gen. William H. Harrison, and in which engagement he was badly wounded, he shot and killed Tecumseh—and to the day of his death he was nick-named "Old Tecumseh."

In October, 1842, Col. Johnson visited Muncy. He came by carriage from Danville, where he had been attending a glorification in honor of Gen. Harrison's victory at the battle of the Thames. Our citizens in a long procession, headed by the Muncy band, and marshalled by Major Isaac Bruner, met the Danville delegation at Mr. John Montgomery's farm, and escorted them through our principal streets. The old General, with head uncovered, and bowing "to the right of him, and to the left of him," created quite a sensation, as every body had the pleasure of a nod. Many of our older citizens retain a vivid recollection of the gentle manners and pleasing address of this old gentleman; and when welcomed in a neat speech by the late Hon. William Cox Ellis, he responded in a clear, practical style, which was listened to with eager attention, for Col. Johnson had created a warm place in many hearts by his defense of Gen. Harrison, when during the campaign of 1840 his enemies called him a coward. During a stump speech at Covington, Kentucky, some one asked, "Where was Gen. Harrison during the battle of the Thames?" Col. Johnson replied, "He was in the very spot where the commander-in-chief ought to be. He was where duty called him. He was amidst the whizzing of bullets overlooking the movements of mounted men. No one must attempt to tickle my fancy by intimating in my presence that Gen. Harrison is a coward." This defense, so well merited, gained the Colonel many friends, although they were opposed to him politically.

During the Colonel's stay in Muncy he was entertained at the hospitable mansion of Gen. William A. Petrikin, and received calls until a late hour. Next morning, accompanied by a large delegation and the Muncy band, he was escorted to Williamsport, where he had been called to review the troops at an encampment then in progress there, and at which Gov. Porter and suite were present, together with many other prominent persons, but none of which Muncy had the pleasure of entertaining before Williamsport had. We captured Col. Richard Mentor Johnson a willing prisoner in the hands of a hospitable people.

M. J. LEVAN.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

Devoted to History, Amusement, Instruction, Advancement.

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VOL. 2.

MUNCY, PA., JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1889.

No. 4.

## THE OLD MUNCY BAND.

The first regular Band in Muncy—after Black Sam's *Aria* or single-part Band—was organized sometime during the autumn of 1841, and is now usually spoken of as "The Old Muncy Band." The teacher was a genteel young Englishman by the name of George S. Tutton, an accomplished musician, a fine player on the keyed bugle and clarinet, who was then professionally engaged teaching bands throughout the country. He afterwards studied law, located and practiced in Tunkhannock, became prominent as a Whig politician, and was elected for a term or two in the State Legislature. He died but a few years ago. Under his careful instruction the Muncy Band made such rapid progress that it soon became a famous organization. Bands were not then so common as now, and their fame was not then so quickly bedimmed as now by rival bands. It was but the other day that we saw a paragraph that was going the rounds of the newspapers to the effect that a teacher of brass bands, William Miller, of Bradford, New Hampshire, not more than seventy years old, says he can remember when there were only three bands in Boston, and none in the surrounding towns.

A general and fervent interest was therefore at once felt in the old Muncy Band. Whenever it appeared on the streets it instantly became the nucleus of an admiring crowd of citizens of all ages. Whitmoyer's musical clock at last had a formidable rival, and was now at times completely overshadowed. The young members were looked up to as having a lofty mission, whose pleasing task was to cast sunshine into the hearts of all who gave them ear. It was not long before such proficiency in execution was attained that it was found both popular and profitable to give a series of concerts. The first of these entertainments was advertised in the *Muncy Luminary* as follows:

### CONCERT

OF

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

The Muncy Band, under the direction of Mr.

George S. Tutton, will give a concert in the Presbyterian Church of this place, on Tuesday evening, March 15th, 1842, when a choice selection of Marches, Airs, Waltzes, Gallopadas, Quicksteps, etc., will be played.

The strictest order and decorum will be kept on the occasion. Doors open at 6 o'clock. Price of admission, 12½ cents.

ALSO

at Hughesville on Wednesday, March 16th, at the house of Mr. G. Flick. For further particulars see bills.

Glad indeed would we be now to see one of these bills "for further particulars," but no one, it seems, was thoughtful enough to save one. The strictest order and decorum was no doubt maintained. We must be content, however, to give only such meagre details concerning the Band as we can gather after the lapse of almost half a century. It was at one of these concerts, given in the old Academy building, that stood on the lot on which the elegant office of the Lycoming Fire Insurance Company was afterwards built, that our respected citizen, John Beeber, got his nickname "Wood Up." Wood Up Quickstep was the name of one of the pieces played by the Band. Beeber particularly admired it—some one whispered to us that "it was really the only tune that Beeber knew and could remember"—and he called out so often to have it repeated that the boys that night in consequence christened him "Wood Up." The appellation was afterwards corrupted to "Woody." So generally has he been known by it that many have supposed it to be his proper name.

John Fribley, the grandfather of the lamented Col. Charles W. Fribley, at this time owned and lived on the farm, a short distance north-east of the town, now belonging to Ernest Noble. He was a highly esteemed citizen, regarded as one of the best farmers in the county, and noted for his sociability and hospitality. The boys used to take great delight in serenading him. They usually waited until the family had retired, then quietly marched to the house, arranged themselves around the door and commenced to play.

Very soon the door would swing back and in the frame stand the medium-sized but compactly built figure of good old "Uncle John," holding a tallow candle above his head with one hand, and with the other hand shading his eyes so he could take in the whole group at a glance, and thus enjoy the complement and harmonical sounds with all his heart and mind. "Come in, boys," he would shout in his hearty manner as soon as the last strain was finished, and in the expectant young serenaders would file without waiting for a second invitation. By that time the rest of the family were up, with preparations already in progress for a supper. After refreshments a dance was next on the programme, and "on the light fantastic toe" Uncle John always made a full hand in his stocking feet. Another place the boys delighted to visit was the home of Farmer Thomas Wood, who then lived near the Glade Run, just a little south of west of the limestone quarry above the Soars farm. If there were no "renovators" on hand, Wood Up Beeber—who was always on hand on such occasions to help Doc Riebsam carry his bass drum—would be detailed to mount a horse and hurry off to town for that which was regarded as renovating. It must be remembered that this was then the almost universal custom, and

"Custom, 'tis true, a venerable tyrant,  
O'er servile man extends her blind dominion."

The reputation of the Muncy Band had now reached Philadelphia. Its youthful members were one day, early in the spring of 1843, surprised and delighted to receive an offer of sixty dollars and entertainment free from the Northern Liberty Hose Company, to play for that noted organization on the occasion of what was intended, and proved to be, one of the grandest firemen's parades that ever took place—in that era of firemen's parades—in America. Of course the offer was gladly accepted, and then for a month or more preparations were constantly going on; requisitions were made on the most fashionable tailors, shirtmakers and shoemakers were set to work, and the daily theme of conversation was the engagement with the Northern Liberty Hose Company in the City of Brotherly Love. The name of the Northern Liberty Hose Company from that time was for years, and is even yet to this day in some families, a familiar household name in Muncy.

Captain Thomas Lloyd was then the talented young leader of the Band, and led with an *E♭* clarionet. The other members and instruments

at the time of this memorable engagement were as follows: William Lloyd, Hiram Kessler and William Flack, *B♭* clarionets; G. L. I. Painter, trumpet; Robert M. Flack, piccolo; George Gowers and Israel Buck, French horns; Alfred Wallis, bass trombone; Frank Keene and Ferdinand Gessler, tenor trombones; and Charles Reed Riebsam, bass drum. No one, it seems, can recall who played the tenor drum, nor the fact even of their having such an instrument. This was nearly forty-six years ago, and it must be remembered that these gentlemen were nearly all *then* yet smooth-faced boys, in the third age of the "seven ages of man," and were naturally just as full of youthful eagerness, hope and enthusiasm, and even of the "sighs" that belong to that susceptible age, as the genteel juniors of the Muncy Junior Cornet Band are *now*. Time has dealt in his wonted way with the old Muncy Band—"nothing stands but for his scythe to mow"—and only three white-headed men are *now* with us who *then* belonged to the famous organization. This esteemed and well-preserved trio consists of the distinguished leader, Captain Thomas Lloyd; George Gowers, the father of our now renowned musicians, William and Preston Gowers; and G. L. I. Painter, the retired editor of the *Muncy Luminary*. The majority, we are glad to say, are, however, yet living. Israel Buck lives in Montoursville; William Flack resides in Wat-ontown; Dr. Charles R. Riebsam is a citizen of Madison, Wisconsin; Robert M. Flack's home is in Constantine, Michigan, and William Lloyd abides in Attica, Kansas. What has become of Frank Keene, the young foundryman, who worked for Petrikin & Attwood, and of Hiram Kessler, the young hatter, who worked for Jacob Pott, no one, it seems, can tell. Gessler and Wallis are both known to have fallen, and to be now peacefully reposing "in the deep stillness of the dreamless state," from which they and we, one and all, it is hoped, are to be awakened at the sound of the last trump, to hear such sweet, such enchanting strains, as no "mortal mixture of earth's mould" hath ever yet made or heard. Forty-six years more will soon roll by, and when they have come and gone, how many of the hopeful young members of the present Junior Cornet Band will still be here?

The 24th day of March, 1843, found the eager young musicians of the Old Band ready to start on the long talked of journey. The weather was quite frosty, and the earth was enveloped in a heavy mantle of snow that had fallen the

night before. The long, handsomely painted and striped body of the band wagon, called "The Lady of the Lake," was lowered on a pair of bob-sleds, and in this conveyance Charles Crawford, a tenant on one of the Hall farms, with his four prancing steeds, and Tom Brass as driver, transported the merry boys "over the hills far away" en route to Philadelphia. They reached Danville in time for an early supper, and that evening gave a concert to a respectable and no doubt delighted audience in the Court House, but they hardly remember anything about it. The next day they crossed the Broad Mountain to Pottsville, where they remained the second night, and then on the third day left their team and driver and the Lady of the Lake in charge of the landlord of the "Mortimer House," and went on the railroad—a new experience to the boys—to Philadelphia. They had also expected to give a concert at Pottsville, but by some neglect or misunderstanding their bills had not been posted and so they failed to concert. Many diverting things no doubt were said and happened on this three days' journey that it would now be a pleasure to recount, but no record was kept, and the few members we have had the opportunity to interview seem to have forgotten nearly everything. One remembered that they stopped in front of the Bear Gap Tavern, on this side of the mountain, and played several tunes, supposing, as a matter of course, that in conformity with the custom of those days, the landlord would "refresh" them, but they were indifferently allowed to proceed without the anticipated refreshment, and so they went on their way unrefreshed and without rejoicing. Another can barely remember that on the evening of the 26th, after reaching the city and having had supper, they were escorted to the hall of the Northern Liberty Hose Company, where they played a number of pieces of music, and had a pleasant "time" with the members present.

The grand parade came off on the 27th day of March. It was a notable event in the lives not only of the musicians of Muncy, but to the thousands who participated in and witnessed the spectacle. It is not our purpose to give a history of it, however, as we are merely relating the almost forgotten story of the Old Band. Our boys had an experience then that they had not fully anticipated, that taxed their powers of endurance severely, and that gave them an exhaustless theme to talk about all the rest of their days. There are some things that they can remember

as distinctly as if they had occurred but the other day. It was only a few weeks ago that G. L. I. Painter and Israel Buck met on the street of Williamsport, and they could not separate until they had a talk about the "great time" they had together when they played for the Northern Liberty Hose Company. It was the hardest day's work that the Band ever did, but the boys complaisantly fulfilled their engagement, honestly earned their fee and entertainment, and returned crowned with well-deserved laurels for themselves and for Muncy.

The day unfortunately was very unpleasant. "It either rained or snowed nearly all the time," said one of the party whom we interviewed. But the hardy firemen did not mind the water nor the mud more that day than on any other day, and the entire programme, of course, had to be and was faithfully carried out. Our Muncy musicians went on duty immediately after breakfast, and did not get back to their quarters, on the south-west corner of Coates and New Market streets, until the shade of evening began to fall on the city. "A more tired set of boys you never saw," said Captain Thomas Lloyd. George Gowers started from home with a pair of brand new fine boots—one would think that a shoemaker should at least have known better—and the night of the 27th found him so foot-sore that he could hardly stand any longer on his feet. Ferdinand Gessler, while playing, either cut or split his lip most fearfully, caused by his stepping into a hole filled with slush, and falling, but the plucky trombonist saved his trombone, and played away, though Lloyd says he saw him every now and then draw the slide and let the blood run out of the instrument. The distance marched by the boys during the day was computed to be not less than twenty-three or twenty-four miles, and the amount of playing required of them taxed their energies about as much as the marching. Painter said that the landlord with whom they stopped came to them several times during the day with a basket filled with refreshments, so that it was possibly owing to his thoughtfulness that they were enabled to endure the fatigue until night.

The boys remained in the city the day following the parade, and improved the opportunity to see more of its attractions. On the evening of the 29th they reached Pottsville. According to report of the treasurer of the Band the railroad fare down and back about balanced the item of compensation received from the Northern

Liberty Hose Company. Apprehensive on account of the rapid disappearance of the snow, and prudently mindful of their now contracted financial resources, they therefore resolved to get as near home that day yet as possible. Once more seated in the cozy Lady of the Lake, they immediately struck out for the Broad Mountain, and about midnight put up at a hotel somewhere on or near the summit. On their way they were confronted by a toll-gate. As the gate was raised, and the keeper failed to appear as promptly as the shivering and impatient musicians thought he should, each gave a few discordant blasts or notes on his instrument, the capricious Crawford gave the horses the lash, and they shot through and sped away in such haste that—the toll was not paid. Finally they reached the hotel, wet and tired, as they had been obliged to travel afoot a considerable part of the way in slush and water. They went to bed in very cold rooms, and were far from being made comfortable. Robert M. Flack caught a cold that in a few weeks culminated in lung fever, by which he was prostrated nearly a month and came near losing his life. The next day they arrived at Danville, and on the 31st day of March they reached their homes, as subdued, frozen, tired and satisfied a set of young musicians as perhaps ever spent a week, and traveled over four hundred miles in going and coming, and in the way they did, to play for a firemen's parade. The snow, more than two feet deep in many places on the hills and mountains, was drifted so bad in spots that it was with the greatest difficulty sometimes that the team could get through. The Lady of the Lake was a number of times suddenly capsized, and the wearied players of clarionets, trombones, French horns and the like, were pitched headlong into the forbidding snow banks, though it was thought by some that the vivacious Crawford, who was not tired out by much playing and marching, might have spared them some of these little diversions if he had not enjoyed them quite so much.

There is plenty of evidence that the young gentlemen made a good and lasting impression in Philadelphia. Their playing was liked for its vivacity and earnestness, as well as for the vigor and expression that depends largely on a good supply of lung power, an important feature at such an uproarious time, and doubtless also because they were a set of comely and modest-looking boys from way back among the hills, of whom not so much was expected. Favorable

reports were often brought back by visitors to the metropolis. Nearly twenty years after the parade Jacob Sheridan stepped into a place of business when in the city to have a steel stamp made that he needed in his saddlery trade. When the maker found that his country patron was from Muncy, he immediately inquired concerning Captain Lloyd and the Muncy Band. The inquirer, it so chanced, was the captain of the Northern Liberty Hose Company. He told Sheridan that the boys had acquitted themselves nobly, and that it had often been remarked that they played about as well, and gave as good satisfaction, as any band in the line that day. It was near about the same time that the editor of the NOW AND THEN was in a book store in the city, and learning where his customer was from, the proprietor instantly asked, "*Have you got that great Band up in Muncy yet?*" It was evident from his manner that the bookseller really thought we had a great Band. This was what everybody in this neighborhood thought forty-five years ago.

### The Pioneer General John Burrows.

On April 17th, 1794, three years before Pennsylvania was laid out, John Burrows, with a wife and five children, came north of the Muncy Hills and settled in what was then a wilderness, but our lovely Muncy Valley now. He came from Northampton County, well supplied to open a distillery, as in a new country that seemed a necessary business, and as he was advised, a profitable one. Being unable to procure better accommodations, he moved into a cabin sixteen feet square, which was already occupied by a family of eight, six of which were children. I have been unable to locate the exact spot where the cabin stood, but on November 15th of the same year he moved into better quarters on land now owned by J. Rankin Edwards, and which he had contracted conditionally for before leaving Northampton, and this will probably account for his locating so far away from a grist mill, as Shoemaker's was then the only mill in the valley, and only a bridle-path to that, and Derr's mill was eighteen miles below, to be reached by canoe. Fifty acres of this land was pending an ejectment in the Supreme Court, but was now in the possession of Samuel Wallis, but Mr. Burrows gained the land and erected upon it a log still-house, a part of which yet remains on the spot upon which it was erected in 1794.

The following winter was a remarkable one,

as it closed in without rain and continued cold and dry. Shoemaker's had not water enough to grind grain for bread, let alone chop for feed for stock, and as John Burrows had twenty head of cattle and forty hogs, these required much feed and care, but in the spring of 1795 but half the number were alive, having perished with cold and hunger, and with starvation staring him in the face, he rode sixteen miles to obtain two bushels of wheat, for which he paid two dollars a bushel. No old "Hutch" then to corner the wheat market, but a monster quite as cruel; and in looking over the situation, I can but wonder that so many survived, and what seemed to spur the hardy pioneer on to life would be but death now.

Near where Mr. Burrows settled was one hundred and fifty acres of land upon which a warrant was out, but the warrant did not cover all, and John Burrows was determined to possess himself of the remainder, so obtaining an application for fifty acres he started afoot to Sunbury, got it properly signed, started again by the same "carry-all" for Philadelphia, entered his application at the land office there and obtained the land. A few minutes after his opponent entered, but was too late, and tradition does not say whether he was crest-fallen, surprised or mad. This journey of one hundred and sixty miles was performed by Mr. Burrows in three days. The late Abel Edwards purchased the farm upon which he lived and died from John Burrows, and that was a part of the land that Mr. Burrows walked to Philadelphia for and obtained by strategy and clear-sightedness. George Edwards, son of Abel, became the possessor of the land where John Burrows first settled, and it is now owned by his son Rankin. This year (1795) Lycoming County was taken out of Northumberland, and John Burrows was made a Justice of the Peace, which office he continued to hold for nine years.

In 1797 Pennsborough was laid out, but I am unable to say when he moved "to town," but think about the year 1802, as during that year he was elected a County Commissioner. At this time Pennsborough was nearly all woods, and not until 1804 did they have a mail route through it. This was established by James Cummings, of Williamsport, and extended from Williamsport to Northumberland, but not until the year 1810 did he put on a stage, for conveying passengers through once a week, and this was the first stage route in Lycoming County.

Mr. Burrows says: "I purchased a shell of a house of Stephen Bell, together with two adjoining lots, and the house I greatly improved." This shell of a house is now the homestead of the Wallis family, and was still greatly improved after coming in possession of Mr. Cowden S. Wallis. Whilst making some repairs Mr. Wallis dug up out of the cellar two small silver spoons, much resembling the after-dinner coffee spoons of the present day. These spoons have a very distinct "J. B." engraved upon them, and evidently belonged to the old General himself or to Jane, his first wife. Mr. Wallis also discovered that at one time there had been a hoisting partition between two rooms on the second floor, and two rooms, "like a newly married couple, could be made one," for a dancing hall, but we are unable to say whether Stephen Bell or John Burrows had dancing rooms to let. The late Mrs. Nancy McCarty, who, when a very young girl, lived at General Burrows', was wont to recall many a familiar spot and incident in that old house; but alas! I cannot recall Nancy McCarty, or this sketch would abound in interest. One of the fastenings used in holding that partition is yet in the ceiling of one of the rooms, and was too deeply driven into the timber for removal.

The two adjoining lots that Mr. Burrows purchased were those now owned by Mr. Lose on the south and Jacob Cooke's heirs on the north. The latter was purchased of John Burrows and Mary, his wife, by James White, who, in 1821, built upon it a house. Mr. Burrows also owned the lot where Jacob Cooke's homestead now stands, but he sold that in 1807, and he says in his autobiography, "I went on to purchase, little by little, until I owned and cleared the principal part of the land in and about the town."

On September 28, 1804, his wife died, and her remains were deposited in "Walton's grave-yard," and a few years ago, during Mr. Samuel Burrows' residence here (where Judge Eldred now lives), he sought in vain for the grave of his mother, for the purpose of removing her remains to his family lot in the Muncy Cemetery, but "Time, the leveler of all things," had removed all trace.

In 1807 General Burrows took unto himself a new wife, Mrs. Mary McCormick, widow of William McCormick. By this marriage he had no children, but appointed this wife matron over seven by the former Mrs. Burrows. One of Mr. Burrows' daughters was the mother of John B.

Hall, of Williamsport, and during the year 1803 rode from Geneva, N. Y., to Pennsborough on horseback, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, carrying upon her lap a young child; and Mr. Hall, her husband, walked and led the horse. In 1811 her father and mother returned the visit, and rode two powerful horses, that were the admiration of all beholders on the way. General Burrows' horses were noted for their strength, as he was engaged in hauling merchandise and kept none but valuable and useful animals.

His daughter Sarah became the wife of Tuni-son Coryell, of Williamsport, and with whom he lived to celebrate their golden wedding, but who preceded him to the other shore. Mr. Coryell, at the time of their marriage, was a clerk in her father's office, he being Prothonotary of Lycoming County at the time, having received the appointment in 1813.

John Burrows was a soldier in the Revolution, and at one time express-rider for General Washington. For fourteen months, when not off on duty, he was an inmate of General Washington's household, and received from him many kindnesses and gifts, among others a very valuable horse. Mr. Burrows, however, did not get a title until 1811, when Governor Snyder appointed him Major-General of the 9th Pennsylvania Militia for seven years, and at the expiration of that time re-appointed him for four years more. In 1808 he was elected to the State Senate for this district, composed then of Centre and Lycoming Counties, and at the expiration of his time in the Senate he sold nearly all his property in Pennsborough to George Lewis, of New York, for four thousand dollars, and rented Walton's mill for one year. Walton's mill is at the present time owned by the heirs of the late George Stolz, and was built by Isaac Walton in 1797, who then lived at the place; he also had a saw mill near the grist mill. Both mills were erected by Jacob Shane, a mill-wright, who received in pay for his work "one hundred and ten pounds; seventy-two pounds ten shillings in cash, and a certain bay horse, with a bald face," and to have his washing and "steddy dyet" while at work on the mills, and they were to be finished by the month of December. The grist mill had two run of stone, one water wheel and two bolting chests

In 1812 General Burrows purchased a tract of land at the mouth of Loyalsock Creek. It was an Indian reservation, and partly cleared by the Indians, and he continued to improve and build

houses and mills until he became the possessor of several fine farms, and aided largely in building up the enterprising town of Montoursville. He gave a lot of ground and subscribed liberally towards the "White Church," a church for all denominations, and which is yet standing, but abandoned for church purposes.

General Burrows was at one time a slaveholder, but of this he makes no mention in his history, but I learn he sold one Mark Calvin to a man in Williamsport.

General Burrows died in 1837, and leaves many lasting memorials, among others the old Court House bell at Williamsport, which, when he was County Commissioner, he hauled from Philadelphia and superintended the hanging of it in the old Court House belfry. When that building was torn down it was suspended in the new one, and it is said its ring is as clear and distinct as it was eighty-six years ago.

General Burrows passed through his share of trials and tribulations, but was ever sanguine, always considering that the "frosts of adversity but nipped the bud to bring the fruit nearer perfection." Good management, hard labor and industry enabled him to leave behind him quite a fortune, and one of his sons, Mr. Nathaniel Burrows, became heir to 110 acres of land upon which the principal part of Montoursville is built. General Burrows also left a legacy entailing upon his children good principles, a care that equal rights of *all men* should be guarded by "voice and vote." I have given but the bright side of General Burrows' life, and with Macaulay I can but agree "that they who take no delight in the deeds of their ancestors will not be likely to care for the deeds of their descendants."

M. J. LEVAN.

### Mordecai McKinney and Family.

Among the first eight settlers on Muncy Manor, when it was divided into lots by order of the proprietaries, May 15, 1776, was Mordecai McKinney. His lot on the original draft is marked No. 1, and it contained "three hundred acres and one hundred and thirty-nine perches, and an allowance of six per cent, &c."

On the old church records of Readington, N. J., is this entry:

"Mordecai McKinney, son of Mordechai McKinney, married Agnes Bodein (Bodine). Their children were:

- "1. John, baptized Oct. 9, 1753.
- "2. Margyte, bap. Dec. 27, 1755.
- "3. Catrina, bap. Feb. 12, 1758; married Joseph Hall,
- "4. John, bap. Mar. 2, 1760; married Eliza-

beth Wyckoff and had children as follows: Rebecca, married John Stephens; Peter Sudafoord (Studdiford) Mary; Nicles Wichoff; and Aletta Studdiford.

"5. Mordechai, bap. April 15, 1764.

"6. Angenietye, bap. May 18, 1766.

"7. William, bap. July 11, 1768.

"8. Antje, bap. Aug. 12, 1770."

A portion of this family removed at an early period to Northumberland County, from whence several of its members found their way to Dauphin County and located at Middletown. The late Judge McKinney belonged to this branch. What became of the other?

JOHN F. MEGINNESS.

Williamsport, Pa.

#### NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

We can not answer the interrogatory of our kindly contributor, but presume our readers will be interested in knowing the little that we can gather regarding Mordecai McKinney, the near neighbor of our celebrated pioneer, John Brady. His land adjoined Brady's place on the east, and comprised that portion of Muncy Manor now embraced by a large part of East Muncy, the north-east portion of Muncy Borough, and the lands belonging to Dr. G. G. Wood, the heirs of George Stolz, and others. The location of his house is not remembered.

McKinney seems to have been a man of some importance. By referring to Linn's Annals of Buffalo Valley, we find that on the 4th day of July, 1776, he, as a lieutenant, and John Brady as major, with Paul Geddes and Andrew Culbertson as privates, attended a military convention at Lancaster, as the representatives of Col. Plunkett's battalion, to "elect two brigadiers general."

On the 13th day of August McKinney, James Giles and Andrew Culbertson, having been unanimously chosen by the inhabitants of Muncy Township (then a very large territory) to serve for the space of six months in the Committee of Safety for the County of Northumberland (then comprising a large area of Pennsylvania), met with the representatives of the various townships at the school-house in the town of Northumberland. Among the reported proceedings of this meeting we find the following: "*Resolved*, That Andrew Culbertson, Mordecai McKinney and James Giles call upon Colonel William Plunkett for the dividend of ammunition belonging to the six companies of his battalion that lie above Muncy, and in case it is inconvenient for him to make the dividend, Laughlin McCartney, at whose house (in Northumberland) the ammunition is lodged, is hereby desired to

do it and deliver the quotas allotted for the aforesaid six companies to the aforesaid Andrew Culbertson, Mordecai McKinney and James Giles, who are to deliver the same to the respective captains, and by them kept in some convenient dry place, ready to be delivered out when occasion requires."

The next mention of McKinney occurs in the report of the meeting of September 12th, as follows: "WHEREAS, This committee being informed by one of our members of convention, that there is a dividend of salt in Philadelphia, which is allotted for this county, by a late resolve of convention, wherefore, this committee thought proper to appoint two suitable persons to go to Philadelphia and take charge of said salt, and to be by them conveyed to this county and delivered to the care of this committee. Therefore William Maclay and Mordecai McKinney were unanimously appointed by this committee for the purpose above mentioned. *Resolved*, That the salt belonging to this county is to be sold at fifteen shillings per bushel."

The last mention we find of McKinney is in the report of the meeting of January 17, which reads: "*Resolved*, That Mordecai McKinney be paid by the chairman one pound two shillings and sixpence \* \* \* on account of expresses to the different officers of Colonel Murray's battalion." Three other gentlemen were chosen by Muncy Township to serve in the Committee of Safety of Northumberland for the next six months, viz: John Coates, James Hampton and William Hammond, and we do not again meet with the name of Mordecai McKinney.

The battalion of Col. Plunkett, represented by Mordecai McKinney, as Lieutenant, at Lancaster, was an organization of "associators," as then called—militia, or home guard, raised for the defense of the county. John Brady was appointed Captain on the 1st day of October, 1776, and joined the Twelfth Pennsylvania Regiment in the Continental Line, commanded by William Cooke, the grandfather of the late Jacob Cooke, of Muncy. McKinney's name we cannot find on the roster of the regiment.

Whether this settler enlisted elsewhere, or was killed, or died, or moved away, who can tell? Many were killed by the Indians in those dark days of whom we have no record. When, for instance, James Brady was killed above the Loyalsock (August 8, 1778), several others who were with him, whose names are not mentioned, were also shot down. Jerome Vanest, the old

man who so bravely remained with the wounded young captain, while the rest that were unhurt fled, was one of the neighbors of Brady. Van-est's improvement was on the high bank on the north side of Muncy Creek, north-west of Fort Brady, and his sixty-seven acres are now the part of the Robb farm on which many thousand Indian arrow-points and other relics have been found. May not one of the fallen have been neighbor McKinney?

On the 26th day of April, 1779—only fifteen days after Captain John Brady was killed—a party of thirteen men (see Otzinachson, page 242) went in search of their horses, about five miles from Fort Muncy. They were attacked by Indians, and all but one man killed or taken prisoners. Captain Andrew Walker, who then commanded Fort Muncy, heard the firing, and immediately started in pursuit with thirty-four of his men. He found the bodies of four of the unfortunates lying dead, and scalped. As no names are given we naturally ask who were these ill-fated men?

Or may not McKinney sometime previous have enlisted in some other county? The Committee of Safety of Northumberland more than once complained to the Assembly or Committee of the Province, that there was "a constant succession of recruiting officers from different counties," draining the thinly inhabited frontier county, and solemnly protested that "the evil was increasing so fast as almost to threaten the depopulation of the county." Who can tell us what became of Mordecai McKinney?

### Letter from the Historian Wolfinger.

We have had the pleasure of receiving a kindly letter regarding the NOW AND THEN from John F. Wolfinger, Esq., of Milton, the historian of Northumberland County, from which we make free to give several extracts—hoping meanwhile to be favored by hearing from him again:

"Your NOW AND THEN for November and December, 1888, has been read with much interest and pleasure. The account of the Muncy Bachelors' Club of fifty years ago was to me quite amusing, particularly as it contained the names of some 'young gents' of that day with whom I was very well acquainted, to wit: George W. Lathy and George F. Boal, Esqs.; J. Roan Barr, Joseph Gudykunst and others—most of whom have passed beyond the ever-changing floods of time. I used to visit Muncy occasionally in my younger days to see and enjoy the company of the aforesaid gentlemen, and I always felt myself at home when there. I see my

friend J. Roan Barr is still in Muncy, and among the living, but I suppose Time, in his onward march and changes, has *whitened* his locks."

Yes, your old friend J. Roan Barr is still here, and somewhat *whitened*, but he is not as grey as some of his neighbors who were born a quarter of a century or so later. If it were not that he has been flanked, assaulted and besieged by the "onward march" of rheumatism, he would hardly be counted by the majority of folks as one of our oldest men. But when he talks about "old times" you realize that he is no longer young. He told me the other day about his being a member of the Warrior Run Church some fifty years ago, under the pastorate of the celebrated Father Bryson. He said he attended a reunion in August last at the old place of worship, hoping to meet many of the more than four hundred communicants with whom he used to assemble, but only "about twenty or so" of the old members were there to greet him. "What is there in earth's various range, which time and absence will not sadly change?" Changing the subject, Mr. Wolfinger says:

"I wish some one would give us a description of the Bald Eagle Mountain from Lock Haven on down to where it terminates so gracefully near Muncy. I would particularly like to know its average height above the river, the elevation of its highest points and their location, both above and below Williamsport. I was informed many years ago by William Wilson, of Williamsport, a surveyor, that the Bald Eagle Mountain, on the south side of Williamsport, was, according to his measurement, just 600 feet high above the common level of the water of the Susquehanna river. I never heard anything about its exact height at other points between Lock Haven and Muncy. Let some one skilled in such work make the desired measurements and give the results in your interesting NOW AND THEN. These are grand old mountains that adorn our beautiful West Branch Valley."

Many besides friend Wolfinger love the "grand old mountains" in the midst of which we live, and will be interested in whatever the persons who have studied and measured them will be pleased to tell us. We spent a day some years ago sauntering along the summit of the Bald Eagle between Muncy and the turnpike gap, this side of Williamsport, and were astonished to find a vast body of almost level land, with an apparently good sandy soil—enough to make quite a number of farms—hundreds of acres of which appeared to be free from stone, while all along the northern and southern sides of the mountain and around the end the stones are piled up as if the entire ridge had been formed

of refuse fragments of rock of all shapes and sizes, gathered at some stone-picking frolic soon after the work of creation had been completed. It cannot be that the mountain has always been in this condition, and that it suddenly sprung into existence just as we now find it. We have often wondered how all these stones got piled up in such a miraculous-like manner, all around and up the slopes, and in places on the very top of the mountain. True, it is attributed to the great continental glacier, but it is still difficult to comprehend how the vast ice sheet or big floating icebergs could pile up the millions upon millions of stones in that particular fashion. We suppose there must have been a way, however, in which it was done. There is a very singular place along the gap turnpike called, by the dwellers along the mountain, "The Devil's Turnip Patch." It consists of an open field of some extent—in which there is not a tree nor brush—where immense rocks are everywhere piled up in marvelous profusion; evidently done by some wonderful agency. We do not believe that the Old Nick ever gathered these stones, nor "cleared" the patch, nor ever raised any turnips there, but the stones most surely were got there in some way. No doubt some of our surveyors are better acquainted with the Bald Eagle, and can give us some interesting facts regarding its structure and elevations. It is a remarkably uniform mountain—at least this end of it—yet it has some striking features.

### Grist Mill Recollections.

RESPECTED FRIEND GERNERD:

On reading the article in the *NOW AND THEN* on the Grist Mills of the West Branch Valley, I was reminded of two grist mills that stood near where I was born. One was about half a mile west of Pennsville, and I think was erected by Thomas Green near the beginning of the present century. It was known as Watson's Mill when I was a boy and used to go with a bag of grain on horseback, and sometimes wait while it was ground to take it home again. There was a small room partitioned off in one corner of the mill, with a stove in it, at which people could get warm, and the boys parch corn while waiting for their grists. The mill was frame above the second floor. I remember seeing numerous swallows' nests, about the size of a quart jug, built of mud, under the cornice, and the swallows passing in and out through small holes left in them for the purpose. These swallows were very

graceful and expert in their movements. This mill was destroyed by fire some years since. It stood about half a mile north of the place where the Webster children were captured by the Indians, which occurrence is now a matter of history. It was run by water power taken from Carpenter's Run through a race into a pond, and then along another race to the mill. I remember a part of an old dam that was designed by Green to hold a very large quantity of water and cover many acres of land as a reservoir for the mill, but the scheme proved impracticable, and was called "Green's folly." It was abandoned for the smaller pond at a higher level, on which we used to skate in winter time, and which was near the dwelling of the late venerable and hospitable John Warner and his family, whose boys were among the skaters. The Warner boys were cousins of mine, and I used to go with them to their cellar—always in that season well supplied with Rambo apples and good apple pies—and our appetites being sharpened by the cold and active exercise in skating, we did ample justice to the large pies and the apples.

The other mill was built of stone, on Wolf Run, about a half mile east of Pennsville, I think by William Ellis, and the power was supplied from water taken from Wolf and White Oak Runs, taken along two lengthy head-races to the mill, that have been filled up and are now farmed over by Jesse Haines. The dam on White Oak Run was high and the pond large and in places deep. Much of the earth for the dam being taken from what was afterwards the bottom of the pond left a perpendicular offset, and while some of us boys were venturing out towards the deep water, one who could not swim (I suppose) suddenly slipped down the precipice, and as he disappeared one of my brothers caught him by the hair and rescued him from drowning. I have understood that one of the millers at this mill in an early day was much of a wag, and induced some one to follow him and do whatever he did, and after many exploits he jumped from the second story of the south door to the ground, by which feat the one in pursuit, following him, dislocated his ankles. Said miller afterwards was choked to death while trying to swallow a piece of meat at table, and I suppose the man with the dislocated ankles wished that (if it had to be) it had happened sooner. I remember a circumstance that occurred at this mill that might have terminated the life of thy correspondent. I was in a light wagon at the south

door and my little brother stood at the door above, and the large rope hung down that was used to carry the bags of grain to the stories above, and the miller having taken up the bags and left the door, I put one foot in the loop and my brother pulling the cord above started the rope, and me with it, as though I were a bag of grain to be taken in at the upper door, and knowing he did not know how and when to pull me in, I was in intense suspense, as I knew if he held on to the cord I would be taken to the top of the mill and crushed, or fall to the wagon and killed. My foot being fast, I at once took in the situation and shouted to him to let go, but for a moment he held on. Just as he let go I got my foot loose and fell back into the wagon, without being hurt. It was my intention to have let go after going up a short distance, not expecting that the rope would tighten so as to hold my foot. So I would advise boys not to play with machinery. This mill has been taken down, and I believe a beautiful lawn now covers its site.

CHARLES L. WARNER.

West Chester, Pa.

### Our John Quinn.

It seems that there have been, and are now, a great many John Quinns in the world. Not quite so numerous as the John Smiths, perhaps, but yet like them so many as to be "too numerous to mention." E. C. Willits, the popular young salesman with Hood, Bonbright & Co., writes us that, according to the city directory, there are no less than *sixty-two* John Quinns in Philadelphia. A subscriber living in New York has informed us that the John Quinns in that city number *fifty-seven*. At this rate the number of this individual in the United States may exceed three thousand.

The particular John Quinn—and he is *particular* in many things—we now have in mind is the one, and the only one, we have, and perhaps ever have had, living in Muncy. He has been known pretty generally since he was a boy as "Colonel" Quinn. As we stood beside him a few moments in his shop the other day and watched him stitching a harness trace, we casually referred to the fact that John Quinn was a somewhat common name, and that we had frequently noticed it in the city papers. "O yes," said the Colonel, as he pulled the long waxed thread through the leather, "the name is rather common; but there seems to me to be something still more curious in the fact that some of these John Quinns have

also a very striking common resemblance." He did not stop stitching to explain, but seemed to stitch a little faster as he went on to say, in substance and nearly in these words: "When I was a little boy, and my father kept tavern in the old brick building across the way, now belonging to Mrs. Robbins, a gentleman and lady one day drove up to the door and asked to have their team watered. As I gave the horses the water the lady eyed me very closely, and remarked to her husband, who was also intently observing me, 'How much that boy resembles Johnny Quinn.' 'Yes, very much,' replied the husband. Thinking they might have seen me somewhere, I told them that my name was John Quinn, and pointed to the name of my father on the sign just above them. Their eyes seemed to grow bigger, but directly one of them said that *their* Johnny Quinn lived in Pottsville, and his papa didn't keep a tavern. As I learned afterwards, they were quite impressed by the circumstance of my having the same name, as well as by the fact of my having such a remarkable resemblance to the Johnny Quinn of their acquaintance. Sometime after this a drover stopped at our house and said he was from Pottsville, that his name was Quinn, and that he wanted to see the Johnny Quinn who he had heard looked so very much like *his* son Johnny. On my being presented to him he remarked, 'Well, sure enough, the lads do look wonderfully alike.' He afterwards several times brought his Johnny with him to our house, and so the two little Johnnies got pretty well acquainted, and made a pretty well matched team. The parents of both were, on all sides, of Irish descent, but we never could trace any closer relationship."

The Colonel paused a moment, but kept stitching away at the trace, and then, finding how very much we had been interested, added substantially as follows: "I must tell you of another strange thing that happened to me when I was out soldiering with the 131st Regiment P. V., during the Rebellion. Alphonsa H. Gudykunst and I were not in a fit condition to march, and were therefore allowed to remain in an outbuilding on a farm near Sharpsburg to recruit a few days, after the troops moved from that scene of carnage. The occupants of the farm were good Union people, who had given their only two sons to fight for the stars and stripes, and they kindly insisted that we should come into the house and share the little food that the rebels had left them. The first time we sat at their

table the farmer's wife, after watching me rather sharply I thought, said to her husband, Mr. Bealer, 'How very much that man *talks and looks* like John Quinn.' 'Yes,' quietly responded the husband. 'That is my name,' said I, greatly surprised that they should know me, yet feeling sure that I did not know them. I had cut my name in full on the leather front of my cap, and picking this part of my uniform up from the floor where I had laid it, I showed them the letters, as I named them one by one—J-o-h-n Q-u-i-n-n. They looked at one another and at me a moment in perfect surprise, as if they did not know whether to believe their eyes. I assured them that I did not know that I had ever met them, and that I certainly had never before been in that section of the country. As if they still thought it possible that I might be *their* John Quinn, they asked my father's name and occupation. I answered that my father's name was William Quinn, that he was a coverlet weaver by trade, and added that I was brought up and had always lived in the town of Muncy, in the northern part of Pennsylvania. They were then satisfied, remarking that the father of their John Quinn had been a carpenter, and did not live in the North. I never had the pleasure of meeting this other counterpart of myself, and don't know whether we are scions of the same ancestral stock, but I always took it for granted that it was probably another breaking out of a very old family likeness. It is said that this thing will happen a great way down the genealogical line. I have often wondered how many more of the John Quinns in the world look like and talk like your humble servant John Quinn."

### An Unstable Stream.

Isaiah Hays, of Perryville, Lycoming Township, was in town Saturday. He is now 92 years and six months old, and looks hale and hearty. — *Williamsport (Pa.) Gazette and Bulletin*, November 5, 1888.

Samuel Titus, who lived all his life but about a year in Williamsport, and recently died at the advanced age of 93 years, used to say that he helped build the first ark on Lycoming Creek for Isaiah Hays, about the year 1830. Balthus Quiggle was given the privilege of naming it, when he stood up and sang out: "I name this ark the Lycoming Republican." John Reed, James Reed, the Mahafleys, Tim Gray and others run rafts out of Lycoming Creek by the channel that is now dry, though spanned by the old bridge near the barn of the Hon. R. J. C.

Walker. Joseph King run rafts for Charles Clendennin from Trout Run to Port Deposit. Charles King run rafts out of the creek in 1832, and saw both arks and rafts taken out after that date, all by the old channel referred to. The stream has since that time changed its course in many places. Peter Herdic drove a stock of logs out in 1870. All this seems incredible at the present day. JOSEPH H. McMINN.

Williamsport, Pa.

### Some Jests of John Keese, the Noted Auctioneer of Books.

About a century ago the Rev. William Linn left Pennsylvania and became pastor of the Collegiate Dutch Church in New York City. His grandson, John Keese, who died in 1856, was a leading auctioneer in the book marts of that city, and an extraordinary man in the humorous handling of books and of an audience. A few of his jests, taken from a manuscript before me, will perhaps amuse Robert Hawley and some other of the readers of *NOW AND THEN*.

On one occasion "A Narrative of the Battle of Waterloo" was put up. Twenty-five cents was bid. Keese shook his hammer at the bidder and said, "There was *no quarter* at the battle of Waterloo, my dear sir."

Once selling a copy of "Some Accounts of the Centaurs," it was objected that there could not be an account of what never existed. Keese promptly gave an instance of a centaur, "The head of John the Baptist coming in on a charger."

He said Cadmus was the first post-boy, because he brought letters from Phoenicia into Greece.

He knocked down "Death's Doings" to an old apothecary, and took the money saying, "Small *fevers* gratefully received."

Selling a volume "Concerning the Apparel of a Minister," he said that he supposed it referred to their *surplus* ornaments.

He said that the poems of Rev. Mr. Logan were "The Banks and Braes of Bonny Doon, at least the *brays*."

He likened a ledger to Austria because it was *backed* by Russia, and when it was knocked down to Mr. Owen Phalen, he objected to selling to a man who was always *Owen* and *Phalen*.

He once sold a table to a man who did not come for it. He told another who wanted to buy it at private sale that the first purchaser was the most *un-com-for-table* man he ever saw.

He said of a copy of Lamb with the binding lost "that somebody had *fleece* it; but told the buyer he could easily *recover* it."

He put up a back-gammon board which "was to be sold on the square, and as perfect as a copy of Milton, because there were a *pair o' dice* lost."

He said that the "Three Eras of a Woman's Life" was the story of the most wonderful woman that ever lived; only *three errors*, and when he only got ten cents for the book, he said, "the errors were *not, very expensive*."

Bellefonte, Pa.

JOHN B. LINN.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

ISSUED BI-MONTHLY.

J. M. M. GERNERD, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

For terms of subscription and advertising rates, see cover.

Entered at the Muncy Post-Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1889.

## NEW YEAR.

Another year is almost spent, and a New Year will begin when this number of the NOW AND THEN has gone out to its readers. The events, struggles, failures and triumphs of 1888 will be memories of the past, and will rapidly recede from us as they are borne down the stream of time. And how soon the greater part of what has transpired will be forgotten! Well, it is the way of the world. Is it not well that it is so? The New Year will bring its joys and sorrows, its achievements and disappointments, its tasks and burthens, and will give us all plenty to do and to think about. Let the Old Year therefore recede with the past. We all have more interest in the New Year.

How much more rapidly time seems to fly as we grow older. We all realize this. We all once thought, as the young now think, and the myriads not yet born will think, the days were long. And we often wished, as the young now wish, and as the hosts yet coming will wish, they would move faster. We well remember that, when we were little, the days and weeks seemed as long as the months and seasons seem now. What an age seemed to intervene between Santa Claus' visits! And as we grow older, with what startling frequency New Year's Day comes round! Yes, the years seem strangely short, and our lives seem short; yea, *they are short!* Our venerable Adam Hart's one hundred years is but a minute mark on the dial of Time. Days and years are not merely what they seem to us. To us they are the mere measure of the earth's motion. What are they to other beings, in other worlds? We are exhorted not to be ignorant, "that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." May there not be intelligences in the universe—in God's house, in which there are so many mansions—who count their centuries as the aged Hart now counts his days and hours? And shall not man be thus favored? Never?

We wish a Happy New Year to each and every one. Let the mistakes and wrongs of the past be forgotten. Or if remembered, let them serve to make us wiser, truer and better. Our hopes are in the future. We are surely not here merely to eat and drink and be merry, or to suffer, and to toil and die. Are we born, as some think, to be taken and destroyed like the animals that perish? The Prophet indeed wished in his heart "that men might see that they themselves are beasts," and declared that "as the one dieth, so dieth the other," as the skeptic can truly claim that nature and reason teach him; but does not Prophecy also teach a glorious restitution and future not covenanted to the lower creatures? Does nature indeed reveal that there is nothing preternatural? That there is no supernatural power that can and ever will *raise* man after he has thus fallen? Nothing but visible nature? No hereafter?

We wish all a Happy New Year. We may not all see its end. We therefore wish all more than happiness in a transient sense. We wish all more than plenty to eat and drink, health and comfortable homes. We wish all the comfort of a faith in a resplendent opportunity not shared by the beasts of the field. We wish all the solace of faith in God and the Prophets, in Christ and the Resurrection.

## BRIEF EDITORIAL NOTES.

Attention is deferentially called to the fact that the NOW AND THEN has been enlarged to twenty pages, including cover. Although this has been done without enlarging the price of subscription, yet it is hoped that the improvement may not be financially detrimental. The editor is determined to spare no efforts to make the magazine in every sense worthy of support; and it is believed that it will receive more for what it gives if it freely gives more for what it receives.

We would also call the attention of our subscribers to the prospectus on the second page of cover. If any will send us the names of friends who may possibly take enough interest in the magazine to become subscribers, we shall be pleased to forward specimen numbers to each person thus named. There may yet be many among the widely scattered migrators from this section of the old Keystone State who will be thankful to be thus remembered, and who may be glad for the opportunity to become subscribers.

We judge so from the many grateful letters we have already thankfully received.

Readers will likewise please note the suggestion, in another column, of our respected former citizen, Hubley Albright, that it is a pleasure to learn of the whereabouts of our former inhabitants, and that it would be interesting to hear about their respective neighborhoods. We have with much satisfaction heard many similar expressions, and know that communications from our former citizens are read with great eagerness. All naturally like to learn about old neighbors and acquaintances; to know what they are doing, how they are flourishing, and to hear them relate their experiences and recollections, and tell about their new homes and surroundings. Let the NOW AND THEN, therefore, be a means for the interchange of such notes, observations and reminiscences as has so frequently been suggested. So please, ladies and gentlemen, send on your communications, and revive and keep up the old acquaintance.

We refer with satisfaction to the communications and contributions that already enrich our pages. With such efficient help it cannot be otherwise than that success will attend our efforts to make this a valuable publication; a volume that every subscriber will carefully preserve and have bound. A number of other friends have expressed their readiness to assist us, and it was on this account that it was decided to enlarge the magazine. Articles are most valued by the more appreciative class of readers when the writer duly subscribes his full name to what he writes, therefore we respectfully request that each writer will append his name to his historical, literary or epistolary contributions. All articles and paragraphs not thus accredited will, of course, be credited—or charged, rather, if not creditable—to the production account of the editor.

Our thanks to Robert W. Lebo for a batch of old newspapers, the first response we have had to our call on page 20 for relics in this line. Among them was one published at Tunkhannock May 15, 1849, in which we found the professional card of George S. Tutton, attorney at law, mentioned in the sketch of the Old Muncy Band. We are still in hopes that some one may be able to favor us with copies of *The Muncy Telegraph* and *The Olive Branch*. Too bad if they have all been used up to cover apple butter crocks.

### Music in the Air.

There is "music in the air"—in Muncy, as well as throughout all the land. The "sound waves" from many instruments and vocal organs now pass through the atmosphere in rapid succession. We live in a new era. Music in Muncy is not now as it used to be when the late William Cox Ellis had the only piano in the town—Alder's piano, we must not forget, was the first in the valley, if not the first in the county—and Whitmoyer's musical clock was the object of affectionate regard. Then the Episcopal Church Choir and Black Sam's Band were the only musical organizations, besides the fife and drum bands of battalion times, in this neighborhood. Black Sam's Band, the first band in Muncy, consisted of three or more clarionets, several Kent bugles and a post horn, and every performer played *primo*, except Sam, the colored leader, who often delighted and astonished the rest by playing *secundo*. Tom Lloyd was then too young to play with them, but he says he was one of the boys who used to "march alongside" when they paraded. Nor was George Gowers yet on the stage with his French horn, into the bell of which he used to make his right hand oscillate with such grace, in making his thrilling notes, as to make him unto this day famous. And George Painter had not yet learned to blow ye trumpet. We have since had a number of musical organizations that have gone the way of Black Sam's Band, but one who remembers them all says that "they did not play *that way*." Now we have the Senior Cornet Band, the Junior Cornet Band, the Boys' Orchestra, and the Girls' Orchestra, five church choirs, a drum corps or two, and either a piano, or an organ, or melodeon, or organette, or music box in almost every house, to say nothing of a multitude of horns, fiddles, flutes, fifes, drums, accordeons, banjos and mouth organs. Verily, this is an age of music. From early morning often until after bedtime vibrations from instruments and human lungs agitate the air, and mingle with the sighing breezes, or the roaring winds, the piping and warbling of the feathered songsters, the crowing of roosters, the cackling of hens, or the multitudinous sounds that issue from a busy town, such as the factory whistles, the hum of machinery, the pounding of boilers, the ringing of bells, the clinking of hammers, the rattling of wheels, the shouting of draymen and newsboys, the barking of dogs and the screaming and laughter of children. In our little sphere we

perform our "part" of the earth's grand chorus, and with the rest of the solar worlds we chime in with the sublime "music of the spheres." There is more "music in the air" now than our fathers used to hear and make. And yet, it is still as true *now* as *then* when Cæsar taxed all the world, there are many who though hearing yet they do not hear. The snarling of fighting dogs, the watchman's rattle, the baying of hounds in pursuit of game or the blast of the dinner horn, are among the few sounds that alone can move some souls. Perhaps Shakspeare was not far from the truth when he said:

"The man that hath not music in himself,  
And is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils—  
Let no man trust him."

### Curiosity and Independence of a Drummer Boy.

DEAR GERNERD:— \* \* \* I was especially pleased to learn of the whereabouts of so many of Muncy Valley's former inhabitants; and if you could get some of them occasionally to give an account of their neighborhoods it would be interesting to the readers of the *NOW AND THEN*.

When I came to George Doctor's name among those who had left Muncy, I was carried back in memory to Camp Curtin in April, 1861, when he and I and some seventy-five others were waiting to be sworn into Uncle Sam's service. We had been in camp several days and were impatient at the delay, and one of the lieutenants came up in great haste and told our friend George, who was the drummer, to beat the drum and call the company together; but George, who knew that as soon as he commenced beating the drum the noise would prevent his hearing anything as to the cause of the calling the company together, and having his share of curiosity like other people, and not as yet having any fear of a court-martial for not obeying orders, as he was not yet sworn into the service, he asked, "What for?" instead of beating the drum. The officer was in too much of a hurry to stop and explain, and repeated his order, "Beat the drum!" with still more emphasis; but George simply repeated his inquiry, "What for?" with more emphasis likewise, and so it went on till the command, "Beat the drum!" and the inquiry, "What for?" were repeated, with ever increasing emphasis, for a dozen or more times, till the lieutenant, from sheer necessity, had to stop and explain what he wanted the company called together for before he could get a sound out of George's drum. I don't remember what the company was called

together for, but probably to be sworn into the service; and I never knew George to delay to obey promptly any and every order he received after that event, but while he was a free man, or boy—for he was only a boy—he felt like asserting his independence, and that was right. I like to see American citizens, whether men or boys assert their independence when they are not under authority, and I think we are losing that characteristic more every decade. \* \* \*

Yours truly,

Laurelton, Pa.

H. D. ALBRIGHT.

### Some Flint-Lock Muskets Wanted.

If any one who reads this paragraph has an old flint-lock musket, in good condition, and would put it to good use, in a good cause; in a place where it will be seen by thousands of visitors annually; where it will be forever well guarded, and the generous donor's name forever kept and preserved in a memorial library; then send it to the Memorial Association of Valley Forge. It will there be given an appropriate place in General Washington's Headquarters, which is now being fitted up to give it the appearance it had when the Continental Army and its chief, who was "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," spent the winter in Valley Forge. Send it to Mrs. Anna M. Holstein, Bridgeport, Montgomery County, Pa., the Regent of the Memorial Association of Valley Forge, and from the first its leading spirit; or send it to F. G. Hobson, Esq., Norristown, the Treasurer of the Association. Mrs. Holstein was a daughter of the late and esteemed Hon. William Cox Ellis, of Muncy, and is very fondly and favorably remembered here. She is also widely and gratefully remembered by the defenders of the Old Flag for her great and self-sacrificing services to the sick and wounded during the Rebellion—she was far too modest to tell the whole truth in the hurriedly but well written sketches in her pleasing book, "Three Years in Field Hospitals," published by J. B. Lippincott & Co.—and now she has performed another most valuable public service in helping to secure forever to the American people General Washington's Headquarters. The property has been bought and paid for, is now in good repair, and is being furnished with relics and valuable papers relating to the period, and fitted up in colonial style, with furniture of a century or more ago, so as to give it the very air it had when the Father of His Country

waited and planned, watched and prayed, and dined and slept beneath its roof. In repairing and restoring the building nothing has been changed but a portion of the floor of the east room, in which the chief received and held daily consultation with his officers. Indeed, we saw it stated sometime ago that even the old clock that was used at the Headquarters was expected to be restored to its old place, and be made to tick for the visitors as it did for the illustrious George and Martha Washington one hundred and twelve years ago.

And now this untiring and patriotic lady, Mrs. Holstein, is looking around and wondering who will be so kind and patriotic as to send the Memorial Association some old *flint-lock muskets*. If any one who sees this has a flint-lock musket or pistol, and is disposed to do a gallant act, and link his or her name with this memorable spot, and have the relic well and tenderly cared for, then send it right along by express to the afore-said Regent or Treasurer of the Memorial Association of Valley Forge.

### Was it a Prophetic Vision of the Battle?

Esquire D. Lichtenthaler, of Montoursville, visited the battlefield of Gettysburg in July, 1881, and has related to us the following interesting incident now in a way coupled with his pilgrimage: It so chanced that his guide was a son of Mr. Sherfy, the owner of the celebrated peach-orchard and grounds where Sickles' Corps engaged the Rebel divisions of Anderson and McLaws in the great struggle of the second day of July, 1863. When at the farm the 'Squire was introduced, by his guide, to the elder Sherfy and had a conversation with him about the battle. The old gentleman said he left his home the night before the battle, and did not return until Lee's army had retreated. He found his barn burned, and his house—a large brick building—literally covered with blood from the cellar to the garret, the combatants having fought all through it. A year before the battle he and his wife, he said, took a walk on a Sabbath afternoon, and for the first time visited Little Round Top, the famous stronghold the Rebels tried to scale, but from which they were driven with fearful slaughter, and which is now a favorite point with visitors also on account of the magnificent view it affords of the battlefield. Seated on one of the many large bowlders with which the hill is covered, Sherfy was enjoying the beautiful prospect, when

he was strangely moved to make the remark to his wife, "What a grand place this would be to fight a great battle!" and then attempted to indicate the various strategic points that were so soon to become historic. "And little did I think," said he to Lichtenthaler, "that in so short a time one of the greatest battles of modern times was to be fought right here!" In July last 'Squire Lichtenthaler again visited the scene of the conflict, and again stopped at the house near the peach-orchard to see his old friend. He was met by Mrs. Sherfy and informed that her husband died not long after his first visit, and that the son, who had driven him over the field and given him so many interesting details of the carnage, was also dead. He then mentioned what her husband had related to him regarding their visit to Little Round Top, when her eyes beamed with great expression and she exclaimed, "Oh, sir; did he tell you that? Every word he told you was true! It seemed as though my husband had a prophetic vision of the great battle a year before it actually occurred."

### Colossal Signs.

The Keystone Paint Company, of this place, not long ago put up the largest sign on the roof of the main building of its plant, just west of the depot of the Catawissa Railroad, that, it is believed, was ever raised by any firm in this section of the State. It bears the name of the company, is one hundred and ninety feet long, and the letters—twenty in number—are each almost six feet in length. It can be read very easily at a distance of a mile or two. It reminds us of a somewhat larger sign, however—though only ten feet longer and consisting of only half as many letters—that we saw when prospecting in Florida ten years ago. It was on the east bank of the St. John's river, at Orange Park—Orange Park was the name on the sign—about twelve miles south of Jacksonville, and could be read from the passing steamboats at a very great distance. The letters were each twelve feet high and fifteen feet wide. It was the boast of the proprietor of the park that it was the largest sign in the United States, if not in the world, and it was said that a Broadway omnibus could go through the letter O in the word Orange—provided, of course, the O were an open gate, or there were nothing in the way—without sticking fast. But the Keystone Paint Company's sign is a monster, and is quite big enough for all practical purposes. President Gray says it was not his aim to "beat all creation."

### Strange Conduct of a Squirrel.

Some years ago John Johnston, Section Boss on the P. & E. Railroad, at Montgomery Station, while on a squirrel hunt in the woods on Penny Hill, had the following singular experience: While sitting on a log quietly watching for the game he saw a half grown grey squirrel on a tree near by. He was about to shoot it, but being seized with a feeling of pity he suddenly dropped his gun, and began to wish that he had the creature alive to make a pet of it. A rustling in the upper branches of another tree close by just then attracted his attention, and for a few moments he paid no further attention to the young squirrel. In the meantime the spared young rodent quietly came down the tree and approached the relenting hunter. When the latter turned his head, there, to his great surprise, on the ground not more than fifteen or twenty feet away, stood the squirrel looking at him, and expressing by its very attitude that it was disposed to come to him. He leaned forward, stretched forth his hand, and in a beckoning manner played his fingers, when to his still greater astonishment the beautiful little animal came confidently up to him and allowed itself to be picked up. Johnston carefully put it into his coat pocket, and—a far better pleased man than if he had mercilessly killed it—at once started for home, holding his hand over the pocket, though the voluntary prisoner made no effort whatever to escape. On arriving home he took out the squirrel, which still made no objection to being handled, and offered it some milk, which it took very readily. From that time on it was as tame, he says, as if it had been raised in the house; and, though frequently allowed the freedom of both house and yard, it never attempted to get away. He afterwards gave it to Levi Houston, who had it for a number of years. How shall we explain this extraordinary behavior? It is confidently insisted that it had been a wild squirrel. Not only human beings do queer and unusual things. Mind and emotion in the lower animals is alike subject to strange and unaccountable freaks.

### Sacred Music on a Hand-Organ.

Nearly fifty years ago a Frenchman with a hand-organ spent a Sabbath on the Wolf Run farm—where Captain John Brady fell, and where Mary Scudder died—then occupied by one of the sons of Mary Scudder, the late John Shoemaker. Shoemaker and his boys were very

fond of music—Esquire Joseph, by the way, was one of the boys, and is the only one of the family now with us—and to have such a rarity as a hand-organ then was on the farm a whole Sunday, and not have a little music, was intolerable. Finally Mr. Shoemaker asked the itinerant organ-grinder if his music box would play sacred music. "Oh, yes! I vil play de sacred music for ze good people," was the prompt response, and instantly the organ was unlimbered, the crank in motion, and the bellows, cylinder and pipes solemnly broke the Sabbath stillness by executing Bonaparte's March. Mr. Shoemaker always after that regarded Bonaparte's March as a sacred tune—at least, as sacred to a Frenchman.

### "A Good Invention for the Old Man."

According to the following, under the above caption, from the *Hyde Park Journal*, it may, perhaps, be supposed that a formidable rival has at last appeared on the market to the Gerner Spring Bed. The *Journal* effectively describes the invention thus:

Our patent spring bed has been remodeled. The one for two in a bed is so arranged that the part the wife lies on can be set by the husband, unknown to the former, and it springs her out of bed and stands her up on the floor at any hour for which it is set. It then remains turned up on one edge so she can't get back again, at least on her side of the bed, and she won't come back on his side, for she's too all-fired mad to come near him. So the result is that she is compelled to dress and go down stairs to see to breakfast, and the old man will get a rest.

This "all-fired" mean trick is impossible with the Gerner Patent Spiral Spring Bed Bottom, and so we still hope to continue to receive the fair share of the public patronage. The inventor of the above described device may possibly be a benefactor to the meanest part of *man-kind*, but certainly he is in no sense a benefactor to *woman-kind*, and this ought to insure us the *better-half* of the spring bed trade. The ladies will please read our advertisement on cover of this magazine.

### A Paint Maker Writes a Novel.

Our near neighbor, R. E. Gray, the President of the Keystone Paint Company, has written a romance of forty-eight chapters, entitled "*Laura Mason; or, The Lost Family*," the manuscript of which covers 450 pages of foolscap paper. The plot dates back more than fifty years, and consists of a series of exciting adventures among the Indians of the Western Territories of that era. All who have been permitted to read the manuscript agree that it is a singularly fascinating story.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

Devoted to History, Amusement, Instruction, Advancement.

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VOL. 2.

MUNCY, PA., MARCH AND APRIL, 1889.

No. 5.

## OUR FIRST MASONIC FUNERAL.

The announcement that there was to be a Masonic funeral in Muncy spread rapidly, far and wide, and many of the inhabitants of town and country assembled to witness the novel mortuary ceremonies of the mysterious and the then widely suspected craft of the square and compass. This important event took place upwards of sixty years ago. It was an occasion of special interest in the history of Freemasonry in the Muncy Valley, as it occurred during the time of the great excitement that arose in reference to the unknown fate of Morgan, a tailor—some say he was a mason by trade—who lived in the town of Batavia, New York; who, as a disaffected Freemason, it was said, was about to expose the secrets of the order; and who, it was charged—and too willingly believed by the opponents of Freemasonry—was secretly murdered by his Masonic brethren to prevent the threatened exposure. Very conflicting stories were circulated concerning his fate, and it was never settled what his lot really was. The commotion about this time culminated in the organization of a radical and aggressive anti-Masonic political party, that maintained its life for about six or eight years, and then went down as suddenly and fitfully as it sprung into existence. Three times—1829, 1832 and in 1835—Joseph Ritner was the anti-Masonic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania. In consequence of a split in the Democratic party he was actually in the third contest elected; but this was the last, as well as the first, triumph of the anti-Masons.

There were many serious opponents of the craft in this neighborhood. This fact, in conjunction with the wonted curiosity and impetuosity of human nature, and the usual reticence of the Masonic brethren, helped to make this first Masonic funeral extremely interesting. The late Benjamin Pott had worked as a journeyman cabinet maker in Batavia, at the time that the excitement had almost reached its height, and he had returned to Muncy painfully impressed

with the conviction that Freemasonry was a terribly wicked institution, and was among the most decided of its adversaries. Henry Robb, who some years afterwards moved to Iowa, is also remembered as one of the more outspoken opponents. Most of the Waltons and the McCartys, and the Friends generally, were arrayed on the opposing side. Teter Dimm—father of John and Jacob, of Muncy Creek Township—once ran as the anti-Masonic candidate for State Senator, but was defeated. One of the most pronounced of the remembered opponents was Joseph K. Fredericks, who was subsequently rewarded for his zeal by receiving the appointment of Prothonotary of the county from the anti-Masonic Governor. The women were especially suspicious and uneasy; and they, it has been said, were largely responsible for the bad repute into which the order was then so unfortunately precipitated. A dear old lady who was present at this funeral, although then a very little girl, says she well remembers that many of the ladies present regarded the men in Masonic regalia very much as we would now look upon a band of blood-guilty and defiant anarchists. And even her own good mother, she said, was wofully uneasy lest her father should be persuaded to join the despicable craft. The popular feeling of antipathy and resentment found expression in a song, of which, although on many lips then, we have not found anyone who can recall the exact words now. It was sung to the tune of "Days of Absence," and the first stanzas ran something like this:

Should Morgan's murderers be forgot,  
And never be brought to mind?  
Should Morgan's murderers be forgot,  
In the days of auld lang sene?

There was no lodge of Masons in Muncy at that time. The event transpired many years before the Muncy Lodge No. 299 of Ancient York Masons was organized, and years before the majority of its present members were born. The warrant of the Grand Lodge under which the Muncy Lodge is held is dated June 2, 1856.

But quite a number of the best citizens of the town and neighborhood were, however, Free and Accepted Master Masons. These were joined by delegations of their brethren from neighboring towns, so that they were enabled to make quite an imposing Masonic demonstration. Lodge No. 106, of Williamsport, was then the only organization in the county, and it is probable that most of the Muncy Masons were among its members. An old Mason informed us that a band of infuriated anti-Masons one day broke into the room of the lodge and destroyed all its furniture, books and papers, so that it is not an easy matter now to ascertain all the names of the members who belonged from this end of the county.

The deceased brother who was the first to be thus publicly honored was George Fredericks, a steady and worthy master workman, not married, who was probably between thirty and thirty-five years old. It is said that he was handsome and accomplished, an entertaining talker, and quite a favorite in Muncy society. He was also often mentioned by the old folks as a wonderfully skillful carver of roast turkey. In the neatest possible manner, without removing the fork from the breast of the bird, and without getting up from his chair, he would perform the operation and be serving the plates while others were still dissecting at the joints. The late Major Isaac Bruner, it is believed, never sat down to a turkey roast that he did not think and speak admiringly of his old friend, the subject of our sketch. He was a cousin of George K. Fredericks, the anti-Mason just mentioned. His father, George Fredericks, kept the Union Tavern, on the north-east corner of Main Street and Bruner Alley, in the building now occupied in part by Ellis Gundrum, the confectioner, and it was in this house that the funeral was held. The large, nearly square swinging sign of the Tavern bore a spirited picture of Mad Anthony Wayne seated on his fiery charger, and was supported by a mast-like post that stood on the curb-line of the pavement. One low step now raises the ground floor of the old building above the pavement. Then three high steps led up into the house. North of the house, on the ground now occupied by Rankin and Gowers' brick block, stood a shed for horses; on the site of Dr. Wm. M. Rankin's residence stood another tavern, to which the shed belonged. A similar shelter for beasts occupied the front immediately opposite Fredericks', on what is now the beautiful yard attached to Mrs. C. Bowman's residence. An-

other such a shed stood on the ground now covered by Foucart's place of business, and belonged to the old Petrikin Tavern, a few steps north, that was destroyed by fire at the time of the memorable Democratic ox-roast. Six decades have wrought many changes, both in the appearance of the town and in the ways and ideas of the people. This was so long ago, and our informants were then all so young, that we have not been able to give all the particulars as fully as we would be glad to give them. But the things remembered are all of peculiar interest now, and these we gladly mention, as they relate to one of the most remarkable short-lived agitations this country has ever witnessed, and because they regard the esteemed old folks of whom many of this generation still cherish the fondest remembrance. As an incident showing the intensity of the interest that then centered in the mysterious fraternity, we may mention that, in the shed opposite the Union Tavern, a little boy about eight years old lay concealed in the horse trough and quietly watched the proceedings. He was so sick with the measles that he had been peremptorily forbidden to leave his home, but his curiosity to see those terrible Masons, about whom so much was said, got the better of him and his ailment, and he thus managed to elude the vigilance of his parents. This excited lad was our now demure and esteemed citizen, John H. Rooker.

A plain cherry or walnut coffin, that cost six or eight dollars, was considered quite good enough then for anybody, and such was the unassuming casket in which George Fredericks was gently laid. And there was no rough coffin or case, as now, but mother earth at once received the remains just as they were borne from the house. And although it was a public funeral, and an unusually large one, conducted by the Worshipful Fraternity, to which some of the best and most prominent citizens belonged; and the place of interment was the grave-yard of the Emmanuel Church, or as long more generally known, "The Old Dutch Church," two and one-half miles distant from town; yet there were no carriages provided to convey the family and friends to the church-yard, and there was not even a hearse to transport the corpse. The body was placed on the undertaker's bier, the bier so raised that the handles rested on the shoulders of four of the Masonic brethren, who were at intervals relieved by four other brethren; and thus, and afoot, and in the middle of the road, nearly

the whole funeral cortege, ministers, mourners, Masons, many friends and citizens, silently and solemnly, peacefully and respectfully, marched the long distance to the burial. It would not have been regarded so great an honor if the body had been "hailed" to the grave. Among the Muncy Masons in the procession, still remembered, were Dr. Thomas Wood, David Lloyd, Esquire Samuel Shoemaker, Conrad Fredericks, Henry Wiser, John Walton and William Cox Ellis, all men who commanded respect as good and true citizens, and who should have effectually shielded the ancient brotherhood, of this neighborhood at least, from all unfavorable aspersions. William Cox Ellis carried the open Bible, on which lay the emblematic square and compass. Esquire Henry Lenhart, of Williamsport, was the chaplain of the Masons, and in his peculiar and loud tone of voice conducted the Masonic service in the English language. The Rev. Jacob Repasz, father of Mrs. George Gowers and the late Mrs. Nathaniel Mohr, preached the funeral discourse in the German language, which was then understood by the greater portion of the people assembled.

Yes, truly, the times have changed. If the citizens who died between sixty and seventy years ago were to come forth from their graves they would be amazed. How few even of the many who are of full German descent could now understand a sermon in the German language! And what would be said and thought of a family that should Now insist on holding a funeral in this old-fashioned way! Hardly a family would now have sufficient courage to do so even if strongly so inclined. How we follow custom, and how we bow to public opinion! Would the plain, cheap coffins be less suitable for the dead Now than they were Then? And would it be too far and too unbecoming Now to walk even to our present convenient cemetery? A Masonic funeral would not cause a commotion Now! Great, indeed, are the changes! The children and grandchildren of many of the opponents of Freemasonry are now the active and honored members of the order; and not any know better than they that there is no such absurdity as a Mason being obliged or even incited to disobey the moral Law. The Freemasons of the era whereof we have written were as ignorant and blameless of the crimes charged to them as the most innocent and conscientious of the beguiled opponents who credited the charge.

But, after all, we may seriously ask, was that

generation of Masons and anti-Masons really better than this? Had they more respect for the dead? Had they more love for one another? Were they more pure? Were they more temperate? One of the notable features of this funeral we have yet to mention. In the hall of the tavern, now the house of mourning, stood a table, and on the table stood a bucket of water and bottles of whiskey—and perhaps apple jack and peach brandy—the meaning of which was, in that day, too well understood to require a more formal proclamation, "Friends! Free drinks to-day! Please step forward and help yourselves!" How many partook of the stronger of the beverages thus provided, and how often and how freely the more thirsty, or the more needy and feeble, responded to the silent but unequivocal solicitation to "*take something*," it would perhaps have been indelicate to have inquired Then, and there is certainly no use asking Now. No one can, however, recall a single instance of immoderation or indecorum. This was not then one of the features of a Masonic funeral. It was one of the customs of that day and generation. This age may be congratulated that the practice has become obsolete, at least in this valley, though in some sections a funeral is even now the occasion of a free *spiritual* lamentation and exhilaration.

### Indian Advancement.

On page 31 we gave two illustrations of rude implements supposed to belong to what is now regarded as the old-stone period, and mentioned the fact that the Smithsonian Institution had recently instituted investigations in regard to such relics, and the existence of such a period, in America. However low the civilization of the Indians found on this continent may seem, in contrast with the progress of the white man, now and then, it is nevertheless evident that our late predecessors had made great advancement compared to the earliest prehistoric occupants. Thomas Wilson, Curator Prehistoric Anthropology of the Smithsonian Institution, in a report in the Proceedings of the United States National Museum, recently issued, says:

"My investigations during the past summer have shown that these implements are to be found in almost every State and Territory of the United States, and, consequently, that the man of this epoch occupied the territory of the United States in much the same manner as he did that of Europe. His occupation of America may or may not have been contemporaneous, for we have no accurate method of calculating time in that

antiquity. But the civilization or culture, as manifested by these implements, was the same in America as that during the like epoch in Europe and the other parts of the world. \* \* \* The similarity is striking. One can recognize that they both belong to the same civilization and were the handiwork of the man who knew only to chip stone. The difference in material, in manufacture, in form, and apparently in purpose, between these implements and those of the neolithic period is equally striking. \* \* \* The man of this epoch was a savage. It is believed by those who have studied this question the best that he had no habitation, no fixed dwelling-place, no society, no tribal organization, and recognized no parental or filial obligation; that he had no property of his own and recognized no such rights in others. He was contemporary in Europe, and possibly in America, with the cave bear, the mammoth, the hippopotamus, and other now extinct animals, and the only apparent superiority or advantage which he had over these and the other animals consisted in this one implement which we have described, and the power of thought how to use it, which belonged to him as a human being."

Here is a melancholy picture of primitive man. His only pre-eminence above the beasts of the field was a little more intelligence, and the advantage of this one rude implement fashioned of stone. As this single implement is found not only in America and Europe, but throughout the world—except in the countries "that were possibly covered in that epoch with glaciers," or possibly by the sea—it may be regarded as the first fruits of man's struggle to become the Lord of Creation, and as the earliest known glimmer of the coming light of civilization. And yet the picture, if viewed from most points along the line of the march of humanity to our present extended field of observation, is nevertheless encouraging. It shows from what, by what and to what man has steadily, though slowly and painfully, advanced; that he is withal a being of wonderful and yet unmeasured capabilities; that he is naturally and constitutionally progressive; and that there is abundant reason and incentive why he should march steadily onward through the coming ages in his grand career of advancement. He is, in fact, but beginning to learn what there is for him to learn and accomplish. For truly, man "knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know."

But a word here in regard to the advancement of the Indians of the "new stone" or neolithic period, as compared to the savage of the "old stone" or paleolithic period. The neolithic men may not have been of the same race, as has by some been conjectured, but there is no question

of their great advancement, compared either with their own remote ancestors, or with their still more remote "old stone" predecessors. We quote another and more cheering picture depicting this advancement from the recent report of the Smithsonian Curator:

"The occupation of the earth by man during this period was probably more extensive than that of the preceding. His civilization was higher, and he had many more implements. \* \* \* He had invented polished stones for implements and utensils. His hatchets were sharpened and intended for cutting at the broad instead of the narrow end, as formerly. He made pottery, but always by hand, and baked it in the fire or dried it in the sun. He still had no knowledge of the wheel or the furnace in its manufacture. His art was employed principally in the decoration of pottery, the ornamentation of which consisted of lines and dots in geometric patterns. \* \* \* He had a knowledge of mechanics; used the lever, the roller and the inclined plane. He established workshops, and his labor was divided into different handicraft, each person working according to his respective skill and ability. He had a government—at least some sort of tribal organization. He had fixed habitations. He had a religion. He buried his dead and deposited some of his choicest valuables in the grave with them, and erected over them grand and impressive monuments which have endured until the present time, and which show by their construction that he was capable of long-continued labor, and could perform herculean tasks when he once set himself about them."

This more animating view recalls to mind a similar admirable portraiture of the advancement that had been made by the Indians when the first whites arrived among them. It occurs in Meginness' "Revised History of the West Branch Valley":

"Notwithstanding the Indians were called savages and possessed of much ferocity, they were withal a noble race, and by some of the old writers they have been named the Romans of the New World. An examination of their character discloses fine traits. They considered themselves created by an almighty, wise and benevolent spirit, to whom they looked for guidance and protection. They often were in the habit of seeking some high elevation, where they could commune with the Great Spirit and contemplate with awe and veneration the beauties of the surrounding landscape. While they paid their humble adorations at the shrine of their Deity, they were not unmindful of their duties to one another. They looked upon the good things of the earth as a common stock, bestowed by the Great Spirit for the benefit of all. They held that the game of the forest, the fish of the rivers and the grass and other articles of spontaneous growth were free to all who chose to take them. They ridiculed the idea of enclosing a field or meadow. This idea had a

tendency to repress selfishness and foster generosity. Their hospitality was unbounded. They considered it their duty to share their last morsel with a stranger.

"When the first whites arrived the Indians received them with open arms, supplied them with food and shared with them the rude comforts of their humble wigwams. They were actuated by the noblest impulses of the human heart, and considered it their duty to take the white strangers in and minister to their wants. But how was this kindness repaid? By treachery, deceit and robbery. They came to cheat the Indian, and from the start acted upon the idea that he had no rights they were bound to respect. When the Indians became satisfied of the true character of the invaders, that instead of friends they were insidious foes, their vindictive passions were aroused, and terribly did they exhibit the ferocity of their nature when smarting under grievous wrongs."

This is a just and noble tribute to a wronged people, who never fought the white man except on their own soil, or on ground out of which they felt they had been tricked; who were as just as the white man, without having his jails and penitentiaries, and without his locks and keys; who worshiped God without knowledge of the Bible, and, it is said, never took His name in vain until taught to do so by the white man. Who and what were our own ancestors? Were they better and less savage when they depended on flint arrow-heads and stone hatchets? Were they less ferocious when under the same circumstances their kindness was repaid by "treachery, deceit and robbery"? The Indians were undoubtedly slowly advancing, although, like all the rest of the world, through blood and tears. Their empire over nature was gradually extending, and their moral improvement was subject to the same law of progression. But contact with our civilization was fatal. Rum and disease, the avarice and vices of the white man—"treachery, deceit and robbery,"—aroused all the "ferocity of their nature" and forced them rapidly downward in an era of terror, devastation and death.

### The Story of a Song.

In September, 1866, Robert Hawley, under the inspiration of the political situation, wrote a campaign poem entitled "The Boys in Blue are Coming." The day after its completion he, with a delegation from Williamsport, attended a Republican mass meeting at Lock Haven, which was addressed by Col. John W. Forney and others. While the meeting was in progress, W. C. Kress, Esq., invited Mr. Hawley to his office to smoke, chat and kill time. The production

was shown to Mr. Kress for criticism and to see how it would hit him as "one of them." He read it aloud, gave an appreciative glance at the author, put on his hat and started for the door, with tone and manner that brooked no protest, exclaiming, "By thunder, I'll go down and read this at our meeting!" What he said he'd do he did, as has been his way since he was a kid ranging the hills of Anthony, in Lycoming. Capt. Kress read to the large audience with feeling, force and effectiveness, and stirred the veterans present to cheers of appreciation and approval. After the reading Col. Forney sent for Mr. Hawley, and, upon meeting him, requested a copy of the matter to send to his paper as part of the proceedings of the meeting. A copy was made by the reporter and the poem appeared the first time in print in *The Press*. On the evening of the next day, Hon. W. H. Armstrong read it from the original manuscript at a mass meeting in the court house at Williamsport, bringing to its rendition all the requirements of grace, elocution and eloquence. Upon its appearance in *The Press* it was published in the party papers within and without the State, and, as will be seen herein, in various and curious shapes. In order to have a proper understanding of portions of what follows, it may be stated that the original consisted of nine six-line verses, and that the first line of the first verse was—

"They are coming, Andy Johnson, a host of Boys in Blue."

In the successive campaigns of 1868, 1872 and 1876 it made the rounds of the Republican journals, sometimes appearing as originally written and with rightful credit as to authorship, often as "curtailed of its fair proportions" and without such acknowledgment. To fit it for the times of its publication, "Mr. Seymour," "Horace Greeley" and "Sammy Tilden," respectively, was substituted for "Andy Johnson" in the opening line.

In the early part of the campaign of 1868 a certain fellow of ———, regardless of the rights of others and the injunction of the eighth commandment, made a copy, presented it as his own original production to a Republican club of New York, and received therefor a check for \$50. If that wretch remains unhung and has diligently followed his proclivities since then, he is now either the respected owner of a brown-stone mansion on an avenue somewhere, or the convicted occupant of a narrow portion of a strong-walled castle owned by some Commonwealth

somewhere else. Pending the same campaign the writer's good, sedate and quiet brother, residing where Blue Hill stands a silent sentinel, sent him a slip, cut from the *Franklin Repository*, containing "the same old coon," somewhat dismembered, with the following caption and initial line:

"From the Cincinnati Chronicle.

#### THE BOYS IN BLUE ARE COMING.

BY J. M. ROE, JR.

They are coming, Mr. Seymour, a host of Boys in Blue."

The brother referred to is the one who, in a late number of the *NOW AND THEN*, confessed the perpetration of *one* trick in his youthful days. Until that revelation who among his acquaintances ever suspected *him* of games on travelers, either by "hat-lifting" in boyhood or by "ticket-scalping" in his present station? On the evening of its first appearance in *The Press*, my personal, political, legal and literary friend, Clinton Lloyd, Esq., then on a stumping tour through the State, addressed a Republican meeting at Scranton. He received a copy of the paper while at supper, and noting the verses and their origin, came to the conclusion to "get them off" in his speech.

On beef-steak and hot rolls he fed  
And, while he ate, the song he read.

He intended to re-read the matter, to fix it sure for off-hand recitation, before the time appointed for the meeting, but discovered when about to speak that he had left the paper on the supper table—about the only digestible thing, probably, he did leave there. He recited the piece in extenso, in his usual spirited style, without the miss of a word or a line, and with a grand hurrah. For an ordinary "literary feller" this would have been impossible. For Lloyd, who carries phonogrammed in his noddle, to reproduce at will, the whole of "The Biglow Papers," "Nicholas Nickleby," Bob Ingersoll's Godless lecture on "The Mistakes of Moses," *et id omne genus*, the feat was a trifle. His natural faculty of rapid absorption was mightily boosted by the severe drilling he underwent as a Presbyterian Sunday school cub—forced to commit and recite whole pages of Bible verses within stunted limits.

The poem was republished by *The Press* in 1876, under the following announcement:

"Mr. J. W. Forney, of *The Press*, will speak at Lock Haven, Clinton County, this evening. It was ten years September 15, 1876, since the Colonel spoke in the same place. After his address W. C. Kress, Esq., of Lock Haven, read a

poem written by Robert Hawley, Esq., of Williamsport, beginning with,  
'They are coming, Andy Johnson, a host of Boys in Blue,'

of which the following is a paraphrase, slightly changed to apply to the present time."

Then follow the verses, the first line being—  
'They are coming, Sammy Tilden, a host of Boys in Blue.'

I have no recollection of seeing the poem, in any shape, or mis-shape, in the papers of any campaign later than 1876. For more than a decade it and its early pilgrimage have been to the author only reminiscences of the times for which it was written; but though long dead and buried, it seems its *ghost* has been abroad upon the earth but recently. Another literary appropriator—wretch No. 3, like the others, *smart* in his generation—has cornered the shade, stamped the sign of paternity upon its brow and paraded it before the world. In witness whereof note the following, copied from a printed slip found in the scrap-book of Mr. Thomas Hammer, a member of the G. A. R. of Reading, Pa. Neither the name or date of the paper, nor the time or place of the "reunion," nor the "order" mentioned, or "Gen. Hancock's" relation thereto is given, but the name of the *reader* and *writer* appears *Sweet-ly* and in bold relief:

#### "BOYS IN BLUE,

"A poem read and written by Mr. M. C. Sweet, formerly in the 104th O. V. I., read at the recent reunion of the Boys in Blue in Indiana. It was entitled 'The Response of the Boys in Blue to the Order of General Grant,' and ran as follows:

"'We are coming, General Hancock, a host of Boys in Blue,' &c., &c."

If any of the young readers of *NOW AND THEN* in Muncy have a curiosity to see the subject of this story, as it was at the time of its birth and christening, they can, perchance, find it in the capacious *omnium gatherum* of my erst jolly schoolmate and always considerate friend, Mrs. M. J. Levan.

ROBERT HAWLEY.

Williamsport, Pa., Jan. 10, 1889.

[The following is the song of the interesting story, "The Story of a Song." We publish it *now* because we know that most of our readers, when they read the story, will surely want the song *then*.—Ed.]

#### THE "BOYS IN BLUE" ARE COMING.

I.

They are coming, Andy Johnson—a host of "Boys in Blue"

Fresh from a hundred fields of war, the battle-scarred and true;

Not now with gleaming bayonet and roll of martial drum,  
But arm'd with ballots for the right, in peaceful ranks they come,  
To shield the starry flag they bore from traitors' hands anew;  
They are coming, Andy Johnson—a host of "Boys in Blue."

## II.

They are coming, Andy Johnson—the loyal Boys in Blue,  
From Maine and from New Hampshire, and the Bay State ever true;  
From the Green Mountains of Vermont and little Rhodéy's shore;  
From the homesteads of Connecticut the hardy veterans pour,  
As late when flashing o'er the land the news of Sumter flew,  
They are coming, Andy Johnson—the loyal Boys in Blue.

## III.

They are coming, Andy Johnson—the loyal Boys in Blue,  
From New Jersey and from Delaware, and Maryland tried and true,  
And from the grand old Keystone—man answering to man,  
With pledges for the "Star Brigade" and Geary—in the van—  
To yield the soldiers' meed of praise to worth and valor due—  
They are coming, Andy Johnson—the loyal Boys in Blue.

## IV.

They are coming, Andy Johnson—the earnest Boys in Blue,  
From shop and mill, and forge and field—the steadfast and the true,  
The heroes of the Empire State, despite her recreant son,  
Who turns to shame and mockery the good deeds he has done,  
To spurn with wrath the *Moses* false, the faithless *Aaron*, too,  
They are coming, Andy Johnson—the earnest Boys in Blue.

## V.

They are coming, Andy Johnson—the veterans of the West,  
From their grand prairies and their lakes—the finest and the best;  
From the broad rivers whose strong waves bear joyous to the sea  
The treasures of a continent—the tribute of the free.  
To speak once more, in thunder-tones, a people's high behest,  
They are coming, Andy Johnson—the veterans of the West.

## VI.

They are coming, Andy Johnson—the freemen of the land,  
To save the prize they won with blood from treason's eager hand;  
From the White House to Lake Michigan they've heard your wanton speech,

To jeers and threats and curses loud this plain response they teach:

"By the memory of Antietam and Lookout Mountain high;  
By the noble dead of Gettysburg in honored graves who lie;

## VII.

"By memory of Fort Donelson and Shiloh's bloody shores;  
By memory of the Wilderness and Vicksburg's cannon roar;  
By memory of Fort Pillow's slain—by scenes we may not tell  
Of Libby and of Anderson, and many a rebel hell;  
By those who fell when Sherman marched proudly to the sea;  
By those who swell'd at Richmond the shouts of victory.

## VIII.

"By memory of the loved and lost of many a Northern home,  
By mothers', widows', orphans' tears, for those who ne'er may come—  
By memory of our 'Martyr Chief,' by foul assassin slain—  
No rebel horde, no traitor hand shall rule our land again;  
But traitors shall be punished, and treason odious made,  
And woe to him, or high or low, by whom we are betrayed."

## IX.

They are coming, Andy Johnson—a host of Boys in Blue,  
Fresh from a hundred fields of war, the battle-worn and true;  
Not now with gleaming bayonet and roll of martial drum,  
But armed with ballots for the right, in peaceful ranks they come,  
To guard the starry flag they love from traitors' hands anew;  
They are coming, Andy Johnson—a host of Boys in Blue!

### Twenty-One Years in the Service of Uncle Sam.

Benjamin F. Remsnyder, a Muncy boy, on the 17th day of July, 1867, at the early age of nineteen, enlisted at Harrisburg in the Regular Army, and has remained ever since that time—all but about four months—in the United States service. He was one of the old readers of the *NOW AND THEN*, so on learning that the serial was revived he hastened to send his congratulations and again become a subscriber. When acknowledging his letter we asked him to favor us with a brief history of his military career, and received a very interesting letter in response. Although not exactly written for publication, the letter contains so many things of interest, so vividly showing some of the phases and chances

of life in the Regular Army, that we have concluded to transfer portions of it to our columns.

After having been in service in South Carolina and Alabama, his regiment, the 12th United States Infantry, in March, 1869, he says, "started on its long journey for California," and "were the first troops to cross the continent from ocean to ocean, having nine miles to march from the end of the Union Pacific to the end of the Central Pacific road." After being in camp a few days on Angel Island the regiment was transported by steamer to Wilmington, and from there "disembarked and marched a distance of 200 miles to Camp Independence, California." After doing duty at this post about six weeks Remsnyder was honorably discharged, but on the same day re-enlisted for five years more in the same company, and marched to Fort Yuma, which he emphatically declares is the "hottest post in all America." "A soldier once died at this post," he drolly adds, "and on reaching the lower regions he found it so blamed cold there that he was obliged to come back to Yuma for his blanket." Remsnyder remained here sweltering until again honorably discharged, in July, 1875. He says he would have "rejoined the same company and stayed, but the climate was too warm." He then made a short visit, as he says, "to my old boyhood haunts, and the first man I met after my eight years of travel was our jovial friend Edward Stokes."

Soldiering had become a habit, and growing restless, four months later found our Muncy boy again enlisted, and now stationed on Governor's Island, New York Harbor, where he remained about two years. He was then assigned to Company K, 10th United States Infantry, and sent to Fort Clark, Texas. In July, 1879, he was transferred to the Department of the Lakes, and was stationed at Detroit, Mich., until December, 1880, when he was for the third time honorably discharged. He again re-enlisted on the same day he was discharged, and again in the same company, and was again ordered to Texas, but this time to Fort Bliss. In July, 1884, he was sent to his present post, Fort Crawford, Colorado, where he was once more honorably discharged, but immediately re-enlisted (December, 1885), so that he has now been in the service altogether a little more than twenty-one years. He says he "likes the army very well," and certainly no one would suspect from his record that he does not. His present term of enlistment will expire in December, 1890. He does not intimate what

he contemplates doing when again discharged, but he ought to at least come home and see his old friends before he re-enlists. He wrote just on the eve of the election, and said, "we take oath to protect the duly elected President, and we will do so, no matter who he may be, but we do hope he will be a friend to the soldier."

He briefly states that he was engaged with the Indians at different times during the Modoc war of 1872-73, and merely adds that he "was never wounded." He also refers to the fact that he was with General McKenzie when he raided old Mexico, and says, "The Mexicans defied the United States troops to cross the Rio Grande, and said they would fire on us. General McKenzie only wished for one shot to be fired by them so that he could have an excuse for an engagement. We forded the river in face of them, but no shot was sent at us. After crossing, my regiment deployed as skirmishers, and it would have done you good to see the noble army of Mexico go to the rear. They no doubt still remembered Scott and Taylor, and knew that the Yanks do not take water—if they can get something stronger."

Speaking of life in Fort Crawford, where he is now stationed, he says, "There are two companies stationed at this post. \* \* \* Life in the fort is very good, plenty of sport. Soldiers make amusements for themselves, gymnastic exercises, dancing, etc. We mount guard about once a week; each guard consists of twenty-four hours' duty. The day after coming off guard is police day, for such duties as cleaning about the garrison, hauling wood, and other duties of the same nature. The post has a fine library, and each company has one also. Fort Crawford is about nine miles south of Montrose, and thirty miles from Ouray—called Ouray after the celebrated chief of the Utes. The elevation is about 7,600 feet above sea level, and I suppose nearly 7,000 feet above Muncy. Game abounds in plenty. \* \* \* I never had the pleasure of shooting a buffalo, or even of being on a buffalo hunt. I have killed bear, deer, mountain lion and wild turkeys."

When the Boy in Blue speaks of his old home he comes very near getting sentimental, and we wonder if he does not sometimes come near getting blue, or just a little bit homesick. He concludes by saying, "I never in all my travels have seen finer or better country than you have around Muncy and Hughesville and Montgomery, and when I say so I mean just exactly what

I say. When I think of the fine fruits that I have seen and eaten about Muncy, and on the Muncy Hills, I can tell you my mouth waters for some, but alas! I am very far from home! The last cherries I saw grow for twenty-one years were on the Valentine Beeber farm, on the road from Muncy to the Billman school-house. I was home since, but not in cherry time."

### The Locusts Are Coming.

Almost seventeen years have passed since we penned the following item for the first volume of the NOW AND THEN (September, 1872), in regard to the "seventeen years" locusts. How true it is that "We take no note of time but from its loss." But the time has quickly gone, and we presume the locusts will soon again be here.

"Up to September we continued at intervals to hear the monotonous song of the "seventeen years" locusts. Those we heard in August were mere stragglers; perhaps they had been the last of the grubs to leave the ground, and thus were left behind by the main body. It was in May and June that these curious bugs appeared in such astonishing numbers. They are said to continue in their perfect form of four-winged insects only about six weeks or two months. And according to the observation of most folks, and of most naturalists, they only make their appearance once in seventeen years. Yet Prof. Jaeger, in his 'Life of North American Insects,' contends that the *cicada septendecim* makes its appearance every year, and often several times in large numbers in the same locality during the period of seventeen years. If the general opinion is correct, the next appearance of these locusts in this section will be in 1889. Many folks could see a 'perfect letter W' on their wings, but others could see only an imperfect resemblance to that letter. The folks of the first part might also see a man in the moon by looking pretty sharp."

In the coming months of May and June, then, we may expect to see and hear these interesting insects once more in the Muncy Valley in astonishing numbers, unless there is some mistake about this matter of their coming just every seventeen years. Packard, in his "Guide to the Study of Insects," says of the *cicada septendecim*, "They live seventeen years. Different broods appear in different localities, so that each year they are seen in some part of the country." This is the opinion of Harris, Fitch, Riley, Rathvon, and of entomologists generally, and the general opinion in such matters is generally regarded as being generally correct.

We had a few of these insects in this locality during the past summer; in fact, we believe we have had some every year since 1872, and several seasons they came in numbers sufficient to make considerable noise; but they probably belonged to different broods, and were not of the great stock of seventeen years ago. As each individual grub is said to remain in the earth just seventeen years before it is ready to issue forth to change into the perfect insect, so each perfect insect we see or hear must be just seventeen years old from the time the grub was hatched; and so each particular season must have its own special crop, be it ever so small or ever so large, of seventeen year old locusts.

Yet Prof. Jaeger contends that the term of life of these insects is limited to two years, and reasons that analogy alone should controvert the common opinion. He says, "If we consider that all other species of cicadas, either of the same size, or larger, or smaller, subject to the same metamorphosis and manner of living, spend only two years in attaining their perfect condition, why should the red-eyed cicada alone form an exception to this natural law of their species?" He then cites facts which he claims "speak in an unanswerable tone in this matter." Can it be possible that the late Professor of Zoology and Botany in the College of New Jersey is right?

The resurrection of the *cicada septendecim* the coming season, after their long subterranean lodgment of seventeen years, will be watched by many with great interest. If they come by millions, or possibly by hundreds of millions, as they did in 1872, they will be an interesting sight, and will afford us a subject to think and talk about for the next seventeen years. If they fail to come, then it will be a failure that we will, without failure, talk about. Many of our younger readers were not born in 1872, or were then too young to remember much about the wonderful brood of that year, and have no idea how they swarmed on the trees of our forests and fields. It was a wonderful sight, even to persons who felt no special interest in natural history. They were a noisy set. The males make all the noise. They are furnished with a musical organ located under the wings. Packard says it "acts like a kettle drum." It seemed to us that the combined noise of the brood of 1872 and the Schuylkill County brood that we heard on the Broad Mountain in the summer of 1880, sounded like a number of threshing machines at work in different directions around us.

The perfect insect is a beautiful creature, and it is altogether harmless. It has no sting like the bee, and has no mouth with which it can bite. It has a delicate proboscis with which it merely sucks the dew from the leaves for its subsistence. The only harm it does is to injure the terminal shoots and branches of the trees when the female deposits her eggs, and this is not often a permanent or serious injury. We need, therefore, not be afraid to have them come.

### Dr. Treon's "Emblem."

Many doubtless remember Dr. Treon, the celebrated "yarb" and pow-wow Æsculapian of Treontown—now East Muncy. The writer recalls a joke perpetrated on him by James Boal, a wag of a painter in the employ of George Doctor, at that time the leading carriage maker of Muncy. One winter the doctor, finding his practice growing and remunerative, concluded to indulge in the luxury of a new sleigh. Calling on Mr. Doctor, he gave him an order to construct him a sleigh regardless of expense, stipulating that there should be painted on the back something emblematic of his profession. After he left the shop Mr. Doctor called up Boal and asked him whether he thought he had the artistic ability to paint a picture emblematic of the doctor's profession. Reflecting a moment, he said he could paint an emblem that would suit the doctor exactly. When the sleigh was ready for the finishing touch he painted a life-size duck on the back with a scroll running from the duck's bill over its back, bearing in large gilt letters the suggestive and appropriate words, "*Quack! Quack! Quack!*" It so happened that the doctor's man called for the sleigh after dark, and put it in the barn before he or any of the family saw it. The next morning the doctor was called out to see a patient before daylight, and drove off in the new sleigh without observing the emblem. On his return he drove through Muncy, and was puzzled to understand why every one he passed either laughed outright or grinned broadly. Feeling thirsty, he drew up at the "Petrikin House," went in and refreshed himself with a glass of "Glade Run Dew," then a noted brand of whiskey distilled by Major Bruner, Sr. When he came out his sleigh was surrounded by a merry crowd. On asking the cause of so much hilarity, his attention was called to the manifest emblem on the back of his sleigh. He gazed at it a moment silently and thoughtfully. Suddenly a broad smile il-

luminated his countenance—for the doctor was a famous trickster himself, and could take a joke—and he exclaimed, "Boys, I see the *pint!* You have got me! Come into Petrikin's, and we'll all take a drink!"

ALFRED HAWLEY.

### A Prayer for Hot Bread—And a Case of Mistaken Identity.

The Rev. D. M. Barber, of whom Meginness gives an interesting sketch in his "Biographical Annals"—which memorials, by the way, many will be delighted to learn, will shortly appear in book form—was not only an able logician and theologian, but he was quite humorous and often overflowed with wit. Soon after he had, in his sixty-third year, retired from the service as chaplain of the Fifty-third Regiment, he visited with his sister-in-law, the late Mrs. E. Moorehead, in Lock Haven; and a lady acquaintance, to whom he then related some of his amusing war reminiscences, says he told her that his gravity was never put to so severe a test as when on one occasion he had conducted a religious service, and the soldiers seemed more than usually attentive and interested. He was just closing the exercise with the Lord's Prayer, and had repeated the words "Give us this day our daily bread," when a soldier standing near him raised his hands to his mouth and shouted in a loud and distinct voice, "*And Oh, Lord! give us the bread right hot from the oven, as we are tired of hard-tack.*"

Another interesting circumstance brought to mind by Meginness' biographical sketch was related by Mr. Barber about forty years ago, while he was attending a meeting of the Presbytery of Northumberland, then in session at Newberry. He was the guest of the late Dr. Henry Shoemaker, then a resident at Newberry, and narrated the incident during a table-talk. In an early day during his ministry he was once traveling on horseback, and was followed by several unknown horsemen, who seemed to be taking a strangely sharp interest in him. As he afterwards learned, they were officers of the law in pursuit of a thief. Barber answered the description of the fugitive remarkably. His complexion, his eyes, his hair, his size, his dress, all marked him as the identical pillager they were seeking. Only one more proof of identity was required to satisfy them. The thief had a crooked finger. And they soon discovered that Barber also had a crooked finger. They there-

fore at once proceeded to arrest him; and instead of following him, he was now obliged to face about abruptly and go with them. "They put me to a great deal of trouble," said Mr. Barber, "but I finally got clear. How I got clear I don't intend to tell you." Stephen B. Shoemaker, the doctor's son, was then a little boy, and says he listened to the humorous recital with intense interest, but his boyish curiosity was never satisfied because the narrator did not tell how he got clear.

### Higher and Better Than Fences.

An interesting letter recently received from our old friend and schoolmate, the Rev. Henry C. Moyer, informing us that he had changed his place of residence to Moravia, N. Y., contains the following suggestive reference to the subject of fences:

"Moravia is a very beautiful village in Central New York, of about 2,000 inhabitants, intelligent and progressive, thriving and prosperous, situated in a very populous farming section. The business portion of the village is largely on North Main and Railroad streets; and the other streets are built up principally with residences, school buildings, churches, &c. 'The houses stand back from the street, with scarcely any fences in front or side, and the most of the houses have beautiful ornamentation in the way of lawns, trees and shrubbery. The absence of fences seems odd at first, but you soon like it. It gives a town an air of freedom and sociability, and makes you think that the inhabitants have ideas and principles higher and better than fences, stronger and safer than padlocks; and that parents must take pains to teach their children the rights and duties of citizenship. I am reminded of an article in the *Luminary* several years ago on 'Hogs, Cows and Flowers.' Why not republish it in the NOW AND THEN? No doubt it marks an epoch in your local history, and that others besides myself will be glad to have it in a more permanent form."

The indications that fences are gradually going out of fashion continue to multiply. Economy, better laws, increase of population, and social advancement, make them more and more a superfluity. The necessity of fences came from the lower animals. Whenever people who keep animals for servants, for the protection of property, or as companions and pets, and as substitutes for children, are not only so law-abiding, but so refined and enlightened, and so religious and conscientious that they will never allow the brutes to annoy their neighbors in any way, not even so much as to set foot beyond their own right of tenure, then fences become a useless expense and can be abolished. The prospect is that Muncy will not long be behind Moravia.

### How Nelson Bruner Silenced a Rebel Battery.

When, soon after the battle of Antietam, the Army of the Potomac marched into Virginia and passed through the beautiful town of Warrenton, where a number of the F. F. V.'s lived, a group of twelve or more young ladies of that caste stood on the veranda of one of the most elegant residences, and manifested much bitterness towards the passing troops by the contemptuous way in which they called them "Yanks," "conscripts," etc. As Colonel Ent, of Bloomsburg, was riding past in advance of his regiment, the Sixth Pennsylvania Reserves, he quietly remarked to one of his officers, "Just you wait until Company A comes up, that pretty squad will get silenced." When Company A came up Nelson Bruner—one of the most irrepressible of not only our Muncy boys, but of the Reserves—hearing some provoking exclamation, instantly retorted by calling out to a comrade in another rank, so as to be heard by the tantalizing beauties, "*Oh! see there, Baltzer, what dirty stockings one of them girls has on.*" In an instant twelve or more pairs of eyes instinctively dropped downward, and in another moment the whole company had vanished from the veranda. No one enjoyed the scene more than Colonel Ent, and he often spoke of the brilliant affair, when Nelson Bruner silenced a whole rebel battery. This might be termed gallantry "on the war-path!"

### A Susquehanna Fisherman.

Fishing with rod and line, and out-line, has been the chief occupation of "Doc" Thomas Pollock for more than fifteen years. No man in this neighborhood has, in this time, and in the same manner, taken more fish from the Susquehanna, and no man perhaps to-day better understands the habits and whims of the species that are caught here with hook and line. The largest salmon he has caught weighed 14½ pounds; the largest pike measured 25½ inches in length; the heaviest black bass weighed 6½ pounds; the largest cat-fish, when dressed, tipped the scales at 5½ pounds; and the biggest eel, when cleaned, weighed 5½ pounds. Fishing, he says, has been strangely revolutionized since he has made it his trade. At first he caught a great many sun-fish, and often large ones, as broad as his hand; now he gets but few, and they are small. At first he caught no bass, as that gamiest of all our fishes was not yet planted in the Susquehanna, but now he catches more bass than any other species. He rarely gets a trout—the speckled beauties that sport in so many of the tributaries of the West Branch—and thinks that all he has taken from the river would hardly average more than one a year since he has followed fishing. Fish, he thinks, are endowed with more intelligence than they generally get credit for, yet when hungry they can be easily fooled, if you know just how to fool them.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

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J. M. M. GERNERD, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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## THE COMING AGE.

European antiquaries have divided the history of man into three periods, known as the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, and the Iron Age. There was a time in every part of the world when the use of metal was not known, and this era is called the Stone Age, because stone was then the most available and suitable material known for weapons of war and implements of hunting. Then came a period, in parts of the world at least, when copper, or an alloy of copper and tin, came into common use, as superior to stone for many purposes, and this is called the Age of Bronze. In time iron and steel succeeded stone and copper, because found superior for most uses, and so man has gradually until Now advanced in the Age of Iron.

This classification does not apply to all countries and to all times alike. It is not a safe or true general chronology. While man in some quarters of the earth was in the Age of Bronze, he was elsewhere yet in the Age of Stone. In some parts he never knew an Age of Bronze, and for evident reasons he never will. There are tribes who have not risen from their Stone Age even Now in this far advanced Age of Iron. Scarcely more than two hundred years ago the dwellers along the beautiful West Branch of the Susquehanna River depended mainly on stone for their weapons and implements. Two thousand years ago the Phœnicians, Greeks and Romans had advanced far in civilization in their Age of Iron. Yet the classification is convenient and useful, and each of the Ages of Stone, Bronze and Iron have practically existed.

If the world continues to move, will not iron in time be superseded for many of the uses of civilization? Stone, copper and iron will never be wholly abandoned, but may not some metal still superior in many respects be found, and better serve a more advanced civilization? In other words, will iron and steel best meet the wants of man Then as Now, when he reaches

the highest stage of advancement and culture of which he is capable in his present state of mortality? Do not the Arts and Sciences even now demand a metal better adapted to their further progress? Let us turn our attention for a moment to some of the signs of the times. We think we can see shadows that portend the coming of important events.

It has already been predicted that iron is to be superseded by *Aluminum*. If we consider all that is said of the latter, and if further progress in the arts makes it as available as iron, then indeed it seems that it must be the coming metal. And should it become the metal of the future, then the coming period will be fittingly termed the Age of Aluminum. Yet, as the article on aluminum in Chambers' Encyclopedia concludes by saying, "Considering its valuable properties, this metal has not received such extensive application in the arts as might have been expected." It may be rather soon, however, for it to receive the application its valuable properties seem to entitle it, for it should be remembered that it was not fully discovered until 1846, and that it was not known until 1855 that its preparation on a large scale was even feasible. Its wonderful properties and possibilities are hardly yet fully understood, and the means to make it economically available are not yet perhaps definitely known. It has been stated that experiments quite recently made in Newport, Kentucky, to obtain it at a cost about equal to copper, have been entirely successful, but we cannot vouch for the correctness of the statement. But what and where is the aluminum? According to the best authorities at hand the following are the principal facts which now seem to justify the expectation of its coming supremacy.

Though never found in a pure state in nature, yet aluminum is far more abundant than iron. It exists nearly everywhere. It is one of the ultimate elements of Nature. It is known to exist in combination with nearly two hundred different minerals. It is the metallic base of mica, feldspar, slate and clay, which alone constitute a large part of the earth's crust. Dana says: "Nearly all the rocks except limestones and many sandstones, are literally ore-beds of the metal." Steele says: "On account of its abundance (every clay-bank is a mine of it) and useful properties, it must ultimately come into common use in the arts and domestic life." A writer in a recent number of the *Exchangers' Monthly* says: "Aluminum, a metal having but

one-third the weight of steel, with three times its strength, and having, in addition, the property of remaining unaffected by the atmosphere, is destined to become the metal of the world, as it is presented in vast quantities in our common clays and rocks. The great cost of extracting aluminum has precluded its general use, but we feel confident that, in the future, some process will be discovered by means of which this noble metal will be given to the world, and, in addition to an iron age, we, or our descendants, will experience an 'Aluminum Age.'

It melts at from about 600 degrees below the melting point of iron to 1200 below steel, and at from 600 degrees above the melting point of lead to 800 above tin. It is about as light as chalk; yet, notwithstanding its wonderful lightness, it is as tenacious as iron, and can be made harder than steel. It is also as ductile and as malleable as gold. Such a combination of useful and remarkable properties must certainly some day give it supremacy for a multitude of purposes. And yet this is not all. Nor is all yet known. It is a beautiful white metal, and approaches silver in luster. It takes a high polish. Air does not affect it. Water has no action on it. Gases do not injure it. It does not oxidize like iron, lead, copper and zinc. It does not tarnish like silver. It keeps its appearance as well as gold. When ductility is required it is soft. When tenacity is desired it is fibrous. When hardness is wanted it is crystalline. When fused and cast it is soft like pure silver. When rolled, or hammered, it becomes as hard as iron. It is very sonorous, and when struck gives a sweet ringing sound. With copper in different proportions it has already formed several valuable alloys of great hardness and immense strength. What its possibilities are no one can tell. It seems destined to lead to some great improvements, and possibly to still grander discoveries. Being—to recapitulate—as light as chalk, as strong as iron, as hard as steel, as untarnishable as gold, as lustrous almost as silver, commonly as non-erosive as glass, and more abundant than all the metals in use combined, it certainly promises well to be the king of metals in The Coming Age.

It is steadily receiving greater application in the arts and sciences. It is coming into use for mathematical and philosophical instruments, delicate machinery, jewelry, buttons, pencil cases, cane handles, small statuettes, and for many other articles. Even cannon, it is said, are now being

cast of it. The demand for it would already be great if the cost of its production were less. But a short time ago we were informed by a manufacturing firm who use it that the cost is from \$1 to \$1.25 per pound. When once it can be obtained in a compact metallic form, with little more trouble and not more than perhaps treble the expense of iron, Then will be the Age of Aluminum. Then it will be put to innumerable uses, and take the important position its wonderful qualities Now suggest. Then ships, cars, railroads, houses, bridges, machinery, statues, farming implements, kitchen utensils, workshop tools, nails, screws, and many other things will probably be constructed of it to a great extent, and many things to a far greater extent than Now of iron, on account of its superior strength, its greater durability, its singular lightness, and its exceeding abundance.

Though it Now seems possible that The Coming Age may be the Age of Aluminum, no mortal can foresee the triumphs and achievements of that day. To call this the Age of Iron does not express the prodigious advancement of man since the Ages of Stone and Copper. But, can it be that man in the Coming Age will advance relatively as far beyond the present civilization? It seems almost impossible, and yet who knoweth that he may not? The most advanced of the world three hundred years ago did not anticipate the inventions, discoveries and progress made since that day; and little better can the most progressive Now foresee what the next three hundred years will bring to pass. What are the signs of the times? What is to be the final consummation of the universal social evolution Now manifestly in progress? Shall the continents in time be everywhere spanned by a net-work of railroads? Shall discoveries and inventions continue to multiply? Is education and culture to become universal? Shall all tribes and tongues come into closer and closer brotherhood by the march of civilization, until at last they become as one nation, and have but one system of weights and measures, one language, one idea of liberty and government, live for the same noble end, worship the one true God, and settle all their disputes by peaceful arbitration? The world never moved so fast as Now. Steam and electricity promise to make it move still faster. Suppose the march to continue thus one thousand years more at the rate of progress made during the last three hundred years! Who can anticipate what the world will be Then?

## RANDOM NOTES.

It has been remarked that a number of our citizens have not been able to swallow their pills since reading (on page 34) about Jacob Cooke, Captain Lloyd and the Power of Imagination.

IN the account of the Bachelors' Club (page 25) we said that according to the "information at hand" there were only seven of these jolly celibates of fifty years ago now living. We have since been gratified to learn that at least one more of the number—Mr. Charles Heacock, of Millville, Columbia County—is still living.

IF any person in this neighborhood has a flint-lock musket, or horse pistol (page 50), and is disposed to donate the same to the Valley Forge Memorial Association, to be preserved with other relics at Washington's Headquarters, we will be glad to forward the same if desired to do so. What has become of the many flint-lock muskets we had in Muncy only forty years ago?

CAPTAIN THOMAS LLOYD, of Muncy, is a lineal descendant of Thomas Lloyd, one of the first three Land Commissioners under William Penn, appointed about June 19, 1684, three years after the grant of the territory was received by the Proprietary. The Captain says he cannot tell anything about Major Thomas Lloyd, the conspicuous officer at Fort Augusta in 1756-7, about whom the historian Meginness inquired not long ago.

*The Indian Helper* is a deserving little paper printed at the Carlisle, Pa., Indian Industrial School, by Indian printer boys. As it is a *Helper* to the Indian boys and girls—615 of whom are on the roll at present, besides 181 now out on farms—and as it costs only 10 cents a year, not one-fifth of one cent a week, we hope many of our pale-faced boys and girls will subscribe for it. It ought also to be a *Helper* to them to learn how eager the young Indians are to learn, and how well they do learn.

It is said that when the locusts first come out of the earth after their seventeen years retirement they are "full of oily juices, so much so that they have been used in the manufacture of soap." Why not at once start a soap factory, and make profitable use of the big locust crop that is expected (see page 61) in Muncy Valley the coming summer? When the grubs come out of the ground and climb up the trunks of the trees and on the fences they can be easily caught—if you are on hand before they burst their leather-like shells and fly away.

REQUESTS to reprint the most valuable of the articles of the first volume of the *NOW AND THEN* continue to be received. Whether to reprint the articles as a part of the present proposed twelve numbers, or to add several extra numbers to the volume for that purpose, or whether to incorporate them with notes and comments in a third volume, are questions now under consideration. When we decided to revive the *NOW AND THEN* the problem in our mind was whether we could get new and original matter enough to fill the twenty-four columns of each number for two years. Although we have since added eight columns, thus increasing the number to thirty-two, the question *now* is whether we have added space enough for the new matter that we have the prospect of getting.

THE following cogent lines came to us recently in the form of a postscript to a kindly letter from the Rev. A. C. Campbell, of Montgomery Station:

Not what by dint of labor one has got,  
Nor what by anxious effort he has done;  
How hard in life's hot battle he has fought,  
How fast for its small prizes he has run;  
But, does he as a moral entity count one!

Here is indeed a gem of thought. If a man should win the whole earth, and at last be but a cipher, and not "count one"—what is he?

LAST summer Lloyd McCarty and the editor drove out to look at the tombstones in the old grave-yard of the Emmanuel Church. We had hoped to find the grave of George Frederick, the first man buried in Muncy Valley by Masonic service; the grave of George Whitmoyer, who was made famous by his ponderous ginger-cakes and his musical clock; and the resting places of some others who had figured more or less conspicuously in our early local history; but the Destroyer Time had removed from their graves and tombstones all intelligible marks of identification. There are many old graves there that now have neither headstones nor foot-markers, and from the common slate stones remaining on others the inscriptions are gradually disappearing. When we reached the pretty little stream just a few rods south of Emmanuel Church, Mr. McCarty remarked that when he was a little boy he came out from town one Sunday with his brother John to attend service, and that here they saw two women washing their feet and putting on their stockings and shoes, so as not to appear barefooted at meeting. How tightly we are held and led by habit and custom. These women had probably walked from two to five or

more miles, and had perhaps for weeks or months worn no shoes and stockings, and possibly but for the eyes of the congregation would have been more comfortable without having their shoes and stockings on, even at the meeting. But, with their shoes and stockings on they felt more respectable. And, perhaps, these same women have granddaughters or great-granddaughters now, who would feel ashamed to be seen at meeting with just such shoes!

A MUNCY friend has called our attention to what a Boston minister, who lately visited the rapidly growing and beautiful young city of Minneapolis, has said regarding the impression made on him:

"The beautiful lawns about the nice residences are unfenced, as are also the streets; thus presenting a very brotherly, friendly, familiar, trustful appearance, which seems to say, 'welcome, for we are neighbors, having a common interest, and full confidence in each other.'"

"Confidence" has increased very much here in Muncy since the cows are no longer allowed the freedom of the streets. The front gates are nearly all always standing wide open, and scores of citizens have torn down even their front fences. And if the pestiferous canines were kept where they belong (at home), then confidence would soon increase several hundred per centum more. How much longer are these "Dog Days" to last?

A MUCH-RESPECTED gray-haired citizen of Muncy Creek Township thinks that there has been a manifest improvement in the manners of boys and girls since the time when he studied Byerly's Spelling Book and Pike's Arithmetic, but insists that the young folks of to-day have little to boast of, considering their superior chances. He recently expressed his views to some friends, in the almost unobserved presence of a boy of this day and generation, when he remarked that though the boys in his school days were a little less polite, a little rougher, and perhaps fought a little oftener, yet he prided himself that he had never raised his hand in a fight. Young America at this point of the conversation suddenly exclaimed, "*Oh! what a coward you must have been.*" Our friend says this suddenly changed the subject, as he did not care to discuss it any further in the presence of such a ready representative of modern culture.

THE Indian boys at Carlisle also do all the mechanical work of a handsome eight-page monthly, ably edited in the interest of Indian education and civilization, published at 50 cents

a year, and appropriately called *The Red Man*. This journal maintains that the capacity of the Indians to become civilized and useful citizens has been too well proven to be any longer doubted. It claims that the American people as a whole have never fairly and patiently treated the Indians as human beings, but too commonly as hopeless savages, and that the fault is therefore not all with the Indians. This cannot be denied. But while it is undeniable, we think *The Red Man* must agree that this was also inevitable. It was inevitable in part because the White Man was, and now still is, in some degree himself a savage, and very imperfectly civilized. A little knowledge puffeth up and maketh vain, and our race is too conceited to agree to all this, but before the Judge of all the world we will have to agree to it. There have been here and there, and now and then, some great and noble single lives spent to raise the Indians, but it is undeniable that the White Man has been too prone to ignore their humanity, too ready to cheat and wrong them, too disposed to drag them down in vice, immorality and drunkenness, and even often too hasty to kill and scalp them. The famous speech of the wronged Logan is an everlasting disgrace to the White Man. Therefore we say that the sad fate of the Indian was inevitable. The White Man—as a race—is only beginning to fairly realize how the Red Man ought to be treated. The school at Carlisle was established to aid in the civilization of the Indian, but it may indirectly also help to more thoroughly civilize the White Man. The mere existence of the school is a proof of recent and mutual advancement.

### "We-uns" and "You-uns."

A Virginian, in an article in *The Century*, denied that the people of the Old Dominion ever used the expressions "we-uns" and "you-uns." The denial was promptly met in the same magazine with proof to the contrary from both North and South. A Georgian says the terms are still in every-day use in various sections of the South. A Quakertown (Pa.) man says that at the surrender of Lee he was detailed to act with the provost guard, and was among the last to fall back to Petersburg. As they were passing a house, on the outskirts of the town, a woman standing at the gate remarked, "It is no wonder you-uns whipped we-uns. I have been yer three days, and you-uns ain't all gone yet."

We have heard a number of our soldier-boys

say that they often heard the expressions. Comrade Ellis Ayres told us that when on picket duty shortly before the battle of Chancellorsville, where he was shot in the mouth, as we have already (on page 5) related, he had a chat with one of the Johnny pickets. The Johnny asked him, "Why do you-uns come down here to fight we-uns?" John Waldron, of our manufacturing firm of Waldron & Sprout, says that he not only frequently heard the expressions when he was soldiering, but that they now have business correspondents in Virginia who use them when they write. "The fact is," says Comrade Waldron, "we have a correspondent in our own State who uses the terms."

### Sheridan's Lament.

Jacob Sheridan, of Muncy, was a famous drummer in his younger days. When the second regular Muncy Band was organized, about thirty-five years ago, he played the tenor-drum, and it is still often remarked how skillfully he handled the drum-sticks. He began to play almost as soon as he had learned the alphabet, and received his first lessons from an old drummer of General Washington's army, who was long a celebrated character about Kutztown, in Berks County, and known as Father Marx. There was no man so great in those days, in Sheridan's estimation, as kind old Father Marx. The old veteran loved to play the drum, and especially did he love to play on training days, not alone for what he could earn by doing so, but because drumming at such times stirred up the old spirit of patriotism, and made him feel as if he were again with his Continental comrades. Sheridan at such times kept as close as possible to the old drummer. One day, about 65 years ago, when Sheridan was a lad nearly ten years old, it so chanced that at a battalion drill the veteran played his own funeral march. While he was playing the sticks suddenly dropped from his hands, he staggered an instant, and the next moment fell to the earth and was dead. Sheridan says this is one of the saddest recollections of his life, as he was at the old soldier's side when he fell. The vigorous and regular strokes of the veteran had often cheered the military, and he was beloved for his good and kindly heart. The same drum that he had carried in the Continental army was suspended from his shoulder when he fell and died. "Foolish boy I was," said Sheridan to us, "because I was soon afterwards offered that same drum as a memorial of my distinguished old tutor, but I had my heart just then set on having a lighter and more fancy drum, and so declined to accept it. How often I have since lamented that I refused it. If I had it now I would not part with it for a whole car load of fancy drums."

### Only an Arrow-head.

Thanks to Comrade David H. Baker for an Indian arrow-head. Only a flint arrow-point—such as we have thousands of in our collection—yet we make more than usual account of this particular specimen. It was picked up by friend David on the 4th day of July, 1887, on the famous "bloody wheat-field," on the site of the great battle of Gettysburg. It is not a relic of that great carnage, but if it had ears and eyes, and a tongue, and could declare what transpired above and around it on that eventful day, it could tell a thrilling tale. Not one of the thousands of stone implements in our museum has ever audibly spoken, yet we fancy that we often hear them all discourse in silent whispers of the people to whom they once belonged and whom they once served. Why have war relics by the hundred thousand been carried away by pilgrims from the field of Gettysburg! They are gathered as if they were sacred objects, and treasured as if they had important secrets that they might divulge if so minded. Can not bayonets, bombs, bullets and buttons speak? Can not stones speak? Do not flowers speak? Do not all things that are made—things, from the stars in the firmament down to the tiniest of insects, and mere atoms of dust—speak and "declare the glory of God?" And so the works of man! What do they not declare? This mere arrow-head has its history, its associations, and is not without its special interest. It declares the mortality, the barbarity, the frailty, the struggles, the skill and the needs of the red man. It declares that he too has had his battles, and that—it is possible—he may once in prehistoric times have had a great battle on the self-same field where it witnessed the pale-face fight and die. It declares that the scene was a strangely different spectacle. No artillery shook the earth, no discharges of muskets rent the air, and no smoke enveloped the combatants. It may have been a fierce and bloody struggle, a hand to hand conflict, but—it was never like the great battle civilized men fought. There was no mercy shown the wounded! There was no Sanitary or Christian Commission to minister to the sick and disabled! The freedom of millions did not depend upon the success of the victors! Human liberty and progress throughout the world was not then watching the result of the contest. Only an arrow-head, a strong point of a common pattern, but yet it declares in its eloquent, silent way that the world moves, and that Liberty may rejoice. Only an arrow-head, but perchance twice baptized in human blood, it says compare the Now and the Then. Consider the generations who have lived and fought; how they grew; how they toiled, and spun and wrought; how they arrayed themselves in pomp, and pride and glory; and yet how—"man dieth, and wasteth away;" how "his sons come to honor, and he knoweth it not!"

# THE NOW AND THEN.

Devoted to History, Amusement, Instruction, Advancement.

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## THE "REBEL APOLLYON."

### How the "St. Lawrence," with one More Shot, Might have Sunk the Rebel Ram "Merrimac."

A REMINISCENCE OF JOHN FROCK.

The story of the rebel iron-clad steamer *Merrimac* is one of the best remembered incidents of the Rebellion. The vessel had been a Federal screw-frigate, in use as a store and receiving ship, known as the *Virginia*, but when the Confederates got possession of the Norfolk navy yard she fell into their hands, and was at once converted into a formidable sea monster, and christened with the new name *Merrimac*. She was covered with a bomb-proof deck, protected at the sides with a sheathing of several layers of railroad iron, and provided with an iron projection for piercing and crashing through vessels. She had been represented as of such immense strength that it was apprehended she would sweep along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, and one by one capture our merchantmen, destroy or seize all our vessels of war, lay all the cities within her reach under contribution, and so effectually raise the blockade that the Confederacy would in a very short time become master of the sea, and be recognized by all the nations of Europe. Her alarming exploits of successfully and successively destroying the most powerful of our war vessels then guarding Hampton Roads, and her timely, and, as it seemed, providential discomfiture by the *Monitor*, are events still fresh in the memory of those who were old enough at the time to realize their importance. In connection with the achievements and this sudden chastisement of the *Merrimac*, there is a little story of what a Muncy boy, who belonged to one of the war vessels then guarding Hampton Roads, saw and thought of the ugly monster, that has not yet, we believe, been made public, and that will no doubt especially interest our readers.

A few of our oldest inhabitants still remember a gunsmith by the name of Jacob Frock, who for some years carried on his trade in a room at

one end of David Lloyd's blacksmith shop, on the lot on South Main Street now owned by Charles Bodine. The subject of our *Merrimac* episode was John E. Frock, one of the four sons of this still remembered gunsmith. He was born at Port Penn on the sixth day of March, 1838, in the house, on the south side, in which William Orner now lives, just west of the Catawissa railroad. Jacob Frock, when John was nearly eight years old, moved with his family to Philadelphia; and in 1856, after John had finished his education at the public schools, migrated from the Quaker City with all his household to the State of Missouri. Joseph, his oldest son, was a non-commissioned officer of Fremont's famous body guard, and was with the intrepid 300 who, under Major Zagonyi, charged into Springfield and routed a rebel force nearly 2,000 strong. About one-fifth of the little band were killed and wounded, among the severely wounded being our Muncy boy, Joseph Frock, who was shot in the head. He returned to his parents, in Carrol County, but we understood that he died some years afterwards from the effects of the injury received in this engagement. He left a wife and two children. At this time only a daughter survives him, now a young lady, who is said to be an accomplished teacher. Isaac N., next to the youngest of the sons of Jacob Frock, was one of the many killed in the terrible explosion 2,400 feet below the surface of the earth in the silver mine at Gold Hill, Nevada, in 1880.

The venerable Frock and wife, and their four sons and two daughters, were devotedly Union in sentiment, and in consequence passed through a terrible ordeal during the dark days of the Rebellion. Squads of rebel guerrillas or bushwhackers prowled about, making their life a state of fearful and constant suspense. Once they carried the old man off as a prisoner. Had it not been for some acquaintances in the squad he might have fared much worse than he did. They robbed him of his horse, saddle, boots and money, and turned him loose with the threat

that the next time they caught him they would "take his scalp." One of his near neighbors was taken off by one of these heartless squads and butchered in the most savage fashion. He was tortured to death. First they cut off his ears, then gouged out his eyes, and then finished him up by cutting off his head and in devilish mockery setting it on his breast. Talk of Indian ferocity and barbarity! How often has the white man proven himself his match by such fiendishness!

John E. Frock had returned to Philadelphia just before the breaking out of the Rebellion, with the intention of there engaging in some business. He dearly loved the Old Flag, and when it was trampled upon by traitors he promptly resolved that he could not engage in any better business than to rally with the loyal "Boys in Blue" to its support. He entered the army in April, 1861, the first Monday following the attack on Fort Sumter. On the 30th day of June he was transferred to the navy, as a landsman, and was taken on board the United States steam frigate *St. Lawrence*. In a short time after going on board he was appointed paymaster's clerk. He served on the *St. Lawrence*, and participated in all her engagements, until discharged for disability July 17th, 1862. Having sufficiently recruited in health, although the surgeon in service had pronounced his disease incurable, he accepted the appointment of paymaster in November, 1863, and was ordered to the Gulf of Mexico with the sloop of war *Spirea*, where he remained, and in which position he faithfully served, until the close of the war.

John, like all old soldiers, loved to chat with his comrades and friends about the events of which he was an eye witness, or in which it was his fortune to have had a hand, and as he was a good talker, of pleasing manners, and modest, it was always a pleasure to listen to him. He made several visits near the close of his life to the writer, and fortunately we then made a few notes of his recollections, without which we could not now furnish this brief sketch; but we shall forever regret that we did not at the time realize the future service of recording much more that he then related. One of the first excitements he shared with the crew of the *St. Lawrence* was the destruction of the rebel privateer *Petrel*. The latter had just started out from Charleston harbor on a cruise to capture our merchantmen. Encountering the *St. Lawrence*, and not suspecting her real character, she bore boldly up, sent

a shot at her, and insolently demanded her to surrender. The summons was deliberately responded to by a single broadside, that sent the privateer to the bottom of the sea with a portion of her crew. The larger part of the crew were, however, rescued, and were sent north as prisoners, to feast on Uncle Sam's rations, instead of being themselves feasted on by fish and mollusks. John thought that if they could only have given the rebels such a lesson every time they came into contact with them, the war would surely have been little more than a breakfast spell, as Secretary Seward at first imagined that it only would be.

But our good friend shared in a much more thrilling experience, and to our marines for a time a much more disagreeable and disastrous ordeal, at the engagement of our fleet with the famous rebel ram *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads, in March, 1862. Nearly all the Federal vessels had been disabled or run aground on the first day of the fight. They fought with desperate determination, but their rapid and well aimed shots, and even their tremendous broadsides, seemed to make no more impression on the mailed monster than if they were a mere shower of ordinary hail-stones. With her formidable iron beak the iron-clad struck the *Cumberland*, and made such a great hole in her bow that her forward magazine was filled with water in a few minutes. The crew of the unfortunate vessel heroically continued the fight until she went down with her colors still fluttering in the breeze. In a few hours more the *Congress* was likewise vanquished, and was handed over to a rebel tug-boat. The *Merrimac* now engaged the *Minnesota*, already fast aground, but the state of the tide did not allow her to get into very close range, nor to serve her as roughly as she had served the *Cumberland*. To witness this sudden destruction of the finest vessels of our navy, and not know that there was any power on earth that could, or would, prevent the same disaster to every other vessel, must indeed have been trying to the nerves of all the loyal participants. The breakfast-spell delusion had already been for some months dispelled.

Towards evening of the same day the *Merrimac* steamed directly for the *St. Lawrence*, intending, as it seemed, to crash into her as she had done into the unfortunate *Cumberland*. Commodore Purvience gave this order: "Silence! Let no gun be fired until I order, and then give the *Merrimac* a full broadside!" Twenty-five

great guns were loaded with solid shot, and every man stood silently at his post alongside. "The silence was so complete," said Frock, as he vividly recalled the direful moment, "that the dropping of a pin on deck might almost have been heard." The ugly looking floating non-descript came moving on with ominous deliberation, and directly the command was given, "Elevate the guns for three hundred yards." A few moments later the vessels were nearly abreast, and then the order was given, "Fire!" The command was obeyed with such admirable precision that, as Frock said, "there seemed to be but one report, and that report was terrific." The effect of so much heavy shot at such close range was to throw the *Merrimac* almost on her beam ends, and the consequence was that her long wooden hull below the overhanging armor of railroad iron was for a moment exposed, and offered a most tempting and vulnerable target for a decisive shot. As she careened on her side Commodore Purvience saw his oversight, but in vain he wished for only one more loaded gun, as all the pieces were at that moment empty. Had he ordered one gun lowered to near the water line and at this lucky instant fired into the unprotected hull of the *Merrimac*, the world's first battle of iron-clads would not have transpired the next day. But fighting with an iron-clad was a new experience in naval warfare. As it was, the "Rebel Apollyon" seemed willing to withdraw—perhaps because night was approaching, with an ebb tide, and because her commander was well satisfied with her first day's work, and expected to have an easy task to clean out Hampton Roads on the morrow—and thus terminated the disasters that taught the civilized nations that the day of the supremacy of wooden ships of war had also terminated.

The first shot that the *St. Lawrence* received from the *Merrimac*, said Frock, was on the port quarter at the water line. It passed through the ward-room store-room, and striking a key-bolt on the opposite side of the vessel, rebounded and fell down the magazine hatch into the magazine passage. Frock stood forward on the berth deck and heard a fearful crashing of pans, barrels and boxes, and wondered what would follow next. Directly one of the men came running towards him, with his blue uniform and his face as *white* as if he had just been rolling in a heap of lime, and looking more ghost-like than like a soldier, exclaimed, "My God! two men killed!" Frock went aft with the man to

see what had happened and learn the cause of his whiteness. Some one just then handed up a missile—a 100-pound Armstrong shell—from the magazine passage, when the dazed *white* man took it up and cried out, "There's the shot that did the business." Frock remarked, "Why, that is no shot, man! it's a shell!" Instantly the white man's face turned a shade whiter, and he quickly laid down the shell and ran for safer quarters. But there was no more harm to be feared from that shell. Before crashing into the vessel it had struck the water, and the fuse was extinguished. Further inspection also explained the sailor's whiteness. The shell had passed through a barrel of buckwheat flour and environed him with the contents.

The story of the iron-clad duel the next day is now a part of United States history, familiar to most of our school boys and girls. It was the first day of a new era in the history of the naval warfare of the world. It led immediately to the reconstruction of the navy of every maritime power. Frock's description of the fight was graphic, and we must again express our regret that we did not record all that he narrated to us. It was on Sunday morning. The day was mild and lovely, as March days often are in that latitude. All hands were in rank or at quarters on the alert, resolved to do all that could be done to avert the calamity that now seemed to threaten the nation. The dreaded floating fortification came confidently moving down the Norfolk channel next morning, to complete the work of destruction already so well begun, and again fiercely opened fire upon the *Minnesota*, then still fast in the mud. It was a critical hour, and a dark one in the minds of the brave men who stood ready to die, if they could do nothing more. But a new character now appeared on the scene. A little stranger now confronted the big iron-clad; a new-comer whose arrival no one had observed. In fact, there was not much to be observed. The thing looked at a distance like a little raft mounted with a cheese box, as every one that saw it described it, and only its audaciousness in approaching and assailing the colossal *Merrimac* gave it importance in the eyes of the many thousand spectators. It was soon manifest, however, that the leviathan discovered she now had a foe worthy of all her metal, and the rapid firing that followed, the smoke from which at times completely hid both combatants from view, made the contest highly exciting. The result is too well known to require

rehearsal. The great Goliath had met a little David. The *Merrimac* was roughly handled, and seemed taken quite by surprise. She changed her mind in regard to completing the destruction of the Union fleet in sight, and by and by slunk back to her lair like a whipped dog. The Confederates tried to convince themselves that the *Monitor* did not gain a great victory, but they could not convince us nor the rest of mankind that the little iron-clad had not. She never accomplished nor undertook any other great thing. She never risked another engagement with the little antagonist who was left in possession of the field. The blockade was not raised. The cities of the seaboard were not molested. She was, in fact, finally regarded as of no more value to the Confederacy. Fearing, perhaps, that she might be of some use in the service of the Old Flag, she was not long afterwards blown up. A piece of plank taken from her side, presented to us by Comrade W. W. Pickering, we have placed among the war trophies of Col. John D. Musser Post No. 66, G. A. R.

John E. Frock married soon after he returned from the war, and settled in Wilmington, Delaware. While his health permitted he engaged in the dry goods and trimming business. But he never recovered from the effects of exposure while in the service, and from an attack of congestion of the lungs suffered before his discharge, the result being that he was eventually compelled to withdraw from an active and useful life. He had become a prominent citizen of his adopted city, served for years with distinction in the Boards of Health and Education, and his loss was much felt and regretted. He was also an honored member of the Du Pont Post No. 2, G. A. R. During the years of his physical decline he made several visits to the place of his birth, of which he still cherished an affectionate remembrance. He will always be kindly remembered by all who then had the pleasure of meeting and conversing with him. The last time he visited with the writer it was evident that the end of his long and distressing pulmonary affection was drawing near. No one knew it better than he did, but he was wonderfully calm and resigned, and spoke of the coming rest as something far better than a life of suffering. He died in March, 1881, and left a wife and three children. The following closing words of a long obituary notice in a Wilmington daily paper show how he met the crisis: "Mr. Frock awaited the summons with great calmness, and

when asked by an intimate friend a few days before his death, he said: 'I would not be a member of Hanover Presbyterian Church and a Sunday School teacher for so many years and not be prepared to die.'"

### The Law of Compensation.

The law of compensation is as yet very imperfectly understood, and seems to me to be worthy of more profound study than it has received. It has been admirably stated by Josh Billings in the remark that "It is still a mooted question whether the luxury of scratching does not fully repay one for the pain of having the itch." The world and human life present to the contemplative mind a constant spectacle of the strange commingling of good and evil; the blessing and the curse, and Gerizim still stands over against Ebal in human experience. There seems to be no such thing as either unmixed good or evil in the world, and, if the necessary data were attainable, it would probably be found that there is always and everywhere a pretty even counter-balance of these antagonistic principles. "Love is loveliest when embalmed in tears." "Darkness shows us stars invisible by day." Adversity brings into exercise qualities that are latent in prosperity. The plumage of the peacock compensates for the want of the nightingale's voice. The advantages of a high civilization have their counter-balance of disadvantages. "The tramp comes with the locomotive."

Along in the early part of "the fifties," when railroads were first beginning to penetrate the West Branch Valley, and linking it with the great outside world, I met a gentleman from Pittsburg, who had retired from business on a competence, and was enjoying himself in a rational manner by vagabonding about the country with his wife, in a two-seated barouche, drawn by a big white mare who, like her owner, evidently "felt her oats," for she was fat, like her owner and his wife. In fact the three were so well mated in appearance as to suggest the idea that "they were all parts of one stupendous whole." In the course of their peregrinations they struck Williamsport, and, being pleased with the air of quiet social refinement which then pervaded the place, they lingered here for some weeks, in the enjoyment of a prolonged "dolce far niente." He had seen a good deal of the world, and had acquired a meditative and mildly philosophical mood of mind. In conversation with him one day I happened to speak,

in a rather exultant manner, of our prospect for speedy railroad communication with the rest of the world, when he quite surprised me by remarking: "Oh! you don't know how sorry I am that you people are going to have a railroad." I replied, "Why, it will certainly be a great advantage to us in every way." Said he: "I fear not. I fear it will be just the reverse. Here you are now, a quiet, contented, peaceful and happy people; with a delightful society; where everybody knows everybody else; moral and well-behaved from the necessity of the situation; in the enjoyment of everything you really need for your comfort, and occupying a valley which fairly rivals the happy valley of Rasselas. Now you are going to have a railroad, and an influx of foreign population, and the establishment of new industries, and the whistle of engines, and the smoke of furnaces and factories to vex the air and darken the skies, and you will be overrun with thieves and scoundrels, and crime will increase and poverty abound; and these and a thousand other evils, now unknown, will more than balance any benefit the railroad can possibly be to you." And now, in the light of our experience, who can say that he was not right? It is true that the quiet little hamlet—for it had hardly then risen even to the dignity of a village—has become a thriving city of thirty thousand inhabitants, which roars with the din of trade; but all that made it the most attractive place in the State has disappeared, and I am forced to ask, of what real benefit has the change been to those who then virtually owned it, controlled it, and were proud of it?

Some years after this I was engaged in a railroad enterprise in the State of Maryland, which contemplated the building of a line down to the lowest point of the western peninsula of that State, and was trying to enlist the support of a representative of that region, by picturing to him the advantages that would accrue in stimulating emigration to his section, when he replied, "What good will that do us? What do we want with more population? They will only take our oysters, catch our fish and shoot our game, and it won't be long till we will be deprived of all these luxuries, which are now ours to enjoy in their abundance." I confess I really thought he had the best of the argument.

I am forcibly reminded of these incidents whenever I contemplate the condition of things as they are *now*, and contrast it with the condition as it was *then*. Then the river was swarming

with fish of great variety, and the most inexpert angler could catch all he wanted in a few hours. Then the Mingii could rake in a couple of thousand of eels in a single night; then even the small boy could speedily fill his basket with brook trout in Hagerman's run, just opposite the town; then, in the fall of the year, I have seen as many as six deer driven into the river in a single morning from the mountain opposite the town; then the wild pigeons, at certain seasons, darkened the air with their countless numbers, and Uncle Jake Konkle could net as many as two or three hundred dozen of them in a day, and they were sold in the Williamsport market for a fip a dozen; then the whole country was alive with game, as were the waters with fish, constituting the county the white man's "happy hunting grounds." Then a fellow could treat his girl to cakes and beer at Mammy Duitch's hotel for a tenth of what it now costs to dose her with ice cream, or row her down "by the sweet silver light of the moon" to Tony's Island, and fill her full of watermelon for ten cents. Alas for "the good old times of Adam and of Eve." Civilization and population came with the railroad; the fish and game have disappeared, and all the blessings of the past have been swapped away for population and improvement and Herdic.

And there were other advantages in those days that made life better worth the living than now. The small boy has never been so happy since as he was then. His energies were not so "cabinéd, cribbed, confined" and circumscribed as they are now. He had *then* more room and range than *now*. He could wander along the river bank from Hepburn Street to Lycoming, or down to Loyalsock Creek, in the woods all the way, now disfigured by piles of lumber, and chase ground squirrels into their holes, and then drown them out with water carried in his hat from the river; and when he got hungry, if it was in the fall of the year, could build himself a fire and have a royal feast, all for nothing, on roasting ears stolen from some neighboring cornfield, with the fruit of the hawthorn for his dessert. The very style of his dress, which had the advantage in cost over that of the present, contributed to give him greater freedom. His ordinary summer costume consisted of a pair of trousers of some sort of colored cotton goods, that cost ten cents a yard, and it took two yards to make the trousers, and a woman cut and made them for thirty cents. Then he had a pair of

"galluses," made by his mother out of some waste pieces of yellow muslin, that cost nothing. A cotton shirt that cost, when made up, about thirty cents, and a chip hat that cost five cents, and would last the summer through if he did not batter it to pieces fighting bumble-bees—as he generally did, however—completed his costume, as he would not wear shoes if he had them. Total cost of summer wardrobe, eighty-five cents. It did not take a boy long to get into bed then, provided he could manage to evade the maternal injunction to wash his feet first. All he had to do was to slip his "galluses" off his shoulders, kick off his trousers and pop in. Then he took far more pleasure in the toys he made himself than the boy now does in those he buys ready made. The positive delight a boy takes in a ball, a whistle, a sled or a wagon made by himself can never be known by one who has not done it. It is the joy of being a creator: in a small way "likest God."

The newspaper man, methinks, must have been happier *then* than *now*. He did not have to sit up of nights to get his paper set up in time for his readers to have it at their breakfast table, and everything was legal tender in payment of the subscription! Wood, coal, cider, whiskey, apples, potatoes, eggs, butter; all kinds of country produce, in short, except babies, was as good as gold to ye editor of ye olden time. And then, when anybody, who pretended to be anybody, got married, the editor was sure to be remembered with a generous slice of wedding cake and a bottle of wine that stirred the cockles of his heart, as is evident from the following notices copied from *The Freeman*, published by John R. Eck, in 1839-40:

"Married, on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. James Sanks, Rev. Isaac T. Stratton, of the Baltimore Annual Conference, to Miss Letitia W., daughter of John Smith, Esquire, merchant, of this place.

"We received with the above hymeneal notice a fine present from the fair couple. Oh! delicious article! It has raised the very bottom of our spirits to such a high degree that we have concluded to 'take leave of absence' of our editorial chair for a short time and celebrate the happy event of their union in the holy bonds of wedlock. We return the happy pair our thanks. May their voyage through life be one of pleasure and free from the troubles of this cold world."

There is pretty strong internal evidence in the above that the wave of prohibition had not struck the Methodist Church very hard at that time. But here is another from the same paper:

"Married, on Thursday last, by Rev. Mr.

Bryson, Mr. Edward Lyon, of Lyon's Mills, to Miss Caroline Montgomery, of Paradise, Northumberland County.

"And we too have been made happy by the kind remembrance of the fair couple. We were roused from our stupid reverie by the guggle of the old Madeira from the long black bottle into our glass, which we raised

'With our spirits buoyant and free,'

and gave them the following sentiment: Long life to the happy pair; may never-ending joys be theirs; may the roses bloom in their pathway; may their life be one of prosperity; may they be blessed with all the little knickknacks that follow a married life, and may their home always be a 'Paradise.'"

In those prosaic days men gathered every evening at Bob Hughes' Exchange Hotel, at the Market Street canal wharf, and discussed politics, religion and every other subject except prohibition, while waiting the arrival of the packet-boat limited, with the latest news fresh from Harrisburg in twenty-four hours, and there was more genuine excitement over so small a matter as the latest proceedings of Congress than could now be produced by the news of the Charleston earthquake, or the information that some fair damsel "of high degree" had eloped with her father's coachman. Why, there was more excitement over the arrival in town of the first piano, and more people gathered at Smith's canal wharf to see it unloaded, in proportion to population, than would now gather to greet the President of the United States.

Then people engaged in the amusements of the day with a zest and heartiness unknown now. What do they know now of the ecstatic delight of a sleigh ride on a crisp winter night to Muncy, in sleds loaded with boys and girls, all sitting on the fragrant straw in the bottom of the sled, packed close to keep from freezing, and the ball at the old Petrikin House to the good old tunes and music of Colonel Ephlin's fiddle, and the delicious supper of stewed chicken and flannel cakes that have now been replaced by the nightmare-producing fried oysters and chicken salad?

The Colonel drove about the country delivering castings from a wagon on which was painted the words, "Muncy Foundry;" and Colonel Thomas W. Lloyd, the elder, never got his eyes on it but he was sure to sing out, "Muncy found dry."

Then a small coterie of Muncyites, among whom were William Cox Ellis, George F. Boal, Lu. Alder and John Petrikin, with the now venerable Robert Hawley, Esq., whose recent

article in NOW AND THEN shows that "age has not withered his infinite variety," were accustomed to forgather for social enjoyment, and get off more genuine wit and impromptu poetry for nothing than Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley can now get off for the price of one hundred dollars a night. Then a short poem by Juliet H. Lewis, published in the *Lycoming Gazette*, created more real interest in Williamsport readers than the latest poem of England's poet-laureate could now inspire.

Then the world was yet young, and everything was fresh; now the world has grown old, and a good many of its inhabitants are *fresh*.

But the subject is inexhaustible, and I must dismiss it abruptly with a citation of the latest instance of the law of compensation I have met with:

"The world is pretty evenly divided after all," said the butcher, as he scraped away at his block.

"How?"

"Lady in the diamonds and sealskin gets out of her carriage, and comes in here and asks for *sassage*."

"Well?"

"Well, other folks has the money and us butchers has the eddecashun. Makes me feel more content."

CLINTON LLOYD.

Williamsport, Pa.

### Indian Net-Sinkers.

Some years ago, when prospecting along the Susquehanna River in the neighborhood of Muncy for Indian relics, we often met with flat, water-worn pebbles, of various shapes and sizes, that were artificially notched on the sides or ends, as represented by the three figures that illustrate this article. Their use became a matter of constantly increasing curiosity, but there was no one then in the neighborhood who could tell anything about them. Very little expertness was necessary to make the implements, as each notch could be quickly produced by one or two simple blows, and they had therefore little interest as specimens of Indian painstaking and skill; but they were so common that it was evident that they had served some frequent and important purpose in the domestic life of the Indians, and we became very anxious to find out what that use was.

The material of these sinkers is the ordinary flat, water worn pebbles occurring in the bed of the river and the tributary creeks, and was therefore always abundantly at hand and ready for their production. The greater proportion of

the pebbles thus notched vary in weight from about three to ten ounces, but they are sometimes found from three to more than four pounds in weight. The ordinary size is from three to five inches in length.



FIG. 5.



FIG. 6.

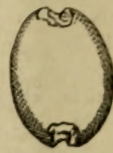


FIG. 7.

The greatest number of them have but two notches, either on the sides of the pebble, as in Fig. 5, or at the ends, as shown by Fig. 7. They also occur with four notches, but much more rarely, as represented by Fig. 6. Specimens are sometimes found with but one artificial notch, a natural indentation on the opposite side or point evidently answering the required purpose. One specimen was found by the Rev. A. P. Brush that had seven artificial notches, but this was doubtless due to a mere playful whim of the manufacturer. We have sometimes picked up these sinkers quite a distance from the river, but only on the banks of the stream have we found them in large numbers. They are still frequently found, although thousands have been carried away by relic hunters. It did not, however, at first occur to us that they had a positive or necessary connection with the water, as the Indian town sites known to us were mostly along the river; and we had also found most of our arrow-heads, scrapers, hammers, fragments of pottery, and other relics in the same localities. Hence, for what use the simple objects were manufactured became a constantly recurring and perplexing problem. They are now by everybody called "net-sinkers," but then no one had a name for them.

Noticing the name of Prof. Charles Ran in the annual report of the Smithsonian Institution, to which he had contributed various valuable papers on archaeological and ethnological subjects, we wrote to him (in 1870) in regard to the notched pebbles, and furnished him with a description and drawings. He immediately replied that "they were probably net-sinkers," but before venturing a more positive opinion, requested that a good series of typical specimens be forwarded to him for examination. He at once became deeply interested in the relics, began to consult all the authorities at hand on Indian fishing, and asked us to furnish him with every

fact and detail in our possession that might be of service in the investigation. The result of the correspondence was that he prepared a monograph on "Indian Net-sinkers and Hammerstones," which he furnished to the "*Archiv für Anthropologie*," a leading organ in Germany for subjects of this nature, and to which he had already for some years been a contributor; but he afterwards made an English translation of the article, which appeared in the "*American Naturalist*," Vol. VII., March, 1873. Of the hammerstones we shall not write at present, as it is proposed to make them the subject of another article.

The investigation entirely satisfied Professor Rau that the notched pebbles were net-sinkers. The following from his monograph briefly states some of the reasons for the conclusion at which he arrived:

"From the great number of net-sinkers found near Muncy, it may be deduced that the Indians were much engaged in fishing at this point. \* \* Net-sinkers of stone are even in our time in use among certain tribes of the northwest coast of North America: as for instance, among the Chinooks (at the mouth of the Columbia River), who attach them to their salmon nets. 'Their nets,' says Mr. Swan, 'are made of twine spun by themselves from the fibres of spruce roots prepared for the purpose, or from a species of grass brought from the north by the Indians. It is very strong, and answers the purpose admirably. Peculiar-shaped sticks of dry cedar are used for floats, and the weights at the bottom are round beach pebbles, about a pound each, notched to keep them from slipping from their fastenings, and securely held by withes of cedar firmly twisted and woven into the foot-rope of the net. The nets vary in size from a hundred feet long to a hundred fathoms, or six hundred feet, and from seven to sixteen feet deep.'

"Fishing-nets may be counted among the utensils invented at very early periods, on the spur of necessity, by men in various parts of the world. That they were already in use in Europe at a remote time of antiquity is proved by their remnants preserved in an almost marvelous manner in the Swiss pile-constructions of the stone age, as, for instance, those of Robenhause and Waagen. In the earliest works on North America the fishing-nets of the Indians are mentioned, but not described. Cabeza de Vaca, the first European who gave an account of the interior of North America, refers in various places, though in a transient manner, to the nets of the natives whom he met during his long wanderings. \* \* \* The Knight of Elvas relates that the Spaniards, while at a place near the Mississippi, called Pacaha, caught fish in a lake with nets furnished by the Indians. This establishes at least the fact that the tribes of the Mississippi Valley employed fishing-nets when first seen by Europeans. The Indians of

the present New England States made strong nets of hemp. For this we have the authority of Roger Williams, who gives also the word *Ashop*, which signifies a net in the language of the Narragansetts. According to Van der Donck, the Indians in the neighborhood of New Amsterdam (now New York) employed, during the middle of the seventeenth century (about 1650), various kinds of nets; but this author does not state whether these nets were original Indian inventions, or adopted from the Dutch colonists. The Natchez, on the Lower Mississippi, made their nets from the bark of the linden tree, and knitted them quite in the European fashion."

At the time of this inquiry Prof. Rau lived in New York City, where he was employed as a teacher of Greek and Hebrew. In the spring of 1875 he was engaged to take charge of and classify and arrange the entire ethnological collection of the Smithsonian Institution, to prepare a descriptive catalogue for publication, and to make a selection of objects for exhibition at the Nation's Centennial at Philadelphia. Finding him well qualified for the service of the Institution, he was retained as the Superintendent of the Archaeological Department, and in this position he served with great credit until the day of his death. He made good use of his opportunity, and produced a number of highly valuable scientific works. One of these was the result of a request of the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries to write an article on "The Methods and Apparatus of Prehistoric Fishing," to be published as a part of the Commission report, but the work of the zealous and learned collaborator "grew to such proportions that it was deemed advisable," after examination by eminent experts, to present it to the world as a "Smithsonian Contribution to Knowledge." It was therefore published by the Institution, and appeared as a handsome quarto volume, with the title of "Prehistoric Fishing in Europe and North America." It contains much valuable and interesting, if not exhaustive, information on prehistoric fishing, and practically demonstrates that the notched pebbles of the West Branch of the Susquehanna have been properly named net-sinkers. Of its 405 beautiful illustrations, six are figures of "stone sinkers" found in the neighborhood of Muncy. After minutely describing these and other specimens sent by us, the author of the work adds:

"The material of these sinkers is almost exclusively graywacke, a kind of rock belonging to the geological formation of Muncy, and also occurring in numerous pebbles in the neighboring creeks which empty into the Susquehanna. The frequency of sinkers in this vicinity indicates

that the Indians were much engaged in fishing at this point. The Susquehanna is here about nine hundred and fifty feet wide, very deep in some places and well stocked with fish, such as perch, pike, sunfish, cat-fish and eels. There existed formerly a shad-fishery at Muncy, before the river was obstructed by dams. Formerly, however, fish were still more abundant, and the locality, therefore, afforded the aborigines great advantages as a fishing-station. The first white settlers found on or near the site of Muncy a village of the Minsi or Munsey Indians, the Wolf clan of the Lenni-Lenape or Delaware nation, and hence the name 'Muncy.' These Indians probably made and used the sinkers found in the vicinity."

Although these sinkers are not specimens of skillful workmanship, they serve no less than the finest wrought implements to show the habit, condition and progress of the race by whom they were made. The fabricators had made great advancement beyond their ancestors in the direction of civilization, as shown on page 55 of the NOW AND THEN—perhaps a thousand years or so hence the inhabitants of the earth, if our rum, tobacco, prisons, fences, election frauds, labor riots, church choir fights, political and religious animosities, and many other things are remembered, will regard us as only half civilized even now—and their fishing with various kinds of nets, to which these notched pebbles were attached as weights, indicate that man was steadily advancing, and learning, little by little, his true place in Nature. In what fashion, of what material, and how long and how deep the aborigines of the West Branch made their fishing-nets, we are left to imagine; but judging from the ingenuity exhibited in the manufacture of pipes, pottery, ceremonial weapons and other relics, they doubtless were rather ingeniously made and must have answered the purpose effectually.

But, we pause to ask, how did man capture his fish when he had but the "one implement" already described? And how did he manage before he invented his first implement? We ask, but we do not attempt to answer these questions. And we also ask, has not man learned many things that he must unlearn? Will he cease to learn the arts and cruelties of war? And will he likewise learn that his mission is not to eat up the lower animals? Practically this has been a part of his mission. No other creature has perhaps been more combative and fought more battles, and none has been more destructive and omnivorous as a devourer of the inferior species. But do not these practices belong to the childhood of man? Will not the being made in the

Image of God put these things away in time? If the world moves; if Science and Religion, no longer antagonistic, at last unite in a holy union; if Love, in the best sense, becomes the life of every religion; if "Liberty, Fraternity and Equality," in the noblest sense, become the universal faith; if Invention, Discovery, Knowledge and Industry, do for man what they now promise; and the human population of the earth, as the natural sequence, increases tenfold or a hundredfold; what will the world be Then? Can the earth Then support proportionately as many more animals for food? Will most of the species of animals Now existing gradually become extinct? Have not thousands of species already passed away? And are not others rapidly disappearing? Life must continue to support life; but will it be animal life or will it be vegetable life? Shall the war of Nature never end? We do not now presume to answer these questions. They are the suggestions of these simple net-sinkers. As the evolution of the neolithic man from the paleolithic man—as indicated by the notched pebbles, arrow-heads, hammerstones, pottery, pipes, pestels, ornaments, etc., we find buried in our soil—points to the grander development of this era, so we sometimes imagine that the works and progress of this age are also prophetic indications of a still more glorious and advanced Coming Age. What mean the words of Isaiah: "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea?"

#### AT ANDERSONVILLE.

Day by day the summer sunshine scorched the shelterless stockade.

Night by night the summer starlight on the stagnant marshes played.

Day and night, unsought, unbidden, came grim Death to claim his own.

And each heart that prayed for rescue fast was turning into stone.

God forget the bitter curses of the wronged, we humbly pray.

For the South-land bears the burden of their horror to this day.

Came a time the rebel captain called the remnant forth one morn,

Looked into their sallow faces, thin and shrunken, wan and worn.

Saw the fever and the famine look out from their hollow eyes;

Saw the silent, strong endurance of the grit that never dies;

Saw their hearts were firm and dauntless in despite  
Death's daily tolls,  
Though their gaunt and ghastly bodies scarce had  
strength to hold their souls.

Said the rebel captain sadly, "Men, you're dying—  
dying fast,

Surely now the time for standing by a losing cause  
is past!

Forty of you lie this morning in your prison, dead  
in vain,

For the North has long forgotten all your valor, all  
your pain.

Service in the field I ask not, but the South needs  
every man—

Will you mount our earth-works only, while they go  
to fight who can?"

Ere the tide of indignation on their brows its flush  
could leave,

Forward stepped a little sergeant, with an empty,  
dangling sleeve—

His the happy laugh that often cheered them with its  
merry noise—

Eagerly he questioned, "Captain, may I, please,  
speak to the boys?"

And the captain answered gladly, "They will list to  
your request.

They are men worth saving, sergeant, step right up  
and do your best."

Turned he then and faced his comrades with a smile  
of trust and pride—

Well they knew could death have freed them, he for  
them had gladly died—

Cheerily he called, "Attention!" Every soldier held  
his breath—

"By the right flank! forward! march! back to honor,  
and to death!"

Did they falter? Every soldier raised a proud, deter-  
mined head,

And the foe had his answer in their steady,  
martial tread.

O my heroes! O my brothers! After all these van-  
ished years,

It is little that a woman wets your memory with  
tears,

But the loving pride that folds you in the Nation's  
heart of hearts,

Is a guerdon worth the winning, and is yours till  
time departs.

For you wrote her name in glory upon fame's eternal  
page,

And the splendor of your story is her children's  
heritage.

Four times more the summer sunshine scorched the  
shelterless stockade,

Four times more the summer starlight in the stag-  
nant marshes played,

When a little Union sergeant, empty-sleeved, with  
wide blue eyes

Turned up to the spangled heavens in a smiling, glad  
surprise,

Lay within the awful death-trench, one firm hand  
across his breast,

And his comrades whispered softly, "God is good to  
grant him rest."

Jersey City, N. J.

NANCY PATTON McLEAN.

## Window-Glass in the West Branch Valley.

The story of this luxury forms a most interest-  
ing episode in our local history. The present  
century was well advanced before the cost of  
window-glass became low enough to displace the  
use of oiled paper except among the well-to-do  
inhabitants.

In his autobiography Tunison Coryell, Esq.,  
relates that during the year 1803, while he lived  
in Buffalo Valley, the assessor would count the  
panes of glass in a house, when the old ladies,  
upon hearing of his approach, would often re-  
move the glass and substitute paper until after  
the returns were made, in order to escape the  
tax, which was very unpopular.

The earliest mention of window-glass, at least  
west of the Muncy Hills, occurs in an original  
paper yet in existence, giving a "Rough plan of  
the scite of Mr. Saml. Wallis's Mill at Muncy,"  
dated November, 1785, over the name of George  
W. Hunter, who was doubtless the architect.  
The plan is laid down by a scale of eight feet  
to an inch and describes a building to be twenty  
by twenty-four feet, evidently a grist mill, though  
the method of grinding is not mentioned. It  
was built on Carpenter's Run, not far from the  
river, and the foundation is yet pointed out.  
"Mr. Antes" is referred to in a manner that  
would indicate that he was the millwright. The  
specifications call for "two glass windows in the  
second story and attic."

In the appraisalment of the personal property  
of Samuel Wallis, at Muncy Farm, by John  
Hollingsworth and Daniel Tallman, November  
20, 1798, mention is made of

"72 Panes window-glass @ 8d.

500 panes Bull's-eye do @ 2d."

This glass was doubtless of English manufac-  
ture, and had been "pushed up" the river at an  
early day.

Samuel Harris, Sr., was a very warm friend  
of Samuel Wallis, and when he built his "man-  
sion" on the west bank of the Loyalsock, he  
probably obtained some of the glass from Mr.  
Wallis. "Old Sam Harris" is mentioned as  
living at this point previous to 1778, but the  
year when his pioneer cabin gave place to his  
"stone mansion" has not been preserved. The  
structure was one and a half stories high, and  
had two windows, with two sash each, besides a  
sash in the door, containing perhaps thirty  
panes of glass altogether.

During the year 1867 Samuel and Benjamin  
Harris, grandsons of the old pioneer, erected the

pleasant two-story brick dwelling that now stands near the public road and the lane. They occupied the "mansion" until the completion of the new home, soon after which the old building was demolished. Twelve panes of the glass were placed in the front attic window, as a memorial for the old homestead. They can be distinctly seen from the public road. The remainder of the glass was either destroyed or divided among the relatives and friends.

This glass is quite a curiosity. It is the genuine "bull's-eye," and may be briefly described as follows: The panes are not exactly square, though almost seven by seven inches, and from three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness at the edge to three-quarters of an inch at the bull's-eye, which was rarely in the middle, and which was doubtless the "gate" in the casting. Though smooth and quite clear, the glass is not entirely flat. The color is a pale green, and the concentric rings upon the surface would indicate that it had been flattened by centrifugal force. The edges appear to have been sheared off while still soft.

A history of the glass-works enterprise at Lewis' Lake would be interesting in this connection, but too lengthy for the limits of a single paper. It may be briefly stated that George Lewis located, about the year 1798, near the picturesque body of water now known as Eaglesmere, and erected glass-works on the high ground, at the end of the lake farthest from the sand. Window-glass, as well as hollow-ware, was made during the operation of the works. The former resembled the old "bull's-eye" glass in many respects, being of the same size, thickness, color and finish. But while the gate appears upon the surface, the concentric rings are absent from the specimen examined.

This glass was used for cellar windows in the residence of the Hon. C. D. Eldred, in Muncy, Pa., erected by George Webb in 1813. During the year 1888 the last remaining two panes of this old glass were taken out and preserved as relics, and modern glass set in its place.

Of the Lewis Lake glass-works it may be said, that a Mr. Elliot succeeded George Lewis in operating them, and continued the enterprise up to 1833 or 1834, after which they rapidly fell into ruin, and gradually became obliterated, until, within the coming year, the summer cottage of C. La Rue Munson, Esq., of Williamsport, Pa., will be erected over the site of this pioneer manufactory.

In Meginess' revised *History of the West Branch Valley*, page 405, in connection with the thrilling daily narrative of Bishop John Ettwein, we are informed that the Moravians had made a settlement at Wyalusing, on the North Branch, where they established a Mission, and called their town Friedenshutzen. But the troubles

with the Connecticut settlers, and bad faith shown by the Governor of Pennsylvania, led them to abandon their improvements and remove to Ohio. The entire migration numbered 211 souls, some of whom traveled on foot with their cattle, while the others went by canoes on the river.

On Thursday, June 11, 1772, they took down the bell from the turret, took out the sash from the windows, and nailed up the dismantled church. Their goods were pushed by water to the Great Island, and at a spot near the present site of Lock Haven they stopped to reorganize before proceeding on their journey. At this point they were dissuaded from going farther by water on account of the shallowness of the stream, whereupon they sold their canoes and sundry utensils, as well as "the four windows of our church, one box of glass," etc. The subsequent history of this glass would possess a sublime interest at the present day.

JOSEPH H. McMINN.

Williamsport, Pa.

### A Sensible Dog.

If we judge animals by their actions as we do men, we must admit that they often reason like men. If we deny that they are at any time influenced by intelligence in their actions, then we have no rational explanation of many of their actions. How, for instance, can we interpret the behavior of the white bull-dog belonging to Levi Houston, of Montgomery, if we deny mind and reason to brutes, as many good people in the past have done, from theological views too restricted to allow animals their proper place in creation? Mr. Houston's horse belonging to the store ran away one day. The bull-dog ran after him and succeeded in stopping him, after he had run about two miles, and then stood before him, on guard, until the runaway was overtaken and brought back. Soon after he started in pursuit of the horse he was attacked and chased by a dog as large as himself, but he paid no attention to the annoying assailant, having business of great importance on hand that required prompt action. On his return to town it is said he even went out of his way, however, to look up the impudent dog that had annoyed him, and then gave him a most merciless thrashing. Now, if this can be just as well explained without according to the faithful dog some degree of reason, of self-consciousness and judgment, as well as the emotion and the premeditated thought of resentment, we are sure our many intelligent readers will be glad to have the explanation. We believe the dog understood and attended to his business. He must have *made up his mind* to whip the other dog on his return. If "instinct" it is to be considered in the question; it must be remembered that instinct—whatever that is—was entirely subservient to the dog's will and judgment. Will and judgment belong to mind; and some degree of mind cannot be denied to so sensible a dog. To explain such conduct as the work of mere "instinct" is to give an explanation that does not explain.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

ISSUED BI-MONTHLY.



J. M. M. GERNERD, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

For terms of subscription and advertising rates, see cover.

Entered at the Muncy Post-Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

MAY AND JUNE, 1889.

## ATTENTION, SUBSCRIBERS.

 This number completes the first year, or the first half of the second volume, of the NOW AND THEN, and with it most of the subscriptions expire. It is a somewhat expensive undertaking to publish a magazine; hence it is necessary to remind all subscribers whom it may concern frankly of the situation. In the first number it was stated that the cash plan would be strictly followed; that the serial would not be forced upon any one; that the law that compels one to pay for a paper when sent longer than subscribed for is regarded as unjust, and that the NOW AND THEN will be stopped whenever a subscription expires. Having said all this, it is manifestly the proper thing for the publisher to act accordingly. A large number of subscribers have said that they wanted the paper as long as it is published; many have declared that they would not be without it for many times its cost; but we made no note of these gracious words on our subscription book; and so, to avoid mistakes, it may be the better way to treat all alike, and to follow the terms of the prospectus. We hope we need not part company with a single subscriber. All who have paid for only one year will therefore please send on their subscriptions for the balance of the volume. The receipt of 50 cents or \$1 will be the most irrefragable kind of evidence that the paper is liked and wanted. We cannot ask for any better proof. And it will be the most substantial kind of comfort to have the cash in hand to pay out for printing, postage, freight, copyright, illustrations, wrapping paper, and this and that, and have no unpaid bills on hand when the volume is completed. 

## Editorial Courtesies.

The NOW AND THEN has received friendly greetings and editorial recognition from so many of the big papers that the editor hardly knows how to do them and himself justice in acknowl-

edging their courtesies. They have spoken from politeness and sympathy, and we may say from admiration, if we understand the phrases and praises bestowed upon our magazine; and we know that they do not expect to be complimented because they have titillated us; but still it is natural that we want them to know how pleased, encouraged and even flattered we feel by what they have from time to time said. Much of the praise, however, we wish to say, is due to our much valued contributors. We would make proper acknowledgments to the Muncy *Luminary*, the Hughesville *Mail*, the Williamsport *Daily Item*, *Sun* and *Banner*, *Gazette* and *Bulletin*, the Watontown *Record* and *Star*, the Milton *Argus*, the Sunbury *Weekly News*, the Allentown daily *Chronicle* and *News*, the Philadelphia daily *Press*, and to all other papers that may have paid us their respects, but whose notices have not met our eye. Quite a number of exchanges, besides most of the papers above mentioned, now make us friendly visits regularly every week, monthly, and one quarterly, and to these we likewise give our sincere thanks and assurance of appreciation. That "the heart must leap kindly back to kindness" is perhaps as true of us newspaper men as of any class of humanity.

## Does the World Owe Every Man a Living?

John Kübler lives just outside the northern limit of Muncy Borough. He is known as a quiet, frugal, mind-his-own-business sort of a man, who has seen his eighty winters, and as so kindly hearted that he cannot bear to see even a tramp go away from his house hungry. A tramp came to his door some months ago and asked for food. A huge piece of nicely-spread bread was handed to him. It seems, however, that it was not good enough for his dainty-craving appetite, and he insolently threw it to the ground. This was more than the kindly octogenarian could look upon with indifference, as he thinks it a great sin to waste what he was taught to pray for every day, so he grasped a club that was at hand and made for the highway rambler, and before the latter could reach the front gate the old gentleman gave him several substantial whacks—where such concussions are not regarded as especially dangerous. There are some among the army of tramps vain enough to think that "the world owes" them a living without their working for it, who ought to be treated in just this way every time, and the example of the venerable Father Kübler is therefore to be commended.

This reminds us of an experience that a friend in the eastern part of the State had with tramps a few years ago. He was a Poor Overseer, who owned and operated several beds of iron ore. Fifty tramps applied one day for food. He asked them why they did not work. They could not get work, they said. He told them that he would give them all the work they wanted in his ore beds. They all seemed glad for the chance, and agreed to report for duty early the next morning. The next morning *one* of them was on hand ready to "earn his bread by the sweat of his brow." One deserving tramp, in this case, out of fifty! Query: Did the world "owe" the other forty-nine a living?

### Harvesting Without Liquor.

The day is well remembered, by many who are not yet counted among our oldest citizens, when it was generally thought a shocking if not an impracticable thing to make hay and cut grain without a jug of whiskey alongside of the water pail. So universal was the liquor drinking custom that some of the temperance advocates of our day have been supposed to be the first to depart from it. But to the credit of the eighteenth century and to the honor of the Society of Friends, the following letter—written by William Ellis, the father of the late Hon. William Cox Ellis, and addressed to the pioneer Samuel Wallis (see page 16), then in Philadelphia, and found among the wheelbarrow loads of old papers now in the possession of the great-grandson of the latter, Howard Wallis, of Muncy—shows how it was demonstrated already one hundred years ago that liquor is not an indispensable thing in the hay and harvest field. We publish the entire letter, as it is a relic of great interest, and helps the imagination to picture life in our fair valley a century ago, when the settlers had not the mail and transportation facilities and the many comforts that we have now. The youth "Johnny," then a lad fifteen years old, was the son of Samuel Wallis. The letter was written from the Muncy Farm (later Hall's Farm), on which William Ellis then resided, and of which, and the various industries connected therewith—of which we shall give some account hereafter—he was the general superintendent:

MUNCY 8 mo 1790

DEAR SAMMY,

I am very happy to have it in my power to attempt an information that Johnny appears entirely recovered from his late attack, respecting which I expect you have received our packet

conveyed by Col. Wilson & then by Unkle Neddy; if he has weathered it so far. Johnny at present goes into the harvest field with us, goes a guning, rides about and looks nearly as well as before the attack, has a good appetite and is as cheerful as usual; he will not be likely to write as the opportunity is certain no farther than town; I embrace it (as I have almost all kinds) in order, if the information should reach you, that you may participate with us in the happiness of his recovery.—It has hitherto been a very favorable harvest, in point of weather more so than any since the war. We have done cutting the grain & have halled all the wheat of our own raising and some of the Tennants in. There is 527 Dozen of rye on the Island, we intend to cut the remainder of the grass this week; it is generally speaking light, the Corn is good, the Oats midling. You seem to think us remiss in writing, we have also thought you much so. I believe Johnny has not written as much as would have been right, nor as explicit as he should have done. I have written I think by Eight different opportunities, besides this, and all I have received from thee has been three & I think also I could write twice from there, for once from here. *We have again cut the harvest without Spirits* and without raising the wages.—Dan'l Tallman is out of oyle; Hall somehow neglected to get any at Middletown; he says he cannot prepare our Leather without some. Please to send a half Barrell forward as soon as possible. The Bundle of Sythes were very bad, not more than two or three good ones in all.—The Messenger is waiting, give our Love jointly to the Family; we are generally in tollerable health, as is Peter Jones & Sam'l Harris's Families; I am myself poor and not very well sometimes, but as I am not very sick I suppose thee would say I was hipped. I am respectfully and sincerely thy Friend,

WILLIAM ELLIS.

Samuel Wallis.

That the harvest was "again cut" without liquor and "without raising the wages" proves two things: *First*, that the experiment was first made in Muncy Valley at least one hundred years ago; and *second*, that the result of not using liquor was evidently satisfactory.

### That Other Muncy Band.

After an absence of several years, it was my good fortune not long since to meet and shake hands with your venerable townsman, Thomas Lloyd, Esq., and that more patriarchal man in personal appearance, G. L. I. Painter, Esq., both of whom are more highly appreciated for valuable services rendered in the development of Muncy and its vicinity than either of them, in their modesty, would be willing to admit.

On reading your account in the NOW AND THEN for January and February, of the Muncy Band, its struggles and triumphs, I find among

others the above names honorably mentioned. It gives me great pleasure at all times to read up the history of the past concerning all countries, but more especially the local history of a place and valley which, in its combination of beautiful scenery from any and all points of observation, could not be equaled, and the hospitality of whose people has never been excelled.

Now, while I accord to the Muncy Band all and more than has been said in its favor, you must allow me to call into notice (as I have it from tradition, being too young in years to have been cognizant of the fact) a rival, or rather co-operative band, which was in existence in your town about that time, and which, for originality, if not for music, was quite equal to the Muncy Band. This tradition goes on to say that a citizen of the town by the name of Hawley, who was an extensive reader of sacred and profane history, had, after careful consideration of the subject, come to the conclusion that the great musical instrument resorted to in the olden times to bring joy or sorrow to the dark-eyed daughters of Judah, when in the hands of a skillful performer, was, after all, nothing but the common or ordinary Jew's-harp, of foreign make, when used in ancient times, but now within the purchasing means of nearly every young man in America, who, by industry and strict economy, would make any reasonable effort towards personal improvement and for ultimate success in life.

This tradition goes on to say, that after the matter had been clearly presented and duly considered, a band was organized with little or no difficulty, consisting of about twenty-five members. The musical instruments consisted of one Columbiana County horse violin, being a large dry goods box with a rosined fence rail for a bow, and twenty-four Jew's-harps of various sizes, graduated in tone from primo-basso down to the most exquisite soprano. In the hands of professionals you may readily perceive what delightful music was in store for the good people of that town. Few could realize it until they heard it; nothing strange in this, however—rather natural.

Well, the story goes on to relate, that the first public concert given by this band commenced on Rose Hill, shortly after midnight in the dark of the moon, when persons are supposed to be in their soundest, deepest and sweetest slumber, from which it is not reasonable to suppose they could or would be aroused by any ordinary

sounds, musical or otherwise. But the music by the band—the whole band in this case—had an awakening influence upon all who slept that night; for before the prelude to the master-piece in contemplation had been fairly given, shutters were opened and windows thrown up in all directions, as if to catch, hold and store the grand, sublime and sweet operatic strains, the like of which they might never hear again. The performers were all pleased with this their first effort; so much so that they all united in an encore to themselves, and observing that their attentive audience had withdrawn from the windows with all the harmony they could stand on that occasion, and not wishing to show any marked partiality, the band proceeded down town, giving all alike the full benefit of a free concert, the grandest, and many say the best that was ever heard in that place before or since.

The story goes on to say further that the approval of this music by the people (that is, by all who were competent to judge,) was manifest all along the line, and so enthusiastic did some of them become over it towards the last that bouquets were freely showered down upon the performers, and in one instance, forgetful of cost or expense, or more likely through accident or mistake, some fragile chinaware came down with frightful force among the crowd, which some mistook for an act intentional, and feeling hurt from pieces flying round their heads, forsook their fiddle and broke up the band. And it is said the people mourned for many days, lamenting greatly they might never hear such touching music from this band again.

CHARLES W. ROBB.

Pittsburg, Pa.

### A Work of Great Value.

Twelve numbers of the revised History of the West Branch Valley are now in the hands of its subscribers, and the merit of the work can therefore at this stage be fairly judged. The author and publisher has already done better than he promised, as he has in these twelve numbers given more pages and more matter than announced in the prospectus. And yet, one or two more numbers will, without extra cost to the subscribers, be added, to complete the work. It will close with the year 1799, and will contain about 600 pages.

We believe we express the opinion of every intelligent reader when we say that it will not only be regarded as a volume of great value to the inhabitants of this section, but that it will

take high rank in the historical literature of Pennsylvania. It is the result of many years of arduous and patient study, and—a few passages that have not been the fruits of his personal inquiries and observations, to which we shall advert hereafter, being excepted—may be relied upon as being as nearly absolutely accurate as perhaps any local history yet written. It will no doubt be found to contain some inaccuracies—we have noticed several; Howard R. Wallis, of Muncy, for instance, is not a “grandson” of the pioneer Wallis, but he is the son of a grandson—but the errors are few, and are such as any conscientious historian is liable to make, and will detract little from the immense value of the work. It is not a task that was prompted by mercenary motive—it is not an advertising history—but it is the matured fruit of an almost life-long interest in its subject matter, and the author's earnestness and painstaking labor is manifest in every chapter. It is published with the discouraging fact staring him broadly in the face that he would have but a mere pittance, and perhaps nothing at all, for his days and nights of literary drudgery. But he will have the comfort of knowing that he has written a great work, and that it will be appreciated more and more as the time passes. It is concise and pleasing in style, is comprehensive in plan, its contents are lucidly arranged, and it will be accepted as a standard history of the highest value.

The scope and contents of the volume may be thus briefly stated: Beginning with the earliest period of the white man's aim and effort to possess the West Branch Valley, it gives all the Indian deeds, and a diagram showing the lines of all the purchases down to the final settlement at Fort Stanwix in 1784. In a series of chapters graphic accounts are given of the first settlements, the trials and privations of the settlers, their frequent and terrible struggles with the Indians, illustrated by a free hand map showing the locations of all the forts, the places first settled, the names of the streams and the names of many of the pioneers. Numerous fine engravings are given of Indian antiquities, diagrams of manors, the famous houses built by Samuel Wallis in Muncy Valley in 1769, and by William Maclay at Sunbury in 1772, and maps of original surveys. A full chapter is devoted to the New Jersey settlers about the Loyalsock, giving an account of the killing of John Thomson and the flight of his widow and

her boy in a hand-wagon across the mountains to New Jersey. The Wyckoffs, the Covenhovens, the Bradys and Van Campen, and other noted pioneers, are referred to quite fully. Excellent portraits are given of Van Campen and Covenhoven, along with illustrations of their war implements. The famous tomahawk that Van Campen used in killing the five Indians on the North Branch is still in existence, and is illustrated. An interesting history is given of Samuel Wallis, the great land speculator. The very charming journal of Rev. Philip V. Fithian, who made a horseback journey through the valley in the summer of 1775, is given in full. A great deal of new matter relating to the Moravian missionaries is added. In fact, we have not space enough to spare to give even a brief summary of all its interesting contents. It contains a large amount of matter entirely new, and is far superior to the original work that the author published thirty-three years ago.

To avoid a possible loss, only about 800 copies of the work are being printed. As it has not been stereotyped, it is probable that it will soon become a rare book and difficult to obtain. This is a small edition for the two hundred thousand or more people who occupy the territory to which it especially relates, and as many copies have already been taken by persons living abroad, we imagine it will not be long before some people who have had the opportunity to secure copies will regret their neglect to do so. The author will no doubt yet receive orders for copies that he cannot fill, and will then have to regret that the work was not stereotyped. The few copies remaining on hand after the subscribers who have taken it in monthly parts are supplied will be elegantly bound in Morocco and Russia and sold at \$5 and \$6. If we knew that we could not get another set, we would not dispose of our unbound numbers for many times this amount. If the reader wants an unbound set at the original subscription price of \$3, he may yet get one by promptly writing to John F. Meginness, Williamsport, Pa.

### Is Muncy Valley Filled with Rich Treasures?

Sometime ago we were shown a copy of *The Portfolio*, a Philadelphia magazine, for the month of January, 1817, from which we copied the following item:

“A copper mine has been discovered on Beaver Run, in Muncy Township. Some of the ore has been taken to Fowler's furnace, and the

metal separated, which is found to be equal to two-fifths of the ore. The mine is very extensive, and has now fallen into the hands of a number of enterprising gentlemen, who will undoubtedly make it useful to the public. The earth in this neighborhood appears to be filled with rich treasures. Two copper mines are within twenty miles of this place, and iron ore in great abundance."

This announcement, made more than three score and ten years ago, will doubtless be read with as great interest Now as it probably was Then. That there is iron ore in considerable abundance in this section of Pennsylvania is not so doubtful, but who knows anything about the "very extensive" copper mines? And where is Beaver Run in the Muncy Township of that era? And still another query—did not some "enterprising gentlemen" or their friends, about that time, have lands to sell, that thus and then appeared "to be filled with rich treasures?" Yes, we have copper in Muncy Valley, and we have lead, and especially iron, as seventy-one years have undeniably disclosed, and as we are every now and then reminded, but the question Now still is, as it doubtless Then was, how extensive are the mines?

Some one in a communication to the Muncy *Luminary* of May 25, 1850, said, "Let any person desiring to go into the iron or manufacturing business come to Muncy, and they will not fail to see and appreciate its advantages." What additional proof have the last thirty-eight years added to the testimony that "the earth in this neighborhood is filled with rich treasures?" However, if we leave out "the rich treasures" until positive that we have them in paying quantities, we still have certain important advantages; and the recent encouraging increase of our manufacturing business shows that we are beginning to "see and appreciate" them. There are in this neighborhood facilities and resources sufficient, and brains and willing hands enough, if we can only see and appreciate these advantages fully, to make us far more prosperous than we are now, without having rich treasures under our soil. With plenty of good soft water for manufacturing, an abundance of various kinds of valuable wood, the transportation facilities for getting everything we need, and for shipping everything we can make, prosperity is only a question of industry and enterprise. Our top stratum of earth alone would be of far greater value, under a higher state of cultivation, than all the treasures of iron, lead, copper, gold and silver that we are from present indications likely to find underneath. One of the most successful farmers in this section—a farmer who has handsomely demonstrated the truth of his theory on his own farm—says he is satisfied that the average yield of the lands of our valley now under

cultivation could be trebled in a few years. Such an increase of productiveness would immensely promote the prosperity of the inhabitants.

But perhaps we have written too hastily about our mineral wealth. We nevertheless have rich treasures under the soil all around us, though we have neither gold nor silver, and may never find either lead, or copper, or iron in paying quantities. And we may not have *gypsum*, though it has been supposed we have, and once upon a time, about seventy years ago, Richard M. Langdon, father of the late Dr. Benjamin S. Langdon, confidently dug an immense hole along the river bank at Port Penn in a fruitless exploration for the treasure. An interesting vestige of this search still remains at this day. And we have no *coal*, though many in times past thought we had, and the late Col. Jacob Beeber some years ago dug several big holes in the slate at the foot of Prospect Hill, on the place now owned by James Lithgo, under the impression that the earth in this neighborhood is stored with the rich fuel. But we undoubtedly have the kinds of mineral treasures that have contributed enormously to the wealth of the civilized world.

We have deposits of *limestone* that have already been worth many thousands of dollars to Muncy Valley. We have deposits of *clay* from which millions of brick have already been made, and which to future enterprise may prove "rich treasures" in the manufacture of brick and pottery. We have clay banks that may yet be of inestimable value also in the manufacture of *aluminum*, the wonderful metal which it is predicted is destined to supersede iron for a thousand purposes. The citizen who should find out a way to separate this metal from the earth and rocks with which it is united, if even at a cost of three to five times the cost of producing iron, would have something far better than a gold mine. Who will find out the secret? We have the best and most beautiful *paving* and *building stone*, in great abundance, and plenty of the choicest of *sand*, treasures of almost incalculable value to build up a town. It fact the resources are here, as well as the beautiful site, to make one of the greatest inland centres of trade, manufacturing and population, in the United States. The villages of Picture Rocks, Hughesville, Muncy and Montgomery might all so flourish and grow, as eventually to come together and form one continuous city twelve miles or more in length. Is this impossible in a section so filled with rich treasures? And there are the large and flourishing works of the Keystone Paint Company, a few rods west of the depot of the Catawissa railroad—and the new plant below the depot, on the east side, of the Muncy Black Filler Co.,—also attesting to the fact that we have a mineral treasure of great value in the form of a superior *Paint* and *Filler*. Indeed we must nevertheless admit that the earth in this neighborhood is filled with rich treasures. And it is gratifying the manufacturers are beginning to "see and appreciate" these advantages. To any person desiring to go into the manufacturing business, we therefore say, come to Muncy Valley.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

Devoted to History, Amusement, Instruction, Advancement.

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VOL. 2.

MUNCY, PA., JULY AND AUGUST, 1889.

No. 7.

## JAPANESE IN DANVILLE.

In the summer of 1860 I lived in Danville, Pa., and was in charge of "Grier's Old Drug Store." Only a part of the great iron works were in operation that season, and the town seemed very dull. The drug store was then, as now, in the Montgomery Building, on the corner of Mill and Bloom streets, and the telegraph office was immediately over the store. The operator in charge at that time was George Gearhart, one of Nature's noblemen, always pleasant and accommodating, and ever anxious that the citizens should have the benefit of all the floating news. Now the Associated Press has a monopoly of all the news, but in those days it was the custom of the telegraph companies in the large cities to send news along their lines of events as they occurred, and it was a valued favor to places in the interior, where city morning papers did not arrive until evening. These dispatches were usually sent down to me, and, after being copied, were placed on the bulletin board, which was nailed to the telegraph pole in front of the store. When news of unusual importance was posted a small United States flag, kept for the purpose, was hung over the board to attract attention, and it never failed to bring a crowd eager for the news. As the national holiday approached it was apparent that no celebration was contemplated, and all seemed to expect it would be a dull day, with closed stores and no crowd. During that year the first Japanese Embassy that ever visited the Western World was traveling through this country, and glowing accounts were published of the grand receptions accorded them in the different cities through which they passed. One evening in the early part of June a few of the boys were in the store discussing the situation, and all regretted the fact that, owing to the apathy of the citizens, the glorious "Fourth" was likely to pass so quietly, when some one suggested that we might have a bogus Japanese reception. The idea was at once adopted, and the

next day a paper was circulated, which in a short time was graced with the signatures of thirty-three gentlemen, all good and true, pledged to secrecy, and willing to take part in the performance.

After the lapse of so many years (nearly thirty), and with no one near to consult, I cannot recall the names of all who participated. I am sorry for this, as they should all go on record. I remember the following persons took prominent parts in the proceedings: David Clark, cashier of the Danville Bank; Charles Cook, editor of the *Danville Democrat*; Dr. Symington, still a citizen of Danville; Dr. George Yeomans, now of Ashland; Peter Baldy, Jr., then a merchant on Mill Street; W. A. M. and Isaac X. Grier, Samuel and John Hibler, Colonel Samuel Strawbridge and Robert Adams, who was then with Mr. Conkling.

After the names were secured frequent secret meetings were held to mature our plans and settle the details. It was finally determined that we should provide ourselves with uniforms made as nearly after the fashion of the Japanese dress as possible, that masks should be worn by all, that every member of the real Embassy should have his representative in our company, and that a "Treaty Box" should be made, and carried with care in the procession.

At first the carrying out of our plans appeared to be plain sailing in every direction, but as the details were developed difficulties were encountered that appeared insurmountable without the help of some parties outside of our company. It was, therefore, determined at a conference that those persons whose assistance was thought necessary should be informed of our intentions and requested to aid us, and at the same time keep our secret.

Under this arrangement Mr. Fonda, the superintendent of the Catawissa Railroad, was waited on by a committee with a request that the regular train on the Fourth of July should be ordered to stop in front of Mr. Sechler's

house, about one and a half miles east of the Danville depot, for the purpose of taking the "Embassy" aboard. He consented at once, and remarked that he would be on the train to see the fun. Then those citizens who owned fine carriages were asked to have them sent to the depot to bring the strangers into town, and all expressed a willingness to do so. The Chief Burgess—I have forgotten his name, though I knew him well—consented to receive the "Embassy" in a speech of welcome, tendering the hospitality of the town. Then came the consideration of our uniforms of Japs' clothing. How could they be made without the aid of ladies? And if *they* were consulted it was feared by some that our secret would soon be a secret no longer.

This question of our make-up for a time was a poser, but we met and overcame it grandly. On the third floor of Mr. Baldy's store more than a dozen sewing machines were waiting to be used, and we could all sew. Our "duds" were made up after business hours, we sometimes running the machines until long after midnight. I remember it was laughable to hear the married men inventing excuses to give their wives for being out so unusually late. "Well, what was the lie last night?" was a common salutation when two of this class met in the morning. Our masks gave us much trouble, and it was only after several lots had been brought from Philadelphia that a sufficient number having the Mongolian cast of features, so necessary in counterfeiting the Japs, were secured. Our disguise was made more effective by a strip of brown muslin sewed on the edge of the mask, making a kind of cap which, when drawn back, covered the head and concealed the hair of the wearer, except one lock, which was drawn through a hole directly on top of the head. This muslin also served to keep the mask firmly in its place.

It will be remembered that the Government detailed an officer of the navy to travel with and take charge of the distinguished strangers. I think it was Commodore Foote, but am not certain now; also, that the interpreter traveling with the Embassy did not speak English, but was perfectly familiar with the German language, and therefore, when speeches were made two interpreters were required, the second one translating from German into English.

In the assignment of characters, Dr. Symington represented the Commodore, and, of course, did not wear a mask, but with his hair closely cut, and dressed in a naval uniform and wearing

a false moustache, he was so disguised that his wife did not recognize him when on the platform introducing the Embassy to the Chief Burgess. Dr. George Yeomans was 1st No-Kami, and Mr. Charles Cook made a first-class German Jap. interpreter. Colonel Strawbridge was the artist of the party, and Robert Adams was the officer who had charge of the Treaty Box. I cannot remember who represented the other high officials, but am under the impression that Mr. Clark was a No-Kami. On the 2d of July we had completed our arrangements and were all ready and anxious for the day to arrive.

I should have mentioned before that after the inauguration of our reception project some patriotic citizens, thinking it would be too bad to have the "Fourth" pass without some kind of a demonstration, concluded to have an oration, and invited the Hon. William D. Kelly to address them. He accepted the invitation, and was expected to speak from a stand erected on the Court House lot, just in the rear of the building. We were glad of this for several reasons. It would bring a great number of people to town, provide for us a good platform on which to be received and welcomed by the Chief Burgess, and last, but not least, the excitement would take from us the attention of some inquisitive citizens who were not in the ring, but from the mysterious movements of some of our party had been led to suspect that something was going to happen.

Well, as I have stated before, on the 2d of July we were all ready, waiting and happy, when about 2 P. M. George Gearhart brought down a dispatch that nearly took my breath. It was dated at New York, and stated that "the Japanese Embassy had sailed for Europe that morning in the United States Frigate Niagara, which had been placed at their disposal by the Government." You may imagine, but I can never describe my sensations while posting that dispatch and hanging the flag over it. This news spread rapidly among those most interested. We were discouraged, but not dismayed. That evening a conference was held, at which it was determined that the "Niagara" must be disabled, brought back to port for repairs, and that the reception must go on. The details were fully discussed, and the dispatches required were formulated, and all went home happy that night. The next day, July 3d, one of our party, Mr. I. X. Grier, who was an expert telegrapher, went to the Catawissa depot and took charge of the instrument, and about 11 A. M. a dispatch, with

the New York signal attached, came along, stating that "the Niagara, with the Japanese on board, had broken a shaft when eighty miles out, and had returned to port for repairs." About one hour after the following was posted: "It has been suggested that as the distinguished foreigners had not seen Niagara Falls that they might make a flying visit to that wonder of the world while the repairs are being made." Then the next was: "The Japanese have left the ship; will visit Niagara, and as they have not seen the manufacture of railroad iron, will probably take the route through Danville, Pa., and stop over one train for that purpose." The next dispatch created quite an excitement, and I felt a little shaky while putting it up, surrounded as I was by a kind of crowd—workmen from the furnaces near by—that would certainly have made some unpleasant remarks, if they done nothing more, had they suspected a hoax. The dispatch read: Japanese will start in the morning, and will stop over one train at Danville, Pa." Some of the well-to-do citizens were very much excited. One in particular, a prominent man who had Congressional aspirations, hurried out to see Mr. Beaver, and urged him to start up the iron works in the morning, even if it was a holiday, in order that the distinguished visitors might be gratified. He also declared that some one must address them, and if no one volunteered, he would himself prepare a few remarks, giving some statistics of the iron trade and welcome them to the town. This was fun for Mr. Beaver, whose carriage had been engaged to bring in a No-Kami and his suite.

During the night of the 3d thirty trunks, borrowed for the occasion, marked with papers covered with tea-box hieroglyphics, and containing our regalia, were taken out to Mr. Sechler's barn, to be in readiness for the train on the morrow. At the last conference it was decided that after dinner on the Fourth our Japs should leave town quietly, in small parties, so as not to attract attention, and meet at Mr. Sechler's barn about 3 P. M., in time to dress before the train came along, due at 4 o'clock.

The "Fourth" dawned bright and beautiful, and by the middle of the forenoon the town was full of people. The preparations for the address of Mr. Kelly at the Court House served us well, in diverting the attentions of the strangers from us and our part of the day's programme, and so little was heard of the expected visit, that it seemed to have been forgotten in the newer ex-

citement of Mr. Kelly's presence and promised oration. About 9:30 a dispatch was posted saying: "Japanese left this morning to visit Niagara Falls," and then about 11 A. M. another was put on the board, dated at Easton, Pa., which said: "New York train just passed with Japanese Embassy on board en route to Niagara. Will stop over one train in Danville." This was the last dispatch, and it created quite an excitement about the board. Listening to Mr. Kelly's eloquent address was next in order, after which the audience dispersed for dinner, and about 2 P. M. our party might have been seen sauntering slowly in small squads towards the eastern skirts of the town, on their way to the rendezvous at Sechler's barn. It took but a few minutes after arriving there to throw off our outside clothing, put them in the trunks and dress in our Japanese uniforms. Our thirty trunks were then piled alongside of the track, ready to be thrown into the baggage car, and all were ready for the trip. It was arranged before leaving town that Billy Smith, the omnibus man, should take our baggage on arrival at Danville direct to the Montour House, and put it in the garret. Our walk across the fields that afternoon under a blazing sun was a terrible experience, and I recollect that when we put on our masks we were almost smothered. Presently the train came along, and when rounding the curve the engineer whistled "down brakes." It being an unusual stopping place, heads were thrust from every window to see what the obstruction was. I can never forget the look of astonishment on the faces of the passengers when the train pulled up alongside of our company. Our baggage was thrown in, and we followed, and in two minutes we were flying towards Danville, some of us feeling a little disturbed not knowing what kind of a reception might be in store for us from a "Fourth of July crowd" that possibly would feel they had been hoaxed. When we alighted from the cars more than a thousand people surrounded the depot, but, much to our relief, all were quiet and orderly. The passage from the train to our carriages was safely accomplished, except in the case of one of the party, whose little mishap caused quite a ripple of excitement and a good deal of merriment. The eye-holes of his mask were so narrow that he could not see the platform immediately before him without inclining his head forward. Of course the dignity of a No-Kami must be sustained before so great a company,

and he stepped off with head erect, until an obstacle in the shape of a roll of sole leather, which had been thrown from the express car to the platform, was encountered, when he pitched over it head foremost, and brought up some feet beyond, with an exclamation in good, strong English, much more emphatic than polite or pious, but fortunately at low breath. When all were seated the procession started. I was in a carriage with Mr. Clark and our artist, Colonel Strawbridge, and our driver was Lloyd Britton. Of course, as Japs we could not speak English, but all found it a hard struggle to refrain. Behind our masks we could laugh as much as we pleased, which was a great relief. On the way our driver turned and asked how we liked the country as far as seen. Colonel Strawbridge immediately went at him with a speech in Spanish, when he subsided with the remark: "Oh, I forgot; you don't talk English." He was in dead earnest, and told me afterward that he and many others thought our masks were part of the regular dress of Japanese. Many funny incidents took place while moving through the streets that cannot be told now. When we got to Mill Street we found it packed with people from Bloom to the Court House, and every window full of heads. As we passed over the canal bridge a packet boat was being moored to the dock, filled with a party from Sunbury under the leadership of Harry Masser, the editor, who had come up to see the Japanese. It was reported that Mr. Masser brought some samples of his patent ice cream freezers to present to the No-Kami. The party did not stay for the reception, but headed the boat for Sunbury as soon as the procession passed the bridge. The route taken was down Bloom to Mill, up Mill to Mulberry, down Mulberry, across to Market, and up that street to the reviewing stand, near which we left our carriages and formed in line, with the Treaty Box, carried on the shoulders of its four bearers, prominent near the centre of the company. While standing in line the scientists of our party were improving the time, some by minutely examining the foliage of the *strange* trees about them, while others were securing geological specimens from the roadway. On the stand, which was surrounded by a great crowd, we were met by the Chief Burgess and Town Council, and after being introduced by our Commodore Foote, were received in a very neat speech by the Chief Burgess, welcoming us and extending to us the hospitalities of the

town. His address was translated into German, and then delivered to the officials in Greek. The first No-Kami, Dr. George Yeomans, then replied to the Burgess, delivering a beautiful recitation from one of the Greek classics, which, after being turned into German, and then into English, was perfectly satisfactory to the Burgess and Council. While the reception on the platform was in progress an incident took place that indicated some were present who thought the real Japs were on hand. One of the Town Council, who had not been consulted and was not in the ring, when he arrived at the stand found the steps so blocked as to be impassable. He climbed up a corner post, and while clambering over the railing was told to "go back" by some one who did not know him. He indignantly replied that he "had a right, as a member of the Council, to be present on the stand when an official reception was in progress, and he intended to assert it." He was allowed to stay. During the whole performance Mr. Kelly was an interested and amused spectator; at all events we thought he was amused by the way he acted.

After the conclusion of the ceremonies we were escorted to the Montour House and shown upstairs, ostensibly to the best apartments the hotel could furnish, but we did not even inspect them. We struck out for the garret, where we found our trunks, and within five minutes we were dressed in our usual clothes, had locked up our Japanese regalia in the trunks, and were slipping out through the back doors of the hotel and mingling with the people who filled the streets, expecting the Japanese to come out for a walk. They did not appear, and of course we were very much disappointed with the rest, and joined in denouncing the hoax.

W. W. HAYS.

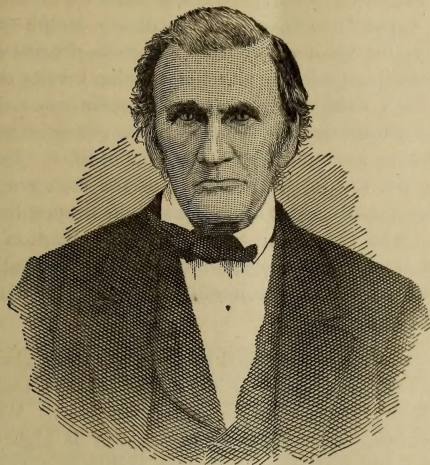
Washington, D. C.

### ADAM HART.

THE HONOR AND LESSON OF A LONG LIFE.

Born on the 6th day of May, 1788, Adam Hart, of Clinton Township, is now in his one hundred and second year. The oldest inhabitant, he has also become one of the most widely known; and the deep interest now felt in his life, habits and sayings, grows apace with his increase of days. We recently, on several occasions, very pleasantly spent some hours with him. He still enjoys company, and converses understandingly about the things and occurrences of the period when he was a child, or

when he was a young man, and also about matters of more recent years. It may be said, however, that he, as commonly is the case with very old people, lives chiefly in the past, and is not overmuch disposed to be in sympathy with new ideas and modern improvements. He becomes most interesting when the conversation relates to times when most of the living gray-headed inhabitants were not yet born.



ADAM HART.

[This portrait was obtained from a photograph several years old, but it is a perfectly true likeness, and only the slightest change can be detected in the centenarian's face since the negative was made.]

Though for years subject to occasional spells of indisposition, he continues to enjoy general good health. His sight and hearing are also rather good, considering his extreme age. Though feeble, and not able of late to walk safely without some assistance, he otherwise seemed to us to be in a better condition, both physically and mentally, than when we saw him more than one year ago, just before the celebration of his one hundredth birthday. His nutritive, nervous and mental energies appear better preserved than his muscular power. He usually sleeps well, retires early, gets up at about 7 or 8 o'clock in the morning, and very rarely misses a meal. He is not yet even growing bald, and his abundant locks are not yet entirely white. He is quite fond of smoking, and is still himself able to fix and light his pipe.

Compared with many old people, it is difficult to realize that Adam Hart is 101 years old. We since met a person not yet 84, who shows more of dotage and decrepitude, deeper furrows, and who seems older by several years. He has always from childhood been strong and active. At

our last interview he playfully remarked that he was quite young yet when he found he could master his older brothers, and that when he grew up it took a very good man to handle him. His weight when in his best days was 160 pounds; his height, 5 feet 11 inches. He attributes his vigor and general good health to his mother, as well as to his having a naturally strong constitution, because she was wisely mindful of the habits of her children. In advanced life he could, therefore, stand strains upon his system that he might not otherwise have borne. At the age of 80 he had a hard battle with pneumonia, but his almost unimpaired constitution prevailed. At 84 he had a carbuncle on his back, from which his family did not think that he could possibly recover. "By reason of strength," however, his days have been more than five-score and one, though in the language of David we may also add: "Yet is their strength labor and sorrow." To the question whether he would like to live his life over he promptly and thoughtfully replied: "*No! There is too much sickness and trouble.*" He is tenderly cared for by his children and grandchildren. Since the marriage of his long devoted daughter Kate, to Mr. Joseph Heilman, his constant attendant has been Miss Nellie Gross, a sprightly young granddaughter, who is very kind to him, and regarding whose gentle attentions we heard him make pleasing remarks of appreciation.

Adam Hart is justly regarded in the Muncy Valley as a wonderful man. He is the first, it has been remarked, among tens of thousands, to reach the century mile-stone. We have had quite a number of nonagenarians who seemed for a time to have fair prospects of reaching the mark, but yet all one by one sorrowfully failed to make it. Mrs. Hannah Tallman and Mrs. Mary Mensch each had only six more years to complete a century of existence, while Mrs. Mary Coder, Mrs. Elizabeth Kiteley—the wife of the famous pioneer schoolmaster, James Kiteley, who himself died at 92—and William Fitz Simmons, the old soldier of the Revolution, each wanted only four years more to count their even one hundred years. Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor and Mrs. Catharine Hill, we believe, came still nearer, but the "last enemy" came and also snatched them from among the living before they could get there. Jesse Haines—the grandfather of the present Jesse Haines—wanted only six days more to complete a hundred years, and he, too, was called to join "the innumerable

caravan that moves to the pale realms of shade." But Adam Hart has been permitted to pass quite a distance beyond the line, and the dear, patient, affable old man is still in the land of the living, an object of wonder and admiration to all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance.

We are here reminded that John Blair Linn, in his "Annals of Buffalo Valley," page 564, gives an interesting necrological record, commenced by his father, James F. Linn, in 1826, and embracing no less than 1,726 names. But of all this company only thirty-eight were nonagenarians. Possibly there were a few more, as the ages of some are not stated. And of them all, Daniel Doudle alone reached the century mark, he having died in August, 1828, at the great age of 101 years. The next oldest person was Daniel Robins, who died January 20, 1864, aged 99 years. The third on the list in age was the famous Rev. John Bryson, who, at his death in 1855, had entered on his 98th year. Adam Hart, of Black Hole Valley, as the west end of Muncy Valley is usually called, is, therefore, truly a ripe sheaf, who has been strangely spared by the insatiate reaper.

And why has the venerable Hart been thus favored? In his habits of life he has differed in but few respects from the people of his day and generation, yet of the multitude he alone has lived to be a centenarian. He was the only one of a family of eight children to reach a remarkable age. The oldest of his near ancestors, so far as known, was his maternal grandmother, who was past 90 when she died. His father died at the not very uncommon age of 84, and his mother passed away at 72. His wife died twenty-three years ago at the still earlier age of 68. Of his nine children but six are living. Thomas P. Hart, the oldest, is now 69, and ex-State Senator William W. Hart, of Williamsport, now 46, is the youngest. The late Captain George D. Hart, of the Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry, was the sixth of his children. His schoolmates and early associates have all fallen. Hundreds of millions have been born and have died since he came and took his place with the human family. Why has he been thus spared? The chances of life depend upon so many causes, conditions and influences, both within and outside of human control, that an exceptional case of longevity like this is a physiological problem difficult to explain. Yet we are again constrained to ask, why do so few reach this extreme term of life? Why are many of the

comparatively few who even become octogenarians and nonagenarians bodily more helpless and infirm, and weaker in mind, than Hart is at 101? And why do the great majority of human beings actually die in infancy, childhood and adolescence? The struggle is an unequal one, and the start in life is not less uneven; but is there not something wrong for which we are ourselves to blame? We may learn something of value from Hart's extraordinary length of days, but we ought to learn still more from the general experience, and the common brevity of human existence. Do not the sufferings and the abbreviated lives of the million admonish us that we are unmindful of the laws of life? Do we not sow to the flesh, and of the flesh reap corruption? Many questions of the deepest interest to the human race here claim attention; but these, with the few remarks that we shall add, are left to the intelligent readers for discussion.

It has been remarked by some who seem glad to have an apology for the use of tobacco, that the contemned weed has never hurt Hart. We take the opportunity to say that it is highly probable that it has hurt him, and that it has, no doubt, impaired the vigor of his physiological and psychological powers. He attained his highest state of physical perfection without its use, as he did not begin to smoke until he was nearly fifty years old. He never chewed tobacco. He once took a chew for toothache, and shook himself at the very recollection of it, when he said: "*Oh! mighty, but it made me sick.*" And he says that he never tasted liquor until he was between forty and fifty years old. At this period of his life he engaged in the occupation of distilling, when he says he acquired the taste for spirits, and the habit of taking an occasional drink. When in the service during the last war with England he drew rations of liquor, but he says that he always gave his share to his messmates, and never put a drop to his lips. In the early and best period of his life he was never sick, and was unusually strong and hearty. His testimony and experience, all things considered and rightly interpreted, cannot be quoted as favorable to either tobacco or whisky. He drinks both tea and coffee, but has always been a moderate eater of flesh food, and cares but little for pastry and cakes. His favorite articles of food have always been milk and bread. But, as already stated, the conditions of existence, health and vigor, are so numerous and

complex—so much depends upon the constitution with which each individual comes into the world, and upon influences that we can never duly estimate, and that we can seldom either see or avoid—that it is difficult to determine how much human happiness, health and longevity depends alone on the habit of eating and drinking. Especially is this to be remembered in the case of the remarkable life under consideration. Certainly we ought not be misled by taking exceptional cases as the rule for our conclusions. The general sad experience of humanity proves that there must be something radically wrong in our habits of life. An examination of the subject of long life will show that a very great majority of the persons who have attained great age have lived on plain food, often wholly on fruits and farinacea, and have either seldom, or never, indulged in stimulants and narcotics. And, we may also add, if tobacco and spirits are ever used, it would be well for humanity if their use were restricted to the period of old age, when they would do the most possible good and the least possible harm. But if they were not in such common use in early life, few people would become addicted to their use in advanced life.

Soon after shaking hands with the centenarian on the occasion of a recent visit, we mentioned the Warrior Run Rifles, commanded by Captain William McGuire, in 1814, of which company the old gentleman was a member, and of which the muster roll is given in Meginniss' valuable *Historical Journal*. This aroused him from the state of obliviousness into which he seemed to have dropped before we arrived, and he soon manifested a desire to engage in conversation. After a few questions were asked he promptly and correctly cited the names of many of the members of the company, and mentioned various incidents of the long and tiresome march across the Alleghenies, on the way to Black Rock; how David Reid shot a panther that lay crouching on the limb of a great tree, and how several others encountered and captured a large rattlesnake that had thirteen rattles, etc., showing that his memory still retained a considerable degree of vigor. His messmates, he said, were John Bailick, Henry Reeder, James Watt, Corporal John Watt, and his brother, John Hart. When we afterwards read off the names of the roll he occasionally stopped us to make some remark. Once he exclaimed: "*That fellow was a coward,*" and there were but few that he appeared to have forgotten. Captain John M.

Bowman, the commander of the first Muncy company during the Rebellion, was present during this interview, and remarked that he could remember little more after the lapse of only twenty-seven years than the esteemed veteran seemed able to recall after an interval of three-quarters of a century. Hart is the only member of the Warrior Run Rifles now living. The last one of his comrades that he saw, or knew to be yet living, was his esteemed friend, the late Sheriff Henry Reeder, of McEwensville, Pa., who died September 28, 1881, at the age of 89 years, 1 month and 14 days.

The honored survivor of the Rifles also mentioned that while encamped near Black Rock hostile Indians would sometimes appear on the opposite side of the Niagara River, in the vicinity of which the British were encamped, and it was considered in order, and strictly legal, as it was sometimes during the Rebellion, to shoot when the enemy came too temptingly or dangerously close. One day five of the savage emissaries of the British were within sight, engaged about a fire as if they were moulding bullets. Hart, with several of his comrades, had only the day before been along the river and had been shot at, and as it was suspected that this was the party that did the shooting, he was now detailed to give some proof of his marksmanship. He borrowed the "bear gun" of his messmate, Corporal John Watt, got up behind some bushes as close to them as he could without being observed, and then sent over a swift little messenger that he said weighed just the sixteenth part of a pound. His aim was a trifle too high, consequently he missed his mark. The sensation caused by the whizzing ball showed, however, that it passed very near to where he had intended that it should go. The report of his gun was not heard, owing, probably, to the direction of the wind and the noise of the rushing river; nor was he seen, although the sharp-eyed Indians looked around uneasily, and therefore, as soon as he had reloaded he was allowed another opportunity. The second shot scored one for Uncle Jonathan and the Star Spangled Banner. An Indian pitched headlong into the fire. The casualty instantly caused a lively scene in the little camp, which, before Hart could again load his gun, ended by a hasty retreat, in which one of the dusky braves was either carried or led from the field. Hart observed that this was "what they would have done unto" him, and ended the narration with the remark, in

a slightly lower tone of voice: "*If they had stayed awhile longer I might have hurt some more of them. It was in war time.*"

A topic of conversation in which the veteran delights, is the hard struggle he had many years ago with a twenty-five acre tamarack swamp, that existed in front of his house on his farm, where he now resides. It was a fearful undertaking, he said, and he proudly regards it as being one of the most important of his life. The mud in many places was like quicksand, and could not be trusted. His first experience taught him to proceed with caution. He suddenly sunk in the mire nearly to his arm-pits, and he thinks that nothing saved him from a muddy grave but the long-handled shovel that he fortunately had in his hands. He dug a series of ditches, so that the water could be gradually drained off. The digging in the cold water and slimy mud was such a disagreeable kind of work that no one cared to help him. He then got two or three barrels of whisky, and said he: "*I then got plenty of help.*" In those days most men had the mistaken notion that they could not do such work as digging, making hay, and harvesting without taking whisky every time they drank water. And they often drank water, when they could have whisky every time, and with this combination they believed they could work. Whisky in those days was cheap, and strychnine was not yet included in the formula for its manufacture. And yet, there were men here and there, good, strong and healthy, as Hart said he himself had been—as well as the women—to prove that its necessity was only imaginary, even when pure; but have it most men then thought they must. Strange!

In reply to a question about wild animals when he was a boy, he related that he was once followed for several miles by a panther and badly frightened. He was sent from his home where he was born, on the Warrior Run, near Turbuttville, with a two-horse team, to the old Shoemaker grist mill—of which early improvement Mrs. Mary J. Levan gives the interesting history in this number of our magazine—to have some grain ground. It was late in the night when he got his grists. About midnight, soon after he had passed the Eli Stone Tavern—then a well known public house on what is now known as the John Dimm farm, near the boundary line between the counties of Lycoming and Northumberland, on the road from Muncy to Milton—he found that he was being followed

by a panther. The animal kept near him for nearly three miles, but, fortunately for him, was perhaps not pressed hard enough with hunger to make it bold enough to try its agility and the power of its formidable jaws and claws. He said he made the horses move lively from Stone's Tavern to his home, and that he never felt such an inexpressible sense of relief as when he was assured by the animal's cries that the pursuit was abandoned.

The cry of the wolf was to him one of the most familiar of the many voices of the forest when he was a little boy. One night, when he was only about ten or eleven years old, a number of wolves seized a calf within a few rods of the house and devoured it. On the afternoon of the next day his parents went some distance from home, and for some reason did not get back so soon as they had expected. Night was approaching, and the thought of the ravenous wolves coming again for a feast made Adam and the children wretched. Under the floor of the cabin there was a potato hole; into this they all crawled, and remained as quiet as mice. When the old folks returned no children could be heard nor seen. Did anything happen to the little folks? One can easily imagine what anxious thoughts may have come into the minds of the fond parents. They began to feel uneasy, when a floor board was suddenly raised and the frightened youngsters, to their great relief and merriment, came crawling out. When the centenarian related this incident, the picture of it still lingering in his mind seemed as vivid as if it had but recently occurred, and as if he did not realize that it had happened ninety years ago. The relation of the story, in fact, seemed to revive his juvenility, and he laughed heartily as he once more imagined himself and the children crawling up out of the potato hole.

Another amusing recollection of the veteran relates to the same pit under the floor, when it was not the children that played the joke. When Adam was some years still younger the family circle was one morning enlarged by the very welcome arrival of a wee sister. The new-comer was quietly deposited under the floor, and then the children were called up to be the participators in a grand discovery—a baby in the potato hole. The lively interest felt in the mysterious subterranean aperture after this remarkable disclosure can easily be imagined by all who remember their own innocent curiosity in childhood.

It was just wonderful, the centenarian remarked, how many wild animals there were yet when he was a boy. Deer seemed to him to be as plenty then as domestic cattle are now, and they could be found in the woods at almost any time. Very high rail, stake and rider fences had to be built to keep them off the grain fields. He had no gun when he was a boy, and never became much of a hunter, not even in later years when he became the owner of a rifle. His father before him was no hunter, having never, so far as remembered, shot a wild animal of any kind in his life. But in time the subject of our sketch became the owner of a fine rifle, and he prided himself that he also became a fine marksman. At this turn of the conversation he asked his granddaughter to bring out his rifle. The young lady soon appeared with an old-fashioned muzzle loader that reminded us of the era when breech-loaders were not known. The old man regarded it with all the affection that an old and faithful friend inspires, and began to tell what feats he used to do with it. It appeared to make him feel younger and stronger, as he recalled the happy days when he used to handle the trusty weapon. We ventured to supplement his remarks by declaiming on the wonderful modern improvements in fire-arms; how, by simply touching a lever, or spring, the breech of the gun would fly up and receive ball, powder, wads and cap, all in one lump, and without the use of a ramrod, be in an instant ready for action; but we soon saw our mistake. He waited until we had concluded our little speech, and then fairly startled us by coolly remarking: "*Oh! they ain't worth a cent.*"

Nor can any of us realize the many changes and the great progress the world has made during the period of this one human life. The year of Hart's birth was the year of the grand celebration throughout Pennsylvania on account of the ratification of the Federal Constitution by ten of the states. The year following George Washington was elected the first President under the new Constitution. Hart never saw the Father of his Country, though already eleven years old when the great General died. He is now one of the very few links remaining of the era of government under the Articles of Confederation. He was already twenty years old when the first railroad in America (in Ridley Township, Delaware County, Pa.,) was constructed. In his day nearly 300,000 miles of railroad have sprung into existence throughout

the world, and a new era of universal progress and civilization has commenced. He was more than forty years old when the Legislature of Pennsylvania provided for a school fund by taxation. He was almost half a century old when the United States Bank of Pennsylvania was chartered with its capital of \$35,000,000. He was sixty years old at the time of the war with Mexico. He was already three years past the three-score and ten of Scripture when the Southern States seceded and brought on the greatest of all modern wars. He has lived to see the population of the United States doubled fifteen times. He has lived to see but a fraction of the vast public domain remaining the property of the Government. He has seen a great portion of the country depopulated of its wild animals and denuded of its forests. He has seen slavery abolished in all civilized countries. He has seen the birth of the electric telegraph, the cotton gin, the steamboat, the photograph, the electric light, the sewing machine, the typewriter, and many of the most useful inventions known to man, not to mention again the great improvement in fire-arms. He has seen the comforts of life immensely increased, and the social condition of a large portion of the human family improved more than in any other age of the world. He cannot realize the world's wonderful advancement—and there is not a single individual of the human race who can.

#### First Grist Mill in Muncy Valley.

It is said by persons conversant with the facts that Pennsylvania has more ancient mills with a history than any other State in the Union; but Time, the destroying agent, and the new roller process of grinding grain, is fast doing away with the old landmarks, and the ancient machinery is being removed to make room for the inventions of the present age. But with it all it is yet a mooted question whether the bread of to-day is any better than the bread of the past.

This valley has always been noted for its production of good grain, good flour, and consequently good bread, and our visitors can say, as Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe said of England, "I like the climate, and I like the bread."

Muncy Mills, as it is now called, was erected by John Alwood in 1772, and was a small log structure one story high, and had but one run of stone. It stood where the plaster mill now stands. About this time Ludwig Derr built a

similar mill at Derrstown, about eighteen miles from Alwood's, and these two mills, the first on the West Branch of the Susquehanna, did the required service for all the inhabitants within its borders.

On June 17, 1779, the Indians burned all the houses in Muncy Township, and Alwood's mill also fell a prey to the flames, but the gearings, being secreted, were saved and used for the next mill, which was built upon the site of the present five-story brick mill.

Mr. John F. Meginness, in his "History of the West Branch Valley," tells us that when the mill was destroyed by the Indians it was Starret's mill, but of this I am unable to find any further information, as I have always been informed that Henry Shoemaker purchased the property from John Alwood before the "Indian war," and it remained in the Shoemaker family many years, having descended from generation to generation. Henry Shoemaker bequeathed it to his son Jacob, provided he pay each of his sisters a stipulated sum, and Jacob Shoemaker, upon his death, bequeathed it to his four daughters, Eliza Gudykunst, Margaret Drake, Ann Shoemaker and Hannah Montgomery. These mills were called Shoemaker's Mills, and justly, too, and the name should never have been changed, nor such a valuable heir-loom been permitted to pass into the hands of strangers. In 1836 Jacob Shoemaker built the present mill, and Mrs. Hannah Montgomery, the only surviving member of the family, says: "During the six weeks that the brick walls were being constructed there was no rain fall, and such a drouth was never known within the memory of the oldest inhabitant."

These mills were noted for making their customers happy and its owners wealthy, and with wealth came liberality on the part of Henry Shoemaker, who donated fifteen acres of land within sight of the mill for church purposes, and upon which was erected what was then known as the Old Dutch Church, but now as Emmanuel's Evangelical Lutheran Church. This house of worship was built of logs, and previous to the year 1800 blew down, but another log building was immediately put up, and this stood until 1832, when it was torn down to make way for a brick edifice, which in turn was replaced by the present structure, and is now one of the neatest of our country churches, and boasts a large and flourishing congregation.

Previous to the building of Alwood's mill the people used querns to grind grain. These consisted of rudely rounded stones slightly hollowed, and were carried from place to place, and were a very crude and laborious way in which to make meal. Nearly every family in the valley had a block for pounding corn into meal, or "samp," and this was also a very laborious manner in which to prepare this article of diet, and these rude machines were gladly laid aside when John Alwood's water-power mill was erected, and people came from far and near to see the wonderful invention, bringing upon horseback the grist to be ground, while the owner led the horse and kept a lookout for the savage foe who lurked "behind the bush" ready for murder and plunder. In those days the man that built a mill was considered one of great importance, and he was, too, and it seems too much of a loss to our local history that so little is known of the Alwoods. In those days inventions did not follow as rapidly as at the present time, and when Oliver invented a system of grinding grain by water-power it was called a "set of rattle-traps," unworthy the attention of men of common sense; but John Alwood saw differently, and selected one of the most available places in the country, and established his laws and regulations so that the poor were made no poorer, and a grist mill became an established fact in Muncy Valley.

When Alwood's mill was built our country showed scarcely a trace of cultivation, and was sparsely settled by a few adventurous pioneers, and Mr. C. F. Heverly, of Bradford County, in a published biographical sketch of an ancestor, says: "He was a pioneer indeed. When there was only a foot-path and blazed trees to mark the way, he went to Muncy to mill on horseback, carrying with him provisions to eat on the way, as the trip required the space of two days."

In sight of these mills was a stretch of land known as the Pine Barrens, upon which no one seemed willing to settle, owing to the white soil and scrubby pines growing thereon. The land seemed to them worthless, and the late Ellis Bryan once told the editor of *NOW AND THEN* "that his father, Samuel Bryan, was once offered all the land between Alwood's and beyond where Hughesville now stands for a large black horse he owned," but Mr. Bryan respectfully declined what he supposed to be a bad bargain. That land to-day embraces some of the finest farms to be found in Lycoming County, and then only

needed some one of enterprise and energy to find beneath the surface a rich productive loam.

Every acre of ground around Muncy Mills has a history, and it is to be regretted that many things that would be interesting to the present generation are past finding out, as no one is living now to point out upon what part of the Shoemaker farm the Indians had their encampment, nor where they manufactured their implements; but history records some of their cruel deeds, and for years the graves of their victims were undisturbed, and the late Joseph Gudykunst was wont to point out the exact place of one near his barn. Mrs. Montgomery informs me the graves on this farm were a great terror to the children of her father's family, and although none were very near the house, their fear always brought them very close, especially after night, and a great fear overcame them lest the graves might give up their dead.

Sometime during the year 1886 a nest of Indian stone lance-heads were unearthed upon this farm, and as several had previously been found upon the same spot, it is to be conjectured that there had been an *Indian store* thereabouts, and years before any interest was taken in Indian relics the children gathered many queer-shaped stones and arrow-points, which, to the children of seventy-five years ago, possessed as little value as the marbles or "commas" do the present generation. The cannon balls, however, which were occasionally found, seemed to them of more importance, and several are yet preserved by the descendants of the Shoemaker family.

The grave of Gortner, one of the men who was shot and scalped by the Indians, is upon the Gortner farm, immediately opposite the Muncy Mills. This man was killed near the lower end of the still water below the dam, where the Indians lay in ambush below the bank of the creek, and when Captain Hartel and Gortner approached they raised and fired the fatal dart. Hartel escaped with his life, but was badly wounded.

In sight of this place David Aspen, another early pioneer, was murdered by the savages. He, with his family, had taken refuge in the fort, when on that memorable day, August 8, 1778, Rachel Silverthorn mounted a horse and rode with lightning speed through the valley warning the inhabitants to flee to the fort, as a body of Indians were approaching, but over-anxiety for

his home and crops led him to leave Fort Muncy while the Indians were yet prowling around, but he never reached his cabin, which was upon land afterwards owned by the late Dr. M. Steck, and when about half way between the two places he was mercilessly slain.

After the Big Runaway, in 1778, it was remarkable how rapidly the land was cleared by the brave young heroes, who worked with a will to provide a cabin and a home for the waiting sweetheart. Many of the improvements were due to the enterprise of the venturesome pioneer, Samuel Wallis, who brought with him from Philadelphia a colony of workmen, and caused many settlements to be built up, which aided largely in maintaining the grist mill of Shoemaker; and we find among the "Wallis Papers" many bills for flour got by Samuel Wallis, which generally included from seven to ten barrels, which at that time was considerable of a deal.

The venerable Adam Hart, who recently passed his one hundred and first birthday, in a late conversation with a friend remarked, regarding this mill, that "he went to Shoemaker's mill for forty years regularly, and in all that time *never had a grist of poor flour.*"

Generations have come and gone since the Indians ceased to travel over their trails in Muncy Valley, and everything in our county is changed, even the waters in our streams have taken a wider course; but amid one of the finest and thickly settled agricultural districts in the valley stands the old historic mill, not grinding with the waters that are past, for it possesses a *never-failing water-power*, unequalled by any in Eastern Pennsylvania. To this mill has been added modern improved machinery, buckwheat refiners, wheat purifiers and wheat heaters, but it still remains a water-power mill.

And the old mill stone, by some so oft belied,  
Still has friends that look on it with pride.  
When dressed with skillful hands and balanced to  
run true,

It flakes the bran and makes good flour, too.

M. J. LEVAN.

## TO THE ARBUTUS.

Fair princess of the wakening woods,  
Sweet promise of the coming train  
Of bud and bloom that soon will fling  
Its beauty banners o'er the plain,  
Not one will wear a sweeter face  
Than thine which lifts from out the gloom  
Of withered leaves and snow its grace  
Of dainty rose tints and perfume.

N.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

ISSUED BI-MONTHLY.

J. M. M. GERNERD, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

For terms of subscription and advertising rates, see cover.

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JULY AND AUGUST, 1889.

## ANOTHER WORD TO OUR PATRONS.

We would remind our patrons that this number begins the second year of our magazine, and that we will be very glad to accept postage stamps or postal notes for subscriptions. Thinking that some who have not yet remitted for the second year—and yet have said very comforting things, as, for instance, that “any one number already published is worth the price of the volume”—may have overlooked, or forgotten, what we said in our last number, we would kindly ask all such to please turn back and see what we said. The paper-maker, the printer, the engraver, the postmaster, must all be paid for their services, and postage stamps and postal notes come very handy.

## The Now and Then—and Sweet Memories.

The Hon. Isaac Bruner permits us to copy the following from a letter received by him from a relative living at Taylor Ridge, Illinois. It will interest not only the old acquaintances of the writer, but also our young readers who will soon pull out into the broad world to do for themselves, showing them how their hearts will cherish sweet memories after separation from their childhood home. The letter is also another pleasing evidence that our little magazine is being eagerly read:

“DEAR COUSIN ISAAC: The copy of the NOW AND THEN you sent me arrived safe. A thousand thanks for the same. It brought back to me the days of auld lang syne. The names of Dr. Treon, George Boal and all the old people of that day came back fresh to my mind. I herein send a subscription for the NOW AND THEN. Be sure to have all the back numbers sent me. \* \* \* I am now Postmaster at Taylor's Ridge, Illinois, which keeps me pretty close. I hardly expect ever to get to old Muncy to see you again, yet Muncy has the same hold on my feelings that *Fatherland* has on the Germans. It was at Muncy I first beheld the light of day and spent my boyhood. I well remember Robert Hawley. I used to play with him, and was much interested in the story of his song. I cannot better express my feelings than by telling you a story. Some years ago an

American went on a tour to the Old World. He first went to England and saw all the sights there, the great cathedrals, etc., at London, and then exclaimed: ‘Oh, this is nothing! We can beat all this in America. Hurrah for America!’ He then went to France, and after seeing the sights in France exclaimed: ‘Oh, this is nothing. We can beat all this in America. Hurrah for America!’ He next went to Rome, the city on the seven hills, and took in all the sights to be seen there, and again he exclaimed: ‘Oh, this is nothing. We can beat it all in America. Hurrah for America!’ He now, with his party, went to the Catacombs. Being too fond of drink, he sometimes got too much. He got so full at this time that his friends had to let him lay down to sleep off the effects of the stimulus. While he slept the rest thought they would have some fun with him. They got a lot of mummies and set them all around him, and put lights on them, and then stood off apiece to see how he would take it when he awoke. After awhile he awoke, began to rub his eyes, and, looking around, exclaimed: ‘The Resurrection morn has come, and I am the first man with his pants on! Hurrah for America!’ I would say like him in my old age, Hurrah for good old Muncy, the place of my birth and boyhood. The remembrance of Whitmoyer's musical clock and them big fat ginger cakes stirs me up. It used to be a wonder among us kids how the old German could make them so fat. Ike, don't you think you can see them yet? Well, cousin, this is a strange kind of a letter, but that NOW AND THEN did it. \* \* \* Give my respects to all the old friends. \* \* \*

“Your Cousin,

“WILLIAM B. BRUNER.

“P. S. Give Cousin Nelson my thanks for silencing that rebel battery.”

## Speech of Clinton Lloyd at the 104th Anniversary of the Societii of the Mingii at the Muncii-dam.

Reported by the societii's special reporter.

MR. PRESIDENT: This has been called the 104th anniversary of our society. This is a mistake. It is older than you kids imagine. I was not present at its original organization, but I have had my private secretary hunt me up the facts in the encyclopedia—a method of making an extempore speech which has the sanction of high authority—and it is made plain that it was founded by *Eeli* a good while before *Danieel* “sent Nebuchadnezzar to grass.” The members of the society were originally called *Eelameats*, and were the inventors of the *eelensinian* mysteries for which they obtained a patent from the United States, and which, by divers good conveyances, became vested in our friend *Danieel*, who had, several centuries previously thereto, obtained a patent from Justinian, King of Plunkett's Creek Township, on a claim of being

the original inventor of the eel, of which he has therefor had a *monopœely* unto this day.

By this commingeling of patents and the original *Eelameates* having all "gone under" in the wars of Canaan, the title of the society was changed to that of the Societii of the Mingii, of which *Daniel* is the biggest Injun and recognized chief.

As to the origin of the Mingii tribe the encyclopedia gives no information, and we are compelled to resort to tradition, from which it appears probable that they were originally found "stuck in the mud" along the Otzinachson Valley in company with the lamper-eel, and were dug up together at the time of the building of the West Branch Canal, and this tradition finds corroboration in the history of that enterprise, which relates that the engineers and contractors were accustomed to meet at the house of one Solomon Menges, a wise man, who had his abode hard by where we are now assembled, to have a supper of hard cider and eels.

I mean no disparagement to our friend Daniel in this account of his origin. "Tall aches from little toe-corns grow," and Daniel has every reason to feel *eelated* as he surveys the hole out of which his forbears were dug, and contrasts it with the eminence which he has attained and the reputation he has achieved as a practical, sensible, first-class citizen, good husband and father, and as staunch a friend as any man ever had in this slippery world.

And now, as you have all behaved better than could be expected under the circumstances, I will have mercy on you and reserve any further remarks for some future meeting, meanwhile cautioning you that I claim a proprietary right in this strictly extempore speech, which has been duly copyrighted, with "all rights reserved." It has taken much time, thought and labor to put it together. In fact, I have been "hatching this spawn" ever since our last annual meeting, and I give notice that if anybody is fool enough to pirate on it or steal any of the jokes that adorn it, "I'll skin him alive." The words of "Old-man-not-afraid-of-an-eel" are ended.

### Can Boys be Relied On?

"It has come to be considered in large towns that a boy is a poor investment to rely on, and not one in fifty behaves becomingly, either as a boy or young man."

This is alarming to come from such a close observer of human nature as Professor Nelson Sizer, of New York, to whom the remark is ac-

credited. The boys are the coming men. Into their hands will soon pass the Government, and all the noble and time-honored institutions of the land. From their ranks will be taken the future presidents, senators, judges, professors, editors, divines, lawyers, physicians, teachers, and men good and true of all callings and trades, on whom the welfare and progress of society will depend. If they thus wax worse and worse, then indeed is there a gloomy prospect for the future of the country.

We hope for the sake of humanity that the Professor is wrong. Indeed, we are strongly inclined to think that he is, and that what he says applies merely to New York and Chicago. The rule of "one in fifty" does at least not apply to Muncy, Hughesville, Picture Rocks, Montgomery, Williamsport and the other towns hereabouts, though these places are perhaps not what Sizer calls "large towns." It has not yet "come to be" that our boys behave more unbecomingly and are poorer investments, and are less reliable than the boys of forty, fifty and sixty years ago. We have often interviewed the old folks, and from their honest confessions we suspect that they were not, when young, a whit more amiable, polite, reliable and blameless than the boys are now. Sometimes, under the impulse of the moment, they are constrained to say that they "*never saw such bad boys*" as we have now, or that they "*would not have dared to do so*" and so when they were young, but when cross-examined they often frankly testify otherwise. It is so easy to forget things after they have long passed away. Allowing boys to be boys, and not expecting old heads on young shoulders, we rather feel like insisting that the boys in general have not degenerated; that they appear to be very much like the boys used to be—as we have time and again heard kindly-hearted and patient old folks admit—and that they seem to be doing fully as well.

We do not think it would be agreeable to more than "one in fifty" of the gray-headed people to be questioned very closely in regard to their behavior when in their teens. They were not all George Washingtons. They were not all models for Sunday-school books. We doubt whether Clinton Lloyd, Robert Hawley, Charles W. Robb, John Blair Linn, W. W. Hays, Professor Nilson Sizer—and all the pious old writers of that school who think the world was almost an Eden yet only fifty years ago, when they wore yellow muslin "galluses" and

were too wicked to wash their feet when they went to bed unless their mothers made them do so—were any better than the average boy of this age. Gentlemen, it would not be safe for you to press this question—outside of New York and Chicago.

But, though boys may not be worse, and potentially any better, *Now* than *Then*, it is possible that they can be better if they will try. Therefore, boys, try. You will soon be loaded with great responsibilities. You have come on the world's stage in a critical and remarkable era of its history. There are great political and social problems that you may soon be called on to settle. Never have boys had a grander opportunity. In few respects were the chances of your ancestors equal to yours. "America," said Emerson, "is another name for Opportunity. Our whole history appears like a last effort of the Divine Providence in behalf of the human race." Boys, this is your opportunity. All will soon rest upon you. The advancement of the human race will soon depend upon you. Will you try, then, to make the world better? If you wish to be good and to do good, you must not forget the noble sentiment that has come down from Epictetus, "*If you wish to be good, first believe that you are bad.*" Boys, perhaps you are rather bad! Ponder well, therefore, what the gray-heads say.

### A Piece of Old Newspaper.

Even a fragment of a newspaper may be of great historical interest when sixty years old. A lady friend, in looking over some family relics recently, found part of a copy of *The Miltonian*, dated October 17, 1829, published by Frick & Sweney. This was two years before *The Muncy Telegraph* was established, and in the era when our business men still did all their advertising in the Milton and Williamsport papers. The only Muncy advertisement in the scrap before us is that of the Riebsam Brothers, who gave a "last notice to all persons indebted to the late firm of Philip and John Riebsam \* \* \* to call and settle their accounts." A card of Samuel Grove, of Clinton Township, headed "Carrying Trade," respectfully informs the public "that he will commence his old business of conveying produce, &c., to market by boat, ark, etc., and also of bringing back produce, &c.," and reminds us in this advanced age of canal and railroad transportation what hard and tedious work it must have been to transport mer-

chandise up the rapids of the Susquehanna in flat-bottom boats, etc. With long, stout poles, armed with heavy iron sockets at the foot to make them sink readily and to keep them well pointed, and round knobs at the heads to keep the shoulders from getting too sore—for so sore enough they would naturally get—the patient boatmen would push their boats day after day until their destination was reached. To overcome the swift ripples we have heard the old rivermen say how they would fasten the loose end of the rope that was attached to a windlass in the bow of the boat to a tree, or to a rock, or to a post that was set in the bank for the purpose, and then draw their craft up inch by inch against the current. Verily, this piece of old newspaper has survived great changes, and sets one to thinking about old times.

Notices to the "First Northumberland Troop" and to "volunteers," to appear at Milton "fully equipped for drill," and "provided with twelve rounds of blank cartridges," also reminds one of the battalion days, when shooting, frolicking, whisky-drinking and fist-fighting must have made things very lively. Black eyes, sore noses, broken teeth and battered knuckles were common sequels of training days. An advertisement headed "Old Fort Races," and signed "Many Sportsmen," informs the public that the races will "continue three days," for one purse of fifty dollars and two of twenty-five dollars each, and will recall the fact to the mind of our oldest readers that racing and betting on horses was then even more frequent than now, and that it was also an era of better and more general horsemanship. To sit on and manage a horse well was an almost universal accomplishment. Nearly every lady who could afford it owned a side-saddle. The preachers, doctors, tourists and visitors mostly traveled back and forth on horseback, and leggins, saddle-bags and riding habits were more common, in proportion to the population, than sulkys, buckboards and dog carts are now.

Truly a wonderful change has taken place here, and throughout all the land, since this copy of *The Miltonian* was published. B. Moore, druggist in Milton, advertises that he keeps "constantly for sale lottery tickets on the lowest terms, and the cash paid for all prizes immediately after the drawings arrive." J. B. Landis & Co., of the same place, advertise the Union Canal Lottery, and say: "All orders enclosing the cash or prize tickets will be thank-

fully received and strictly attended to;" and that "all persons who are desirous of obtaining money by the *heap* are requested to call at this office." Peter Aurand and John Leisenring, of Northumberland, also each have advertisements as agents of the Union Canal Lottery. Possibly the same paper contained other similar announcements. The lottery was not then yet regarded by the majority as an immoral institution, and there were few who did not now and then "try their fortune." An act of Provincial legislation as early as February 17, 1762, in the strongest language condemned lotteries as "pernicious practices" that "may not only give opportunities to evil disposed persons to cheat and defraud the honest inhabitants of this province, but prove introductive of vice, idleness and immorality, injurious to trade, commerce and industry, and against the common good, welfare and peace of this province," and therefore enacted that no person shall sell, buy, advertise, or in any way take part in a lottery without suffering a heavy penalty; but the act was soon, by even legislative consent, regarded as a dead letter.

Many public buildings, bridges, schools and churches were afterwards, as before, built by lottery schemes. Such enterprises were for many years, in fact, regulated, encouraged and protected by special acts of legislation. It was only three years after the act above mentioned that an act (1765) was passed to permit a number of churches in Philadelphia, Carlisle, York, Reading, Chester and in other places to raise money by way of lottery to pay their debts and to finish and repair their church buildings. It was the abuse, and not the use of the lottery, that was considered harmful by the best of people in those days. George Washington, it is said, officiated in a number of lotteries, and tickets bearing his name are now regarded as great "prizes" by antiquarians, though they may originally have been blanks. There is a lottery ticket still in existence endorsed by William White, who afterwards was ordained a Bishop, and is now regarded as the founder of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America. The Quakers kept themselves "unspotted from the world" perhaps about as rigidly as any religious class, but they did not always object to the lottery. In 1744 a battery was raised below Philadelphia with funds raised by a lottery, in which, it is said, "many Quakers took chances." We were informed some years ago that one of the churches in Milton had been built by means

of a lottery. Judging also, therefore, by the lottery advertisements in the piece of old newspaper before us, we presume that the good people of Milton, like the people elsewhere, were liberal patrons of lottery schemes. Again the question is suggested, is the world growing worse or better? Is man undergoing a process of retrogradation, or is he, all things considered, undergoing the more desirable change of gradual advancement? This little piece of old newspaper is full of hints, but we have not the space now for their further consideration.

### Vandals at the Graves.

There were a number of complaints of vandalism last season in the Muncy Cemetery. It is a mean and contemptible thing to steal flowers, destroy shrubbery or break or remove anything placed by affection on the graves of fallen friends; and it is also a more serious matter in the eye of the law than is, perhaps, generally known. It is the general desire that the trespasser or trespassers—no matter who he, she or they may be—shall be caught, exposed, and punished. We are all more or less interested in that consecrated and beautiful ground, in which, as the obliging sexton, George F. Miller, recently informed us, no fewer than 1,332 of our late loved ones are now slumbering, and on which so many thousands of dollars have already been expended. It is a downright shame to wantonly desecrate such a sacred and lovely place. It is hoped, for the reputation of the community, that there will be no more such unfeeling disregard shown for the rights and sentiments of those who have been bereaved. Every instance of such maliciousness is an offense to the whole community. There is no excuse, but insanity, for willful perpetrations of this nature. The following is a part of the law, according to an act of Assembly passed March, 1849, and we publish it now that it may be talked over and remembered by our citizens in general, and by the person, or persons, for whom it is mainly intended, in particular. As it applies to every other grave-yard or cemetery in the State, it will probably be of interest to our readers generally:

"Any person who shall willfully cut, break or remove any shrub or plant, within such place of interment, shall, upon conviction thereof, be punished by a fine of not less than five nor more than fifty dollars, at the discretion of the magistrate."

Let it be remembered that the fine may be fifty dollars for even breaking off a flower. If a

person is under suspicion, and is caught doing nothing more, the act may prove a costly one. Our magistrates will be governed by circumstances, by the understanding and evident motive of the offender, and may feel compelled to inflict the extreme penalty of the law. They will hardly be disposed to be over-lenient with persons who know better than to commit these wicked acts. According to the act of Assembly of March 31, 1860, a person caught trespassing in a grave-yard or cemetery may fare even still worse, at the discretion of the court. The following is a part of the latter act :

"Any person who shall willfully and maliciously destroy, mutilate, deface, injure or remove any tomb, monument, gravestone or other edifice placed in any cemetery or grave-yard, \* \* \* or shall willfully or maliciously *injure*, destroy or remove any fence, railing or other work for the protection or ornament of such places of interment, \* \* \* or maliciously destroy any tree or *shrubbery* growing in such cemetery or grave-yard, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction of either of the said offenses be sentenced to undergo an imprisonment not exceeding one year, or to pay a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars, or both, or either, at the discretion of the court."

By a careful reading of this law it will be seen that all the misdemeanors we have mentioned, and that have been the cause of complaint, may be very severely punished if, in the opinion of the court, the offender is "willfully and maliciously" guilty. A fine of one hundred dollars and one year in prison—as the sentence may be "both"—should be a sufficient warning and restraint, and it is hoped that no more will be heard of vandalism among the tombs. Self-respect should be law enough to prevent all such offenses.

### The Habit and Effect of Drinking Liquor.

Mr. Lloyd McCarty—now one of the oldest living citizens born in Muncy—recently stated that when he was a lad most of the liquor drinking hereabouts was done by the old men, and that it now appeared to him that most of the drinking is done by the younger men and boys. "Sixty years ago," said he, "it was the rarest thing for me to see a boy intoxicated." Another observation made by Mr. McCarty seems of startling significance. While there was more liquor drank by the older men Then than Now—then, when whisky was so cheap, and a whisky jug or barrel was always kept in nearly every house—yet "cases of delirium tremens were extremely rare." We have since conversed on the

subject with a number of persons whose recollections extend back fifty years and longer, and in most instances the same opinions were expressed. The different effect of most of the liquor now drank may perhaps be clearly enough accounted for, but how shall we explain the change in the rank and file of those who do the drinking? Is this an indication of increasing depravity? Is it possible that fifty or sixty years from now the children will do the liquor-drinking then? Are the older men and parents becoming more temperate? How shall we interpret these signs? Well, if the habit is finally to become obsolete by running down the line, and then out, it must be going in the right direction, and so the sooner even the dear little tots fall to drinking, spreeing and seeing snakes, the better for the human race. That kind of "evolution" ought to advance the cause of temperance rapidly. Perpetual advancement is the hope of humanity. But while all agree that mania a potu is far more common now than in times past, and it may be true that the younger men and boys do most of the drinking now—though we certainly have many strictly temperate boys—yet were not the effects of drinking liquor always pernicious? Has not *pure* liquor in all ages been a curse? We read history to little profit if we fail to notice that the habit of drinking was always a calamity. Shakespeare is good authority that three hundred years ago strong drink was a fearful "enemy," that when men put it in their mouths it would "steal away their brains," and that they would thus "transform themselves to beasts." And still earlier man was admonished against strong drink, that "it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." But, without going back so far, the testimony against *pure* liquor—the kind that our immediate ancestors distilled of corn, of rye and apples—is overwhelming. Of this we may say more hereafter. The readers of the "History of the West Branch Valley," lately published in monthly parts, will notice how unfortunate it proved also for the Indians that our ancestors brought this evil with them. The Moravian missionaries stationed at Shamokin were compelled, for instance (see page 112), to leave their hut almost every night and hide in the woods, on account of "the drunken savages." Liquor was Then, even as Now, a constant source of trouble, strife and crime. It was often the instigator of feuds between, and the cause of calamities to, the white settlers themselves. Therefore, when we come to consider the consequences of drinking Now and Then, the difference may after all amount to but little. In proof of the advantage of abstaining from the use of "hot and rebellious" drinks, we again quote from an old authority :

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;  
For, in my youth, I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood ;  
Nor did I, with unbashful forehead, woo  
The means of weakness and debility ;  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty but kindly."

# THE NOW AND THEN.

Devoted to History, Amusement, Instruction, Advancement.

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## MILTON OPP.

A "well-rounded life" is not necessarily a long one, though we are much in the habit of associating the expression with advanced age, affixing it as a seal of approbation to the record of those who depart "full of years," leaving behind them the memory of an honorable career. Yet in a life limited to a few decades may sometimes be found such symmetry of character and conduct, such charm of disposition, such loftiness of aspiration, and such brilliancy of achievement, that no added measure of time could serve to give it greater completeness. It is that of *goodness and greatness* which is compressed into a human existence, be it long or short, that lends it beauty and bestows upon it the "roundness" which merits the world's approval. Better a single strain in a heroic key than a long-drawn chant in wearisome monotone. Better a brief career, filled with soulful endeavor and crowned with noble self-sacrifice, than four-score years of negative virtue, and the painful consciousness at the close of "lagging superfluous" on life's "stage."

These reflections arise in thinking of one whose memory is fragrant in the beautiful valley in which he lived, and gratefully cherished by all whose good fortune it was to know him intimately enough to gauge the richness of his mental endowments, or sound the depths of a nature full of sweetness, but all too modest and undemonstrative. Milton Opp died while still in the spring-time of his manhood, one of the many gallant hearts whose blood was a part of the price of our national unity and prosperity. From the Wilderness, in which he received his death wound, our armed legions had started on the march to Richmond, delivering day after day those trip-hammer blows which were eventually to shatter the Confederacy; and with the rumble and roar of our advancing batteries still in his ear his spirit passed from earth. He had not yet completed his twenty-ninth year, but if he had lived to be an octogenarian his death could

hardly have been more lamented or his life commanded a sincerer admiration.

He was born on the 28th of August, 1835, in the township of Moreland, in the south-eastern part of Lycoming County, where farming is the principal resource of a scanty and laborious population. Yet even here, if somewhat chary in her distribution of the elements of ease and comfort, Nature has not deviated from her system of compensations, and in the fair outlines of the Muncy Hills is found a charm which those accustomed to the view from childhood profess to look elsewhere for in vain.

On the side of his father, Philip Opp, he was of Dutch descent, his ancestors coming from Amsterdam. It is a fact not generally known that through his mother he was nearly related to the great chieftain of the Union armies, General U. S. Grant. Her maiden name was Hannah Smith, and she was a daughter of Jonathan Smith, who came from Montgomery County, Pa., to Lycoming County about the year 1795, and whose wife, Anne Simpson, was a sister of John Simpson, of Ohio, General Grant's grandfather. Colonel Opp was therefore second cousin to the hero whose tenacious grip on Richmond, and well-ordered combinations in the West and South, ended the Rebellion. It is unlikely that the Colonel, in his native modesty, ever communicated the existence of this relationship to his distinguished kinsman, although it might have been the means of changing his own position in the field, and possibly averting the fate which so soon befell him.

His childhood and boyhood were passed upon his father's farm, and if not exactly an idyl, they were free from the corrupting influences of the town, and his mind was early awakened to all that is attractive and inspiring in a country life. Like others of his age amid similar surroundings, his growing strength was promptly utilized in the minor details of agriculture, and like them he doubtless often found in his experience an admixture of bodily toil and colorless rou-

tine quite disproportioned to the pleasure to be extracted from his daily occupations. The sweetness of his disposition was, however, unbroken by the sometimes repellent nature of his tasks, and if there is nothing of especial importance to note in this period of his life, it is proper to signalize his unvarying cheerfulness, his tender regard for his parents, whose slightest wish was his law, and his devotion to his brothers and sisters, whose happiness he seemed to study more than his own. This, the testimony of his associates of that day, accords so thoroughly with the characteristics of the developed man, that it is not to be regarded as shaped by the time-honored injunction, "Speak only good of the dead." Unfortunately—or fortunately—for him, he had not inherited the stalwart frame of his Dutch ancestors, and while he bore his part in the labors of the field without a murmur, it was plain that his preferences were for other things. He was cast in too fine a mould to delight in clearing the grass-fields of offending stones, or turning an artistic furrow on fallow uplands. With all his admiration for the tasseled corn and waving grain, he found more satisfaction in thrusting the intellectual sickle into the mental harvests which appeared to him, sparingly enough, in the books and periodicals which found their way to the paternal home. Quite opportunely, his father's affairs were prosperous, and the boy, hungry for knowledge, was deprived of no chance of obtaining such instruction as the neighborhood afforded. His facilities were presently extended, and in a more advanced school, at Muncy, he began his preparation for a collegiate course.

In the winter of 1853-4 he made his appearance in the class rooms of the University at Lewisburg, now Bucknell University, entering the highest form of the preparatory department. He was then in his nineteenth year, but looked at least two years younger. In stature he was quite above the average, but spare of figure, with a trifling stoop in the shoulders, resulting from a too studious habit or a too rapid growth, or both combined. His features were striking. Abundant black hair of unusual length crowned a tall but narrow brow, and fell forward to some extent over his cheek bones, which were high and prominent; his nose was straight and shapely, with a fine play of the nostrils, indicative of an emotional nature, while his complexion was of a smooth, transparent, feminine whiteness, relieved by a slight touch of color on

either cheek, less suggestive of health, perhaps, than of a delicate constitution. His eyes were of an uncertain shade, more blue than gray, but of a limpidity that betokened truthfulness and invited confidence. In his case they were indeed the "windows of the soul," and of a soul as transparent as that of a vestal virgin. From the first there was little of self-assertion in his manner, but rather an air of timidity, which was more the visible sign of a genuine modesty than of any lack of physical or mental force.

To the quiet country college he brought habits of study and a general earnestness of purpose which speedily placed him among the foremost of his class. In those days the "curriculum" was not so exacting that ample time could not be found for reading, even after due indulgence in athletic and other sports, which were then a less absorbing factor in student life than now; and he rapidly made the acquaintance of all that is best in English literature, from Chaucer's time to our own. Of music he was the devoted worshiper. Gifted with a delightful voice, he was quick to add to it the charm of such cultivation as his time and the place permitted, and he was presently the organizer, and for several years the leader, as well as soul, of the only Glee Club to be found at the University. Of other arts that refine and make life agreeable, dancing was not neglected, though it occupied an unimportant place in his regard. Thus, with graces of mind and manner, abundant information, rare conversational gifts and a genial *camaraderie*, he was a delightful companion, receiving a cordial welcome wherever he appeared. Recalling him now, after the lapse of so many years, the chief distinguishing trait impressed upon his ways and actions was gentleness. Even his voice had a sympathetic quality, and rarely rose above the natural tone of conversation. Coupled with his gentleness there was an atmosphere of sincerity about all of his professions and undertakings, which commended him to the confidence of his associates, and won their enduring friendship. With remarkable capacity for enjoyment, and indulging freely in the sports and amusements of his fellows, his pleasures never degenerated into frivolity or interfered with his fixed determination to fit himself for future usefulness. Long before the completion of his studies at Lewisburg he had made choice of the law as his life pursuit—a choice which seemed singular in one apparently lacking in the aggressive qualities upon which success at the bar so much

depends. Soon after taking his bachelor's degree, in 1858, he entered upon a course of study at the law school at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Taking with him the same diligent habits which had marked his college career, he won a high place in the esteem of his preceptors and fellow-students, and graduated with honor in 1860. Returning to his home at Muncy, he was admitted to the Lycoming County bar, and with high hopes and aims entered upon the practice of his profession.

As he had been an exceptionally thoughtful and studious boy, and unremitting in his efforts to improve his later educational opportunities, there is every reason to believe that he would eventually have become an eminent legal light in the neighborhood which he had selected for the exercise of his talents. His old timidity, born of comparative isolation in youth, had long since given way to a manly courage, which fitted him to "give and take" in the sharp struggle of life. To the dubious ways and reprehensible meannesses of pettifoggers to be found on the "ragged edge" of every local bar, he could never have descended. His whole nature was chivalrous. His mind was filled not only with an exalted idea of what an advocate should be, but with the fixed purpose of realizing it in all its perfection. Perhaps his bow was overstrung, for a rural district is seldom prolific in great opportunities for the conscientious attorney, and not immediately responsive to his finer ambitions. He was young, however, and could have afforded to "bide his time." But it was not to be. The whole current of his life was changed by the great civil war, which soon absorbed the energies, hopes and aims of so many of the foremost spirits of the land. For a time he strove against the patriotic impulse which urged him to the field, but

"When all the youth worth love and truth  
Were marshalled for the fray,"

how could he hang back, even with the prospect of judicial honors distantly in view? No, the integrity of the Republic *first*, and *then* the law.

On the 1st of October, 1861, he was commissioned First Lieutenant of a company of volunteers, which he was largely instrumental in recruiting at and near Muncy, and which became Company F in the Eighty-fourth Regiment, whose organization was completed in the latter part of the same month. At the beginning of January, 1862, he is found with his command in West Virginia, where a series of chess board movements of some brilliancy and excessive

rapidity, under General Lander, in the effort to checkmate "Stonewall" Jackson in his enterprises in the valley, gave needed experience to both officers and men in marching, skirmishing and fencing with an accomplished foe. At Winchester, on the 23d of March, the Eighty-fourth, with the rest of the forces of General Shields (who had succeeded Lander), met Jackson's troops and repulsed them handsomely, but not without serious losses. Soon after, by the retirement of his Captain, Lieutenant Opp was promoted to the command of his company—a promotion which was welcomed by his men, who had the warmest admiration for his ability and courage. At this time the greater portion of the Army of the Potomac had already gone to the Peninsula, while a goodly part of McDowell's corps (the First) was gathered near Fredericksburg, anticipating a movement southward from that point, to co-operate with McClellan's forces near Richmond. Shields' division was ordered to Fredericksburg, doubtless to take part in the projected movement, and in the early evening of a bright spring day, after rapid marches by way of Strasburg and Front Royal, dragged its elongated column into Fal-mouth, presenting a most ragged and exhausted appearance. The writer, who was there at the time, in the military service, recognized his old friend and classmate, Captain Opp, as the Eighty-fourth passed, and received and returned his cheery greeting. Next morning, before the fatigue of the long march eastward had worn off, the same division was in swift counter-movement towards Front Royal, and fond anticipations of a renewal of the pleasant intercourse of college days were rudely dispelled. From that moment until he stood by Colonel Opp's open coffin, and saw him resting in the calm dignity of death, the writer, although serving for the most part in the same army, was never fortunate enough to meet him, but followed his career with the deepest interest, and rejoiced from time to time in the news of his well-earned advancement.

The Eighty-fourth was not permitted to share in the triumphs—which were few—and disasters—which were many—of the Chickahominy campaign, but the season was not passed in idleness, and in the wear and tear of active field work, under McDowell and Pope, the regiment was wasted to a skeleton. Many changes took place among the field officers, and at the beginning of October Captain Opp was commissioned

Major. In December, after the ineffectual assault on the heights of Marye, under Burnside, he again received a deserved promotion, becoming Lieutenant Colonel. In this bloody engagement he drew upon himself the plaudits of his brigade commander, who named him among those "whose coolness, judgment and unsparing bravery were conspicuous." At Chancellorsville, on the 3d of May, 1863, the regiment was for a time in imminent danger of capture from the breaking of other troops on either flank, but by the gallant conduct and skillful management of Colonel Opp, who was in command, was extricated from its perilous position, not without distressing losses, but with its honor untarnished, and its character for steadfast courage greatly accentuated. From this time forward Colonel Opp held the command, and everywhere maintained his reputation as a brave, high-minded and accomplished officer. It is unnecessary to follow him in all his campaigns to emphasize or confirm this opinion. While many wearied of fighting, and began to despair of the result, no exactions of the service could dispirit him—no reverses unsettle his confidence in the final success of our arms. Constant overdrafts upon his strength, however, began to tell upon his health. The care of his regiment, the long marches, the fatigues of picket and other duty, and frequent exposure to inclement weather while reconnoitering or changing camp in the winter season, were enough to shake a stouter constitution than his. But it was his ambition to be always "present for duty," and, sustained by pure will-power, he continued to bear up even when his medical officer and his physical condition spoke appealingly for a rest.

In the early spring of 1864, before General Grant assumed the direction of military affairs in the East, he asked for, and obtained, leave of absence to visit his home. Thus far he had passed through numerous skirmishes and pitched battles unharmed, but whether owing to mental depression consequent upon bodily exhaustion, or to some other cause, the conviction now seized him that this was the last time he should look upon the scenes of his childhood. In the presence of his family and acquaintances his accustomed air of cheerfulness was maintained, and no intimation of uneasiness as to his future could be derived from his words or bearing. When his leave was about to expire, being still a sufferer, the time was extended on a certificate of ill-health furnished by his trusted physician,

Dr. William M. Rankin. The few added days sped rapidly away, but his strength improved as rapidly, to the gratification of his many friends. His last hours in Muncy were spent chiefly in the office of Dr. Rankin, who had known him from early boyhood, and in whose house he was always a welcome visitor. The two friends sat long in pleasant conversation, and in the course of the evening the Colonel related many amusing incidents of his early life, laughing heartily at times, and seeming to be in the happiest of moods. At last, starting up abruptly, he said: "Well, Doctor, I feel that this is my last farewell to you and to Muncy. I know that we are going to have warm work when the spring campaign opens, and do not believe I shall ever see you again." The Doctor naturally made light of the idea, and in a pleasant way strove to dispel it; but it seemed to have gained a firm hold on his friend's mind, and to have acquired all the force of a presentiment. "I have struggled against it," said the Colonel, shaking his head, "but cannot overcome the impression that I shall presently fall in battle." And so he took his leave, apparently fully persuaded that he had made his last visit home.

Presentiment or not, his melancholy forecast proved true. Returning to the field, he resumed command of his regiment. With the first warm days of spring, under the vigorous direction of General Grant, whose personality was quickly felt in all the camps, the Army of the Potomac threw off its lethargy, and everywhere was heard the hum of preparation for an important movement. At the beginning of May the troops were in motion, and on the 5th of that month the Union and rebel forces were locked in deadly embrace on almost the identical ground which had witnessed the undoing of Hooker's brilliant plans a year earlier. For hours the battle raged amid the tangle of trees and underbrush, covering miles of a region which well deserves its name of "Wilderness," and at times the lines, struggling with demoniac fury at close quarters, were mingled in apparently inextricable confusion. Night fell upon the combat, with no appreciable advantage won by either side. At daylight it was resumed, and again for a great part of a long spring day the contending forces surged back and forth in unremitting efforts to win or hold the field. Charge was met by counter-charge, volley by volley, while at intervals, above the roar of musketry, was heard the deep hurrah of our own troops or the fiend-like

yell of the enemy, as one body or the other strove to possess itself of a coveted position. The Eighty-fourth was in the hottest of the fight, and already its ranks were painfully thinned by the prolonged struggle. A greater trial awaited it. With other troops on the same part of the line it is ordered to charge, to stem a fresh torrent of rebel infantry which bursts from the mysterious depths of the forest, unheralded, as if it had sprung suddenly from the earth, threatening to sweep everything before it. Forward leap the men of the Eighty-fourth at the word of their intrepid commander; forward the equally scanty remnants of other regiments, mingling with the Eighty-fourth and with one another—for in such a labyrinth alignments are impossible—and, moved by one common impulse, the confused mass hurls itself recklessly upon the foe. His advance is stayed—he is forced to recoil—but his marksmanship is good, and his rifles have done murderous work. Scores have fallen of the bravest and best—for in the grim business of war bullets seem instinctively to seek the most precious lives—

As if on brows that might wear a crown  
Death's seal must ever be quickest set!

Counted in the cost of that terrible onset was the life of Colonel Opp, who fell pierced by a mortal wound. Three days later, while the bedraggled guns were thundering against the breastworks at Spottsylvania, he expired. In him died as brave and pure and unselfish a soldier as was to be found arrayed in the cause of the Union. No keener loss could have befallen the men of his command, who recognized in him not only a competent leader, but a personal friend—a comrade full of generous sympathy—a warrior “without fear and without reproach.” Of all the glorious list of those who laid upon their country's altar the supreme offering of their hopes, their ambitions and their lives, few can be named whose record is more brilliant or inspiring than his, and no one whose virtues, as both citizen and soldier, can better serve as an example to the youth of the Republic.

THOMAS CHAMBERLIN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

### The Boys of Muncy Fifty Years Ago.

DEAR GERNERD: You ask me to write of the boys of Muncy fifty years ago. How difficult the task for one so young and inexperienced in biographical sketches. A great deal of unwritten history of every country drops into the lap of oblivion, and posterity can only sit down

and mourn over the loss of that which they would most willingly possess. Wise men have shattered brilliant intellects in pursuit of the lost arts, while the invisible form of doubtful things stands immovable in their way, unwilling to assist in unveiling the hidden treasures of the past, and leaving them, after long and wearied trials, nothing but the fruitless victory of uncertainty and doubt. As we cannot speak from actual knowledge of persons and things back in that remote period, we are compelled again to fall back upon tradition and give you some idea of what the boys of Muncy were fifty years ago. As we have it through this channel of information, the boys of that place then, as now, were always good boys, and it has often been a wonder to me that so many of them were allowed to live; for we are told “the good die early,” and if mortality is based on this theory in other parts of the country and strictly adhered to, Muncy has been singularly fortunate in proving the correctness of the rule by being the one exception to it.

It would be impossible in a short article such as this must be to recall many individual instances of heroic action on the part of the rising generation in that locality; but one or two may suffice as a sample for the whole, and as related to me by an eye-witness of that time, I now give it to you as best my recollection serves me.

About the time of which you speak, there lived on the banks of a small stream running through the Muncy Valley two families of foreign birth. They came from a land which recognized the husband as the ruling power about a house, having the right at all times, for any or no offense, to chastise a wife with a stick no thicker than his thumb. The frequent exercise of this right was considered absolutely necessary to secure domestic felicity in the household, and accordingly the homes of these people, through this instrumentality applied about once a week for a considerable length of time, must have reached a point of ecstasy little short of heavenly bliss.

Now, it may appear strange that people of different nationalities should vary so widely in their opinions in regard to a custom which had prevailed so long, had become venerable by age, and accomplished so much good in establishing quiet and peaceable homes in other far-off lands.

But so it was, that the boys or young men of that neighborhood, claiming the rights of American citizens to think, and if necessary act in

opposition to the recognized customs of all other countries, took it upon themselves, strange as it may seem, to change the order of things in that particular locality, and for this exclusive purpose organized a band, called "The Italian Band" for the time being, for the sole purpose of establishing peace in that community if they had to fight for it. They were mild, brave and discreet, but determined in this new missionary work to make converts, though they might not secure any very active followers. Accordingly they gave notice to the parties most largely interested in this matter, to desist from further demonstrations of affection by the use of the rod over the tender backs of their submissive wives, or, on failure to do so, mild persuasive means would in all probability be resorted to for the accomplishment of a particular purpose. The notice given was rather diplomatic in its character, as all such documents should be in dealing with foreign powers. For the sake of brevity, and to be strictly accurate in what we say, we will designate these loving husbands by the names of Cain and Abel. You may not be familiar with these names, but we are not accountable for that. Cain was a carpenter by trade and generally worked away from home during the week, but always returned to his domicile on Saturday evenings. Nursing his kind feelings during the six days towards his wife and family, it was very natural he should come home and manifest his appreciation of them in a substantial manner. He never failed in this particular, and on every occasion so impressed it upon his wife, that the evidence of his handiwork stood out in bold relief upon her person until it was time for another castigation of the same sort to remind her of her duty.

No attention was paid to the notice previously given, and it was on one of these happy occasions that the mission work began.

The best policy for truly converting men is to draw them to you with cords of affection. To come as nearly as possible within this rule, (though they strengthened the cord a little by the substitution of a strong rope), was the manifest intention and purpose of the party seeking to accomplish as much good as possible under all the circumstances.

A short distance from the house, in the small run, was enough water for cleansing purposes, being about four feet deep at that point. Being so near at hand, it was considered advisable he should be taken to this place for suitable recrea-

tion after his arduous labors. A vehicle was provided for this purpose which was considered altogether safe, being a new rail from the fence close by, with edges sharp enough to prevent sliding off. Great care was taken for the safety of passengers traveling by public conveyances in those days for fear of railroad accidents. Being carefully placed in position with the rope around his neck, which was considered rather ornamental than otherwise, he was conveyed to this watering place, (a splendid summer resort in former times, but not much resorted to at present), and strange to say, without any apparent effort on his part, he plunged head foremost into that water as naturally as if he had been accustomed to diving all his life. This he repeated three times, and remained under water so long that his kind friends on the shore (the good Muncy boys), fearing some accident might happen to him by remaining so long out of his natural element, insisted on his returning to the bosom of his family again for a short time at least, assuring him in the most candid manner, and with the best intentions ever entertained by the saints of the earth, that they would return again and assist him in similar ablutions at any time, and as often as the exigencies of his case might require. Under this mild treatment, only once applied, was the patient fully restored. We are told after that he never had a symptom of his former malady, but gently glided into a meditative mood, in which he appeared to be considering whether the time would ever come when he would be allowed his natural right of exercising in a manly way that arbitrary power so absolutely necessary to establish and maintain domestic peace.

We have almost lost sight of Abel. Well, his history is soon told. Prior to these events his wife had frequent opportunities of submitting to the downward tendencies of an irate husband. But he was close at hand and saw the kind treatment so generously meted out to Cain, and learned at the same time no partiality would be shown in that community; that at no distant day his wants, irrespective of his wishes, would be most liberally supplied without cost or expense to himself; that he would be placed on the free list for all such delightful entertainments, and to consider himself as doing them a special favor by accepting the invitation. But Abel was naturally a modest, retiring man, and at this time rather more so than usual.

Looking upon the matter as rather intrusive

on his part to accept their hospitality, when they were under no special obligation to extend such beneficent favors to him, and more especially to lighten their labors as much as possible, he purchased his wife a new dress, brushed up an old Boliver hat, and thus adorned in their best apparel, he and his wife walked down to the old Emmanuel Church, attached themselves to it, inside and out, lived ever after good, consistent Christian lives until death called away his fragile mate, and when her soul took flight on hope's triumphant wings for everlasting rest, he wept in anguish for a wife departed.

Now tell me, were not these *good* boys of Muncy, who in this mild, gentle and persuasive manner did so well and accomplished so much good? Other places may have furnished to the world good boys at times, but none that we have ever seen to equal the boys, old or young, of Muncy.

C. W. ROBB.

Pittsburg, May 14, 1889.

### Do Animals Possess Mind?

The Rev. J. G. Wood, an English minister, in a work entitled "Man and Beast Here and Hereafter," has given such an array of facts as, it seems to me, answers this question conclusively in the affirmative. He shows by evidence that cannot be gainsaid that they possess all of the following qualities which most people are accustomed to regard as the attributes of humanity only, to wit: Reason, language, memory, generosity, cheater, (which is certainly a human characteristic), humor, pride, anger and revenge, tyranny, sympathy, friendship, love and even conscience; which last is not a common attribute of humanity.

The account on page 79 of NOW AND THEN, of Mr. Houston's dog, is only another instance which may be added to those given by Mr. Wood; and I have met with a number of similar instances coming under my immediate observation. I remember, when living in the state of Mississippi forty years ago, that the lady with whom I boarded had a large dog, of the species known as "yaller dog." It was the business of a servant girl to feed him, which she sometimes neglected to do.

Whenever this happened the dog would walk deliberately into the room, the door of which was generally open, and look at his mistress till she would call the servant girl and ask her if she had forgotten to feed the dog. Now here

was both reason and language. He told her, as plainly as a human being could have done, that he had not had his supper.

Some years ago, when living on West Fourth Street, I had a small black and tan terrier, sent to me, when a pup from Washington. He was very sensitive to cold. He was accustomed to sleep on an old knit shawl that was laid on a lounge in the library at night, but was kept during the day in a side room. There was a register in the floor of the dining room, which connected with the library. He discovered this register and thought it was a good place to get warm, but found the metal of the register too hot for his feet. He reflected on the matter and came to the conclusion that he could remedy the difficulty by getting his shawl and spreading it over the register, which he proceeded to do, dragging it with his teeth, and then laid down on it perfectly satisfied. When he got ready to go to sleep at night he would go into the side room, if the door was open, and if it was not, he would yelp at the door until somebody opened it, and would then drag the shawl with his teeth to the lounge, get up on the lounge and reach over till he got hold of it, and drag it up and spread it out and then lie down on it. The children were accustomed to get a piece of rope and make him take one end of it in his mouth and then one of them would take the other end and drive him round the yard, playing horse. When they did not ask him to play horse he would ask them. He would go to the wood-shed and get the rope and drag it around into the front yard when some of them would be sitting on the porch, and then look at them and then at the rope and bark, saying, as plainly as human speech could express it, "Come and play horse," and if they complied his delight was most manifest. Occasionally the children did not want to play horse; and then, after vainly trying to coax them, he would go across the street to Dr. Logan's, and get his skye-terrier, Pomp, to come over, and each dog would take an end of the rope in his mouth and race around the yard together.

Subsequently to this my son got a splendid Irish setter, who manifested a wonderful degree of intelligence. My wife's sister paid us a visit with her baby and nurse, and rented a baby carriage for use while she was with us. The nurse was accustomed to take the baby out every pleasant day in the carriage and wheel it up and down the side-walk. Don established himself

body-guard for that baby, and walked alongside the carriage without being invited every time it went out with the baby. The mother and baby left us on a Saturday morning, and on Sunday morning a lady living just opposite sent over for the carriage for the use of a daughter visiting her with a baby. In the afternoon her nurse put the baby in the carriage and brought it out on the side-walk. Don, who was lying on the porch, got sight of it and bounded with evident delight across the street. He looked at the baby and then at the nurse, and came back again with his head down and tail between his legs, the most chop-fallen looking dog that ever was seen. He had made a mistake, of which it was manifest he felt ashamed.

One hot summer afternoon, when there was a deep ditch open on the opposite side of the street, dug for laying the steam heating pipes, a little whiffet came into the front yard where Don was indulging in a nap and commenced teasing him, by snapping at him, catching him by the ears, &c. Don got up three different times and quietly changed his location to get rid of his tormentor, but it was no use. Finally he made up his mind that he had stood it long enough, but that the whiffet was too insignificant for him to give a whaling, so he picked him up by the cuff of the neck, walked deliberately out of the gate, across the street, and dropped him into the ditch, and then walked back and laid down again. He got into a habit of following his master down town to the office, of which the latter did not approve, and would drive him back whenever he saw him following him down Fourth Street. Don evidently considered the matter to find some way to circumvent his master, and succeeded in it by taking through the back yard out to Third Street, and would meet his master at the corner of Third and Pine streets, looking as if he wondered how they happened to meet there, and he must have timed his steps.

Both these dogs having "gone where the good dogs go," I got another, given to me for a fee; a mongrel "of low degree." His face was evenly divided into black and white, making him a fit subject for a tableau to represent day and night. He did not seem to be possessed of any large amount of dog intellect, and yet, that he really possessed it, in very marked degree, is shown by the following incident. I had no use for him, and wanted to get rid of him, and, not being willing to kill him, I gave him to a farmer, who

put him in a box and took him by rail to his farm near Hughesville. About a month after he came back home. Now here is evidence of something absolutely higher than human intelligence. If a human being had been taken from town in the manner that dog was, and turned loose, as he was, in a part of the country unknown to him, he could not possibly know whether he should travel north, south, east or west, to reach home again. I finally was reluctantly compelled to have him shot to get rid of him, and I was dogless, but not for long. A dog that we designated "the alley dog," that most forlorn of all living creatures, known as "nobody's dog," got to infesting my wood and coal cellar, and it seemed so absolutely impossible to keep him out that a German servant girl declared he was a witch, and could go through a key-hole. The ingenuity he manifested in getting into that cellar was super-human. There was a window in front, hung on hinges at the top. He would run against it and push it inwards and get in, which was not so wonderful, but he would actually get out of the same window, by getting up on the coal pile and pulling the window in, and then slipping out under it. I put a stop to this, and thought I had the cellar secure, but a few nights afterwards he was in again. After considerable investigation and watching he discovered a way of getting into the cellar that was absolutely marvelous. In the back part of the house was a cellar window where coal was put in for the kitchen range. There was no glass to it, but two outside shutters that came together like ordinary outside window shutters, the outer one overlapping the inner one, and the outer one fastened by a hook that clasped round a nail in the window sill in place of a staple.

The dog would go there and jump, or bump himself against this shutter until he would jar the hook loose, and then open the shutter. Now if this was not intellect and reasoning of a high order what was it? It seems to me really a double process of reasoning. First, from an observation of the situation he reasoned that if the hook could be unloosed the shutter would open, and second, he must have reasoned out the way it could be done. \* CLINTON LLOYD.

Williamsport, May 1, 1889.

Fifty-one years ago, Col. Joseph Paxton, of Catawissa, sold a 3,000 pound "half Durham" heifer for \$1,000. Who can tell of a bigger heifer raised, and a bigger price obtained, in this section, since 1838?

### The Locusts Have Come.

On page 61 we said that "The Locusts Are Coming." Now it is in order to record the fact that The Locusts Have Come. And soon it may be added that The Locusts Have Gone—and likely not to come again until the year 1906. We saw them first this year on the 25th day of May, on the premises of John and Jesse Tolbert, along the road between Muncy and Clarkestown. They had commenced to come forth from their subterranean abodes on the night of the 23d, and were already so numerous on the 25th that they appeared to have come by the hundred thousand. The ground in places was almost honey-combed by the multitude of the nearly circular holes out of which the grubs had crawled. We heard of their appearance in other localities at about the same time, and in some places later. They came in a series of separate communities.

Beautiful and wonderful creatures! What a marvelous thing that they have lived as creeping worms in darkness, seclusion and silence—in sheol, or hades, if we may use the terms—for seventeen years; and that near the end of May they then begin to come forth in multitudes from their seclusion, in a few hours burst open their semi-transparent parchment-like shells, quickly change into the most lovely creatures, with prominent red eyes, orange-colored veins, and four large, glistening, transparent, membranaceous wings. And strange also is the fact that in this highest state of development they now live but a comparatively short time, and then, having laid their eggs and "secured the perpetuation of their race, die, and soon are "as though they never had been." Mysterious creatures! Is it surprising that even Agassiz, when he came to America, was for a time quite unwilling to believe that the term of their lives is seventeen years? So little do we yet know of the possibilities of life.

In 1872—just seventeen years ago—most of us can remember witnessing the same interesting phenomenon that we see now. Not so many can recall the brood of 1855—seventeen years still earlier; but we have the evidence of those who do remember that there was also a great crop in that year. In 1838—another seventeen year term—it is evident that they were also here. No one we have questioned appears to remember the exact date of their appearance in Lycoming, but many remember quite well that they appeared "about that time." We have, however, found positive proof in a file of the

Williamsport *Gazette and Chronicle* (owned and edited at the time by our now near and esteemed neighbor, Judge Charles D. Eldred,) that 1838 was the "locust year." Of the appearance of locusts in Muncy Valley, or Lycoming, previous to 1838, we have no definite information. It may be *presumed*, however, that there was also a similar crop in 1821. At least Lloyd McCarty remembers the appearance of a great brood when he was a little boy, and in 1821 he was ten years old. "The chickens ate so many," says he, "that many people would not eat eggs, as the eggs had an unpleasant flavor." David McCarty (the "Venerable Nimrod"—see page 36), says he remembers that when he was "a boy yet, the locusts were very plenty one year," and that he caught fish with them, as he found that "by pulling off their wings they made excellent bait." He was seventeen years old in 1821. This is not sufficiently definite, but it is valuable presumptive evidence in support of the seventeen year theory. The inhabitants were then yet busy cutting down trees and making worm fences, and were not enough interested in bugs to note down such matters for posterity. "Aunt Abigail" Edwards is the only person, we believe, now living who was old enough to remember the appearance of locusts in Muncy Valley in 1804,—she was born in 1792,—but she says that she "don't remember a thing about them." Her memory, however, is still good. Many persons now fifty years old cannot recall the brood of 1855, and it is not at all surprising that she has forgotten the locusts of 1804.

As this article may be of interest to future observers of locusts in our valley, we will here collate the only additional evidence we have at hand. The "locust year" in the section immediately south of us appears (?) to be the same as ours. John Blair Linn, in his *Annals of Buffalo Valley* (page 342), says John Beeber told him that in 1804 "The locusts were so plenty that, while riding along with his father above Milton, they made so much noise he could not hear what his father said." In 1814, only ten years later, however, the cicadas made a demonstration that seems an exception to the seventeen year rule, or of which we, at least, cannot give nor find a satisfactory explanation. On page 418 Linn says: "The month of May (1814) was remarkable for the appearance in the valley of locusts in vast numbers." On page 455, under the year caption of 1821, seven years later, the same historian says: "On June 8th the locusts

made their appearance in great numbers in Buffalo Valley." On page 530, under the date of 1838, we find the following:

"This is the 'locust year.' I saw and heard them for the first time this year on the 17th day of June, and the last of them were heard in the last week of July. They were very numerous, and most of the oak trees in this neighborhood bear witness of their labors; the present year's shoots of the branches being killed by the punctures this creature makes in laying its eggs. The common opinion is that they re-appear every fourteen years, (some say seventeen), but I incline to think they are by no means regular in their visits. The first time I saw them was in 1804, when they were very numerous about Selinsgrove. In the year 1817 I saw them at Princeton, N. J.; in 1821, at Sunbury; at Selinsgrove, in 1832, and, lastly, here (Milton). A gentleman who had a contract on the canal in 1827-28-29 informed me that the laborers frequently dug up this insect in the aurelia state, in the flats. Their size diminished according to the depth beneath the surface. Some were found at the depth of four feet, and were small, soft, and entirely white. They do not make their appearance in all parts of the country at the same period.—G. A. S."

And here is another skeptic. What he says requires investigation. The brood in New Jersey in 1817 may have been in a different cicada province, and must not be confounded with the broods here. But the Selinsgrove brood of 1832, and the Milton brood of 1838,—as well as the Buffalo Valley broods of 1804, 1814 and 1821,—may be separate and distinct broods in the same province. The observations, if exact, are at least not sufficiently extended to be regarded as conclusive, and require collateral and corroborative evidence. The Selinsgrove brood of 1804, the Sunbury brood of 1821, and the Milton brood of 1838, correspond with the dates of appearance in the Muncy Valley, and also of those of the same years mentioned by Linn. But the Selinsgrove brood of 1832 and the brood of 1814, mentioned by Linn, suggest several questions: *First*. Did the locusts also appear at Selinsgrove in 1815, 1849, 1866 and 1883, and in Buffalo Valley in 1831, 1848, 1865 and 1882? *Second*. Were there other "locust years" in the same section, indicating that some broods appear every fourteen years? *Third*. Is there evidence supporting the opinion that locusts are "by no means regular" in their

visits? *Fourth*. Is there an error in the matter of dates? Where memory is relied on there is an unquestionable constant liability to err, in regard to dates. Here is a field for study and research.

Other important questions are involved in the study. Did locusts come into existence by special and direct creation, or by a process of slow and gradual evolution? Were there seventeen or more specific annual acts of creation, or did seventeen or more distinct broods of the same species—*cicada septendecim*—come into successive existence yearly, by the mere law of progressive development? One or more of these immense broods of "seventeen year"—or "fourteen year"—locusts appear in some section of the United States every year. How did they come into existence? Were they always just as we see them now? It seems difficult for some to believe that they are the work and design of a Supreme Intelligence, but is it not as hard to believe that, without intelligent plan, a hundred or more such developments commenced in a hundred or more different localities, in different years or eras, and culminated in a hundred or more separate and independent broods of one identical species of seventeen year locusts? In either case, is it clear that they are, and always have been, absolutely "regular in their visits," and that "seventeen years" is a fixed and immutable law? We do not attempt to answer all these correlated questions. We merely ask them. The great brood now filling the air with monotonous noise seems like an unanswerable proof of the truth of the popular opinion, of a regular seventeen year law, yet it also strikes us that the people, as well as the naturalists and evolutionists, have not yet ascertained all the bottom facts.

It seems a fact established that in the Southern States—see Riley's "Report on the Insects of Missouri," 1869, and the U. S. Agricultural Reports for 1867 and 1876—the cicada appears at intervals of *thirteen* years. Some think there are two species, but we are told that "no difference was observed in the species sent to the Department from the various states," they being "the same in form, and markings, and general appearance." It is also believed (Ag. Rep. 1867) that the life period of a brood in South Carolina was *fourteen* years up to 1842, and that since that time it is *thirteen* years. By this it is evident that the natural history of the locust is not yet fully understood. It is hardly safe

to say, therefore, that the term of life has always from the beginning been, always now is, and always will be, just seventeen years. Our descendants will be likely to ascertain many facts that are now unknown—and within a thousand or more years very important changes may take place, both in opinion and in the locusts themselves. Indeed the whole race of cicadas may in time become extinct, and go the way of thousands of species that have already disappeared from the earth. But one creature alone has the promise of immortality on this mundane sphere.

Towards the tips of the wings of the locusts there are several short darkish, zigzag lines that imagination can easily trace out as having a resemblance to the letter **W**. This the superstitious have for generations—every year, in some section of the country—regarded as an omen of **War**. A political writer in the *Gazette and Chronicle* of June 20, 1838, the paper just referred to, ventured to suggest that “the enigmatical letter” at that time meant “**Whig**,” and attempted to compare the insect with the **Whig** party. But he unwittingly confounded the cicada with the destructive grasshopper, the real locusts, and his imaginary political “resemblance” had no proper application to the **W** marked visitors. But, as the zigzag lines occur on each side of the insect, imagination and superstition have thought of a more fitting double interpretation. It has often been suggested, for instance, that “**Warm Weather**,” or “**Wet Weather**,” either of which, or both, can hardly ever fail to hit, is the proper signification. Perhaps, however, at the time of their present appearance, their meaning was “**Whiskey War**,” or—after the recent battle—**Whiskey Won**. Well, it is easy to imagine that the marks mean **War**! This **Wide World** of ours always has been a **War World**. All species, since the morning of creation, have been at **War** with one another. The destruction of Life, in all its multitudinous forms, is utterly beyond human conception.

A biological-arithmetic problem is here proposed to illustrate how these Wonderful insects are destroyed, by the **War** that is **Waged** against them in this **World of War**. We present it also as an attempt to show one of the marvelous possibilities of the mysterious principle we call Life. Suppose there were no **War** of Nature or **World War**. Suppose a single pair of locusts were created 6,000 years ago, and

to them and to their descendants were given the **Whole World** as an exclusive inheritance, there being no other representative of animal life to dispute their possession. Each female locust lays 400 to 500 eggs. Say one-half of each brood are females, and that there being no **War**, all reach maturity, and lay, on the average, 450 eggs. At the end of the first seventeen year term we have 450 male and female locusts. As 225 of these will in turn each lay 450 eggs, in the 34th year we have a family of 101,250 locusts. In 51 years, at the same rate of increase, we have a brood of 22,781,250 individuals. Wonderful is it! But still more Wonderful is the increase of the generations that follow. In 68 years we have 5,125,781,250 locusts. If the reader doubts, let him take his pencil and test these calculations. In 85 years the number has increased to 1,153,300,781,250. In 102 years we have the almost incredible number of 259,492,675,781,250. And in 153 years—the eighth generation—we have the appalling number of 2,901,621,884,465,800,781,250. If we were to pack this single brood so close together that two locusts would occupy but one square inch of surface, it would require 361,357,789,499 square miles of territory to accommodate them all. The area of all the continents and islands of the earth is, in round numbers, but 50,000,000 square miles. The eighth locust crop would, therefore, alone cover every foot of the dry land of the earth, and make seven or more solid layers of two individuals to every square inch of surface.

If, then, there would be such an amazing increase in a little more than 150 years, how much space would be required for the 352d generation, at the end of 6,000 years? In other words, if there had been no **World War**, how many locusts would there be in the present brood? Wonderful and infinite is the increase of Life—when there is Peace, and plenty of Food, and Room. Again, what would be the total number of the individuals of the 352 generations? What would be the number of a single generation at the end of one hundred thousand years? Lastly, what would be the number of all these generations of one hundred thousand years combined? Who can read the figures? What is Life? What are the possibilities of Life? Do not the cicadas proclaim that **War** is necessary? Every creature—and even Man, for he hath here “no pre-eminence above the beast”—is thus held in check by the **World War**.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

ISSUED BI-MONTHLY.

J. M. M. GERNERD, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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## THE GREAT FLOOD OF 1889.

As the NOW AND THEN is being preserved for future readers, we must give some account of the greatest catastrophe that has occurred since civilization won possession of the West Branch Valley, though the event is now so fresh in the minds of our present readers. We could not give the recital room earlier, because the seventh number was already in the hands of the printer before the great flood happened. It is not proposed to give a history of the unprecedented rise, of its widely-extended work of destruction, and of the many incidents of interest that transpired, but merely to contribute a brief chapter to the long, sad story. There is subject matter enough for several large volumes. The space here given shall be devoted mainly to what we ourselves saw and heard in the Muncy Valley.

A severe rain storm on Thursday and Friday, May 30th and 31st, caused the West Branch River and its tributaries to swell so rapidly that on Saturday morning, June 1st, the inhabitants awoke to find the lowlands already submerged and the water rising so rapidly as to be alarming. Before 11 o'clock A. M. the wagon bridge had all been carried away, span after span being shoved from the piers, after having for some time been subjected to a most fearful battering from logs, trees and lumber piles, the incessant noise of which reminded the old soldiers of the fiercest bombardment they had heard during the Rebellion. From the roof of his house on Shettle Hill the writer, through a field glass, saw the last two spans move down the river. A few minutes later he saw the floating mass strike the west end of the Reading railroad bridge and knock it over, and not long after also observed the last span of the latter strong structure washed away. Higher and higher the tumultuous and irresistible current rose, and more and more appalling the scene of devastation appeared. Early Saturday evening he saw Will Shaw's covered flat, or "boat house," come up Main Street and unload refugees from the lower

parts of the town on the sidewalk not fifty feet north of the Water Street crossing. All other available flats and boats were engaged in the same valuable service, on Main, Market and Washington Streets. The water continued to rise until near midnight, when it reached up Main Street, in the gutter on the west side, about fifty feet south of the Water Street crossing, or more than two town blocks beyond the high water mark of 1865. In altitude it was six feet higher.

The spectacle on Saturday baffles description, and will long remain a dismal picture in the memories of its terrified witnesses. The lower or first benches of the river and creek bottoms were everywhere flooded, presenting the aspect of a large lake that had suddenly been formed by a convulsion of Nature, extending from the base of the Bald Eagle Mountain near Butler's ripples, well up the Muncy Creek bottom, a distance of at least five miles, and although already inundating fully one-half of the town, still steadily rising. Right direct through this great threatening sheet of water the powerful river current was seen plunging and sweeping wildly on towards the Chesapeake Bay, carrying off a large portion of the wealth of the up-river people, and making many a family utterly destitute of home, clothing and food. Houses, furniture, stables, out-buildings, trees, logs, great piles of sawed lumber, bridges, fences, and farming implements, went swiftly floating past our town, making one continued stream of treasure, all day and night long, and formed a melancholy picture. "We can fight fire," remarked one of the helpless and suffering spectators, "but here is a power that we cannot resist."

Some idea of the immense quantity and value of the floating treasure may be gained by considering that the main current at this time was not less than one thousand feet wide, and that the drifting mass moved at the rate of at least ten miles an hour. At midnight, on Friday, the river we were told was already almost completely covered with drift. Look when you would, on Saturday, the surface seemed one almost solid mass of logs, lumber, trees and wrecks of bridges and buildings. There were moments when it seemed possible for an active logman to cross the river by jumping from log to log. Even on Sunday morning, when the water was falling, the stream of floating debris seemed but little diminished. For at least thirty hours, therefore, the mass kept on rushing down the river.

Now, then, we have here a tide of drift one thousand feet wide, as estimated at this point, and, moving at the rate of ten miles an hour, not less than three hundred miles long. Think of a field of almost solid drift, mainly of logs and lumber piles, covering more than fifty-six square miles of territory. The total loss on the West Branch has, by thoughtful statisticians, been computed at thirty million dollars. Even with the aid of all these figures, one must severely tax his imagination to comprehend the loss and havoc that such a flood involves. A great deal of this drift lodged in a thousand places along the river, but a vast amount it is said found its way through the Chesapeake Bay to the Atlantic Ocean. For days navigation on the bay we are told was seriously impeded by the drift, and many vessels were reported damaged by violent contact with the huge logs. These figures also help one to realize how rapidly the forests are being cut down, and how fast agriculture is being extended; how likely it is that such a great change may be followed by still further climatic and hydrographic changes; and how possible it is that there may be yet greater floods.

The bridges gone, the telegraph lines broken, communication with the river towns above and below Muncy, was now severed. The evidence of the greater suffering of those above us was, however, too plainly indicated by the freight that was borne past on the mad, roaring, rushing river. But havoc and distress was also in our midst, and so we had our own troubles for the time to think about. All the houses in the lower part of the town were flooded. In many cases the water reached the second floor. All flats and boats within reach were kept employed until a late hour removing the flooded families to dry ground. The houses in the upper parts of the town were thrown open, and the homeless were made welcome guests. A number of families hastily took up quarters in the school house, and others lodged in the Baptist and Methodist churches.

More assistance might have been rendered, and less might also have been needed, but—nearly all were taken by surprise. The extraordinary flood of '65, the greatest in our history, was well remembered, but very few thought there could be even a greater catastrophe. The flooded people felt so secure that they made no preparation. Not until the disaster was fully upon them did they begin to realize its possibilities. Early on Friday news came to

Williamsport of a tremendous rise up the river, but few in that ill-fated city it is said were alarmed by the warning. The same word reached Muncy during the day, but not many of those who received it were frightened. Very few took the admonition as, we understand, Martin Ault did. At Hall's Station, late in the afternoon, he learned from a Williamsport paper that a flood was coming. He hastened to the island and brought off all his live stock. The next morning he could not have done so. Mrs. Jacob Sheridan on Friday busied herself preparing for the impending disaster, carried food, wood and dishes upstairs, but her home (on Main Street) stood just above the mark of the '65 flood, and so her husband and sons ridiculed her fears, and insisted that she should not work and worry so unnecessarily. On Sunday morning the boys insisted that their parents must come down from the second story, step into a foot-boat in waiting, and go to some friends up town. It was now so damp, they were not feeling well, and there was no decent water even to make a cup of tea, so they concluded to obey the boys and accept the proffered hospitality. When Mrs. S. was asked if her boys had since laughed at her, she replied, "No! but they know now what work it would have saved them if they had listened to me." Even on the eventful Saturday a number of down town men sat on board piles near Port Penn watching the strangely fascinating sight of the raging river, not suspecting that at that very time the flood was pouring into and desolating their own sweet homes.

It would require more space than we can spare to give a full account of the circumstances and losses about Muncy. It is difficult to ascertain the actual loss, but it has been computed at several hundred thousand dollars. The bridges, houses, out-buildings, fences, live stock, implements, and even lands, that were washed clean out of sight, would figure up largely. The damage to field crops, gardens, lawns, trees and flowers was very considerable. The injury to houses, and to furniture and carpets, not to speak of the loss of provisions, grain, dishes, pictures, ornaments, books, clothing, bedding, heir-looms, and many household articles, must have been great. A number of pianos were lost, and many organs were ruined. When the flood subsided the appearance of the inundated portion of the town was painfully dilapidated. All manner of debris was strewn about. Everything was covered with a deposit of mud. Stables, out-

houses, boardwalks, Glade Run bridges, were scattered about and seemed strangely out of place. Some elegant parlors presented a painful sight. But still more touching was the desolation of humbler homes, where fortune had bestowed fewer favors. A few had the far greater misfortune to lose their all, and the houses of many were seriously damaged. Two houses at Port Penn were washed away. The two houses between the canal and river, just above Muncy Creek, are gone. One of the latter belonged to Mrs. Krisher, the other—long known as the Fribley house—was owned by John Nichols. Mrs. Krisher, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Whitman, made a narrow escape, as the water was already in their house when they were taken from it by neighbor Nichols. They did not save anything. Mr. Nichols saved a few articles, but his place is ruined, and he too was left homeless. The work of devastation commenced here in '65 was finished in '89. When this generation is gone, the pleasant homes of twenty-five years ago, with their handsome surroundings of shade and fruit trees, then occupied by our late and highly respected citizens, John Fribley and David N. Krisher, will be no more remembered. Even the rich soil they long cultivated is nearly all gone.

Unless such deluges occur hereafter, the disaster of 1889 will stand in history as the greatest event of the kind in our valley. It may—and we trust it will—seem a wonderful thing in the future that it was possible to row up Main Street, and then turn and row down Water Street, in a foot-boat. It may—we hope it will—seem almost incredible in years to come that the great sheet of water came within thirty inches of the foundation wall of the engine house on High Street. Four feet of water on the basement floor of the Muncy Woolen Mill; four feet and eight inches on the floor of the ticket office of the Reading Railroad Company. It is hard to realize the fact even so soon after the flood. Waldron & Sprout's machine shops stood half submerged, and scarcely more than the roof of the office was at one time visible. And yet, sudden and extraordinary as this flood was, and though many persons were drowned on the river above us, it is a pleasure to be able to record the fact that not one human life was lost in our valley.

Soon after the flood we crossed the river to see the ruin wrought on the other side. The soil on the bottom from Butler's ripples down to

Mathias App's place was all washed away. After the flood of '65 it was proposed by the farmers to riprap the bank at the upper end, but the work was never undertaken. It is too late now, as the long apprehended mischief has been effected. David Manly's twenty acres, at the head of the flat, along the ripples, is now a deeply-furrowed bed of worthless hard-pan. His improvements, furniture, everything is gone, having nothing left but the clothes he and his people had on when they fled for their lives. William Davis' farm of 68 acres came next. The best and largest part of it lay on the bottom, and all, with the buildings, furniture and implements, shared the same fate. Even the foundation of the house is so torn up that it is difficult to find the spot where the building stood. About fifty acres of the beautiful Stolz farm—lately the Margaret Davis farm—are likewise ruined. The buildings stand on the bank that forms the border of the second bench, and were safe, though the basement story of the house was nevertheless filled with water. On Mathias App's farm, where 10 acres more of the rich alluvium were washed away, the bank or terrace juts out to the river bank, and this natural barrier to a great extent protected the farms below. The terrace soon recedes again from the river, however, and forms the land-border of another flat. Here on this second low tract the relentless current again spread over the soil, and did more or less damage to the farms of Frederick App, Ezekiel Smith, and the heirs of Dr. Hugh Montgomery. Great damage was also done to farms below the Reading railroad bridge.

But perhaps the most desolate looking ground is the flat at Butler's ripples. Great trenched patches of hard-pan, streams of gravel, acres of clean white sand, now constitute almost the entire surface of the once beautiful and fertile bottom. It is now a cheerless, uninhabited, barren waste. At the time of our visit it was strewn with sad mementoes of the terrible catastrophe. Here and there were scattered fragments of buildings and shattered farming implements. At one place lay lumbermen's socks and rubber boots; at another a coat, pants, shirt or overalls. Here a table-cloth, there a bed-sheet, and at another place a strip of carpet, or a piece of furniture. A badly battered sewing machine lay close to the river bank, and near by parts of a cooking stove, and now and then some kitchen utensil. Almost hid in the sand lay a full bundle of fencing wire. In a pile of

debris was a child's play wagon. These and many more such articles told a touching tale of destruction and suffering. On Manly's place a fine large hog had crawled on a pile of stones. One foreleg was stretched forward, and the other bent under its body, as if the beast had died in a last effort to gain a secure footing, and perhaps while in search of its home, when the flood was subsiding. Bruises on its body also indicated a painful struggle. Its expressive attitude was a study for a painter, and was graphically in harmony with the entire dismal scene.

Very great, doubtless, was the destruction of life in the water. Millions of fish must have perished. They were constantly liable to be crushed when the stream was filled with floating debris, and the stones on the bottom were whirled about and pushed seaward. The deep, hollow, rumbling sound caused by the shifting stones, and the plunging, thumping and dragging of logs and trees, could at night be heard miles away from the river. Instinctively, therefore, the fish retreated into eddies and holes. In one depression, from which the water had already sunk through the porous sand, we found two hundred dead fish—black bass, yellow perch and mullet. The next such place we saw still contained a little water, and here there were more than a thousand fish, some of them quite large, and many of them yet alive. We noticed bass, perch, chub, suckers, shiners, catfish, a few sun-fish and mullet. Among them were also a few lamper-eels, and three full-size repulsive looking mud alligators. Near by was another hole in which hundreds more had just perished. Our attention was at the same time called to a heap of stones in which lay an eel that bore marks of violence in its flesh. We can reasonably imagine, therefore, that the destruction of fish was as extraordinary as the flood was unprecedented. Indeed the wonder is that any living thing could escape.

And even many birds, as well as fish, were victims of the flood. Many that build their nests on the ground, and on bushes, had eggs and young at that time, and of course all such eggs and broods on the inundated bottoms were lost. But the greatest sufferers of the feathered species were the bank swallows. There are several localities near Muncy where these most active and graceful of our aerial navigators breed in great numbers. One of these places is the high, steep, sandy bank on the west side of the river, below the Reading railroad bridge.

Thousands of nests containing eggs and young in all stages of development were destroyed by the overflow and washing away of this bank. But, like the most exalted of all God's terrestrial creatures, even man, these flooded birds submitted to their fate, and when the waters subsided soon set to work with pluck and energy to repair their disasters. On the 19th day of June we sauntered along this favorite breeding ground and noticed thousands of freshly scratched out holes, at the extremities of which—often two or more feet from the entrance—the industrious swallows had already made their nests.

Many Indian relics were found after the flood that had long lain buried in the soil that was washed away. Among the perfect specimens thus added to the writer's collection from the neighborhood of Muncy are fifteen polished celts, a still larger number of rude flaked celts, two grooved axes, one pestle, one gorget, one ceremonial weapon, several drills, besides several hundred darts and spear-heads; and among the many fragments found are many large pieces of pottery and soap-stone vessels. Many articles were doubtless broken by the turbulent current and the violence of the drift. And many articles were no doubt washed out only to be again buried in the deposits of fine sediment, or mingled with the gravel in the bed of the river. The impetuous flood spared neither the homes, possessions, public improvements of this generation, nor the long preserved relics of a former population. We often found relics of the two races lying close together, and were thus reminded that in many things the white man has really no pre-eminence above his red brother. Nature at least treats us as equals. And God declares that He is no respecter of persons.

Some notable incidents occurred, showing how animals took in the situation, but we can only mention the following: A few hours before the flood a large sow at the Willow Grove Mills had a litter of seven pigs. When the water came into the barnyard, Mr. Stolz put the pigs into a basket and carried them into the coal-shed. The sow followed, giving an occasional low grunt of satisfaction at the transfer. By and by the water reached the coal-shed, and the pigs were then carried to the veranda of the house. The sow quietly followed. The water came up higher, and the pigs were next removed to the kitchen. The sow followed. Soon the water reached the kitchen floor, and then the tender porcines were transported upstairs and given a corner of a room on the second story.

The old sow walked up the steps, and quietly for a little while shared the allotted corner with them. But, presently becoming restless, she concluded to go down-stairs and see how matters really were. The water was now so high in the kitchen that she had to swim. She reached a window, placed her feet on the sill, pushed out the sash with her nose, then thrust out her head and took one good, long look. Here was another picture for an artist! What she thought she did not tell anyone, but she evidently concluded that her little ones were in the safest place accessible, as she by and by thoughtfully ascended the stairs, and remained in the corner with them contented for the next three days.

But what about floods in the future? Time produces variation in all things. We see a great change steadily taking place in the destruction of the forests, in the cleaning out of the mountain streams for the convenience of floating logs, in the draining of swamps and under-draining of lands, and even in the straightening of the little rivulets in our meadows. Square miles are yearly added to agriculture, for grazing and the plow. On glancing over the map of Pennsylvania, we conclude that the surface drained by the Susquehanna, west of Muncy, constitutes a hydrographic basin of about eight thousand square miles. The condition of this area has already been greatly changed since the white man commenced clearing the land. What will be the state of this surface twenty-five or fifty years hence? Fifty years ago, Lycoming—the oldest of all the counties in this basin—was almost a wilderness compared to what it is now. With the rapid increase of population, the swift construction of railroads, and the multiplication of saw mills and tanneries, the variation is each year accelerated. What then will be the probable and natural results hereafter, in times of great general rain storms? Will floods be no more frequent, and will they be no higher? We are here reminded of the Indian tradition that Meginness mentions in his first History of the West Branch Valley. Our historian says:

“A tradition existed among the Indians that a great flood occurred in the Susquehanna at regular intervals of fourteen years, swelling the waters six or seven feet above the average height of the freshets of the intermediate time. Subsequent experience seemed to verify this, and prove that the Indian tradition was founded on correct observation. The first regular flood on record, among the whites, occurred in 1744; the second in 1758; the third in 1772; the fourth, known as ‘the great pumpkin freshet,’ happened in 1786; the fifth took place in the spring of 1800, after a heavy rain which continued three days and three nights and carried off a tolerably deep snow, and the sixth occurred in August, 1814, occasioning much damage along the course of the stream. According to the rule, another should have followed in 1828, but the freshets of that year were nowise remarkable, leaving the inference that the Indian rule of a flood every fourteen years had failed and run out. Whether this failure has been caused by the

clearing of the country, the extension of agriculture and the alteration in our climate; or whether these causes have merely extended the period; or, finally, whether the regular recurrence of the great floods was not altogether fortuitous, I shall leave for the investigation and decisions of those inclined to construct theories and philosophize. There is no doubt but the old Indian tradition was well founded, and the fact of those floods occurring at the stated periods would go to confirm it. Perhaps the great flood of 1817 ought to be considered the first deviation from the rule, which has occurred at irregular intervals down to the flood of 1847, well remembered by the people of the valley. If the rule holds good, the next great flood will be about 1859. Each of these floods is stated to have swelled the river to an average height of at least six feet above ordinary high-water mark.”

If we may judge from recent years, we may look for extraordinary floods hereafter at irregular and more frequent intervals. In 1865 we had the greatest flood ever known in this section, then in 1867 we had another that was only a few feet lower. In December, 1878, and in January, 1886, we again had what used to be regarded as remarkable floods, and now, in 1889, we have just had one to which the ‘65 deluge seems but ordinary in comparison. Here are intervals as short as 2, 11, 8 and 3 years. The Indian rule of fourteen year intervals for extraordinary floods has therefore not only been broken, but the size has evidently been much increased. The late Benjamin Pott used to say, that after the rains it usually took about four days for the floods to reach the highest mark at Muncy. The rain was hardly yet over when the recent freshet was upon us, and in less than twenty-four hours it had reached its greatest height.

It is evident that this change proceeds from rapid drainage. It results from the demolition of the forest trees, the clearing of the land, and changes in nearly all the small streams. Rain falling on forests in summer is largely taken up by the foliage, and what falls on the earth is held more readily by the soil. This gives more time for solar evaporation, and rock and alluvial absorption, as well as for escape by gradual drainage. Snow melts rapidly when exposed to the sun, and therefore the clearing of the land—especially of evergreen trees—also increases the liability to sudden and greater floods in winter and spring. It is more than probable, therefore, that, as our forests disappear, there will be higher and more frequent floods. The inhabitants of the exposed creek and river bottoms should keep these facts in mind, and in time of extraordinary rain storms not disregard the admonitions sent from the upper streams of the river. Railroads, telegraphs and daily papers, in the rapid transmission of intelligence, can be made some compensation for the disadvantage of hydrographic variation and rapid drainage. A heavy general rain, continued “three days and three nights,” as in 1800, might cause a yet greater flood, after a few more decades of changes, than that of 1889.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

Devoted to History, Amusement, Instruction, Advancement.

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No. 9.

## Pedigree of Akroyd of Akroyd.

The caption of this article is the title of an interesting book, that several years ago appeared in England, on the genealogy of the Akroyd or Ecroyd family, to which the late venerable and esteemed Henry Ecroyd, of Muncy Township, belonged. The first name and note on its genealogical chart is as follows:

"JOHN DE AYKEROIDE appeared as constable of the township of Wadsworth, at the Sheriff's Turn, held at Halifax 4 June, 4 Richard II. A. D. 1381."

How few of us can trace our ancestry five centuries! Many of us have no knowledge even of our recent ancestors, who first set foot on this continent. The writer has never heard where his paternal great-grandfather was born, and probably the great majority of the population of America cannot trace their ancestors one generation further back than this. All who have ever seriously meditated on this subject have no doubt at some time longed to know their pedigree. "He that careth not whence he cometh, careth little whither he goeth," is the suggestive quotation on the title page of the Akroyd genealogical history. The book contains many notes of great interest. It is especially interesting to read of the persecutions suffered for conscience sake in the early days of the Society of Friends. We make room for several quotations of local interest. The following is concerning the late pioneer ancestor of the Ecroyds of this neighborhood:

"JAMES ECROYD, youngest son of Henry and Mary Ecroyd, of Edgend, born there 1 XI. 1767; died in Philadelphia 28 X. 1825; resided for some years whilst young and learning the tanning business, at the house of his uncle by marriage, William Payne, Newhill Grange, where his amiable qualities endeared him to all, and he became a favorite companion of the lord of Wentworth in shooting excursions, James being a keen sportsman. From a diary kept by his sister, Mary Routh, it appears that 27 II. 1792, he 'was in imminent danger of his life from robbers,' who attacked him on the highway and secured his watch. He emigrated

to the United States of America, embarking at Liverpool, 30 VIII. 1795; had a very boisterous but safe and uneventful passage of two months duration, in a vessel owned by Seth Barton of Baltimore, reaching that port towards the end of October. He at once proceeded to Philadelphia, making a temporary home of the residence of an earlier emigrant from his native district, John Howarth. Desirous of establishing himself on a farm, and supplied with a horse by his kind entertainer, he shortly started on a tour of inspection of the north-western part of Pennsylvania, visiting among others the settlement of several sons of the celebrated Dr. Joseph Priestley, where he tarried awhile, receiving the offer of a tract of good land, which was, we believe, subsequently closed with, as ere long he entered upon a farm bordering the Loyal Sock River, where the domicile he erected upon it, and where for awhile his cousin Susannah Marriott kept house, is still existing. Business recalled him to the capital, but he was soon off again, having purchased a sturdy pony, and after paying a visit to Dr. Priestley to their mutual gratification, returned to Loyal Sock, taking up his abode with John Hill, of Hills Grove. An ardent sportsman, he one day ventured into the woods accompanied only by dogs, and was lost in the forest for nearly a week, though, as his tracks in the snow testified, he had been twice within a quarter of a mile of home. On crossing a run by means of a pine-log, he had slipped and wet his lower extremities, and subsequent exposure to the frost of one of the sharpest nights of the commencing winter, resulted in the loss of most of his toes. After several days active search by the neighboring settlers, the dog's bark disclosed his whereabouts, and he was found lying by an expiring fire in a very exhausted condition. Fortunately a clever English surgeon had settled in Muncy, and Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, instantly wrote to secure his services, so that all human skill and attention was secured for the patient, who, as will be seen, lived to become a patriarch and the founder of a numerous race, now spreading over far more western wilds. He married at Philadelphia, 9 IV. 1800, Martha, daughter of John Howarth of that city. \* \* \* She was born 1775; died 19 IV. 1845, having had issue 2 sons and 6 daughters."

Thus one by one our ancestors came from the old world to settle this new world, and laid the foundation for the grandest civilization in the

history of man. And thus nearly all had their trials and privations, their misfortunes and their successes. James Ecroyd was in his 29th year when he visited with Dr. Priestley, at Northumberland, and received the offer of 1,200 to 1,400 acres of land on the Loyalsock, at one dollar and fifty cents the acre, "on the special condition that he should set down upon and improve it." We learned these facts from several old letters that were shown to us some years ago by James Starr Lippincott, of Haddonfield, N. J. Young Ecroyd was very much "taken" with Dr. Priestley's son, William, who he found engaged in burning lime, and of whom he said: "His people neglecting the kilns, fire, etc., during the night, he undertook to be up with them himself all night, which James advised him against without effect, as he continued in the practice until he caught a cold, that with its effects proved mortal that he deceased in a few days." It was on Saturday, the 30th day of January, 1796, that James set out to hunt and lost himself in the woods. The "whole neighborhood had been called upon and drove the woods every day," yet he was not found until the following Friday. The run he fell into from the pine log, on which he attempted to cross, was Barbour's Run, and the place of the accident was near its juncture with the Loyalsock. Although he had twice been within a quarter of a mile of Hill's Grove, yet when found he had wandered eight miles from the nearest house. The "clever English surgeon" whose service proved so valuable was Dr. Wm. Kent Lathey, who four years later married Mary Wallis, the eldest daughter of Samuel Wallis, and died in 1809 at Northumberland. Ecroyd, three months after the disaster, wrote to his sister, Martha Smith, in England, declaring that he had "a great deal to be thankful for." He thought there was perhaps not a place in all America where he could have met with such kind treatment and so skillful a surgeon. "I am so far recovered as to health," said he, "that had I but the use of my feet, I could begin to work at farming business; but the process of damaged bones exfoliating is so very slow that there is no saying when I may expect to be well. It is only my left foot that is likely to be much damaged, my right being nearly well and all I loose of it is the great toe and the next it, by the first joint, which have been amputated several weeks ago. All the toes on the left foot will be lost, but so slow is the process of repara-

tion between the dead and living parts, that the operation has not yet been performed, though I expect we shall not be many days before it is done." In 1800, as already stated, this pioneer, so thankful in his misfortune, married Martha Howarth, the daughter of the countryman of his with whom he had a temporary home, five years before, on his arrival at Philadelphia, and to whose courtesy he was indebted for the use of a horse when he made his first visit to this section of the country. The eldest of the eight children of James and Martha Ecroyd was our late respected and venerable citizen, Henry Ecroyd, of whom appears a handsome portrait and the following well deserved notice in the "Pedigree of Akroyd of Akroyd:"

"Henry Ecroyd of Edgend, Muncy, Lycoming County, Penn'a. eldest son of James and Martha Ecroyd of Muncy: the present representative of Akroyd or Ecroyd of Folds House, Briercliffe, Co. Lancaster, and lineal descendant of Akroyd of Akroyd, Co. York, England—born at Muncy, Pa., 10, 11. 1801. He has resided for the last 45 years upon the farm of Edgend (named after the elder English domicile of his ancestors) which lies in the township of Muncy, 3 m. N. of the village of this name, and 1½ m. distant from the western branch of the Susquehanna river, it commands a fine view of the Bald Eagle mountain to the S. W. Henry Ecroyd is held in high esteem for his judgment, and few men are more popular with their fellow citizens, or more deserving of public regard. His scrupulousness as a member of the Society of Friends has prevented that appearance in public life to which the favor and desires of his fellow-citizens would long since have drawn him; but from early manhood he has taken an active part in the disciplinary business of his religious society. Having attained a good old age he has retired from the active superintendence of his farm. He married 5 III. 1823, Catharine Whitacre, daughter of Joseph and Catharine Whitacre of Muncy, born 16 XI. 1799; died — XI. 1873, having had issue 2 sons and 4 daughters."

The eldest of these six children was Susan Howarth, now deceased, who in 1857 married James Starr Lippincott, of Philadelphia. Regarding James S. and Susan H. Lippincott we find the following notices:

"SUSAN H. LIPPINCOTT, \* \* \* is a *femme de lettres*, and has for many years been a contributor to the *Philadelphia Friend*.— \* \* \* her latest subject, *Random Notes of Travel in Europe*, has been continued in many of its later numbers."

"JAMES STARR LIPPINCOTT, like many thousands before him, has become a martyr to excessive devotion to literature—a self-sacrifice at the shrine of the *Moloch Compilation*; not broken down at a ripe age, like our poor dear

Dr. Robert Chambers over his invaluable *Book of Days*, but in the prime of life and brain power. His labours commenced with original and meritorious papers on Meteorology and Climatology, these being followed by a two years' spell upon an exhaustive *Index* to the then computed 20 4to vols. of the *Philadelphia Friend*, and in aid of a projected history of the Society of Friends in America, by other hands; in this partial *Index* upwards of 76,000 references were classified. A more useful and important work was next taken in hand, in the editing of the American issue (for Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., the well known publishers of Philadelphia) of Chambers's *Encyclopedia of Universal Information*, a task which entailed an enormous amount of research and correspondence, but was repaid by the unbounded satisfaction of the publishers, although the stereotype changes cost them upwards of £3,000 to effect. The American edition, through its later and fuller scientific information, with correction of serious errors in regard to American History, became, as it well deserved to be, a complete success."

The genial, entertaining and scholarly James S. Lippincott was from ten to thirty years ago a well known summer visitor to the Muncy Valley. He often called to see the writer's collection of Indian relics and natural curiosities, and it was always more than a mere pleasure to entertain him, as the entertainer was always the one best entertained. He could not help but know that he had an uncommon fund of information, but he showed so little conceit and vanity in regard to his learning that he never made one think that he thought he knew much. Although he had the misfortune of being quite deaf, he was nevertheless a most engaging talker. One of the latest of his numerous literary productions was an able criticism on "The Critics of Evolution." Long before he accepted the doctrine of the natural development of *species*, as well as the natural development of *individuals*, he was intimately acquainted with some of the leading minds who had embraced it, and with some of the works of its ablest expounders. A series of articles in sweeping denunciation of evolution and evolutionists, in a periodical of which he was a reader, seemed to him so unjust, both to the tenet and to its supporters, that he was tempted to undertake to write a reply. Before the reply was finished he found, almost to his own surprise, as he himself informed us, that he was actually himself a full believer in evolution; so he changed his plan, and instead of a newspaper article published the pamphlet just named. He survived his wife, Susan H., about seven years, and died at his home in

Haddonfield, N. J., on the 17th of the 3d month, 1885, aged 65 years.

John Ackroyd—the great-great-grandfather of the late Henry Ecroyd, of Muncy Township—suffered imprisonment for conscience sake *upwards of seven years*. His era was certainly not better than our more advanced and far more tolerant age. He died 12, XI. 1721, aged about 72 years. When a young man—more than two centuries ago—he was preparing for one of the universities of England, "when becoming extremely dissatisfied with the formal and heartless services of the State Church," he began to attend Friends' meetings, and soon became an able and effective minister of that society. Henry Ecroyd's great-great-grandmother was also convinced of Friends' principles when quite young, and even "bore great persecution from her mother on this account," though both her parents ultimately attended "no other place of worship." It is interesting thus to read of the struggles and experiences of our ancestors, and profitable to contemplate the gradual evolution of the glorious religious freedom that we now enjoy.

One of the most notable examples of the origin and change of our personal names that has yet come to our knowledge is the name of Ecroyd. "The original Akroyd," says the author of this interesting genealogical elaboration, "effected his clearing in an *Oak* forest, and received this name for his pains." The following are a few examples of the many mutations to which the name has been subjected, viz.: Akroyd, Acroide, Acroyde, Akeroyd, Eacrod, Aykeroid, Aykerode, Eakroide, Aikerode, Akeroid, Akerod, Akerode, Ackeyroyd, Ecroyd. "The name has been spelt," says the author, "in a hundred different ways and pronounced accordingly."

### Sutcliff's Travels.

Robert Sutcliff, a merchant, of Sheffield, England, belonging to the Society of Friends, and a relative of our pioneer James Ecroyd, in the years 1804, 1805 and 1806, during "frequent intervals of leisure, which the nature of his mercantile concerns rendered unavoidable," traveled extensively—upwards of ten thousand miles he states—in the Middle States, and as far south as Richmond, Va. He kept a journal of his travels, which, although published in Philadelphia, in 1812, the editor and publisher says was written "without the remotest thought of

publication," and came under his notice by accident. The narrator modestly consented to its publication, but, as appears from a note written on a blank page at the end of the volume, he probably did not live to see it in print. He had returned from England, and brought his family but a short time before, intending to make his residence in America. The book is certainly very instructive and entertaining. It shows with a most pleasing simplicity the condition of the country at that time, how our American ideas and growing institutions then impressed an Englishman of liberal mind, and indicates that the author was a man of close observation and well endowed with strong common sense.

We have been favored with the loan of a copy of this now rare book by Gilbert Cope, of West Chester, Pa. As the author visited Muncy Valley in 1805, we imagine that extracts showing what he said and thought of it will be quite acceptable to our readers. Indeed a reprint of the entire travels we think would not be unacceptable to our readers generally. We will now, without further introduction, join the friendly traveler on the bank of Lake Seneca, in the wilderness of New York, and in imagination keep him company as he comes this way, and while he passes through and beyond our valley:

"*12th month, 8th.* This day I traveled along the Bank of Lake Seneca, on which are many pleasing prospects. I had, through the day, the company of a young man, a son of the post-master at Newtown; and, in the evening we came to Ely's tavern in Hector Township. One son of our landlord was called Hector, being the first white boy who was born in the township after its settlement; he appeared to be about 12 years old. This part abounds with deer and black squirrels, of which sort of provisions they had plenty in the house; and we had some for supper. The squirrels were very fat, much more so than I could have expected.

"*12th month, 9th.* We left Ely's tavern early, and passed through a romantic country, where we had a view of one of the prettiest water falls I had ever seen. It descended, as by an easy flight of steps, down the declivity of a mountain, at the foot of which is Lake Seneca. I was told that both the white inhabitants and Indians kill a great many deer by hunting them down into the lake, on which they continue to pursue them in a boat or canoe. The pursuers soon overtake the deer, throw a halter over the horns, and dragging it to the side of the vessel, take

the life of the poor animal with a large knife, and then drag it on shore.

"About noon we reached Catharines, a village at the end of Lake Seneca; at this village there is a wharf, and some business is carried on in vessels of about 50 tons burden. After taking some refreshment, we passed on through Catharines' Swamp, a deep, narrow valley with mountains on each hand, covered with lofty trees. Here, as the evening approached, the valley resounded with the howling of wolves; the sound very much resembling the noise of a number of large dogs, howling as they sometimes do in the night or on hearing the sound of the horn. My companion, by way of encouragement, informed me that he had never heard of an instance of either a wolf or a bear attacking a man, except in case of themselves or their young being first wounded; and, from what I can learn, I believe this statement to be correct.

"This evening we came to Newtown and had good accommodations at Ellis's tavern, where I spent some time with a person of the name of Goldbride, who informed me that he was the first person who had attempted the navigation of the Showmunge into the Susquehanna, and so down to Baltimore and the Chesapeake Bay. In this first attempt he sustained considerable loss, and several of the boatmen were drowned; but, from the improvements made in the navigation of this river, considerable business is now done upon it.

"*12th month, 10th.* I left Newtown, and traveling along a thinly peopled country, came to a small inn, kept by one Esquire Wynkoop, where I got some refreshment. The innkeeper was not only a justice of the peace, but also a watchmaker. Having broken the glass of my watch, he put a brass cap over the face, as none of his glasses would suit. He appeared to be a very ingenious artist, and as a magistrate, possessed a good share of useful knowledge. I perceived an edition of Burn's Justice on the shelf, with his watchmaking tools, and therefore I suppose he administered justice according to law. Towards evening I came to Tioga Point, where is the junction of the Showmunge with the Susquehanna; and took up my quarters at Doctor Hopkins', an acquaintance of my relation J. E. [James Ecroyd], to whose habitation at Elklands I was bending my course. This night I lodged at the Doctor's, and next morning set out for Elklands. After traveling along the

bank of the Susquehanna, and passing by Sugar Creek, I came to Dotherly's tavern in the evening, on the banks of Towandy Creek. Here I supped, and the next morning breakfasted on wild venison.

"12th month, 12th. This morning I left Dotherly's, and rode many miles through the woods, without seeing one habitation, or meeting with one individual. The land in general is of good quality, and the forest trees are mostly beech, hickory, oak, a species of pine, called hemlock, and the sugar maple. From the last, considerable quantities of sugar are made; and I saw several sugar camps, fenced in, where the sap is collected in small wooden troughs, about two feet long, coarsely made with the hatchet, and capable of containing one or two gallons each. One of these troughs is placed at the foot of each tree, and above it a hole is pierced, with an inch and a half auger. In the hole is fixed a spout, about one foot long, made of the elder tree, with the pith taken out. As the sap is collected, it is carried to the boilers, which are fixed in the camp. Some farmers not only collect sufficient sugar and treacle for their own use, but have several hundred pounds weight to dispose of to the grocers. After traveling about 12 miles, I came to a habitation called Eldridge's tavern. The situation of this inn was very solitary and romantic, in the midst of a very extensive forest. The mistress of the house told me that her husband and she had lately emigrated from London, where they had carried on business in Longacre, more than 14 years.

"In the course of this day I came safe to my relations at Elklands, and found his family well. The situation he has chosen is very solitary, his nearest neighbor being one mile off; but there are several at about that distance; and some of them being of our society, they have united and built a meeting-house near them.

"12th month, 13th. I spent this afternoon at J. H.'s [Jesse Haines—the grandfather of the present Jesse Haines], whose family were busily employed in making maple sugar. J. H. is a minister in good esteem, has an agreeable wife and a group of fine children, who have plenty of employment in clearing and cultivating his plantation in the wilderness, which, however, appears to be an excellent soil; and the situation being dry and healthy, on a rising ground, there is every probability that at some future day this may become a property of great value.

"12th month, 14th. This day I visited E. H.'s, [Ezra Haines, afterwards of West Chester,] a nephew of J. H.'s. He, with his wife and one fine child, had but lately come into this country, and had cleared only a very few acres, but which appeared to be well managed, and very productive. He had just nailed up the skin of a large bear against the side of his house. He had shot the beast whilst in the act of seizing one of his hogs, having been led to the scene of action by the shrieks of the poor animal while under the rude embraces of the bear. By E. H.'s attention the tables were quickly turned in favor of the hog, which was rescued and was in a fair way of recovering from its wounds.

"12th month, 15th. I attended Elklands meeting. During the sitting of it a company of hunters came in, and leaving their rifle guns at the door, behaved in a becoming manner until the meeting broke up.

"12th month, 16th. I spent this day at my relation's. In the course of it I saw two of his men cut down a hemlock tree, which is a species of pine. This tree was 4 yards in circumference, and 50 yards in length; yet it was of but little value here. The timber which most abounds on this farm is the sugar maple, the beech, the locust and the oak. This day I saw a family from near Derby, in England, of the name of Lambert, who, I understood, were likely to do well.

"12th month, 17th. I rode from Elklands to Muncy, across the Allegany Mountains, in company with J. H. and one of his neighbors. When near the top of the Allegany Mountains, we passed the company of hunters who had attended the meeting at Elklands. The principal objects of their pursuit were deer, although they had no objection to meeting with a bear or a wolf. In passing down the Allegany Mountains we came near the house of a man of the name of Webster, who had killed 36 bears the last season.

"In the evening we came to Muncy, where I took up my lodgings at W. E.'s, [William Ellis, the father of the late William Cox Ellis,] a very hospitable friend. This being the evening preceding the monthly meeting, upwards of 20 friends lodged at his house, and as far as I could judge, were both liberally and comfortably entertained. I was told by a neighbor that it was not very uncommon for as many as 30 strangers to dismount at the door of this friend's house in

the course of an evening, and for themselves and horses to be all well accommodated. W. E. has a family of 8 or 10 children [Wm. Cox E. was at this time about 18], and his wife, who is an amiable woman, sometimes appears in the ministry. Here I met with my cousin, S. M., who has taken up her abode at this place for the present. It affords a fine field for the exercise of her talents, and I believe she makes herself exceedingly useful.

"12th month, 18th. A deputation from Half-moon Valley monthly meeting attended this meeting at Muncy, with a proposition to unite these two monthly meetings into a quarterly meeting, the friends of each of them having to travel about 150 miles to their respective quarterly meetings according to the present arrangement. After attending the monthly meeting, I dined and spent the afternoon at W. E.'s, where I had the company of my relation, J. E., and that of many other friends from the neighborhood meetings.

"12th month, 19th. I spent this day at W. E.'s, who appeared to be much employed as an agent in the sale and purchase of lands in these parts; and I understand he has by this means acquired a large property. A sale of 100 acres of land was made while I was here. The estate sold for about 330 l. sterling, with a tan-yard and some buildings and other improvements thereon. It was considered well worth the money, although 10 or 15 years ago 50 l. would have been thought a good price for the land, it being 150 miles inland from Philadelphia; but there are now many good houses and plantations scattered up and down in the neighborhood, and the roads are generally in good order.

"12th month, 20th. I came this day to Jersey-town, where I slept. In passing through the woods this afternoon I saw a flock of wild turkeys running along the ground.

"12th month, 21st. This morning I came about 12 miles on my way on the banks of the Susquehanna opposite to Cattawessy, and breakfasted at the house of a friend of the name of Yarnal. Observing something very wild and singular in the countenance of an infant, which the friend's wife was nursing on her lap, I inquired if it was her own, on which she informed me it was the child of an Indian, and that she had taken charge of it."

The readers of NOW AND THEN will no doubt all part with this agreeable traveler with regret.

Every page of his narrative abounds with interest. His editor says the object of his travels was in part "gratifying his curiosity and enlarging the sphere of his information," and with the same motive we will seek his company at several other points before we bid him final adieu. On the 25th of the month we find him in Berks County. He says:

"I came this day to T. L.'s, at Maiden Creek. Afterwards, at the house where I lodged, I met with a venerable looking man, whose countenance was almost lost in a large bushy beard, which extended a considerable way down his breast. On conversing with him it appeared he was of the religious society called Dunkers. I enquired of him the reason why the men of their society were so tenacious of their beards, and expected to have heard some motive assigned that had at least the appearance of weight, but in this I was disappointed, for he either could not, or would not assign any other than this: 'That as they believed the practice of shaving originated from a desire in the men to make themselves agreeable to the women, it was unbecoming the gravity of a religious character to act from such motives.'

"1806, 1st month, 1st. I returned to Merion. \* \* \* I thought it remarkable, especially at this season of the year, that, notwithstanding there was a good deal of plate in constant use in the house where I lodged, the doors were never locked at night, nor even had any locks on them, the only fastening to the principal front door was a nail or a pin put over the latch, and even this precaution was not unfrequently omitted. From what I could learn, it was generally the practice in this neighborhood to leave the doors unlocked, although the township lies upon one of the most public turn-pike roads in America, only about 7 miles from Philadelphia, a city containing considerable more than one hundred thousand inhabitants.

"2d month, 10th. (At Washington, D. C.) This morning I visited S. B. at his office in the Treasury, of which he is the head clerk. \* \* \* As I had never seen Thomas Jefferson, the President of the United States, this hospitable family offered to introduce me to him, and the Secretary's brother-in-law accompanied me to the President's house, where I was received by him with a shake by the hand, as though we had been old acquaintance, and immediately he entered into conversation with as much freedom as if we had been long known to each other.

After sitting a short time in this friendly way, I informed him that as my object in calling upon him deserved scarcely a better name than curiosity, I should be very sorry to detain him, especially as his time must be fully occupied with the important concerns of government—Congress being then sitting. After this, rising from my chair, he came forward, and again taking me by the hand, bade me farewell. From his disregard to all useless forms and ceremonies, not excepting these of religion, his enemies accuse him of being deficient both in religion and politeness. But there are men that have seen a great deal of the world who believe, on good grounds, that where true religion and true politeness most abound, there we see least of forms and ceremonies, and that true religion and true politeness generally go hand in hand."

Daily the narrator records occurrences and observations as instructive and amusing, but we have not the space to give many examples. The foregoing were selected simply because brief. We conclude with an excerpt that relates to the "Redemptioners," a class of settlers of whom we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. They have thoughtlessly sometimes been spoken of as if they were people in disgrace, an injustice that the following sensible remarks fully expose. They merely had the misfortune of being poor. Their blood-to-day courses in the veins of millions of the best people in our land. The narration was made a short time before the excursion on which the narrator visited Muncy Valley, during a visit with a relation in the neighborhood of Norristown, about twenty miles from Philadelphia:

"I noticed that the two female servants employed in the family had, both of them, been lately hired from on board a vessel lying in the Delaware, and which had recently arrived from Amsterdam with several hundred Germans, men, women and children, of that description of people called in America *Redemptioners*. These are people in low circumstances, who, being desirous of settling in America, and not having money to pay their passage, agree with the American captains of vessels to be taken over on condition of hiring for a term of years, on their arrival in America, to masters who are willing to advance 10 or 12 guineas, to be deducted out of their wages; and it not unfrequently happens that they agree to serve two, three or four years for meat and clothes only, on condition of their passage being paid. Yet, as wages in the gen-

eral are rather high in America, it will easily be supposed that an active and clever person, conversant in some business, will make much better terms on landing than the old and infirm, or than those who come over ignorant of any business.

"The two female servants I have just mentioned were both widows; and one of them had two children with her in the family, who were quite young. This woman had lost her husband about the time of their arrival on the American coast; and the husband of the other, being a seafaring man belonging to Holland, had, as I understood, lost his life and property by an English ship of war. Although these two females had obtained a settlement in a country enjoying many privileges beyond that which they had left, yet, I think, no feeling mind could behold them thus circumstanced, placed amongst strangers of whose language they were almost wholly ignorant, and habituated to customs very different from those to which they had now to conform, without sensations of compassion; and it was very pleasant to me to observe that the general deportment of my relations towards them was respectful. I noticed many families, particularly in Pennsylvania, of great respectability both in our Society and amongst others, who had themselves come over to this country as Redemptioners, or were the children of such. And it is remarkable that the German residents in this country have a character for greater industry and stability than those of any other nation."

The volume teems with striking remarks and pleasing anecdotes. The traveler realizes that he is in a New World; he has his eye open to every sight, his ear to every sound, and he makes his reader realize that it is quite unlike the Old World. Now he speaks of an "almost incessant chirping" that he heard from some trees, after sunset, which he found was "chiefly occasioned" by the tree toad; and further on he tells how he made the acquaintance of that wonderful creature, the "bull-frog." At one place he was delightfully entertained "with the sight of a number of beautiful tortoises," that were seated upon some object at the water side; and at another place he describes the "voracious animals, destructive to young ducks and goslings," that we call snapping turtles. "Although the atmosphere on the continent is in general very clear," he writes in his journal while in Virginia, "yet I could not avoid noticing that in this part

of America it was still clearer than in any place I had before seen. The stars seemed to glitter with a brilliancy exceeding anything I had already been witness to." Seeing men cutting and hauling ice, while at Philadelphia, he wrote: "I observed the people engaged in a singular kind of harvest, being employed in breaking up and taking away large quantities of ice to lay up for summer use. Those who have never visited warm climates [he speaks elsewhere of our summers being very warm] can scarcely conceive how pleasant the use of ice is, for various purposes of the table, in the summer season."

### Cremation, Natural and Universal.

IT IS A PROCESS OF CHEMICAL TRANSFORMATION.

All vegetable and animal organisms sooner or later suffer decomposition or chemical transformation. No plant or living creature can escape the same fiat that was pronounced against man, "for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." There are several modes or phases of decomposition and transformation, as fermentation, putrefaction, decay, digestion and combustion, but the final result is always the same—chemical transformation. For the organic kingdoms are mineral, and unto the mineral kingdoms all organic bodies must return. The chemical elements of a decomposed body are not destroyed, nor are they singly set at liberty, but they form new compounds, and enter into new relations, no matter how the body is decomposed. This is as true of the plants that slowly wither and decay in the atmosphere, of the plants and animals that are consumed as food, and of the bodies that dissolve by corruption under the clods of the valley, as of the wood, oil and coal that is burned up in our stoves. Slow decay and quick combustion, and the oxidation of food by animals, are substantially the same, both in process and in the final result.

#### THE CONSTANCY OF HEAT IN CREMATION.

It is therefore a chemical fact that all plants and animals are "burned up." Heat is a result of the combination of oxygen with a combustible substance. The act of combination results in the production of heat. The motion of the elementary atoms is the heat, for heat is "a mode of motion." No matter how rapidly or how slowly the decay, combustion or transformation may take place, and at how low or high a degree of heat, the amount of heat is always the same. Whether a body is trans-

formed by combustion into ash, vapor and gases in sixty seconds, or by putrefaction and decay in sixty years, the amount of heat disengaged is of the same constant quantity, and the new compounds formed are in the same mathematical proportion. The same motion, of the same constituents, means the same heat and the same products. In both cases the body is "burned up;" but the heat in one case is rapidly evolved in sixty seconds, and in the other case it is disengaged during a period of sixty years. In both cases the elements are liberated to be transformed, as fast as liberated, into new combinations. And in both cases the result is the same "utter destruction"—not of the matter, but of the cells, tissues, organs, specific form, or individuality, of the plant or animal decomposed. The only partial exception to the latter result is the preservation of the mere forms of the relatively very small proportion of the earth's flora and fauna that become petrified or fossil, or of bodies that are embalmed, or specimens temporarily preserved in alcohol.

#### OXYGEN THE UNIVERSAL AGENT OF CREMATION.

The important agent concerned in this world-wide destruction of organisms is oxygen, the element that was discovered by Joseph Priestley only one hundred and fifteen years ago. And a most wonderful and interesting substance it is. It constitutes not less than three-fourths of the entire globe. It exists in the air in a free or undecompounded state; and fortunate therefore it is for life that it comprises only one-fifth of the volume of the atmosphere. Its importance in the transformation of organic matter is immeasurably greater than even its volume. It is both the friend and the foe of life. It is the active principle of the "breath of lives," and the active principle by which all organisms are "burned up." Without it plants and animals cannot assimilate and grow, and yet it is the agent of their "everlasting destruction." It causes the grass to decay when it is "cut down"—the fat in our lamps when burning to "consume away"—the stubble that is thrown into the fire to "burn up"—and is the destroying agent in the "corruption" of all flesh. "To use a daring metaphor," says Draper, "it is an embodiment of the *destroying angel*, who gives vigor to the conflagration, and delights in the production of all kinds of violence and disasters." It is the universal agent of the universal cremation of plants and animals. It

unites in "a fixed mathematical ratio" with the elements of every organism or product it "burns up." Though plants and animals are dissolved and disappear, the chemist knows just what has become of them. He has discovered the "law of numerical destiny." He knows the "combining number" of every element, and can demonstrate that every transformation is as mathematically exact as the daily revolution of the earth on its axis. Chemical combustion, in all its phases, as expressed by such terms as fermentation, decay, putrefaction, melting, burning, decomposition, transformation, destruction, corruption, oxidation, calcination, incineration and cremation, is now known to be chemical disunion and union. There is no actual destruction of the elementary material, the destruction being confined to the obliteration, as already stated, of cells, tissues, compounds, forms, organizations, and the properties, qualities, powers and personality that result from such union and arrangement.

#### NUMBER OF CREMATIONS INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

The number of plants and animals that have thus been decomposed, or cremated, in this and throughout all the past geological ages, since the beginning of life on the earth, is beyond human computation and comprehension. The attempt to estimate the countless multitudes of even a few species of mollusks or articulates that have been completely decomposed and transformed, would exercise the strongest imaginative faculty beyond its power. To estimate the number of some species whose mere forms, or casts, are still contained in the rocks, would baffle the greatest mathematical minds. Comparatively few of either plants or animals of the past ages have left vestiges of their existence in the form of petrifications,—thousands have evidently been utterly destroyed where one has been partly preserved in the form of a mere mineral cast,—yet so wondrously numerous are the fossils in many of the rocks that we cannot realize how great the work of destruction of which we have thus the most direct evidence. The earth is one vast cemetery, in which—if it were not for the great work of cremation—the remains of the dead would be more abundant than even the grains of sand along the sea-shore. Truly the earth has for many long ages been a vast crematorium. Nothing can escape from the universal doom of being "burned up."

#### EVEN THE ROCKS ARE BURNED UP.

That even a great portion of the solid mineral crust of the earth has been "burned up" is now

an acknowledged doctrine of geology. "All mineral," says Dana, "are made of *burnt* compounds." Not to speak of the igneous or fire-fused rocks that underlie all the rock formations, all the "metamorphic rocks" are now regarded—so the name implies—as having once been sedimentary rocks that have been altered; as having been completely melted, and rendered crystalline by the action of heat; as having been deprived of fossils, by their being "burned up;" and as being now unstratified, because the stratification has by the process of cremation been obliterated. Even the recent geological formations have in some regions been so much altered by the central heat of the earth as to have been literally and completely cremated, and the fossils in them annihilated. The heat from beneath is not, however, the only cause of the burning. The alteration is in part—possibly in some cases mainly—to be attributed to mechanical compression, from which heat and chemical action are known to be constantly proceeding. Sir Charles Lyell says: "In some cases dark limestones, replete with shells and corals, have been turned into white statuary marble and hard clays, containing vegetable or other remains, into slates called mica-schist or hornblend-schist; every vestige of the organic bodies having been obliterated." There is evidence that all sedimentary rocks when thus acted upon by the nucleus heat, and heated by mechanical compression, and then cooled, assume the various forms of igneous rocks, as granite, syenite, gneiss, trap, and porphyry. We know not how long the period in which this process of melting, of destruction and transformation, or of cremation, has been in progress; nor can we say how long the time throughout which this same alteration under God's direction will continue to take place. But the evidence is conclusive that cremation—chemical change by heat—is not by any means confined to plant and animal organizations. It is therefore not a mere figurative expression that "the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." On the stone pages of the Book of Nature we find eloquent testimony of some of the truths proclaimed by inspiration.

#### THE ELEMENTS NOT ANNIHILATED BY CREMATION.

The common idea that a body is not "burned up" unless cast into a furnace, or fire, came from ignorance of the nature of combustion. The

same ignorance had conceived the idea that matter was destructible, that matter was constantly being destroyed by decay and combustion, and that the great globe itself would finally perish and leave not a vestige behind. But chemistry now teaches that one of the essential properties of matter is indestructibility. And so also chemistry now teaches that all organic bodies are combustible; that putrefaction and decay are equivalent modes of combustion; that the same heat is produced by either mode; that each mode results in the final complete destruction of the compound; that each mode causes the same separation of the elements, and that dissolution is invariably followed by corresponding transformations and combinations. Common combustion of organic matter is simply the union of oxygen with the elements of the burning body, and the production of carbonic acid and water. In slow combustion—common putrefaction and disintegration—intermediate compounds form successive stages of the process, but the same final result is to return to the same simple forms of the original mineral condition. To “wither up,” or to “rot up,” and even be “eaten up,” is therefore to be “burned up.” Hence it is evident from every point of view that the earth is one vast crematorium.

#### COMMON ILLUSTRATIONS OF CREMATION.

The process of both mineral and organic cremation is well illustrated by the burning of coal and lime. Oxygen is the supporter of combustion. Close a coal stove so no oxygen can reach the coal and the fire will go out. Open the door so that a little draft of oxygen passes through the coal and the process of burning at once begins. The result is, the oxygen unites with the carbon and hydrogen, and passes off into the air as carbonic acid gas and aqueous-vapor. We then say the coal is “burned up.” The ashes that remain show how much of the coal has passed off into new combinations. So in burning lime. Limestone is a carbonate of lime. When heated to a certain degree the carbonic acid is driven off, and the limestone is burned up. The quicklime that is left is the equivalent of the ashes that remain of coal, or of any organic compound, plant or animal, when burned up. The process of cremation—the resolving of inorganic or organic compounds, or bodies, into carbonic acid, water, etc.—is therefore a grand, natural, heaven-ordained, constant and universal process. When a human body is incinerated it is the same process. And

when slowly dissolved by putrefaction in the dark and silent grave, the identical result is gradually accomplished that we see in the burning of coal and limestone, or in the cremating furnace.

#### EVERY ANIMAL A CREMATORIUM.

Every living animal may be characterized as a self-feeding, self-moving, self-regulating cremating furnace. The material of growth, repair and force is food, vegetable and animal, and that food is literally fuel. The fuel is “burned up” by union with oxygen, as in any other furnace. The oxygen is absorbed by breathing, unites with the combustible substances taken as food, after it is thrown into the circulation as the fireman throws fuel into the fire-box; and thus, as in an engine or furnace, is consumed, and as literally develops heat. The carbon of the fuel is converted into carbonic acid gas and water, the same as in common combustion; and the gas and water vapor literally pass off from the wind pipe, the same as from the flue of the furnace. The fuel, however, is not all, or not all at once, restored to its mineral condition, but is transformed for a while into living tissue, to keep the living crematorium in good repair and healthy action. The time required for complete cremation by digestion, circulation and oxidation, is very short compared to ordinary cremation by decay, but is not so quick as in common combustion. But, chemically and practically, it is cremation.

“MAN HATH NO PRE-EMINENCE ABOVE THE BEAST.”

It follows then that there must be somewhere about 80,000,000 living human cremators of animals in North America, not to speak of the billions of such machines of all other orders; and not to speak of the numberless fruits, herbs, roots and cereals consumed as fuel, the number of fish, frogs, oysters, chickens, turkeys, sheep, hogs and beeves cremated in these self-feeding human cremating furnaces alone, in the course of even a single year, must be immense. We have no statistics at hand to give an idea of the number of such cremations, but the figures would no doubt be startling and interesting. All this food is burned up, and makes heat. The quantity of heat thus evolved by man and the lower animals would no doubt be sufficient to run all the locomotives in the United States. When the external temperature is 98°, not much food is needed to keep the body at “blood heat,”—though much may be eaten and disposed of, as the vital powers are wonderfully

accommodating,—but when the mercury is from 20° to 50° below zero, it is evident that fuel is needed to make the body from 118° to nearly 150° warmer than the surrounding atmosphere. A man on the verge of starvation is soon frozen to death. This is why great cold always sharpens up the appetite. It is one of the reasons why the animals of prey, as well as human beings, in the frigid zone are so voracious. One-fifth of the volume of the air is oxygen, and oxygen we have seen is the great supporter of combustion, or the active agent of cremation. Hence in cold climates the body must have fuel, something to burn up to keep it from freezing; and this “burning up” is—cremation. Even in warm climates the temperature is most of the time considerably below blood heat, the nights are always cool, so that fuel is also needed there to keep the body warm. In the light of chemistry it is therefore now demonstrated that human beings, and all the lower creatures, are not only cremated, but that they are individually just so many little portable, self-feeding cremating furnaces or crematoriums.

#### A SERIOUS PHASE OF CREMATION.

Starvation is a phase of this universal cremation. If food is not supplied, observe what occurs in the process of respiration. The first tissue that disappears is the fatty matter. What becomes of it? None of it passes through the kidneys or bowels. It is “burned up.” Its carbon and hydrogen unite with the agent of combustion, and pass off through the lungs and skin in new combinations. It serves as fuel to the insatiable spirit—the “destroying angel”—of cremation. Liebig quotes from some author the circumstance of a fat pig living one hundred and sixty days without food, that was found to have diminished in weight, in that time, more than one hundred and twenty pounds. By the annals of war, shipwreck, persecution and famine we know that millions of human beings have been reduced to skeletons and to death in the same way. After the fat disappears the solids most available are dissolved, carried to the lungs, and burned up. The “breath, as fire,” devours the body. The muscles shrink and gradually waste away. As in the burning of lime and coal the air receives the carbon and hydrogen. Finally even the nervous tissue of the brain must yield to the process of dissolution, when delirium and insanity, and at last death, ends the first stage of cremation. But the process of dissolution goes on, though the mode

assumes another phase. It only ceases when the entire body has gone into combination with oxygen, and the process of cremation is complete. Undecomposed oxygen never rests while there remains any substance with which it can compound.

#### THE BIBLE TEACHES UNIVERSAL CREMATION.

The world is often reminded by the progress of science—so fast as science wins its battles with mistaken religious zealots—that the writers of the Bible knew more than all other men. Here is another example. The inspired writers from the first taught what chemistry now teaches. The great and constant lesson of the Old and New Testaments, from the early edict, “dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return,” is that man is by nature no more immortal, and no more incorruptible, than the lower animals to whom he is in every way closely related. He must seek for immortality by patient continuance in well doing. “For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast.” In that “one-breath” is the “destroying angel” of combustion, ever striving to burn up—cremate—all organic structures. And what but this did Isaiah mean when he said, “*Your breath, as fire, shall devour you.* And the people shall be as the burnings of lime; as thorns cut up shall they be burned in the fire.” Hundreds of similar expressions indicate that the writers had a correct knowledge of man’s nature, and that they knew why it is, that it is, his fate to be “burned up.” Often they speak of common combustion, or simple fire, sometimes as the actual, and sometimes as the typical mode of decomposition and transformation; but they also employ many different terms and similitudes to express substantially the same one universal process of literal destruction and disintegration, or—cremation.

“He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.” “Man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost (an old Saxon word for the breath), and where is he?” “He shall not depart out of darkness; the flame shall dry up his branches, and by the breath of his mouth shall he go away.” It is hardly possible to employ language that expresses more positively and impressively the same complete and general dissolution now taught, in almost the same

terms, by the science of chemistry. These columns might be filled with similar quotations, as the pages of inspiration are crowded with them. They teach that universal cremation—by the “destroying angel” of the atmosphere—cuts down man, just the same as every little flower that is cut down. They teach that the moment he begins to live he begins to go away by “the breath of his mouth.” Paul knew this when he said: “I die daily.”

#### CREMATION NOT TO BE UNIVERSALLY ETERNAL.

But many such passages have a special application. They are specially applied to those who do not follow the light they have—no matter how that light may come to them—and who vainly live only after the lusts of the flesh. They are especially thus applied because the dissolution, corruption, or burning, is to be the special end and final reward of such. For instance, “*These, as natural brute beasts, made to be taken and destroyed, speak evil of the things that they understand not; and shall utterly perish in their own corruption.*” This is a special doom, from which there is no reprieve. To get the full force of the analogy, ponder thoughtfully the words in italics. Natural brute beasts are not made for immortality, but to be taken and destroyed. Cremation is natural and universal—but will it be universally eternal? The good and meek (pagan and Christian) also perish and suffer corruption, but have they not a glorious hope and promise that they shall be raised from corruption? “Blessed are the meek,” said the Savior, “for they shall inherit the earth.” There is no such promise to brute beasts. “The dead shall be raised incorruptible.” These things are not said of natural brute beasts, nor of those who shall share the same ultimate fate. There are no such comforting promises to those who spurn meekness, and speak evil of the things they understand not. The promise of incorruption and immortality is exceptional and provisional. “All that do wickedly *shall be stubble*; and the day that cometh shall *burn them up*, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch. But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.” “And ye shall tread down the wicked: for they shall be ashes under the soles of your feet.” How all this accords with the teachings of chemistry! Do not the 1,400,000,000 now living at this very moment tread upon countless millions, who are now literally ashes under the soles of their feet?

So far as relates to destruction, the Bible has always taught substantially what science now teaches. But until recently, science knew not about dissolution what the authors of the Bible knew. Man needed more than he could learn from Nature, and hence he was given a Revelation. This Revelation teaches him that the meek shall “inherit the earth”—and that the day will come when they alone shall tread upon the “ashes” of the wicked. It teaches that he will inherit no other heaven, but the heaven that will be made for him here; and that he will never go to any other hell, but the hell that all the wise and good, and the proud and wicked, are in now, and in which even Christ was—when dead—three days. It plainly tells him, however, that Christ did not see corruption. And it as clearly declares that man—whether devoured by the flames, by wild animals, or by the worms, no matter—sees corruption, passes away, and lo, he is not. That if he is sought, he cannot be found. And that if he is not raised, he is forever perished, *even though he has fallen asleep in Christ.*

#### THE DEAD KNOW NOT HOW THEY ARE CREMATED.

The object of this paper is not to advocate what is now popularly called the cremation of the dead. It is with the great subject of the natural chemical dissolution and transformations of all plants and animals that we have undertaken for a moment to grapple. It is the nature and purpose of universal cremation that we have tried to explain. Man is of the earth, earthy, and as is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy. To the dead, we may therefore add, it matters little how we dispose of them. They “know not anything.” To them all modes of corruption are the same, as all modes bring them to the same ultimate condition. They know not when the cold and slimy worms consume their flesh, and they know not when the wild beasts tear to pieces and feast upon their bodies. They know not when they are mangled in the sea and swallowed by ravenous sharks, and they know not when they are cut into fragments by the curious students in the dissecting room. They know not when they are consumed by the slow process of putrefaction in the grave, and they know not when quickly incinerated in the cremating furnace. And when the last atom has resumed its place in the mineral kingdom, or entered into new combinations in the vegetable or animal kingdoms, they

know it not. "His sons come to honor, and he knoweth it not; and they are brought low, but he perceiveth it not." And what matter to God if He chooses to restore man to life, to bring again "bone to his bone," to put "sinews and the flesh" upon them, cover "them above" with skin, and to say, as He told the Prophet to say that He would say: "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live?" Men return to dust incessantly by every mode of cremation; the final result of every mode is the same; and if wanted at some future time, none need fear that they will be forgotten. It can make no difference to God, nor to the dead themselves, how they go the way of all the earth. The hundreds of thousands who during the centuries of martyrdom were incinerated at the stake, or in ovens, are as secure and as sure of the boon of immortality as any who have returned to dust by the slow mode of putrefaction. There may not be even a germ left from which men will rise up from the ground, as a stalk "it may chance of wheat" grows from the bare grain that is sown. It is not declared that there is such a germ, and it is evident that the comparison of the seed is not throughout intended as a parallel. But if the names of the dead are written in the Book of Life; if they are "elected"—whatever this may mean—and had been so well weighed, measured, searched, numbered and known, that their most secret thoughts were discerned, and that even the numbers of the hairs on their heads had been counted; why should it be thought a thing incredible that God can and will bring them back to life? Can not the creature that has been, if God so wills, be again? Has God promised more than He can perform?

#### A QUESTION ONLY FOR THE LIVING.

Of what consequence then to the dead how they are cremated? It matters no more to them than it does to God. No matter what the consequence is, or how God will restore the dead to life, we must all undergo cremation. The doom of being "burned up" in some manner is inevitable. It is universal. It is natural. It is decreed. The question is not, therefore, *shall* we be cremated, or *can* God find us. The proposition is not as some will say: How are the dead raised? and with what body do they come? The proper query is,—since there is no possible escape,—*how* do we wish to be cremated? If we have a preference we may designate the

mode. When we make our last will and testament we can specify our choice. If we neglect to direct *how*, our friends will decide for us. And it is only to the living that the method of cremation may be of any real consequence. To the dead there is no choice. To the living it may become a question of far greater importance than it is at present. It may in time, in some parts of the earth, become a sanitary necessity to "burn up" the dead as quickly as possible.

#### War Symptoms Fifty Years Ago.

DEAR GERNERD:

The feelings of anxiety produced in preparation for war is second only to the fear of going into battle; but the love of country inspires the hope of successful resistance to foreign invasion, and consequently all civilized nations have considered it advisable in times of peace to prepare for war.

Such was the case upwards of fifty years ago in that most beautiful and attractive section of the known world, the Valley of Muncy.

Peaceful as were the people, and always averse to strife, you may think it strange that a military organization should be found within its borders; but the spirit of the Revolution came down through a long line of unfought battles and settled among the sons of liberty, who, wishing to preserve and perpetuate their freedom so dearly won by their brave ancestors, after many fierce and bloody contests, deemed it their duty, as it was their privilege, to organize for an emergency, which might threaten the peace of the Commonwealth, or that of the general government.

Accordingly, a system of military discipline, sanctioned by law, was brought into requisition, and companies organized under it, consisting of militia, volunteers and light horse, or troop as they were commonly called. These companies were required to parade and drill twice a year, on or about the first and middle of May. The first was called the small and the second the big muster. All able-bodied men from eighteen to forty-five years of age were required to present themselves on these occasions, well equipped with some deadly weapons, in order to be duly instructed in the art of war. On failure to comply with this requisition, the delinquent was subject to a fine of fifty cents for each offense. The amount of fine being out of all proportion to the limited income of the younger braves, a full attendance was generally secured.

The places of meeting for the little muster were in the several townships surrounding the borough of Muncy, in order to bring the parade ground as near as possible to the soldiery; but the big muster always took place on central ground, in or adjacent to the borough. To this place, on such occasions, where much was to be seen attractive to the eye, and the fife and drum made music for the ear, came all nations of the earth, or as many of them as could reach the place conveniently in time for the grand display in store for them.

To draw a life picture of the military services required of all able-bodied men in that early period of the world's history, and their willingness to comply with the requisitions made to fit them for the stern arbitrament of war, would occupy too much space to be inserted in the *NOW AND THEN*; and, therefore, we must confine our remarks, in the traditional accounts handed down to us, without any embellishment (as we have good reason to believe), to a few main facts connected with the times, leaving the reader to a full range of imagination in supplementing some very important matters which we are reluctantly compelled to omit.

It was considered an honorable position to be the captain of a company. It was sometimes conferred upon and accepted by men occupying high social positions.

It was not necessary that the commander should possess any military knowledge or skill. Indeed the absence of any knowledge on the subject always secured to him the highest commendation. Free from all restraint, he was at liberty to originate, not to follow old established precedents. Thus commander and men under him, co-operating together, brought into existence a new system of military discipline long to be remembered, and of great service to the country. The captains were elected for one year or during good behavior.

Of one incident, about to be related, Captain Shoeman, largely engaged in the distilling business at that time for the benefit of mankind generally, and himself in particular, was leading his assembled followers from Muncy Mills to the tented field, with a view of putting them through some difficult exercises not laid down in the books. When on their march it became necessary to disperse a drove of hogs occupying the public highway, and that were likely to interfere with the uniform step of the intrepid soldiery.

The captain having an eye to business, profitable to himself, as well as rendering efficient services to his country, halted himself, but not his company, to contract with the owner for the purchase of the entire stock. The negotiations for the purchase lasted for upwards of an hour, when it accidentally occurred to the captain that when last seen his company was "marching on." Being a pedestrian of slow and deliberate movement, (for at this time they knew nothing of the "double quick,") he leisurely followed up the route he naturally supposed his men would be most inclined to take until he came to the cross streets in the borough of Muncy, when his reckoning failed, and in despair gave up the chase. There, however, he found, on inquiry among the most reliable of the old inhabitants, that the men had conspired together, and asserting a doubtful right as a war measure, had actually declared his office vacant, elected another captain in his place, who proceeded to compliment the men for their efficiency, and after their arduous labors of the day, dismissed them in their fatigued condition, to return again, if possible, after numerous drinks, to the peaceful firesides of their distant homes.

On another occasion long after this—under a new order of things, with a new captain high in stature, and with a great future before him,—the people were again called upon for parade and drill on the banks of the Susquehanna River, near Port Penn. This was called the "little muster," to prepare them for the great and magnificent display attending the "big muster," which generally took place about two weeks later in the season, and always after corn planting. A goodly number responded to the call, and were actively engaged in playing town ball, pitching quoits and other manly sports, when, at the proper time, this tall man, Captain Loomis, appeared upon the scene. They knew him to be the captain from the stripes down the outside of his pantaloons, which in color were not unlike the wax on the legs of a honey-bee, and the more marked distinction he bore to a true soldier, by wearing epaulets of unequal size, made from sheep skin tanned with the wool on the outside. His sword, which was about two and a half feet long, of rusty complexion, was permitted to strike the ground by the aid of straps which had been elongated for that special purpose. This instrument, "sounding in its shield the din of war," was supposed to have a wonderful effect in securing strict obedience to the orders about to

be given. Very promptly all were commanded to desist from the frivolities in which they were engaged, and answer to their names on the calling of the roll. The roll was promptly produced from a side pocket, reaching down to the captain's knee, and with great deliberation unfolded. It was a formidable looking document, the like of which is not often seen in these latter days. But the contents of this paper baffled the learning of the captain, so much so that he then, if never before, realized the fact that in his early education he had forgotten to learn how to read; and it would materially interfere with his other more important duties to begin the study of his letters now. What was to be done? The men were all ready, willing and anxious, now more so than ever before, to hear their names called and go into active service; but they were not willing to respond until they knew certainly their names were on the roll and duly read off or called out. This was a trying situation for the men, but the captain kept as cool and collected as the weather would permit, and devoted considerable time in the vigorous use of a large bandanna handkerchief to absorb an unusual quantity of moisture which otherwise might have secured a permanent settlement on his military brow. Finally it was agreed by the captain and those supposed to be under his command, that a man of large dimensions standing by his side, and better versed in literary matters, should take the paper and read off the names.

You may naturally suppose the crowd had become somewhat impatient by this time, and moving cautiously around the captain, closed in upon him more affectionately than he desired.

No sooner was the paper in the hands of the disinterested party than it suddenly disappeared. Who got it, or where it went, no one knew, at least none appeared to know, and we are perfectly satisfied of their sincerity in this matter, from the very marked innocence pictured on every face.

One of a peaceable turn of mind would naturally suppose this would end all trouble, but not so. Here is just where real trouble began. Men who were engaged in this military service for the preservation of their liberties, were not in a condition to be trifled with on occasions of this kind. They accused the captain to his face (what boldness!) of coming there without authority. They ordered him to produce his commission, which they all had reason to believe had been carefully abstracted from his pocket an hour before, by a trusted friend, who had his interests at heart for the sole purpose of preventing an irreparable loss, (and which I verily believe has never been destroyed, but carefully preserved to the present day), and on failure to produce this official paper, the captain was actually threatened with bodily harm. No excuse would be accepted. The tumult was great. The captain lost sight of the deadly

weapon at his side, or at least failed to use it, and in the face of a well-armed foe he appeared to lose the courage of a brave commander, and rapidly sank into the unresisting condition of a timid child. Beholding his deplorable situation, the manly traits, so characteristic of the true and faithful soldier, came speedily to his relief. They assured him of safe conduct back to town again, on condition that he would surrender his sword without resistance, and quietly submit to such reasonable conditions as they might suggest. He promptly accepted any conditions of safety, leaving it altogether to their honor as soldiers, who had served so faithfully and well under him, and to whom, for high considerations needless to express on his part, he felt confident they must all feel devotedly attached to him in person and as a commander. This settled all but the mode of conducting the captain to his destination.

After consultation it was agreed on all sides, (the captain not objecting), that the intrepid militia should form a hollow square; that they should be considered a body-guard of honor; that the honored captain should take his position in the centre, and when all was ready, he should be accorded, as was his undoubted right, the honor of giving the command to march. Everything being in readiness, the command was given in the most approved military style. Music from the band, which consisted of one fife, a wofully dilapidated drum, with all the rusty tin pans that could be confiscated in that rural district, struck up an undefinable march, which was increased in volume and sweetness of tone, by the acquisition of great numbers of improvised musical instruments and amateur performers along the way, preserving the best of order, of its kind, until the captain, much to his delight, was safely landed with the borough authorities, more like a conquering hero than a man who had so recently surrendered to overpowering numbers, under the most adverse circumstances.

The weapons used by the common soldier in those sharply contested fields of harmless warfare, on that occasion, consisted of one musket without a lock, three wooden guns in the similitude of fire-arms, old hickory canes of Jacksonian celebrity, broom-sticks, and mullen stalks without number. These were all formidable weapons in appearance, if not in effect, which, when the captain beheld after his surrender and safe deliverance, caused him to exclaim, and he wanted it to go down through all time, (which is sufficient reason for recording it here), that had it not been for his forbearance, which required more nerve and courage on that day than to fight a battle, they might all have fallen under the ban of his displeasure as lawless mutineers, and been treated accordingly.

Having occupied too much space in giving you the foregoing facts, we are constrained for the present to remain silent on the big muster, so full of incident and of greater magnitude, that it would be like a river compared to a rivulet.

C. W. ROBB.

Pittsburg, September 2, 1889.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

ISSUED BI-MONTHLY.

J. M. M. GERNERD, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

For terms of subscription and advertising rates, see cover.

Entered at the Muncy Post-Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER, 1889.

## The Now and Then Again Enlarged.

At first sixteen pages, including the cover; then twenty pages; and now, ladies and gentlemen, twenty-four pages. Please consider this thing a moment. Six pamphlets of twenty-four pages each, containing the choicest reading, pronounced by competent judges to be "unique and valuable," printed on good book paper, of which this number is a sample, for only 50 cents. Kind reader, if you do not get the worth of your money, it shall never be for the want of honest effort on our part to make the magazine valuable. You shall have good measure, of new, good and original matter. Not to take into consideration a single article from our own unpretending pen, the valuable papers on various topics from more than a dozen valued contributors must, beyond all doubt, settle the question of value.

And may we not hope for a considerable accession to our subscription list to follow this enlargement? We trust that among our old readers there are quite a number who can and will be pleased to try to find us new readers. Please try. We will be glad to send a specimen copy to any person who may possibly want the magazine, whose name and address is sent us with this expectation by a present subscriber. Our price of subscription is so low, for this kind of a publication, and our profit is so small, that we cannot afford to give either club rates or premiums. We are spending all that the receipts will permit on the magazine. We hope to make it a book that will be prized by this generation, and be valued more and more as time rolls on. Perhaps a premium will be required to get a copy by and by.

And now, good reader, if you are one of the number who try owe us on the second year's subscription, please pay us *Now*, and we will thank you—*Then*. Please bear in mind, that to furnish you with the *NOW AND THEN*, we need a great deal of money every *Now* and *Then*.

## Energy of Water Under Pressure.

"In hydraulic mining, with a head of but 100 feet, heavy boulders are moved with ease; a gravel hill melts away before the nozzle with great rapidity; and a heavy crow-bar, thrown down against the jet with all the powers of the strongest man's muscles, will rebound as if it were an elastic body, without any appreciable effect upon the jet. Such a jet would instantly kill a man if turned against him. Yet part of the torrent at Johnstown had stored in it about four times this great energy."—*The Patent and Court Record*.

The reservoir on the Glade Run from which Muncy is about to be supplied with water is located 220 feet above High Street, and several feet still higher above the lower part of the town. With such a great head there ought to be energy enough to give Muncy the very best of fire protection. If a jet from a head of only 100 feet would instantly kill a man if turned against him, it is evident that it will not be safe for any one to fool with hose when attached to our water pipes. With a proper supply of suitable hose, therefore, the twenty fire plugs, contracted for by the borough, ought to be as good as twenty stationary steam fire engines; and with this advantage—it will not be necessary to have the energy to get up steam to get the water up. And we are also to have an abundance of water, in all seasons, and the purest of water; because, as we are told, it is so "stipulated in the bond;" because the company will be well prepared to furnish the desired article; and, it is known to be pure, it is likewise declared, because some of it has already been analyzed and found to be pure. "Any defect of any nature in the supply," the public has also been assured, "will at once be corrected, as it is the desire of the company to make this a model works." What more than this, if faithfully performed, can a reasonable public ask? Already the neighboring towns (some of them it is declared are supplied with more suspicious water) are congratulating Muncy. They well know that there are few greater boons than pure water!

"Pure water! let thy praise be sung by every son of earth;  
Yet all the pens of wisest scribes can never tell thy worth."

But by the way, what is better sometimes than pressure? The energy of the Water Company under pressure we hope will be equal to the energy of the water it will supply under the 220 feet of pressure.

### A Good Way to Make Good Indians.

The *Red Man*, published at Carlisle, Pa., in the interest of the red man, and the mechanical work of which is all done by red boys, is a real progressive and meritorious journal, and has a pleasing and convincing way of telling the truth on the Indian question. Here are several specimens—each example being merely the first sentence of each of the first four articles, and several sentences of the fifth, on the first editorial page of a late number, and therefore taken altogether at random—that show how pertinently it talks:

1. "If we do not educate Indian children to our civilized life their parents will continue to educate them to savagery."

2. "Indian tribes, languages and reservations are combinations against the first law announced to man at creation, directing him to be fruitful, multiply and replenish the earth."

3. "The day of real progress for the Indians will begin when each Indian becomes an individual and an organized unit in himself to make the most of himself that he can."

4. "One of the greatest hindrances to the Indian in his transit from barbarism to civilization is his *entire exclusion* from the experiences of practical civilized life."

5. "A great general has said that *the only good Indian is a dead Indian*. The friends of the Indian everywhere ought to unite in hearty thanks to the general for the remark, because it has been the text and inspiration of more help for, and speech in behalf of the Indian than any other words ever uttered on the subject, and it is becoming evident everywhere that the Indian will never be good until *his Indian is all dead*—speech, habits, customs, beliefs, and all else of his old life which clings to him to hinder the new."

If this is not good sense, and does not indicate the right way to make good Indians, then there is no good in humanity anywhere. The *Red Man* is a bright champion of a noble cause.

### Sullivan County Coal.

Clarence R. Claghorn, of Birmingham, Ala., recently mining engineer at Bernice, Sullivan County, Pa., has published a paper of interest on the Bernice coal-basin in the Transactions of the American Institute of Mining Engineers. The entire article, with its fine sketch-map illustration, is worthy of being reproduced, but on account of our limited space we can only

briefly collate and present therefrom the following facts:

1. The Bernice basin is the westernmost and largest of the comparatively small coal-basins in Sullivan and Wyoming counties. It is situated on the North Mountain plateau, 2,000 feet above tide.

2. The topography of the region underlain by the coal is irregular, but comparatively flat. The basin conforms, in the main, to the canoe-shape. The average width is about 1,500 feet, and the length nearly 4 miles.

3. The basin includes two coal-beds, locally known as the "A" and "B" beds. "A," the lowest, is not known to exceed from 10 to 20 inches in thickness, and is without economic value. "B," the upper bed, is practically one seam, but consists of "three splits," with a total thickness of from 8 to 10 feet, and has been mined the past twenty years. The cover over "B" is generally from 20 to 90 feet thick. The strata between "A" and "B" vary from 40 to 65 feet in total thickness.

4. The longer axis of the beds and basin is nearly due east and west. The whole basin dips from 30 to 70 feet (east and west) towards its geographical centre. Bed "B," under its 20 to 90 feet of cover, has many local "rolls" and "sumps," from which there is no water-level outlet, and which become troublesome in mining.

5. Geologically the Bernice coal-beds are believed to correspond with the Lykens Valley coal-beds—to which the coals are very similar in character and composition, though dissimilar in the color of the ash—and are *in*, not *over*, the Pottsville conglomerate.

6. The Bernice coal is an anthracite, having, as it comes from the mines, a distinctly bituminous fracture. But when crushed and screened it appears less bituminous. Many of the Shamokin and Lykens Valley coals, classified as anthracite, have a lower carbon-ratio.

7. Bernice coal ignites easily, burns with a very pale blue flame, and has the reputation of holding fire under conditions which would cause most other anthracites to "go out." It never clinkers, even under the strongest draft, but burns totally to a fine, impalpable white ash. These characteristics make it a desirable fuel.

8. The only mining operations in the basin are those of the State Line and Sullivan Railroad Company, which practically owns the entire area underlain by workable coal-beds. The operations are confined to the end of the basin,

at Bernice, where seven drifts have been opened, only two of which are now producing coal.

9. Though the thin seam "A" has no economic value, it is of great interest geologically. It changes from anthracite to bituminous coal "within less than a mile and a half." The merging line from one to the other is not yet known, but will probably in time be determined, and may lead to some important generalization. "If this bed 'A' is a true bituminous bed," says Mr. Claghorn, "occurring as it does 40 to 65 feet below a true anthracite bed ('B'), the theory of the formation of anthracite by the action of heat on bituminous coal could scarcely be applied to this case; for it is not easy to conceive of any heat, apart from an eruptive overflow, affecting a certain coal-bed over a considerable area, and not affecting another bed only 40 feet below it."

As the West Branch Valley will soon be in direct railroad communication with Bernice, the above facts, given substantially as stated by Mr. Claghorn, will be of special interest to most of our readers.

### A GOLDEN WEDDING.

1839-1889.

On the event of the Golden Wedding of Hon. Samuel Mortimer and Wilhelmina Crans, September 16, 1889.

What ship is this, with pennons gay,  
Hailing from regions far away,  
Anchors at *Goldenport* to-day?

It is the good bark *Mine and Thine*,  
Craft of the *Happy Union Line*,  
From the green shores of "Auld Lang-Syne."

Full fifty years ago her sails,  
Round stormy capes, by verdant vales,  
First gave their white wings to the gales.

To *Wooden Isle* the voyage led,  
At *Crystal Lake* "All Hall!" was said,  
Then on to *Silverland* she sped.

On every sea, in good or ill,  
The Master kept her constant still,  
By his firm hand and iron will.

'Neath leaden clouds, or skies of blue,  
Faring on Heart's-ease, or on Rhue,  
Love, Hope and Trust were of the crew.

Joy to the Master and his Mate,  
Pacing the deck with even gait,  
With souls serene in any fate!

Rest and good cheer be theirs to-day!  
May fair winds waft them on the way  
From *Goldenport* to *Diamond Bay*!

Bon-voyage to the *Mine and Thine*,  
Craft of the *Happy Union Line*—  
Commander Sam,—Mate, Wilhelmine!

ROBERT HAWLEY.

### LAUGHTER.

To tell about the missing link, and evolution settle,  
Men are opening fossil jaws, and fossil tails are wagging;

But, as the ringing of a bell will show what is its mettle,

So does the sound of laughter lift man above the cattle.

And can a charming woman laughing

Be only a developed tadpole croaking?

A. B. CAMPBELL.

Montgomery, Pa.

### Dogs Hereafter.

129 SOUTH SEVENTH ST., PHILADELPHIA.

J. M. M. GERNERD, Esq.

*Dear Sir:* A constant reader of your always entertaining publication, "NOW AND THEN," I perused with much interest the well-written article in your last number on Dogs; but I could not help wishing that the writer thereof had gone on to explain what becomes of the bow-wows in the long *hereafter*. And why not, likewise, dilate on the *future* of ants, birds, etc. Pray, what is your opinion, Mr. Editor?

Respectfully,

EDWARD BRADY.

This seems to have been the wish of many, if not of all our readers. Mr. Lloyd may have settled convictions concerning dog-life hereafter,—we have not heard him express himself on the subject,—but he probably thought that not many were particularly interested in the future of dogs; and, no doubt, that too many do not feel much concern about their own future existence. The Rev. J. G. Wood, in the deeply interesting work entitled, "Man and Beast Here and Hereafter," to which Mr. Lloyd refers, argues that beasts have immortal life, and that there is another world for them as well as for man. The gilded picture, in relief, of a noble looking dog on the outside of the cover of said book, with the quotation underneath:

"I cannot believe that dogs have souls,"

from James Hogg, the *Ettrick Shepherd*, gives the dog special prominence, and if any of the "beasts of the field" have immortal souls the dog we conclude must have.

The chief arguments of the reverend author are drawn from the Scriptures. He says, for instance: "We are taught in the New Testament the great doctrine of compensation, which is, in fact, nothing more than justice." Now, to apply this argument to dogs, it means just this: Some dogs have a hard time of it in this life,—they are cruelly neglected, cuffed, kicked and abused,—and strict justice therefore requires that they shall be compensated for their present suffering and misfortune by eternal life in a

future and better regulated world. The author pictures the very unequal lives of two animals, and then adds: "Now, supposing that animals have no immortal souls and no future life, it is simply impossible to recognize that the Maker of these two animals can be just."

What unspeakable comfort it would be to all friendless dogs if they could be made to comprehend the compensation and happiness that is thus believed to be in store for them. And, on the other hand, what a warning it ought to be to all bad dogs—dogs that kill sheep and chickens, steal meat and eggs, bite people, and rather quarrel any time than do a noble act—that they shall get full justice for all their wicked acts in another world when they are dead!

It seems to us that the Maker can be, and is, strictly just, even though he does not give unhappy dogs a happier life in a better world. He has declared that brute beasts were "made to be taken and destroyed," and death is rather to be considered as a proof of His benevolence. When a dog is very bad, very old, or very wretched, and we think he is no longer fit to live, do we not consider it an act of mercy to shoot him, and is not death then a proof of our benevolence? And as to the dogs that have had kind masters and have had a general good time on the earth, they can be thankful for the favors they already have had, and it seems to us that they have no claim on their Maker to do anything more for them. They have served the purpose for which they were made, and, as *dead dogs*, are now as well off as if they had never been born. God does not owe them anything more. He has not promised them anything more in the hereafter. And so we believe that every dog has his day—*Now*, and not *Then*.

But it is said, "dowgs hae sowls." If mind exists before and after, and is something entirely independent of, though for awhile connected with the body, and is inherently and essentially immortal, then dogs have immortal souls. Wood assumes all this to be so, and if it is so he rightly claims that dogs share immortality with man. Dogs certainly possess mind. But are dog-minds immortal? Wood, in attempting to sustain the affirmative, makes the following fatal admission:

"But, if we are to take the literal sense of the Bible and no other, we are equally bound to believe that man as well as beasts has no life after death."

This is bad for the dogs. The plain, literal, common sense of the Bible—and it is not, in a general sense, good sense to take any other sense—is surely against them. The word immortality only occurs three times, and is only applied to God, and to *the bodies* (!!) of the saints who are changed from mortality to immortality. For instance, it is said of God, "WHO ONLY hath immortality;" and of the saints, at the resurrection, "THIS MORTAL must put on immortality." God has promised to give everlasting life to them who seek for it, "by patient continuance in well doing." So then, to take the true, plain, obvious, literal sense, even man is without it, and must first *get* it before he can *have* it. The word immortal occurs only once, and is in the verse, "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God." The term immortal is never applied to man, and the words "immortal soul" never occur in the Bible. The Greek and Hebrew words translated soul together occur 805 times, but not in a single instance is either word qualified by such a term as deathless, never-dying, or immortal. Evidently, immortality is not innate, is not inborn, is not a natural inheritance, but must be "put on," and is obtained through Him who brought it to light. It will be a supernatural gift. It will be given by the "Life Giver." How, then, can dogs have, get, or inherit immortality? Where is the promise that they shall receive the boon of future life? Did Christ die also for them? Shall they be raised from among the dead? Shall they also hear His voice and come forth? Shall they bear the image of the heavenly? Shall they "inherit the earth?" Shall they "be comforted," "be filled," "be made perfect," and "see God?"

The Rev. Mr. Wood's anecdotes are extremely interesting, and we believe authentic, and prove that the lower animals share many of the intellectual faculties with man; but his arguments to demonstrate that they have immortal souls, and shall also share the kingdom of heaven, however sincere, are not in our opinion according to the Scriptures. He does not closely enough follow the literal sense of the Word. If the dogs rise not, what advantageth it them? Let them therefore bark and bite, and eat and drink, for to-morrow they die. They are literally sown in weakness, but never is it said that they shall be raised in power. They are literally sown in corruption, but it is never even hinted that they shall be raised in incorruption. They are

literally sown natural bodies, but there is no promise that they shall be raised spiritual bodies. They literally go down, but will they come up?

Yes, if dogs have, or will have, eternal life, why not also dilate on the future of ants, birds and all other creatures? If the argument is good for one class, why not good for all other classes of animals? The Rev. J. G. Wood, indeed, does not try to escape the logic that thus leads to the belief of universal immortality, but boldly declares his conviction as follows:

"In announcing my belief that the lower animals share immortality with man in the next world, as they share mortality in this, I do not claim for them the slightest equality. Man will be man, and beast will be beast, and insect will be insect, in the next world as in this. They are living exponents of Divine ideas, as is evident from the Holy Scriptures, and will be wanted to continue in the world of spirit the work which they have begun in the world of matter."

If all the ants, fleas, flies, mosquitoes, bed-bugs, sand-flies, rats, mice, snakes, and all the pestiferous and obnoxious animals of earth, of the untold ages of the past, and now living, and yet unborn, are to continue in the world to come the work they have begun in this world, the prospect of absolute comfort and rest in the hereafter is not altogether lovely. If the creatures that we—saint and sinner—destroy with boiling water, fire, acids, corrosives, Paris green, pyrethrum, and with traps, stones, clubs and guns, must have future life to compensate them for their sufferings here, and will continue to use the teeth, mouths, stings, suckers, claws and fangs that they have begun operations with in this world, then what of the comforting assurance that there shall be no more pain, no more tears, no more fear, no more sorrow, no more sickness and no more death? Must we not take the words pain, tears, fear, sorrow, sickness and death in the plain, literal sense? Is it not strange that the literal sense of the Holy Scriptures is so strongly against such a doctrine, if the doctrine is true? And is it not also strange reasoning that we are bound *not* to take the literal sense in regard to the future of man and animals, although the literal sense is more in accord with natural sense, common sense and the best scientific sense? The literal sense indicates in the clearest terms that animals "utterly perish in their own corruption," and that they "were made to be taken and destroyed." Are we bound not to take this literal sense?

The literal sense of Scripture nowhere indicates that any of the lower animals of this world are subjects of redemption, and may be made incorruptible, and put on immortality. Nor does it indicate that they will hereafter have immaterial bodies, and that with immaterial teeth, stings, claws and fangs, they will bite, sting, claw, poison and torment immaterial men in an immaterial "world of spirit." Animals literally die, because they were literally made to die. It was only to, and of, the man literally made of dust, with the same literal breath of life in his nostrils, that the Lord God said: "For why will ye die?" Call not this "spiritual death," for He spoke to those—see 18th chapter of Ezekiel—who were already spiritually dead, in their sins, whom He wished to turn from their transgressions. He spoke here of literal death. Even to man, therefore, immortality is a question of opportunity and special provision. For if the dead rise not, then even the very dead in Christ are hopelessly perished. What chance then for beasts in the hereafter? Dogs—and all the fleas and flies that torment them—will as literally forever perish, if they are not literally raised and literally crowned with immortality, as the trees that we literally chop down and literally burn up. To prove that the mammals, birds, reptiles and insects of the past and the present shall live again in the hereafter, the language of Scripture must be taken in an evasive, obscure, inverted and senseless sense, often delusively called the "spiritual" sense, and not—as the Rev. J. G. Wood sensibly admits—in the literal sense. If we are bound to believe anything, we are bound to believe that animals "utterly perish in their own corruption."

#### John Turner—Too Young and Too Old.

The late John Turner, of Muncy, was always a zealous Democrat, but not a successful politician. The office of sheriff, we have heard it said, was long the object of his political aspirations. When he attempted to secure the nomination, however, there was always a rush of eager aspirants, and he was persuaded that he was too young, and that his chance of success would be better at some future time if he would yield to the older politicians. So he confidently believed that his day would come. In course of time he made a number of efforts. When he returned from the convention after his last attempt he remarked sorrowfully to a friend: "*And now they say that I am too old.*" There are a great many John Turners in politics, both Democrats and Republicans, who are never fortunate enough to get into the conventions at exactly the right time.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

Devoted to History, Amusement, Instruction, Advancement.

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VOL. 2.

MUNCY, PA., JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1890.

No. 10.

## LOCAL TOPOGRAPHY.

The object in preparing this paper has been to collect in consecutive order, a brief record of the streams flowing tributary to the West Branch of the Susquehanna River; the fertile plains along their banks, and the islands to be found between the Muncy Hills and the western limits of the valley, near Lock Haven.

This narrative will revive many old names, trace out their origin and meaning, recall thrilling incidents connected with their history, locate the sites of early settlers and places of public safety, as well as many other items of general interest that are fast drifting into an oblivion they do not deserve. Although extended inquiry and wide research, at the cost of much time and persistent effort, have gathered the following statements in connected form, yet it is not to be supposed that omissions and inaccuracies have been entirely avoided, for at this late day it would be impossible to sift from the mass of recorded testimony, very often contradictory and inconsistent, tradition and superstition, a perfectly reliable story of the olden time. The following sketch is offered as a sort of progressive report on what the writer trusts may hereafter develop into a valuable historical record, by stimulating and encouraging individuals to "write up" an authentic history of their particular localities.

The portion of the West Branch Valley under consideration at this time consists of a succession of terraced alluvial plains of marvelous fertility, covering a distance of about forty miles in length, with an average width of perhaps two miles; the southern boundary being the Bald Eagle Range of the Allegheny Mountains, which rise from 600 to 900 feet above the plain, while to the north rise the foot-hills, with an elevation of about 200 feet above the river that flows through the valley lying between these rocky barriers. The West Branch of the Susquehanna River has a varying width of from 1,000 to 1,400 feet, and flows in an easterly course be-

tween the points indicated. It winds back and forth across the vale, giving the general plain a scalloped appearance, rounded stretches of bottom land being left on alternate sides of the stream, which have become known by names arising from some local peculiarity.

When the early pioneers first penetrated the great wilderness by way of the aboriginal trails, they halted upon the eminences to survey the prospect before them. While peering into that vast gorge lying between Penny Hill and the eastern end of Muncy Mountain, as it sank into the sombre shadows beneath the frowning precipices of Muncy Hills, rising aloft to form the distant horizon, the stillness, the loneliness, the gloominess of the scene so impressed the adventurous whites that they called the region "The Black Hole." The exact derivation of the word has not been recorded. Some say the timber growth was of such density as to be practically impenetrable even by the rays of the sun, a place of perpetual gloom. Others assert that fire had burned through the forests and left a dense mass of blackened, dead vegetation. It is possible that the name was suggested by either or both of these conditions, but however this may have been, the blackness has long since utterly vanished to give place to a veritable "garden of the Lord" of such marvelous fertility that its appearance of to-day utterly fails to explain to the present generation the origin of this singular name. Black Hole Creek flows through Black Hole Valley, draining Black Hole Bottom, until it empties into the Susquehanna River at the busy town of Montgomery.

Just west of the "Muncy Hills" lies a fertile stretch of country known as "Muncy Bottom." In early days it was called "Hickory Bottom," a name said to be a translation of the aboriginal Delaware Indian word, *Oko-po-cheng*, meaning literally hickory flats.

At the mouth of Loyalsock Creek, and extending along both sides of the stream, lies a succession of alluvial terraces, gradually rising

from the river. At an early day a tract of 880 acres was here located and called "Montour's Reserve." It was given to Andrew Montour, an Indian half-breed, as a reward for his services to the public during the early Indian wars.

Lying west of the above and extending to Lycoming Creek are a succession of plains now blooming with the fruits of extreme fertility or built over by the city of Williamsport. Of this section we find literally nothing in the old accounts of the valley. Even the aborigines have left no relics of their former presence, if we except a few isolated spots along the river. This fact can only be accounted for on the ground that it was a continuation of swamps of the most terrible description, scarcely penetrable, and always dangerous. This character of the country is reflected from the report made by Colonel Thomas Hartley after his memorable expedition to Tioga in 1778, where he speaks of "prodigious swamps," etc.

On the south side of the river, and extending from Loyalsock Gap westward to Mosquito Run, lies a fertile section known among the early settlers as the "Lower Bottom," upon which the boroughs of South Williamsport and DuBois-town are now erected, besides being the site of many splendid farms.

A short distance west of the mouth of Mosquito Run the river skirts the base of the steep mountain slope for a mile or more. Above this "narrows," and until the river closes in the wide expanse a few miles westward by again washing the precipitous ridge, lies the section once known as the "Upper Bottom," but now as "Susquehanna." This particular section was patented to Samuel Wallis as the "Long Reach," a name that has been transferred to that magnificent stretch of country lying directly opposite, or on the north side of the river, and extending from Lycoming Creek to the high ground upon which the town of Linden now stands. Samuel Wallis once owned all these lands, and the name was really borrowed from the river flowing between them, as will be shown hereafter.

Beyond the bluffs at Linden, and extending to the rocky narrows east of Larry's Creek, is one of the most remarkable of all the garden spots in the valley. By making two sudden turns, one at the jutting, rocky bluffs on the north side of the valley below Larry's Creek, and again at Linden, protecting the wide alluvial delta of Pine Run, there is found the noted section called "The Level Corner."

On the south side of the river, and extending from a point nearly opposite the "Corner" to a point nearly opposite the mouth of Pine Creek, lies a series of alluvial terraces known as "Nip-penose Bottom."

On the north side of the river, and extending from a point just west of Larry's Creek almost to Chatham's Run, including the Pine Creek plain, extends a wonderfully fertile section of country. Level plains, undulating terraces, bluffs, knolls and miniature valleys, all susceptible of the highest degree of cultivation, and to-day the perfection of earthly comfort and prosperity, but once known as the "Pine Creek barrens."

Nearly all of these lowlands were misunderstood and neglected by the early settlers. Either they comprised dense thickets and swamps, or were covered with scrub growth, and considered and called "barrens." Notably was this true of the Pine Creek region, and when, in 1773, John; Robert and Adam King settled there they misjudged the soil to be lean, as indicated by the scrub vegetation, and after remaining but a single year removed to the heavily timbered hills on Pine Run, north of the Level Corner, on what one of the descendants has called "the poorest land between the river and the Allegheny Mountains."

Narrow terraces of fertile land occur at intervals between the mountain spurs on the south side of the river until the Bald Eagle Creek is reached. Flowing close to the Bald Eagle Ridge, this stream forms the southern border of an extensive tongue of terraced alluvial plains that extend to the main river, skirting the foot-hills northward. Upon this plain the town of Lock Haven is built.

By a bend of the river between the projecting spurs on the north a historic plain is formed known as the "Monceytown Flats." This brings us to the limits of our valley, as beyond this point extends the great gorge in the mountain chain, through which the river finds its narrow, tortuous way.

A great deal might be said about the geological structure of this valley. It is certainly not understood by the "authorities." But it is clear to the unscientific student of nature that the formations on the north and south sides of the river are not of the same age; in fact the measures are very much broken and mixed up throughout, especially on the northern side. The valley originally consisted of a succession of rocky chasms formed by the great upheaval and

folding process of ancient ages. These became filled by the glacial debris, then the melting of the ice covered all with alluvial sand and afterward the silt washed down from the decomposition of the soft shales, which finally nourished the vegetation that has given us the fertile loam. Nearly every one of these "bottoms" is bisected by a stream of water flowing from a gap in the hills or mountains, the drainage outlet of each water-shed, so that they appear to be terraced deltas of each respective tributary to the great river, worked into their present outline by the floods of water that came from each little valley contiguous to the main basin, at the time when the great ice gorges melted away and drained our mountain country.

#### STREAMS.

The tributaries to the great river have from the very dawn of history played an important part in the annals of the valley. They have been conspicuous landmarks, serving to locate events of the most thrilling interest, and metes and bounds of the most vital importance to the peace of the inhabitants. Through the superficial knowledge of modern officials, many of these streams have been omitted from authorized maps, while others, though vaguely indicated, have lost their names and historical connection, and still others have been marked with extreme incorrectness. As an illustration of the last mentioned blunder the case of Mosquito Run may be referred to, which on the State maps, from which local copies are made, has been figured as flowing down the opposite side of the valley from where it is actually found, while the true bed is occupied by a stream really very small, but here in magnified proportions, that should be located in "Jack's Hollow," which is a gorge north of the lofty spur that forms the boundary of the Mosquito Valley basin. By reference to the county map accompanying the late State geological survey, such errors can be readily detected, particularly about the Muncy Valley, while the names given the streams are entirely untrustworthy.

When this valley was first opened up by the settlement of the whites all the streams were much larger than since the timber has been cut away, many now being mere rivulets that were formerly quite important, while others have entirely disappeared which once possessed considerable volume. There can be no doubt but that every one of these streams once had a distinct name among the ancient dwellers in the land, but during the excitement and change wrought

by the present busy age some of them have so far disappeared as to be designated at times as "that stream that puts in on the Harris place," or "the run that flows through the Smith tract," or in some other indifferent and, indefinite manner. When the Wolf tribe of the Delaware Nation of Indians held undisputed sway on the West Branch, they doubtless extended their system of nomenclature to the streams, and knew every one of them by a name bestowed on account of some local incident or peculiarity, sometimes serious, at others extremely droll and full of grim humor, as we will find hereafter. From the time when the French first penetrated this region from Canada, in the summer of 1618, as Etienne Brule led the way for subsequent adventurers and traders, these strangers gave the names of the streams, as well as other objects, their peculiar national accent, which brought about the first or French corruption of the original word. Then, from 1742, when the Moravian missionaries traveled through the valley for years trying to convert the natives to the Christian religion, they gave the names of everything the German pronunciation, which was the second corruption. About the year 1750 the English engineers surveyed the entire Susquehanna and its tributaries, and made maps that are to-day esteemed as marvels of exact work and skillful drafting. These officers and their successors recorded the names of the streams as they found them after the long, guttural, many-syllabled idioms of the natives had passed through smatterings of the French, German, English, Dutch, Scotch, Irish and other adventurers, beside the many tribal dialects that had become mixed up by the various allies inhabiting the valley from the time when Indian wars began. A great deal has been said and written about the beauty and euphony of Indian names and the fine poetic meaning contained in them. Many have bemoaned the sad day when these aboriginal names were ruthlessly supplanted by the blunt, practical words of the present generation. But it seems reasonably clear to some that the man who quietly relegated a large majority of these old words and names into technical history was really a benefactor to his race, and deserves to be remembered with gratitude.

The earliest dwellers in this valley, known to history, were the Lenni-Lennape or Delaware Indians, and they called that portion of our beautiful Susquehanna under consideration, *Quenischachahgek-hanne*, from which the present name

has been derived through the assimilating process already alluded to. This word was too long even for the aborigines, and in order to shorten it they would say *Quenischachacki*, which implied *the river which has the long reaches or straight courses* in it. The actual pronunciation cannot be expressed on paper at all, nor by articulation, excepting by a few persons after long practice. The word *Susquehanna*, properly *Sisquehanne*, considered independently, is from *SISKU*, *mud*, *HANNE*, *a stream*. It probably arose from white adventurers, overhearing the expression during a freshet, *Juh! Achsis quehanne*, sounding like *Ugh, sisquehanne, Oh, how muddy the stream is*, and was therein mistakenly thought to be the name of the stream, though the same expression could be applied with equal propriety to any stream under similar circumstances.

#### TRIBUTARIES.

At Montgomery Station we have the stream that flows out of the Black Hole, known as Black Hole Creek. The great trail, the Sheshequin Path, passed up Spring Creek, its northern tributary.

From the crest of the Muncy Hills flows a small stream in a northwesterly course until quite near Muncy Creek, then parallel with it and finally empties into the river some distance below. It has been known from the earliest times as The Glade Run. Worcester's Dictionary gives the most reasonable clue to the origin of this name yet met with. Glade—"a clear green space in a wood or an avenue through it." The town of Muncy, once known as Pennsborough, is built upon its banks, and Fort Brady once stood quite near the bend not far from Muncy Creek. Traditions of deposits of silver, lead and copper, vaguely located along this stream, have descended from the aborigines, through the early settlers, down to the present generation, but have thus far failed to materialize.

The principal tributary flowing through this portion of the valley, and one possessing the most intense historic interest, is Muncy Creek. The name has resulted from a corruption of *Mins-ink*, signifying *where there are minsies*. On Scull's map of 1769 the stream is called *Ococh-pocheny*, and the Muncy Valley is said to have been known as the *Loneserango*. A Shawnee word, *Canusarago*, applied to the same locality, is said to have meant *town on the rock*. Zinzendorf, the Moravian missionary, and his party crossed the stream in September, 1742, when some of them narrowly escaped drowning. Among

the earliest settlers at this point were the Shoemakers.

From the northwest flows a small stream called Wolf Run, probably named from the fact that wolves were here a little more plentiful than everywhere else. The stream empties into Muncy Creek quite near its confluence with the river. It possesses a peculiar interest on account of the murder of Captain John Brady, one of the most noble and illustrious of the early pioneers, who was ambushed and shot by the savage Indians near the bank of the stream, April 11, 1779.

Near Hall's Station, on the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad, flows a stream that empties into the river near Hall's Island, once called Mingo Run, now known as Carpenter's Run, from a joint survey to John and Joseph Carpenter in 1784. It was formerly known as Wallis' Run, for Samuel Wallis, who settled here on the Muncy Manor (originally known as Job's discovery). One of the old-fashioned twin arch stone culverts spans the stream near this point. On a bluff near the mouth of this stream once stood a homely edifice known as Fort Muncy, or Wallis' Fort, now entirely obliterated, but at one time a precious refuge among the settlers.

A little westward flows the Twin Run, formed by the junction of Margaret Run and Mill Run. The main stream was formerly known as Farmer's Run, in memory of Joseph Farmer, an early settler. In 1773 it was called Burns' Run.

A little further on occurs Toole's Run, named from an old settler, though in 1773 it was known as Harris' Run.

West of this flows Rawle's Run, called in 1773 Wortman's Run. This stream flows into the canal just below Rawle's lock. It formerly emptied into Spring Island gut, but upon the construction of the Pennsylvania Canal was diverted into that channel.

We next come to Loyalsock Creek, with its near tributaries of East and West Mill Creek. The name of this stream was corrupted from *Lawisaquick*, signifying *middle creek*, i. e., a creek flowing between two others. It was also called in old records *Stonehauger* or *Stone Hague*. A flourishing Delaware town once existed near the mouth of this stream, which was called *Ots-ton-wa-kin*. In October, 1742, Count Zinzendorf, Conrad Weiser, John Martin Mack, Joanna Mack and Anna Nitchmann, Moravian missionaries, here visited Madame Montour and her people. She was the widow of Roland Montour, a Frenchman, and had married *Carondowana*

(Robert Hunter), an Iroquois chief who fell in battle with the Catawbas. Her son, Andrew Montour, also lived here at that time. Her daughter was well known in Ohio by Zinzendorf many years later, and is said to have been "a regular polyglot of languages." Otstonwakin was deserted and in ruins in 1748, having been depopulated by small-pox and famine. Samuel Harris settled at the foot of the lime ridge west of the creek, and the Wyckoffs and Covenhovens on the bottom above the mouth of Mill Creek.

A little less than a mile west of the Loyalsock flows a small, sluggish, extremely crooked stream, that takes its rise among the hills to the north of the valley, known in 1773 as Barber's Run, now so insignificant that its name is known to but very few. It appears to have been last called Bull Run, a contraction of Bull Frog Run, the origin of which is obvious. This insignificant little rill formed the drainage outlet for the terrible swamps already referred to. The early settlers cleared up a patch, or what is more probable, appropriated a spot formerly occupied by the natives near the river. At any rate a number of men went there to harvest Peter Smith's oats on August 8, 1778, when they were fired on by Indians concealed in the bushes. Several persons were killed. James Brady, son of John Brady, a noble youth of twenty-one years, was among the harvesters, and was stricken down and his scalp of heavy, long, dark red hair borne triumphantly away. He dragged himself to a cabin, where an old man, Jerome Van Ness, was cooking for the men, and was eventually taken in a canoe to Sunbury, where he died in the arms of his mother five days later.

About a mile westward flows a stream, small in volume at this day, but possessing a historic interest reaching far beyond the knowledge of the white race. It is now known as Miller's Run, formerly as John Miller's Run, also Low Miller's Run, from an old settler whose stone mansion yet stands near the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad. On Reading Howell's map, of 1792, it is called Bonsul's Run. In 1773 it was known as Bonsul's Run, from Joseph Bonsul, a settler, who served as Second Lieutenant in the Seventh Company, Third Battalion, under Captain Cookson Long, March 13, 1776. The cabin of the Thomsons was located near this stream at the foot of the hills to the north. The attraction for these settlers probably came from the fact that the "near cut" of the great She-

shequin Path, an Indian trail of remote antiquity, leading from the southern country through Loyalsock Gap, was up this stream, thence through the present Blooming Grove Valley to Lycoming Creek, where it intersected the main trail to the seat of government in the north. It was the common highway of travel, and is known among those yet living as the "Chickeny" or "Shickeny" path. The name Sheshequin is said to be a corruption of *Tschechshequaminik*, a word signifying the former dwelling place of a vanquished race of people, and is applied to the "Sheshequin Flats," near Wyalusing, on the North Branch of the Susquehanna river.

The next stream is a small affair, and formerly served as a drain for an immense swamp. Doubtless on account of the profuse growth of the plant it was called in 1773, Flag Run. It is now known as McClure's Run, and derives its interest from the fact that it forms a portion of the eastern boundary of the city of Williamsport.

A short distance further west flows a narrow, tortuous stream, that goes almost dry at times, though once having considerable volume, as we are assured that large fish have been taken from it among the hills to the north within fifty years. Its course lies diagonally across the eastern portion of the city, and in its day occupied a place of prominence as a landmark, equal to that of to-day as an open sewer. Its name has usually changed with the most conspicuous land owner along its banks at different times. Thus, what we now know as Grafius Run was once Wallace's Run, Coryell's Run, Eder's Run, William Hammond's Run, and may have been the Toby's Creek mentioned in the deed as being east of the tracts of land purchased by Michael Ross from Samuel Wallis May 18, 1796.

The small stream flowing down Cemetery Street, Williamsport, where it crosses West Fourth Street (the line of the old trail up the river), marks the spot of the cruel massacre of July 8, 1778. On the high ground a little eastward is where William Winters erected his pioneer cabin.

The next stream of importance is Lycoming Creek. The name is corrupted from *Leguimanne*, signifying *sandy stream*. On Scull's map of 1769 it is written Lyeaumick, and by others Lacomik. The Moravians called it The Limping Messenger. It is a very beautiful, picturesque stream, flowing southerly as it winds back and forth across a narrow valley, leaving warm, sandy flats on alternate sides, which enticed the early settlers along the great trail that

led to the far north. This was the Sheshequin Path proper, which has been referred to in speaking of the "near cut" up Bonsul's Run. French Margaret's Town was a Delaware settlement along the bank of the river near the mouth of Lycoming Creek, on the western plateau. It was visited by Moravian missionaries in 1742, who speak of the fact that the Indian Queen had prohibited the use of intoxicating beverages during the six years previously, which must have been a terrible hardship for her husband, old Peter Quebec. The earliest settlers in this locality were Amariah Sutton, on the east side of the creek on the line of the old trail up the river, and Joseph Haines, near French Margaret's Town. Both took up abandoned Indian settlements.

A short distance west of Lycoming Creek is a small stream now known as Dry Run, on account of its going entirely dry during the summer, though in early days it was doubtless a stream of some consequence. It was at the mouth of this stream, near an excellent spring, that William King landed with his family when he first came to settle on the present site of Jaysburg.

The next stream possesses larger volume, but is at this day only a small, sluggish storm-drain for the hill country northward. Through the name of an early settler it has always been known as Dougherty's Run, and now forms the western boundary of the city limits of Williamsport.

About three miles further west we come upon one of our most important streams, in a historical sense, for it is the stream that has perpetuated the aboriginal name for the Long Reach, on the main river. For convenience of pronunciation we will call it by the familiar name, *Quinneshockeny*. The Delaware Indians had a town near the present site of Linden, noted on Scull's map, and called *Tusquomings-town* in 1773. It was repeatedly visited by missionaries from Bethlehem prior to 1754. Dennis O'Toner pushed up the river in a canoe and settled at this point in the year 1773.

Immediately west of the rocky bluff that here overhangs the river we come upon that marvelous succession of alluvial terraces known as the Level Corner, which is drained by three small, sluggish streams, the Big Glen, the Little Glen and Pine Run. The last named is the largest and most important of the three. It was near the point crossed by the main trail up the river

that Bratton Caldwell had his cabin. This settler was noted for his force of character, and bore a conspicuous part in the rulings of the Fair Play men.

The next stream is the romantic Larry's Creek, a lovely stream that lost its aboriginal name to take that of an adventurous Irish trader named Larry Burt, who settled here about the year 1770 with his Indian wife. His mythical half-breed daughter Kate figures as a heroine in a historical romance, entitled "The Brady Brothers," written some years ago by Charles McKnight. Captain Simon Cool also settled here temporarily in 1770.

Passing around the precipitous bluff we soon come to a small stream now known as Magg's Run, then Lawshe's Run, then Harris' Run, and finally to the great boundary stream of the treaty of 1768.

Pine Creek, the *Tiadaughton* or *Diadaughton* of the Six Nations, was called by the Delaware Indians *Cuweenhanne*, literally *pine stream*; i. e., a stream flowing through pine lands. The history of this stream contradicts two features that have always been attributed to Indian character. First, that they never made a stream serve as a boundary, in order to avoid contention over its use; and second, that they never actually deceived the whites, which they did in claiming Pine Creek as the treaty line when they knew it was Lycoming Creek.

The next stream of importance is Chatham's Run, which takes its name from an old settler who located near the river at this point. Plum Run is a rapid stream that flows into Chatham's Run quite near its confluence with the river.

West of this flows Quinn's Run at the edge of the mountain chain forming the limit of our valley. The name comes from an early settler. The Houstons were also pioneers in this locality.

On the southern side of the river, coming eastward, the first tributary is a rapid mountain torrent that rushes out of the mountain fastnesses, and known as the *Taugasootac*. On Scull's map it is written *Taugoes Cootank*, and *Taungeus Scuttaung* Mountain.

Within the valley proper the first stream of importance is the Bald Eagle Creek. This stream was called in the Delaware language *Wapalawewachschiee-hanne*, signifying *the stream of the Bald Eagle's nest*. "The nest" referred to was the abode of the celebrated Indian chief, Bald Eagle, and was located near the present site of Milesburg. This stream and its tributaries drain the

beautiful Penns Valley, Nittany Valley, Bald Eagle Valley and several lesser valleys, noted alike for their extreme fertility and pastoral grandeur. The name of Bald Eagle has been immortalized in the mountain range, the valley and the stream.

Coming on eastward we soon meet with a small mountain brook named Crispin's Run, also Kurtz's Run, possessing historical interest on account of the pioneer stockade enclosure known as Horn's Fort, which was built upon its bank about the year 1776.

A little further along another rapid stream is found, known as McElhattan Run, named for William McElhattan, who settled here temporarily about 1771. William Mucklehattan was First Lieutenant Fifth Company, Upper Division, Northumberland Associators, January 24, 1776. William McElhattan was Captain Fourth Company, Third Battalion, March 13, 1776. Of late years the name has become familiar from the fact that the Methodist Episcopal Church Society has established a permanent camp-meeting ground at the base of the mountain along this stream, to which they have given the name of McElhattan.

About two miles below a smaller mountain torrent flows into the river; once known as Love's Run, then Henry's Run (for Robert Henry), old settlers. Of late years it has been known as Pine Run, the name given the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad station, the post-office, and also the permanent camp-meeting grounds established along the stream near the foot of the mountain by the Evangelical Church denomination and known as Pine Camp.

Three miles below Pine, where the river skirts the steep mountain slope, a rapid little mountain torrent dashes through a gorge in the mountain directly opposite the mouth of Pine Creek, and is known as Aughanbaugh's Run. Upon the high bank at the mouth of the stream once doubtless existed a very extensive workshop for making arrow-heads and other stone implements, as the quantity of spawls exposed upon the freshly washed soil is simply astonishing.

The next stream possessing historical interest is the celebrated Antes Creek. The original Delaware name was rendered *Nipeno-wi*, signifying "like the summer," a name indicating a warm, genial situation. *Ni-pen*, summer; *ni-pin-ke*, in the summer; *ni-pe-na-cheen*, the summer hunt. This picturesque stream takes its rise in a very large, deep spring about two miles from the

river, on the border of a remarkable oval limestone basin, about ten by five miles in area, surrounded by lofty mountains, with but two passes through their rocky walls. Antes Creek flows through the northern pass and empties into the river. Both the valley and stream were originally called Nepanose, but the stream of late years has been known as Antes Creek in honor of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Antes, who settled here at an early day and erected a log stockade fort upon the bluff overlooking the mouth of the stream in 1776, as well as mills and other improvements in the vicinity. His descendants inherited all the land in a broad strip on both sides of the stream from the river into the valley, including the spring and surroundings.

At the extreme upper end of the Susquehanna Bottom flows a stream known as the Big Run, that skirts the mountain spur and drains the broad plateau that stretches toward the river.

Across the middle of this bottom flows, from the mountain notch, a rapid stream that has lost its name, but the friends of various early settlers claim the family name as a memorial. As James Armstrong was one of the earliest pioneers, it may be called Armstrong's Run, though perhaps it is better known as De Sanges' Run (pronounced Dezans), on account of an influential family of that name, once owning most of the land along the stream. Quite near this stream flows a smaller one, the name of which lies between George Bennett and David Hetherington, both old settlers.

Along the eastern base of the lofty ridge that is skirted by the river, separating this bottom from the one below, flows a rapid stream of much volume that empties into the river directly opposite the old mouth of Lycoming Creek. It takes its rise in many springs along the mountain gorge to the southward, and possesses great value at this time as affording the principal water supply for the city of Williamsport. The history of events that have occurred along the banks of Mosquito Run would doubtless possess a thrilling interest, but barely enough is known to tempt the imagination to picture the possible incidents beside its waters. It is located upon the very oldest maps, and is mentioned in very ancient title papers. It is called Musketo, Moskettoe and Mosquettoe, probably all referring to the presence of the pest indicated. Andrew Culbertson settled near its confluence with the river, where he erected mills and other improvements as far back as 1773. Near this spot the

fields, even at the present day, yield a profusion of stone implements that testify to the former occupation of a numerous people, pursuing domestic arts for a long period of time. We know that the great trail, that formed the aboriginal highway between the southern and northern country, passed along the bank of this stream, and crossed the river to go up Lycoming Creek beyond, and we shudder to think of the many wretched men, women and children, venturesome white settlers, who had incurred the enmity of the savage natives, and were cruelly dragged along over this path to suffer a fate worse than death among the northern barbarians.

About a mile below this point a small, sluggish stream empties into the river. It forms the outlet for Kaiser's Spring and others along the fertile slope. Near its mouth once existed an earth enclosure of aboriginal origin, but the farmer's plow has long since leveled it with the ground, and Luppert's lumber yard now covers the site of this ancient fortification.

Another mile below and another small stream that heads in springs near the former one here empties into the river. It was formerly known as the Deep Run, and was once a famous resort for fish and consequently fishermen.

We next come upon a rapid stream of about the same volume as Mosquito Run, though less unfailing, and devoted to the same beneficent purposes. It has been known from an old survey as Hagerman's Run, though at one time temporarily called Turk's Run, from a man of that name who cleared up a patch near the head-waters, and for many years burned tar from the pine knots lying in profusion upon the mountains. This stream has also been called Rocktown Run, for the little town built upon its banks near the river.

Near the extreme lower end of the bottom empties into the river a small, sluggish, extremely crooked stream known as Gibson's Run, or John Gibson's Run. An aboriginal settlement once existed near it on the "short cut" line of Sheshequin Path, which crossed the river at this point.

The last stream within the limits of our valley is a rushing mountain torrent that dashes down through Loyalsock Gap, and is used to supply a water station on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad.

#### ISLANDS.

The islands lying within the main channel of the river along that portion of the West Branch

Valley already described are composed of a gravel foundation upon which has been accumulated a body of sand or clay, sometimes many feet in thickness, at others quite low. In some cases it is clearly apparent that they were once a part of the general deposit of alluvial silt, while other islands are just as clearly of more modern origin, having been built up by the eddies since the main stream scoured out its meandering channel. All being composed of loose material, they readily yield to the erosion of the currents, and since the removal of the trees that once fringed their banks, bodies of land once large and valuable have become reduced to insignificance or obliterated entirely.

The first island of importance west of the Muncy Hills is said to be entirely washed away. Lawson's Island once contained from seven to ten acres, and upon its surface grew a large and profitable maple sugar grove. On the end of it existed a shad fishery that in 1787 yielded 2,500 shad at a single haul, the fish weighing from four to eight pounds each. This island was located about two miles above the mouth of Black Hole Creek.

The next body of land of this character was recorded at an early day as Wallis' Island, and later as Hall's Island. It now comprises a group lying mid-stream opposite the Muncy Manor. Doubtless at one time a single body of land, cut up by succeeding floods until at the present day we have the Main or Big Island, containing 250 acres, the Little Island of 5 acres, King's Island of 10 acres, and Mitcheltree's Island of 10 acres. Upon King's Island many years ago was erected a stone house, long since fallen into decay, and known to very old settlers as Black Bill's house.

The next island possesses considerable historic interest on account of its size, location and ownership. It lies in mid-stream a little below the mouth of Loyalsock Creek, and has been known from its earliest notice as The Race Ground Island. The name obtained from the swift rush of the water between the island and the mainland, particularly on the side next to the Bald Eagle or Muncy Mountain. It has always been a dangerous place for raftmen, and requires skillful piloting to escape being wrecked on the bar by the suck of the channel. The island contains enough land for a large farm. At one time Ben Courson had dwellings and a water-power saw mill there: he spent a large amount of money contesting the claim for a title with George

Roberts, who owned the land (Spring Island) on the north shore, and also claimed the Race Ground Island. Samuel Maclay and party, when exploring a route for river navigation, surveyed and leveled this locality on Saturday, May 22, 1790. The celebrated Cannon Hole is just above this island. At one time it was very deep, but has become washed partly full of gravel and has consequently lost its notoriety.

About a mile above the mouth of the Loyalsock Creek, near the north shore of the river, lies a body of land containing about sixteen acres. It was once called Harris' Island, then Porter's Island and now Canfield's Island. It lies opposite the mouth of Bull Run and affords a most excellent harbor for logs floated to the saw mills on the main-land.

From a point nearly opposite the western extremity of Canfield's Island, and quite near the southern shore of the river, extends westwardly a chain of small islands that were once farmed profitably. The one first met with has always been known as Gobin's Island, for reasons not clearly preserved. The next island was owned and occupied by Anthony Stokes for many years, where he cultivated choice melons and sweet potatoes for our oldest inhabitants, whose sons so tormented the old colored man by their petty thieving that he found a dog and gun indispensable to harvesting his crops of melons. Tony's Island, once a popular resort, has become entirely deserted.

The island upon which one pier of the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad bridge rests has been known as Grafius' Island. It was formerly cultivated, but is now a barren mound.

The next island lies above the Hepburn Street dam, near the southern shore, and has become almost entirely washed away. It has been known as Low's Island, from Charles Low, who owned the adjacent lands, and is remembered by those now living, when it had a dwelling house and fertile fields upon it.

Nearly opposite the upper end of Low's Island, and lying quite near the northern shore, is the remains of an island that once contained fourteen acres, and is well remembered from the time when its surface was covered with very heavy timber. It was narrow and extended up almost to Culbertson's Ripples. It has been known as Hepburn's Island, it being part of the tract owned by William Hepburn and his descendants, lying along the northern shore of the river. It once formed the log harbor for the

"Big Water Mill," built between the extreme lower end of the island and the main-land.

Just west of the mouth of Mosquito Run lies a small island called Goose Island, so named from the fact that "when everybody kept geese" these fowls resorted to the dense thickets of willow that fringed the island, where they hatched their young. It is remembered for its fertile soil, which once produced most excellent corn. It afterwards became the piling ground for John DuBois' mill.

Directly south of the village of Linden is a small sandy island that takes its name from an old settler, and is known as Toner's Island. Samuel Maclay mentions this island, which he visited in 1790.

Just above the Level Corner, and lying near the southern shore, lies the wreck of a once large, fertile island, known as Crane's Island.

The next island is one that has been of deep historical interest since our earliest knowledge of this valley. The Long Island lies in mid-stream, a little below the mouth of Antes' Creek. It contains 120 acres of the choicest kind of sand and clay loam. The public road crosses it, dividing it into two farms, which have excellent buildings and other improvements. It is known as Bailey's Island, and is now owned by John Bailey's two daughters, Mrs. John Tome, who has the upper portion, and Mrs. John Carothers, who has the lower part. The aborigines once occupied the island in large numbers, and have left their implements and fire-places in great profusion, particularly at the upper end.

The small remnant of an island exists near the southern shore of the river, at the lower end of a narrow alluvial plain near the mouth of Aughanbaugh's Run. It was probably at one time a body of some consequence, but would have ere this disappeared but for the fact that during the night of May 10, 1865, the loose rocks and soil, together with the trees thereon, slid down the mountain side, carrying the entire railway track and road bed into the river, filling up the channel between the main-land and the island, thereby cutting off the current, excepting in time of a high freshet.

There is a small, low island near the northern shore, just below the mouth of Pine Creek, which has occasioned the raftmen considerable trouble from time to time. It is known as Pine Creek Island, and is studiously avoided.

The next island in the river is the most celebrated of all, and has always been known as

The Great Island. It lies in mid-stream opposite the mouth of Bald Eagle Creek, and comprises several farms of marvelous fertility. A Presbyterian Church upon it is one of the ancient landmarks of the early settlers. This island was a popular resort among the aborigines, and the profusion of their implements on every hand indicates a populous settlement in the by-gone ages. The Great Island was surveyed November 2, 1785, on a pre-emption warrant dated October 15, 1785, by Thomas Tucker, D. S. The patent was issued January 28, 1796. William Dunn settled and made improvements during the year 1770, who tradition states purchased it of the Indians for a rifle and a keg of whiskey. The island is now owned as follows (June, 1888): R. W. McCormick, 65 acres; Henry McCormick, 45 acres; John Myers estate, 20 acres, east end; R. H. Dorey, 15 acres, east end; Estate William Dunn, 180 acres; total, 325 acres. On Governor Pownall's map, published in 1776, is a mark indicating the "falls" at the Great Island, which are called *Canichnawane*.

In this connection it may be well to mention some other localities that are not true islands, but were formerly so near such that they acquired the name. Spring Island, Sugar Island and Ransom's Island, lying east of Loyalsock Creek, at its confluence with the river, are portions of the same body of land. The first was originally separated from the main-land by Spring Island gut, which was utilized in the construction of the Pennsylvania Canal in 1834. The others are formed by low, marshy channels, near the river. One of them has been deepened and adapted for the purpose of a log harbor for Pardee's saw mill.

Goat Island comprises that portion of the present city of Williamsport lying between Third Street and the river and Locust and Academy Streets. It was part of the oldest settled portion of the village, and during a freshet in the river the water would flow in through a low place near the present outlet lock at the foot of Locust Street and by way of a channel now occupied by Potter's Basin and the low ground near the southern line of Third Street, to a point east of Mulberry Street. When very high it would flow over into the river, but during most of the year a sort of lagoon would stand until by percolation and evaporation it would mostly disappear. Goat Island and the main-land were thus at times separated, and great annoyance ensued, as the cattle and the

people too were continually happening on the wrong side; so that during the year 1806 a contribution was raised to pay for the erection of a dam on what is now the line of West Street, which was considered a great achievement in its day.

J. H. McMINN.

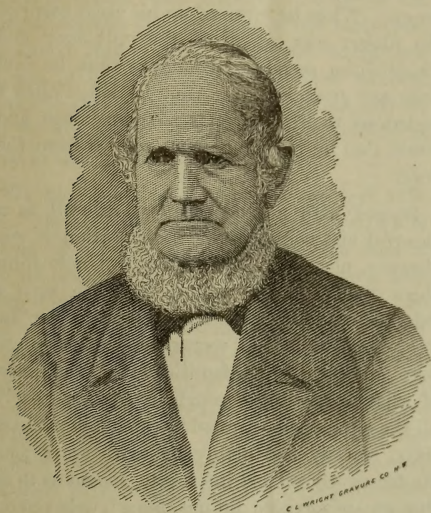
### John McCarty.

He was not known as a man of large earthly possessions, nor as a leader among his fellow-men; not distinguished as a man of genius, nor as a scholar; not regarded as a fluent talker, nor as a man of any decided particular talent; not rated as a "man of society," nor as a man of accomplishment; yet "Uncle John" McCarty, as he was by everybody respectfully called, made, perhaps, as lasting an impression for good on all with whom he came into contact, and was as truly good, as sincerely respected and beloved, as any man on the West Branch of the Susquehanna in his day and generation. He was conspicuous for the quiet, peaceable, even, temperate and unassuming life he lived; for his general good sense, manliness, honesty and truthfulness; and because he was uniformly too generous and unselfish, and too great-hearted to be a respecter of persons. There was something in his open face and cordial and unaffected manner that at once, always and everywhere, commanded respect. He was everybody's good, dear "Uncle John," as long as the writer knew him—about forty years.

In the year 1789 seven young men, belonging to the Society of Friends, came from the neighborhood of Quakertown, in the county of Bucks, to make themselves homes in the beautiful valley of Muncy, then not many years abandoned by the vanquished Indians, and still almost a wilderness. Four of these young settlers were devoted brothers—Silas, William, Benjamin and Isaac—surnamed McCarty. William and Benjamin bought and divided the 300 acres known as the John Brady Tract, in the Manor of Muncy, and, by laying out the first lots a few years later, became the actual founders of the town of Muncy. William, before he came, had married Mary Lloyd, a Quaker maiden, also of Bucks County—an aunt to the late David Lloyd, the father of our townsman Captain Thomas Lloyd. The young couple moved into a temporary structure, located about five rods southwest of the site of Fort Brady, but soon built and moved into a better and permanent home—the same log house, on North Main Street, in which his nephew, William J. McCarty, the son of Lloyd

McCarty, at the present time resides—and here all but one of their eight sons and six daughters were born. Benjamin, their first-born, came into the world in Bucks County, in 1788, the year before they settled here.

"Uncle John," the subject of this brief sketch, was the fourth born of the fourteen children of William and Mary McCarty, and was the third that came into the world in this now ancient log house. He was born on the 4th day of November, 1794. Here he was raised. Here he was taught, by example and by precept, the lessons of honesty, charity, chastity, frugality and sobri-



JOHN M'CARTY.

ety, to which he so faithfully adhered throughout his long and tranquil life. Here he spent all his days, save the one year that he served as an apprentice at the blacksmith trade with his cousin, David Lloyd, then living at Jerseytown, and a month or two that he afterwards spent in visiting with some friends in the West. Here also, on the 29th day of January, 1884, he closed his long life and "fell on sleep." He loved the old home. No sum of money, it has been said, would have induced him to part with it. The wide world had for him no attraction so great. How comparatively few of the many millions already born in America have reached the ripe age of ninety? And of these how relatively few have always lived, and breathed their last, in the same domicile where they received the "breath of life!" This is a notable circumstance.

The portrait we give of "Uncle John" was made from a photograph that was taken not more than two or three years before he died,

and that we received from the hand of the venerated citizen. It will be recognized by all who remember him as an excellent likeness; as presenting good external indications of his noble internal character. He had penetrating blue-gray eyes, but they beamed so brightly with kindness and purity that no one perhaps ever felt annoyed by his gaze. His lips and chin indicate the great will power and firmness that he was known to possess, but he was in this respect so well balanced by a good heart and head, that very few men have perhaps in the same time had less trouble with their fellows. Had he lacked in moral endowment and social qualities, and possessed a greater degree of combativeness, his strong will power and firmness might have made him a stubborn and troublesome, if not a dangerous man. He had an abundance of latent spunk, but it was so seldom aroused that some folks almost concluded that he had none. His good-natured and benevolent physiognomy speaks strongly for itself. The lofty crown of his head—not the back part, but the central and frontal region—reminds one of the fine heads of the men who have become famous for their moral and spiritual qualities. Had his ambition been duly stimulated when young, and had his intellectual powers been properly trained, he would likely have been a far more useful and influential man. The beauty and value of many a gem is never known because never polished. Uncle John was fond of approbation, but he had not quite enough self-esteem to give him a right conception of his power and value. Decidedly benevolent in constitution, yet he lacked the proper ambition, and, like too many on earth, did not seem to realize how much the world had need of his service. He had a good, compact, symmetrical, robust figure, and when at his best was considered a fine looking man. His height was six feet and his weight slightly exceeded 200 pounds.

Remarkable was the serene, regular, quiet, kindly and irreproachable life of "Uncle John." There is so little of stirring incident in such a life, that it is difficult to gather material enough for more than a meagre biographical sketch. Few men have perhaps been better contented with the world. Frugal and industrious, yet never in haste or ambitious to be rich. A lover of children, and beloved by all the children in the neighborhood, yet he never married and never experienced the tender feelings of a parent. A near neighbor said to us that "when Uncle John threshed his grain, his barn gener-

ally swarmed with boys." No two figures on our streets were more dear, and none perhaps better known to them, than "Uncle John" and his famous chestnut-sorrel horse, "Old Salem." It was a blessed privilege for the small boy to sit behind Uncle John on Old Salem's back, and ride to the creek or elsewhere. Our esteemed contributor, Alfred Hawley, to this day recounts with boyish glee the happy moments he thus spent with Uncle John astride of Salem. Salem, like his good master, lived to a great age, and as the master was everybody's "uncle," so was Salem almost everybody's horse. But it could not be so always. One day, when he was already well advanced in his 38th year, several ladies borrowed him to take a load of baskets with refreshments to a Sunday School picnic, on Shoemaker's Island. He brought them safe home, but the instant they drove up to the stable door, the faithful old beast, without a warning symptom of illness, fell over and almost instantly gave up the ghost. Several friends came to assist at the burial. They were preparing to *drag* the body to the field, but Uncle John would not permit such seeming cruelty. Old Salem must be tenderly lifted on a wagon and *hauled* out. At the grave it was proposed to knock off his shoes. "No," interposed Uncle John, "Salem must be buried with his shoes on."

"How cling we to a thing our hearts have nursed."

A man of immense physical power, yet Uncle John avoided all broils in an era when strong men were often tempted by the bullies whose chief glory it was to be regarded "the best man." He never fought a battle. He was known as "The Peacemaker," for he loved best to still the tempests of angry passion. Blessed are the peacemakers. But he was just as fearless as he was strong, kind and gentle. When, in 1842, the old school house in the south end of Muncy was stoned, and an anti-slavery lecturer was threatened with violence by a mob of excited pro-slavery roughs, and his voice was so drowned by a horrible noise that he could not be heard, Uncle John fearlessly stepped out, and putting his foot on the horse-fiddle, said: "*Men, stand back; we have now had enough of this.*" It was gratifying to all peace-lovers to see how quickly the peacemaker's pronouncement was respected. On another occasion, when there was a general street fight in progress, Uncle John boldly stepped in among the combatants, and, as we were told by an eye-witness, tossed them to the right and to the left, and ended the battle. Two

of the most noted of the bullies threatened to punish him for his interference. He deliberately walked up to them and taking one in each hand, bumped their heads together. They were soon glad to be let alone, and glad to let Uncle John alone.

Anecdotes are still related showing his great strength. Once he took a load of plaster to Willow Grove Mill to have it ground. Ben Deitrich, who then had charge of the mill, prided himself as being a very strong man. He thought he would let Uncle John unload awhile and then come and help him lift up the heavy lumps. When he returned, to his great surprise the plaster was all up on the mill floor, and Uncle John seemed unconscious that he had done any great lifting. After he left, Deitrich undertook to lift one of the larger lumps, and found that he could not even raise it from the floor.

Blessed with a good memory, as well as a cheerful and communicative disposition, it was always a pleasure to converse with Uncle John about "old times." He would have been a valuable and convenient encyclopedia for the local historian. He remembered when there were only eight or ten families within the limits of what is now the borough, and knew nearly all the citizens who figured in the neighborhood sixty, seventy and eighty or more years ago. He frequently related interesting incidents to us that we are sorry we did not immediately put on record; but, like every one else in the community, we did not realize Then how glad we would be for such recollections Now. Once he told us that the first school in Muncy was held in a little unhewed log building that stood on the north side of East Water Street, just a few steps from Main Street, but we cannot recall the name of the teacher, nor the names of the pupils. At another time he related to us how his little twelve-year-old acquaintance, Polly Abbott, fell into the town well in front of Peterman's hardware store. She was quietly leaning over the wooden frame that supported the windlass, and looking at the reflection of herself on the placid surface of the water below, when she suddenly lost her foothold and fell headlong into the well, which is 21 feet deep. "She was a trifle bruised, and a little frightened," said Uncle John, "but she was instantly taken out, and did not mind it much." We also recall his telling how some one living up the Glade Run, by way of a very barbarous joke, threw a dead wolf into the well

on the lot on the corner of High and Main streets, now occupied by Mrs. Ida Van B. Walton, and what an unpleasantness it caused. For a long while after this the water of this well was called "wolf broth." Such passing events were not thought worthy of note by those in whose time they happened, but they made up the warp and woof of our local history. To understand the character of our early settlement, the changes time has brought about, even the nature of human nature, and the full meaning of history, how valuable would be the recollections of such a man as Uncle John McCarty relating to the things, manners and struggles of our early predecessors. Many things mentioned in the first volume of the NOW AND THEN were received from the lips of this esteemed old man, and we still have a few things in store that we shall from time to time present to our readers.

We here recall a conversation we had with the "old man agreeable" some years ago, while sitting by his side one day at the front door of his life-long residence. He was relating how numerous wild animals were yet when he was a little boy. Game then often approached so near the cabins that the larder was sometimes furnished with meat by a rifle shot from a door or window. Pointing to a spot close by where we sat, he remarked: "I remember seeing my father stand right there and shoot a deer that stood out there in the road. The deer ran up to where Daniel Clapp now lives and there fell dead." The wolves were almost nightly serenaders. "It beats all," said Uncle John, "what a noise an old she wolf with a parcel of cubs could make." Occasionally a bear would venture to crawl into a sty and kill a hog. But such daring visitors seldom got far away from the little embryo village. "*The Waltons and McCartys*," of whom there were then half a dozen families, "*had dogs enough*," said Uncle John, in his earnest and matter of fact way, "*to eat a bear right up*." The moment a hound gave tongue all the dogs in the neighborhood started pell-mell in the direction of the sound. This was an exciting kind of music that afforded the men and boys of those days great enjoyment. Jacob Hill—the great-grandfather of Lewis R. Hill, who now resides on the old Hill homestead, just east of the town,—was a great admirer of these hounds and mastiffs, and our venerable narrator laughed heartily as he repeated a remark once made by the esteemed German about them. "*I belief*," said Hill, "*if der Diejel was to kum down dare*

*among der Waltons unt der McCartys, alls he neffer gits away.*"

But although Uncle John lived in an era when game was yet abundant, he had little inclination for either hunting or fishing. His brothers, David and Lloyd, both said they could not recall that he ever fired off a gun, except when he did so in the ranks of the militia company to which he once belonged, and of which the late General Wm. A. Petrikin was captain. His natural inclination seemed to be to harm neither man nor beast. Sometimes, when a boy, he was sent to the cornfield with the gun to keep off the blackbirds. He would stand the gun in a fence corner, and keep off the birds by throwing stones at them. He never went fishing with hook and line, but he would sometimes go along to the river to help catch shad with the seine. We remember his telling us that he saw wagon loads of shad sold at the rate of four dollars the hundred,—only four cents each, think of it,—and how at even this low price he saw one haul made by which nearly one hundred and twenty dollars worth were caught.

Although always temperate in drinking, Uncle John was not a teetotaler. He was reared in an age and a society in which liquor was always kept in nearly every house, a custom to which he always adhered. He did not follow Timothy's advice, "Drink no longer water," but in his prescription, "a little wine for thy stomach's sake," he firmly believed; and if he had a pet or favorite notion in his domestic life, the making of wine was his hobby. His cellar was generally stocked with an assortment of the domestic kinds, as grape, currant, blackberry, elderberry, elder blossom, etc., all of which he made with his own hands. Many still remember the pleasure it afforded him to have his friends enjoy these wines. But he abhorred inebriety, and was prompt on proper occasions to express his mind. One Sunday several acquaintances called to see him whose "often infirmities" was to be very dry. They ventured to hint their desire to be treated, when Uncle John *treated* them to the following sharp rebuke: "If you can't be employed in any better business on Sunday then to run about to hunt up wine, you must be in a bad way, and so you can't have any of my wine." But "No man is consistent," said one of the most eloquent divines of this age. And Uncle John, like every other poor mortal, was not always consonant with his own convictions. A strong, hearty man, he was a hearty

liver. When he had passed the most vigorous period of his life, he continued his dietetic habits, and every now and then he paid the penalty by an attack of biliousness. With his constitution he should have lived to be more than one hundred years old. He often did what every mother's son and daughter who reads this sketch doubtless often does. He often lived too rich, and frequently eat too much. He was a good, kind, sincere, noble man; but, like all the rest of us, he was not yet "made perfect." Who is perfect? Who is consistent? The truth is, however, that Uncle John was only an average sinner in this respect. We might name a number of men and women not as large, and not as vigorous, who were known as greater eaters.

He never wholly abandoned his Quaker ideas and manners, although when the Lutherans founded their church in Muncy nearly forty years ago he united with them, and until the day of his death remained a faithful member and a cheerful giver. He realized what too many fail to see clearly, that behind the mere external forms, and a few long debated tenets that really form no part of true religion, there is a common and broad ground on which all Christians can securely stand and freely worship together. He sometimes felt obliged to dissent from the views of his friends, but he did so in a quiet, respectful and unoffending way. His head was always clear, and his heart always right, on the great questions of human rights, human duties, human responsibilities and human advancement. When the question of common schools came up, more than sixty years ago, he at once espoused the cause of common education.

When, some years later, the citizens of Muncy voted to decide whether they should have a Union Graded School, and build a big and handsome school-house, he immediately sided with the party of progress. He had no children of his own to educate, but he had a generous love for the children of his fellow-citizens, and was glad to be taxed for their advancement, and for the improvement of his native town. He was an old man when he offered to donate \$1,000 to the building fund, if the district would agree to guarantee him the interest while he lived. Had the offer been accepted the entire principal would have been gained by the borough, as well as a considerable sum of interest saved, as Uncle John has now been dead nearly 35 years, and we are still paying interest. He was always opposed to slavery as a terrible crime against

humanity. It is known that he performed valuable service to the oppressed as a conductor on the Underground Railroad, but unfortunately we are not able to give any particulars. Although an Abolitionist at heart, he acted with the Whigs until in 1856, when he became a hearty Republican. In all local affairs he was always with the advance in good works.

As already stated, he never married. He was fond of the society of ladies, and always enjoyed their esteem. It is thought that he regretfully carried a little love secret with him to the grave. A niece, Miss Mary McCarty, long kept house for him, and tenderly cared for him during his last illness. When the word, "Uncle John McCarty is dead," flew fast from lip to lip, the entire community realized that a noble old man had fallen, and all were sad. His lifeless body was followed to its resting place in the Muncy Cemetery by many sincere mourners. He will not be forgotten by this generation. The handsome memorial window, donated to the Lutheran Church by his nephew, William J. McCarty, and placed near the pew in which he was so long wont to sit, was not needed by those who knew him best to keep his memory fresh and green, but it is a well deserved tribute to his character. He was not a great man in the usual worldly sense of the term great, but in the lovely traits of character for which he was noted he was a noble pattern for all men and boys, and we may therefore rightfully claim that he was great.

"Fond man! though all the honors of your line  
Bedeck your halls, and round your galleries shine  
In proud display, yet take this truth from me—  
*Virtue alone is true nobility!*"

### Reminiscences of Old Times on the North and West Branches, or Men and Things Previous to 1850.

#### No. I.

#### A TRIP ACROSS THE ALLEGHENY.

The nineteenth century, all will admit, has been remarkable for its developments, progress and inventions. None but a centenarian of sound mind, memory and understanding, could write from personal recollection a record of what has really happened since its advent. We know, however, that the wilderness has been subdued—that an insignificant nation of four millions of people has grown to a powerful one of sixty millions—that steam has been harnessed and made subservient to the ordinary uses of mankind—that electricity, or lightning, has been tamed and controlled, and, I almost said,

domesticated—that the printing press has developed into a machine equal to all the requirements of knowledge, and that even labor has found a substitute in implements of iron and wood, which has relieved muscle from its worst strain. Such is *now* the condition of things, “but formerly it was not so.” My purpose is, therefore, to recall and introduce for the information, perhaps amusement, of the present generation, events of *auld lang syne*, as exemplifying the difference between *now* and *then* in the ordinary affairs of life. Let me, however, premise that personal recollections must necessarily, to a certain extent at least, associate the person with the events he remembers, and, therefore, I shall make no apology for this fact. I prefer rather at the beginning to say candidly, as Æneas said to Queen Dido, when referring to the fall of Troy:

“All which I saw and part of which I was.”

But let this preface suffice. About the year 1826, in company with an elder brother, I crossed the Allegheny Mountain on horseback, —being then about ten years old,—following the old Bear Creek road, which, like most roads of that day, went directly up and down the hills. We stopped for dinner and to feed our beasts at Abraham Webster's, his farm being situated some half mile southward of the present “Hunterville” Post-office, which was then a pine and oak thicket. Joseph and William Webster were then young men, and living at home. Robert was a child. The father, Abraham, was an old man much afflicted with rheumatism, and the mother, Mrs. Webster, had the same misfortune. But they were hospitable hosts and comfortably situated. The young men and women of the family were robust and active to a fault, particularly William, who stood somewhere between six and seven feet when perpendicular. I saw him sometime afterwards in company with William Huckel, a man of short stature, testing their rifles at a black squirrel, which had planted himself on the topmost limb of a high tree. Webster brought him down, and Huckel remarked that the advantages were all on the former's side, as he could nearly reach the squirrel with his gun. The Webster men were all renowned hunters. Joseph, who inherited and lived on the old farm until his death, had the remarkable experience of having had the small-pox three separate times, the last, I believe, terminating fatally.

The same afternoon we continued our journey to William Robb's, near Pennville, being over-

taken on our way down a branch of Wolf Run by a tremendous thunder-storm. Mrs. Robb, who was renowned for her hospitality, kindly furnished me with a change of clothing, and I was quite willing to take a nap before supper. I did not sleep long, however, but had a different impression when I got up, for on going out and observing the sun just setting, I remarked to one of the boys,—I think it was Robert,—that I had not awoke the whole night, and asked where my brother John had slept. He smiled, and said I was mistaken, for the sun was just going down. I could not believe it, as it seemed to me in the East, but soon after found my mistake, much to my confusion and the amusement of my young acquaintances. The Robb family were among the first settlers in the Muncy Valley, and the house of William F. was a common shelter and rendezvous for the inhabitants of the “back woods,” who generally paid for their accommodation in maple sugar or other country produce.

The next day we visited the historic village of “Goosetown,” which was then about its present size. The one store which dignified its pretensions was kept, I think, in the stone house now owned and occupied by the Widow Warner and her daughter. It was the first store I had ever seen, and seemed to me *then* about as large as John Wannamaker's does *now*! Herein I first met the venerable Job Packer, whose acquaintance I formed some years later at the residence of his nephew, the late ex-Governor William F. Packer, of Williamsport. The aforesaid Job was a good-hearted, jolly old fellow, and full of dry jokes. It is said, and I believe is a fact, that he and a contentious neighbor lawed away a farm each about a goose, which circumstance gave rise to the euphonic sobriquet which our present staid old town of Pennville is familiarly known by ever since. I could never get that old inhabitant, however, to affirm or deny the story.

From “Goosetown” my brother's business called him to the Widow Hall's, where a relative was employed, who arranged to return with us. The widow was a stout set woman of middle age, and affable deportment. Several of the younger members of the family were frisking about home, but I cannot identify them now. Charles, Coleman and William I often met afterwards, and Susan I believe is still living. From Muncy Farm, noted for its sixty-foot lane, we returned by John Adlum's and Ecroyd's Mill, on Wolf Run, to William F. Robb's, and I failed

at this time to get a glimpse of Pennsborough, which I desired very much to do.

On the following day we recrossed the Allegheny, encountering another thunder-storm on our way down the mountain on the northeast side. Being well wrapped up in a shawl, the rain annoyed me but little, but when the storm was over the animal I was on, took fright at something and threw me in a puddle of mud and water. I was picked up wet, but unhurt, and as we soon after reached John Hill's, whose family I knew very well, and who soon made me comfortable, the incident has since served only as a reminder of the trip. John Hill was an educated Englishman, induced through a love of adventure by Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia, a prominent land owner of that day, to buy and locate on Loyalsock Creek. He must have settled there about the year 1794, as the assignment of the patent for the William Clair tract is recorded at Sunbury. It belongs to a block of seven surveys made in 1776, and generally known as the Ogdon land, comprising four tracts on the north and three on the south side of Loyalsock Creek, but all except the William Clair have been subsequently returned on later warrants with corresponding surveys. The Clair is named in the patent "Hillsgrove," from which the post-office and village of to-day take their name. Mrs. John Hill, a very amiable woman, was a daughter of John Robb, of Muncy. She was noted for her excellent recollection of events which ordinary people are apt to forget. I have often heard her speak of Joseph J. Wallis, and other old surveyors who located the lands originally on the Loyalsock and its tributaries, and could almost see the men from her description. The other members of this family, I believe, consisted of three daughters and one son. The latter, John C. Hill, became a useful and prominent citizen in his neighborhood and was regarded as a first-rate mechanic, a good surveyor and a sound adviser, at his demise when comparatively a young man.

C. D. E.

P. S.—Since writing the foregoing sketch, the ninth number of NOW AND THEN has been received and read. The two first articles, relating to the Ecroyd Family and Sutcliff's Travels, contain information I am happy to gain, mixed with some minor errors easily corrected. It will not detract from the merits of these articles to say that James Ecroyd was not found on Barbour's Run, but on Plunkett's Creek, some half mile below the present flourishing village of

Proctorville; that he had killed at least one of his dogs and had wrapped up his feet in its skin; that the Newtown spoken of by Sutcliff is the present city of Elmira; that Dr. Hopkins lived where Athens now stands, and that in "traveling along the bank of the Susquehanna, and passing by [the mouth of] Sugar Creek, to Dotherly's, (Dougherty's) tavern he also passed by the sites of Meansville, afterwards Towanda, and also the borough of Monroeton, neither of which places were then in existence. Dougherty's tavern stood near the present Greenwood tannery, at the junction of the Schraider Branch with Towanda Creek. The twelve miles of woods between Dougherty's and Eldridge's tavern I have passed through very often when the tracks of panthers, wolves, bear, elk and deer were so common that they attracted no special attention. Eldridge's tavern should read Eldred's, and was situate on the old Genesee road, two miles northeast of the present village and post-office of Eldredville. James Ecroyd lived one mile southwest of Edward J. Eldred's, and the Quaker meeting-house spoken of was a half mile farther in the same direction. It was a one-story log building, containing two windows and a door, with a clumsy stone chimney and fire-place for warming the room. Some years later it was used for a Union Sunday School, and more than one native graduated therein. The writer remembers it with veneration, and—

"Time but the impression stronger makes  
As streams their channels deeper wear."

C. D. E.

### Bulk in Manure.

Professor Thomas Meehan is credited in a current paragraph with the statement that so much is he attracted by bulk in manure that where others would resort to commercial fertilizers he would prefer to plow in a crop of clover, though he lost use of the ground for a whole season.—*The New York Tribune*.

If Professor Meehan did not make the statement credited to him, he doubtless would not hesitate to make it. Mr. Fred. C. Heilman, and other farmers about Muncy, are now putting this theory into practice more and more, and are raising much more grain on the same land than their fathers raised. Mr. S. S. Alexander the past season raised 440 bushels of corn in the ear, besides a tremendous crop of pumpkins, on four acres of land on Shuttle Hill belonging to the editor of "NOW AND THEN," that we had enriched during the past five or six years with several fall crops of clover. Many farmers it is believed rely too much on commercial fertilizers as plant food, when they should use them rather as plant stimulants. For plant food, as well as land food, let there be "bulk in manure." Plow in clover.

## THE NOW AND THEN.

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J. M. M. GERNERD, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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**DESICCATION OF THE DEAD.**

A correspondent respectfully calls our attention to a new method of disposing of the human body after death, that is claimed to be far better than slow combustion in the grave, or than instantaneous dissolution in the fierce heat of the crematorium. Instead of being "burned up" by one of the several processes of Nature, as recently explained in these columns, it is urged that the dead ought simply to be "dried up."

This is not altogether a new idea, nor is it claimed to be entirely new. Partial desiccation, we are reminded, was practiced by various nations in the past. The Egyptians were especially fond of drying their dead and preserving them from utter decay, with gum-saturated cloths and antiseptic spices and drugs. Mummies of large adult bodies two and three thousand years old are often found so light and dry as to weigh, with all their wrappings, no more than twelve or fourteen pounds. But this was a crude, costly and imperfect process, by which the features of the dead were but poorly preserved.

The system to which attention is now called is practically new, and claims to be singularly perfect, simple and comparatively inexpensive. It is presented to the world as the matured fruit of chemistry and modern sanitary science. For evidence that the problem of the proper disposition of the human body after death is a recent and veritable discovery, the public is invited to examine the records of the United States Patent Office, and is offered the fullest means for the most rigid scrutiny and investigation by the owners of the patents. Before us is a pamphlet, dated 1889, with the following title: "Prospectus of the Modern Sanitary Sepulchre Company, containing a brief description of a perfect sanitary method of treatment and disposal of the human body after death." From one of its pages we quote the following as a text for a few remarks:

"The Modern Sanitary Sepulchre Company is

the sole proprietor of the Blanchard system of drying or desiccation of substances in a gaseous current, absolutely free from moisture and uncombined or free oxygen gas, as a method of preserving the human body after death. This system of drying or desiccating substances is protected by an impregnable array of letters patent, issued, allowed and pending in the Patent Office of the United States, which fully and absolutely protects the Modern Sanitary Sepulchre Company in the use and application of the only possible, practical method of treating the human body after death by the process of desiccation."

The Blanchard system of drying, to state the matter as briefly as possible, claims to overcome all the difficulties hitherto encountered and unsurmounted, by drying the body in a medium in which there is not a trace of water, and not the smallest proportion of free oxygen gas. By this method every trace of water is removed from the body, as well as every trace of air, and then kept in this condition, no chemical decomposition of any of its tissues can ever possibly take place. As no chemical change can occur, no fermentation, no oxidation, no slow combustion, when the body is thus desiccated and properly taken care of, there remains but one way in which it can ever be "burned up" and return entirely to the elements from which it was taken.

Some of the special advantages claimed for this process of desiccation, in addition to the advantages also accorded to the modern process of cremation, are:

1. "There is no mutilation of the body."
2. "All morbid discoloration of the skin is removed, resulting from the effects of disease."
3. "Although diminished in volume, the outlines of the form and lineaments of the features are perfectly preserved."
4. "So perfect a preservation of the dead in a seeming sweet repose that the presence of death no longer shocks and appalls the living."
5. "The opening of a new valuable field of inquiry and research respecting the perpetuation of physical characteristics, outlines and lineaments in the future genealogical history of the human race."

This is wonderful. But the pamphlet contains a great deal more that is amazing. It is proposed to erect grand and stupendous sanitary sepulchres to serve as imperishable homes for the dead. These homes are to range from five to fifteen stories in height, and be constructed externally of the hardest granite. The interior is to be of the finest marble. The roof will consist of indestructible, translucent vitreous material, supported by steel girders of massive proportions. Each sepulchre will contain one or

more chapels in which to conduct the last solemn rites for the dead, and a magnificent conservatory of the choicest flowers, to impart an air of sweet and cheerful rest. Each home will contain avenues, galleries, corridors, vaults, private recesses and parlors, and be provided with elevators to meet all requirements. The mortuary vaults are to be composed of vitrified, imperishable fire-brick, and each one will be hermetically sealed by a transparent pane. A single sepulchre will contain and preserve for all time from ten thousand to one million of the dead. We have not space to notice here all the remarkable features and attractions mentioned. The pamphlet reads like a most visionary yet apparently scientific romance. Does the reader wonder if it is all true and correct? We are not prepared so to depose. It is all new and very strange to us. But if it is true, we can truthfully say it is only another proof of the oft-told truth that "truth is stranger than fiction."

And what is equally wonderful, the cost of interment of a body with all these advantages is to be less proportionately than common earth burial costs now. A single mortuary receptacle in a sanitary sepulchre, it is stated, need not cost more than fifteen to twenty dollars. This is explained by the "impregnable array of letters patent, issued, allowed and pending." Some of the various inventions relate to the "automatic cutting, sculpturing, coloring and polishing of stone," by means of which, to quote again the exact words of the pamphlet, "the hardest and most enduring varieties of granite and marble may be automatically cut, sculptured and polished in the most perfect and artistic manner, for a fraction of the cost that is now required when it is done in the usual manner by manual labor." Other discoveries relate to the production of brick, terra cotta, and all kiln-burnt vitrified material, which are to be produced for less than one-third of the present cost. Another improvement of great importance, by means of which there is to be a great saving in the cost of erection and maintenance of the sanitary sepulchres, is termed the "Blanchard System of Cheap Production of Power." Whether this is some new substitute for steam, electricity, or Mr. Keely's "motor," is not stated. There are still other wonderful inventions of which the Modern Sanitary Sepulchre Company claims to own the "exclusive right," but we cannot notice them all. They appear almost incredible. We do not really know what to say respecting them.

Yet in this age of wonderful inventions and marvelous progress, it is almost as daring not to believe as to believe. In proof of this we need but recall some of the most ridiculous objections made to all the great inventions now in use. A good illustration of this is a curious paper that, as we have recently seen stated, has come to light in reference to the first railway built in Germany. It is "the official opinion of the Bavarian High Medical Collegium, concerning the probable effect of the general introduction of railway travel:" "The rapidity of the new transit would \* \* certainly cause a brain disease which would eventually develop into delirium furiosum." Even spectators "would be liable to brain trouble after merely watching the passing steam cars." It was therefore recommended by the learned doctors—and this as late as the year 1835—that "the railway and cars should be concealed from view by close board fences at least five yards high"—and that a better way "would be to forbid altogether the construction of the railway." The absurdity of this opinion, as it appears now, makes us hesitate to risk any objections to the startling claims of the Modern Sanitary Sepulchre Company. We beg our correspondent, therefore, to allow us a little time to think about these things. Yet, like a friend who watches the progress of this age with as much interest as anyone we know, we can almost say we are "ready to believe anything."

Passing the sanitary, moral, and possible ethnological and genealogical advantages of desiccation, until better understood, we turn for a moment to another question. What matter to the dead whether they are "burned up" or "dried up!" How can either process move, touch, please, displease, or concern them? They cannot see, do not hear, have no feeling, and know not anything. Neither can in the least improve, nor diminish, their chance for future life. If burned up, where have they a place! If dried up, they are only to be compared to fossils, or to specimens preserved in alcohol. God, who can, and who said He will, raise the dead—and who can do so whether they are "burned up" in the lungs and blood of wild beasts, by decomposition under the soil, by eremacausis on the surface, by corruption in the sea, by the devouring flames at the stake and on the funeral pile, or by the fierce heat of the modern crematorium—He requires no human help to preserve them for that purpose. What then advantageth the dead if they are dried up?

What does it matter to the living? Corruption, by chemical transformation, is the heaven-appointed "way of all the earth." All creatures, human beings not excepted, return to the dust out of which they are formed. If God's decree, "for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," had immediately been so far negated by the discovery and universal practice of the system of desiccation of human bodies, as here set forth, what a strange scene would now confront us. What an imposing array of sanitary sepulchres!

"— all that tread

The earth are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom."

The poet's lay would not *then* have been as  
*now*:

"What is this world?

What—but a spacious burial-field unwall'd!

\* \* \* \* \*  
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;  
And we, that live, must lend our carcasses  
To cover our own offspring: in their turns  
They too must cover theirs!"

Will all this be changed in the future? Will earth burial, as the Modern Sanitary Sepulchre Company affirms, "be forever abolished by the most stringent laws just as soon as the terrible and horrible results that follow its practice become clearly understood?" If this is so, then we must perhaps not long lend our carcasses to cover our own offspring, as desiccation may perchance become the universal fashion.

But perhaps not the universal fashion. The process of cremation and desiccation, after all, are in themselves of no consequence. Both may soon enough be accomplished—though cremation seems to be the quickest. Both may yet be made economical enough—though desiccation just now strangely claims to be the cheapest. Both are painless to the dead. Both may alike be made a perfect protection to the health and life of the living. But both end in a condition that is final for all time, or will be when the desiccated bodies and the sepulchres finally melt with the elements and are likewise "cremated." Then why not be cremated at once? The condition in either case is of no consequence, even though there will be a literal resurrection of the dead. "Thou sowest not that body that shall be." Atomically we need not be the same, to be in some sense again the same anatomically. New atoms and cells continually take the place of the old atoms and cells. Are we the same physically and mentally to-day that we were seven, fourteen, twenty-one or seventy years

ago? Do not all creatures thus change? And cannot God reproduce what He has once produced and returned to dust, if He so wills and covenants? We cannot say nay, because we do not know His secrets and His powers. But this need not concern us. The question now is, cremation or desiccation? The question with each individual really is whether we shall "*not be*" at all, until by the power and goodness of God we again "*shall be*," or whether we shall so nearly *not be*, as to be *no more* than a few pounds or ounces of dried up tissues. Each one must determine this matter for himself. But we are not at all likely to be all of one mind. We can imagine how a great many, and perhaps the majority, will just as soon not be at all, with all the saints and tribes that slumber in the earth's bosom, as to be only a dried up mummy-like corpse, a mere fossil-like dummy, and be for all time, or a very long time, locked up in a mortuary receptacle and not be able to see, hear, speak, feel, taste or know anything. It will be a matter of mere choice. And of mere choice Shakespeare well expressed the true meaning, when he said: "There is no choice among rotten apples."

### The Young Indians at Carlisle.

Captain Pratt and his associate teachers at Carlisle have so conclusively proven that the American Indians can be thoroughly civilized and educated, as well as the white race, that anyone who now dares affirm otherwise, if aware of what has already been done, must be determined not to be convinced. These earnest educators justly insist that the world should not expect and demand more of the Indians than is looked for and required of our own race, yet it is in this most unreasonable expectation and exaction that the chief trouble of unbelief exists. Suppose that we had from birth been educated to savagery, and that our ancestors for a hundred generations or more had been thus trained, how would we take to civilized life? Suppose that we were born and bred in "entire exclusion" from all the blessings and advantages of civilized life, and only our parents before us, what would we then be like? How would we behave, and think, and appear, and feel under the same circumstances? Might we not be as savage as the wildest of our savages? Would we be more tractable and teachable? We are here reminded of an observation once made by Bayard Taylor, after he had spent some months

in the study of life along our Western borders. "The worst savages along the borders," said he, "are the white savages." Would we be superior to the Indians if we had for as many centuries been subjected to the same warping influences, habits, customs, beliefs and speech? With all our advantages and advancement, we still have the same constitutional tendency to *run wild*. In spite of all our teachings and restraints we still have a wonderful sight of the disposition to become *loafers, drunkards and vagabonds*. And with all our training and culture, our boasted hereditary ascendancy, the result of many generations, our children to-day show little more aptitude—*ceteris paribus*, no more—than the Indian boys and girls now exhibit at the Carlisle Industrial School.

It is really astonishing, we are assured by those who have visited the school, what the short space of even three years often does for these red-face children. The changes internally are often as great as the changes outwardly. If the reader would like to see some evidence of this transformation, let him send to the Carlisle Indian Industrial School for the beautiful photograph of the fifteen Indian printer boys, of eleven different tribes, who do all the typographical work of the two newspapers already noticed (see pages 66 and 67) in this magazine. They are a group of truly manly, earnest, hopeful and genteel looking young men. Or send for a photograph of a group of three Pueblos, a girl and two boys, as they arrived from the West in their wild dresses, and another that shows how the same pupils appeared when three years older and meanwhile under the influence of proper education. Two other photos exhibit a most suggestive contrast between a wild Navajo, just arrived at the school, and as he now appears, a genteel and educated young man. These excellent pictures can be had for 20 cents each, and are well worth ordering. They alone ought to convert every white person to the cause of the long-suffering and often misrepresented Indians. For sixty cents a group of the whole school of more than six hundred pupils will be sent. On a 9 by 14 card the faces nearly all show very distinctly, and constitute a highly interesting and instructive study. Many if not all of these young people are no doubt destined to be useful servants in the advancement of their race. They have the best wishes of the best of the white people. They need all the sympathy and encouragement our people can give them, just as

we ourselves would have the same needs under the same circumstances.

### Meginness' Biographical Annals.

This beautiful volume of 272 wide, double column pages, heavy paper, bound in half morocco, contains a series of biographical sketches of two hundred and seven of the deceased residents of the West Branch Valley—we notice with regret that twelve of the sketches were by some oversight not included in the index—and is published, as the author says, "that their descendants may not entirely lose sight of their ancestors." No one can be so unappreciative as to doubt that, as we are reminded in the preface: "To collect and arrange the information relating to each person involved a great deal of labor, extending over a long period of time, besides the writing of many letters, as well as personal interviews with descendants, the examination of many old family Bibles for dates, as well as tombstones in cemeteries, and books and deeds of record." Mr. Meginness we know felt inclined to continue the work and write a great many more like sketches, of many other prominent and esteemed deceased inhabitants, but why he did not do so will at once be comprehended by all who have anything like a just conception of the great labor and trouble involved. We trust that the much hard and good work he has already done will be properly appreciated and rewarded, and that he will feel encouraged to edit another such a volume. Among the deceased residents of the Muncy Valley section of the West Branch whose biographies appear in this valuable volume we notice the names of John Adlum, David Aspen, Joshua William Alder, Capt. John Brady, General John Burrows, Geo. F. Boal, Jesse Blaker, Jacob Cooke, Hon. Wm. Cox Ellis, Rev. William Eldred, Jacob Hill, Henry Lebo, David Lloyd, John McCarty, Philip Shay, Samuel Wallis, Hon. Thomas Wood, Jesse Willits and John Warner. As only two hundred copies of the book have been published, it may not be safe for the reader who desires to possess a copy to procrastinate in sending on his order. See the advertisement on the cover of this magazine.

### Effect of Eating Too Much.

Some years ago there was a debating society in Muncy Township, in which many of the citizens took a deep interest. At one of the meetings the question of debate was: "Which is the Most Harmful, Eating Too Much, or Drinking Too Much?" Martin Kübler, always ready and earnest in discussion, took the side that excessive eating was the most baneful, and in the peroration of a most animating speech exclaimed: "I know that eating too much is worse than drinking too much, *because I once knew a man who ate a whole goose himself, and he busted.*"

# THE NOW AND THEN.

Devoted to History, Amusement, Instruction, Advancement.

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No. 11.

## Col. Charles W. Fribley.

The subject of our sketch was born September 25, 1835, in Loyalsock Township, Lycoming County, Pa. He was the oldest son of John and Sarah Fribley. On the maternal side he was a descendant of Amariah Sutton, an early settler on the east bank of Lycoming Creek, on a tract of land now within the limits of the city of Williamsport.

He spent his early years in the home of his parents; and we have every reason to believe that he was an honor to his home, in that he was continually helpful, strictly obedient and truly affectionate.

His father was a farmer. He lived successively on farms as follows: Near Jersey Shore, on Larry's Creek, and on Long Reach. He lived for awhile in the borough of Muncy, and in the spring of 1852 he settled on a fertile piece of land on the Susquehanna River, above the Muncy Creek aqueduct.

The duties of the farm therefore largely occupied the attention of Charlie during the summer months; and undoubtedly his slender frame was indebted to the varied activities of out-door life for its sinewy vigor and unquestioned endurance.

The schools, of variable character of that day and section, were wont to claim his attention during the snow-bound and tedious winters, and these were somewhat helpful in laying a foundation upon which he subsequently built a fine superstructure. For his marked mental improvement he was, however, not so much indebted to his schools as he was to his own innate thirst for knowledge. He was largely self-taught. He had a practical turn of mind, and was well informed on general matters. History and political statesmanship claimed his special attention, and in these studies, when quite a young man, he was the peer, if not the superior, of many who had far better scholastic advantages.

Our acquaintance began about the time when he became a citizen of Muncy, and this acquaint-

ance ripened into the strongest friendship. In a diary, written at the time, I find an item containing the names of several young men, or boys rather, who were certainly "hale fellows, well met;" and possibly a more jolly, whole-souled and genial set of boys were seldom thrown together. At this late hour, whatever interest may attach to any or to all of the above to whom reference is made, to all who knew him best, an unusual interest attaches to the memory of Charlie Fribley, the brave, gallant, magnanimous and truly patriotic companion of our boyhood.

So congenial and harmonious was this above mentioned compact of boys, that their friendship ripened into the closest intimacy. Each entered into the plans of each, and all held each other's honor dear. However, there was one thing in which a number of us took considerable interest, and in that particular thing we could not get Charlie to engage. There was a military organization in town by the name of "Muncy Patriots." The company was made up of boys in their teens, and in it some of us held honorable positions. Several of the youngsters who did not belong to the company took great delight in calling us "Muncy Patricks." This we considered a direct and unendurable insult, and so we declared war. In order that our forces might be sufficiently strong in the impending conflict, we were untiring in our efforts to enlist all available recruits. Charlie was earnestly solicited to become a member, but he steadily refused. Ready to join almost every other suggested movement, and in fact to lead off in several, it seemed strange that he should hesitate to become interested in this.

The 22d of February was drawing nigh and we proposed to have a grand parade. We arranged to have General Brindle review the company from the steps of the Petrikin mansion. We invited Charlie to be present and witness the great affair. We felt sure that the "glorious pomp and circumstance" would induce him to

enlist. The upshot of that parade was this: We marched to a storage building near the old school house and armed ourselves with old battalion-day muskets, borrowed for the occasion. There were more muskets than men, and having borrowed all, it seemed that we must use all. So when we again took up the line of march, the most of the boys were armed with two big muskets, one on each shoulder. The sight was evidently more ludicrous than imposing; more ridiculous than military. Charlie was thoroughly disgusted. He said if we would consent to be properly organized, armed and equipped, he had no objection to join, but this sort of soldiering was not in keeping with his ideas of war. It seemed that "coming events" were casting their shadows forward, and that he even then was being impressed with the stern reality of military operations.

In the following summer a circumstance occurred which brought him into general popularity. A "Harvest Home" celebration was held on Hall's Island, by the parishioners and friends of the St. James Episcopal Church. The programme of exercises was long, varied and intensely interesting. Major I. Brumer, Jr., there delivered his maiden speech, while Dr. B. S. Langdon suggested unheard of promptings from "Robinson Crusoe," "Shakespeare" and "Mother Goose's Melodies," much to the annoyance of the speaker, and more to the amusement of the crowd. An "Indian burial" occurred in which the present live editor of the *NOW AND THEN* was the dead Indian. But the crowning event of the day was the reproduction of the thrilling scene of early colonial history, "Pocahontas saving the life of Captain John Smith."

A short time previous to this an Indian show had pitched its tent on the commons, somewhere in the vicinity of Shuttle Hill, and our imaginative natures were set aflame in observing the war-paint and feathers, and in witnessing the glowing deeds of the historic red man. We heard his startling war-whoop, we saw his imposing and majestic presence, and tears ran down our cheeks as we beheld his lament at the grave of "Dear Lillie, Sweet Lillie Dale." It was the happy thought of some one to suggest the reproduction of the scene of "Pocahontas" as a fitting conclusion to the "Harvest Home" celebration. Now, in the lapse of years, I cannot recall the name of the gentleman who personated Captain Smith, or the name of the lady who acted as loving, faithful Pocahontas, but I

distinctly remember that the savage band of redskins was under the leadership of a most powerful chief in the person of Charlie Fribley. In a brief space of time he gave his braves the necessary drill. Then they suddenly appeared upon the scene. They shouted the savage war-whoop until the distant mountain returned the echo. They sang at the top of their voices: "Honey oy! honey oy! honey oy heigh!!" and they emphasized the weird and savage melody with the most realistic demonstrations of the war-dance. His leadership of the band and his famous funeral oration at the burial of the "dead Indian," all improvised as occasion required, gave him great popularity in the community, and although a mere boy in years and in stature, he was already being looked upon as a leader among his fellows.

A literary society, known as the "Philomathean" was sustained by the boys of Muncy. The activities of the society were largely employed in reading historical romances. The leading *personae* of these romances were assigned to the several members of the society as best seemed to correspond with their special peculiarities and characteristics. So the reading of the books became intensely interesting, for the heroes graphically portrayed had their living representatives, who, more or less, reproduced the daring and wondrous deeds detailed. "Wild Western Scenes," by John B. Jones, pleased the society most of all. Here was the privilege and pleasure of representing the famous frontier personages mentioned in the book, and the assumed names, out of "Wild Western Scenes," attached themselves to some of the boys for a long while after. My recollection is that Charlie Fribley represented one of the most daring and heroic characters in that book. Subsequently the "Philomathean" gave public entertainments, and at one of these, a few years later, he delivered an original oration of decided ability, in most eloquent style.

In the summer of 1855 he became a student in Williamsport Dickinson Seminary. Notwithstanding his hitherto unfavorable scholastic advantages, he at once took high rank. His name stands in the catalogue, in Class 1, Section A, of the Classical Department. The following winter he taught a public school. In the spring of 1856 he returned to the Seminary and remained till in the winter of that year, when he again taught school. As a student he won and held the high regard of the faculty, and the

friendship and admiration of his associates. He became a leading member of the Gamma Epsilon Society, and was recognized as one of its ablest debaters. He became intensely absorbed in the political questions then paramount. He was an earnest advocate of the principles of the rising young party, under the leadership of John C. Fremont, and on a few occasions, as opportunity favored, he took the stump and eloquently discoursed upon the political issues of the day.

In the spring of 1857 the westward sweeping tide of emigration carried him to the frontier. He went west with the intention of establishing for himself a home, and all his splendid energies were enlisted in the project. So we find him a ferry boatman on the Kansas River; a school teacher in Missouri; a speculator in mustangs; one of the first riders of the "pony express" across the plains from Independence, Missouri, to Santa Fe, New Mexico, and finally a participant, on the side of freedom, in the conflict between "bleeding Kansas" and the border ruffians. The troubled condition of business and general interests on the border, at that particular time, was highly unfavorable to the carrying out of his project, that of securing a home; so about the close of the year 1859 he returned to the West Branch of the Susquehanna with slightly improved financial prospects, but with a vast fund of accumulated experience, and with his love of liberty greatly heightened by an intensified hatred for the abomination of slavery.

On his return he again became a student in Williamsport Dickinson Seminary, where he remained until the early spring of 1861, when he accepted a position as teacher in the public schools of Williamsport. We thus became associated teachers in the Franklin Building, on Mulberry Street. As student and teacher he was faithful in the performance of whatever duty devolved upon him, but his absorbing thought was the sad condition of the country, disturbed by internal discord, and his soul was fired with a patriotic fervor which seemed at times almost to know no bounds. As a consequence his conversation, his declamations, his orations, his discussions, ever and always breathed forth an undying love for his native land, with an increasing desire that liberty, and not slavery, should constitute the corner-stone of the Republic. It was his delight to declaim in the open air. His selections were invariably the masterpieces of English and American oratory.

He entered into the spirit of them at times so as to seem to be oblivious to present surroundings. On one occasion, late in the evening, we were walking along the river below Williamsport. Suddenly he made a log his rostrum, and began to declaim with such vehement power that I feared he would alarm the neighborhood. With some difficulty I arrested his attention and said: "Charlie, I'm afraid somebody on the other side of the river will shoot at you." "Well," said he, "if they have a right to shoot, I have a right to speak," and then he continued his declamation to the end. He was naturally thoughtful and respectful as to the claims of others, but just then the spell was on him, and unfettered freedom was his paramount thought.

During that winter (1860-1) discussion on the leading questions of the day ran high among the students of the Seminary. A good proportion were Southern boys, and they were not slow nor fearful in the advocacy of their peculiar views. The Northern boys were no less positive, and with such forces and such motives, there must finally come, at least the clash of ideas, if not the clash of personalities. An event occurred in the Seminary Chapel which I can best describe by quoting from my lecture, "On to Richmond." "As students of the two sections, being thrown together in the recitation rooms, on the halls, on the campus, in the society rooms, on the public rostrum, everywhere, we had, of course, woful conflict over all those questions which had more or less to do with the inauguration of the great struggle. So the general themes of conversation and discussion were the Dred Scott decision, the Missouri Compromise, the Kansas and Nebraska bill, Mason and Dixon's line, the right of slavery, the right of its abolition, the right of secession, the fire-eaters of the South, the mudsills of the North, the relative courage and military prowess of the two sections, &c., &c. On a certain occasion, in a public debate, a young Baltimorean had the hardihood to say that it was an acknowledged fact the world over, that on the bloody field of honor any Southerner was more than a match for five Northerners. No sooner was the affront uttered than there sprang upon the floor a young man, small of stature but heroic of soul, who declared the statement to be positively and absolutely false, and in order to test the same he challenged to mortal combat any secessionist to meet him single handed and alone, anywhere, at any time, giving choice of weapons from a pocket knife up to a cannon." The

challenge was not accepted. The intrepid young man who thus produced a quieting effect upon that sort of rash remark, was none other than the subject of this sketch. Later in the evening I said to him: "Charlie, wasn't you afraid S—— might accept the challenge?" He replied: "I didn't think of that; all I thought of was he must either fight or back down."

The overt act of secession occurred April 12, 1861, when Fort Sumter was reduced. Shortly after President Lincoln's call for 75,000 men, the Woodward Guards, a military company of Williamsport, marched the streets, martial music filled the air, flags and banners were flung to the breeze and the excitement of the people was intense. Recruiting offices were opened, all business took upon itself a martial aspect, and the earnest work of enlistment began. On the 16th of April we put down our names on the muster-roll of the Woodward Guards. Charlie was not specially enthusiastic in the movement. His Kansas experience led him to believe that the rebellion was to be no child's play affair. I remember the evening when, in the shadow of impending gloom, he wrote a letter to his parents informing them of his resolve to take the field in defense of his country's cause. It cost him deep concern to write that letter. Love for his country and love for the dear ones at home were the conflicting emotions of that hour, as the following extracts from the letter will show. "Armed traitors are stalking about in the land; the threat has gone from them that the traitors' ensign shall by the 1st of May float over the dome of our National Capitol, and over Independence Hall in Philadelphia, and Faneuil Hall in Boston. *By the Eternal this shall not be.* I love my country. I love you all. I have more to love, and an inward voice tells me, '*Manifest your love for all these by defending them.*' \* \* \* \* This is the cause of humanity and universal liberty all over the globe." After the mental struggle of that night he was more cheerful, and always entertained unbounded confidence in the final triumph of the Union cause.

During the three months' service we were messmates. In fact the mess of Fribley, Miller, Moyer, Taylor was seldom broken. But the alphabetical roll-call for guard duty put us on different reliefs, and often on different parts of the field, much to our mutual regret. His experience on the frontier led him easily into the life of a soldier. He soon stripped himself of all useless baggage, and he urged upon the boys

the necessity of carrying the least possible weight. Some were disposed to laugh at him, but all of us had opportunity enough, even in the amateur soldiering of the Patterson campaign, to learn the folly of carrying a pile of personal belongings as big as a barrel. We were fortunate in having him in our mess. When our rations were "salt horse" and "hard-tack," his experience on the plains rendered us most excellent service. His practiced eye found spicy herbs and succulent plants among the thrifty vegetation of "My Maryland" and "Old Virginia," which, when boiled with hard-tack and fat pork, made a dish fit for a king. He was not only a soldier, but also a student. Early in the campaign he began the study of military tactics. In reply to some who asked him why he studied tactics, he said: "I think some of you are here on a vacation, but I am here to fight it out." He also began, or possibly continued, the earnest study of the Holy Scriptures, and intimated that if opportunity presented, he would identify himself with the Episcopal Church. The opportunity soon came. On May 26, 1861, while our regiment—the Eleventh Pennsylvania Volunteers—was encamped at Camp Wayne, West Chester, Pa., he received baptism in the Holy Trinity Episcopal Church of that village, and on December 6, 1863, he and his wife received confirmation in St. Paul's Church, Chelton Hills, near Philadelphia. Always moral, upright and noble in character, he exemplified the Christian religion as becometh those who take the sacred vows.

On the morning of the 2d of July, 1861, General Patterson's army crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, Maryland, and late in the forenoon the advance had a skirmish with the rebels at Falling Waters. When we were drawn up in line of battle in the cornfield, and the rebels were maneuvering to give us a volley, Charlie being near me said: "Harry, whatever happens to either of us to-day, let us stand by each other." I was somewhat surprised at the remark, but I saw in him no indication of fear. I saw in his clear eye and flushed face the high resolve to fight and win. But I observed also in his tone and manner a most unusual seriousness. Though we never spoke of it, I now think that he had then a presentiment as to the manner of his death.

About the middle of October, 1861, he was enrolled in Company F, Eighty-fourth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, and was appointed

Orderly. He was made Second Lieutenant in May, 1862, and was commissioned Captain of his company in October, 1862. In February, 1863, he was made Adjutant of his regiment, the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel Bowman commanding. During the time of this rapid advancement, by way of promotion, he was engaged in the following battles: Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Manassas and Haymarket, second battle of Bull Run, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and, I have no doubt, his promotions resulted because of his unquestioned bravery on those hard fought fields, associated with his fine, natural and acquired capabilities for military operations.

In the summer of 1863 the War Department entered practically upon the work of organizing colored troops, and established a board of examiners at Washington for the examination of field officers. Before this board he appeared on the 19th of September, 1863. So proficient was he that he passed the required examination for Colonel of the first class, and he was recommended for promotion to that rank. The Eighth Regiment United States Colored Troops was being organized at Camp William Penn, and he was assigned to the command of that regiment. Shortly after this he made a flying visit to Williamsport, Pa., and then I had the pleasure of a most interesting visit with him. He tendered me the nomination for the position of a commissioned officer in his regiment, and had not circumstances prevented—circumstances of which I need not here speak—I might have been one of his companions-in-arms on that fatal day at Olustee. He had seen hard service since last we met. He detailed in glowing terms the wide diversity of feelings between, pressing after a defeated detachment, as at Falling Waters, and retreating before a victorious army, as at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. He was full of high hopes and grand resolves, and his patriotism had abated not a whit. He was anxious that the Union army should soon conquer an honorable peace, and that the day might not be far distant when the cruel war would be a thing of the past. I shall never forget his martial air and soldierly appearance on that occasion, for it was the last time I ever saw him.

Early in January, 1864, the Eighth Regiment United States Colored Troops was ordered to the front. Accordingly, on the 16th of that month, the regiment left Camp William Penn,

and at New York embarked for Hilton Head, S. C., and subsequently for Jacksonville, Florida. It reached its destination on the 6th of February, and was organized into the army under the command of General Seymour, which numbered 4,500 infantry, 400 cavalry, and 20 cannon. On the 20th of February, 1864, this army engaged in a fierce and bloody conflict with the enemy at a point about fifty-three miles west of Jacksonville, which is now known in history as the battle-field of Olustee. The desperate nature of the struggle is indicated in that the Confederates lost about one-third, and the Unionists nearly one-half their number. The enemy having advantage of position and partly in ambush, was enabled to strike a most terrible blow, and from it the Union army recoiled, but never fully rallied. Early in the fight, the Seventh New Hampshire, disheartened because of the bad condition of the Springfield muskets, which had recently been issued to them, broke and fell back in confusion, and into this break in the line the enemy kept pouring a most destructive fire. Colonel Fribley was ordered to reform this broken line, and in so doing he had to stand the brunt of the battle. Bravely he and his regiment moved into this vortex of fire and death. In a short space of time nearly half the regiment went down under the leaden hail. Their brave commander was among the first to fall, and was probably instantly killed. Thus in the twenty-ninth year of his age, amid the carnage of the crimson field, a swiftly flying missile of death closed his very active and highly promising career.

Briefly I refer to a fact in his social and inner life. He was united in marriage to Miss Kate Ault, of Newberry, Pa., on the 10th of December, 1861. His married life was brief but very happy. His wife was a genial and helpful companion. As much as circumstances would permit, she was with him in his campaigns. She went as far south as Hilton Head. But the hour of parting came, and he bade her an affectionate farewell. Passing toward the door, he paused, then returned, and taking her by the hand, fervently remarked: "Let us join once more in the Lord's prayer." Kneeling, they breathed the burden of their hearts to heaven. Then he hastened southward and she returned to Fortress Monroe, at which place she was, I believe, at the time of the battle of Olustee. The weight of sorrow which fell upon her when the tidings of the battle came she and God

alone can know. With a devotion that merited a far more desirable result, she sought the recovery of his body, but sought in vain. He sleeps in the Land of Flowers, his grave unknown to all but the sentinel stars, and the pines of Olustee murmur in mournful monotone the sad, sad requiem of his hapless fate.

In his last letter to his wife, written two days before his death, are these words: "I must say that I am happy now. I read my book regularly, and I can and do pray so fervently and confidently that it makes me feel happy, and I am willing to trust all to the care of our Heavenly Father, who has done so much for us." He was not only a good soldier in the Union Army, but he was also evidently a good soldier in the Grand Army of the Redeemed. He will not be forgotten. His name is commemorated by "Fort Fribley," near Jacksonville, Florida, by an inscription on the soldiers' monument in Muncy Cemetery, and by Colonel Charles W. Fribley Post, G. A. R., in Williamsport, Pa. He is held in sacred remembrance by his loved ones and kindred; his memory will ever live in the hearts of the companions of his boyhood and the friends of his later years; history will never forget that he gave his life on the altar of his country's cause, and generations yet unborn will bless his name as one of the many thousands of young American patriots who died that the nation might not die.

"Farewell! a long farewell! I turn once more  
 Unto the living, and the fierce turmoil  
 Of life's long battle, 'till my years are o'er,  
 And I too rest from toil."

H. C. MOYER.

Moravia, N. Y.

### Reminiscences of Old Times on the North and West Branches, or Men and Things Previous to 1850.

No. 2.

#### FIRST ROADS CONNECTING THE WEST AND NORTH BRANCHES.

At the beginning of the Revolutionary War, in 1776, the settlers on the West Branch above the town of Northumberland, and on the North Branch above Wilkesbarre, were, like angels' visits, few and far between. But this fact did not daunt the irrepressible land speculator. Two surveyors, Wallis and Harris,—presumably Joseph J. Wallis and David Harris—are officially named as the persons who made an extensive survey in the year 1777 on the head-waters of Little Loyalsock Creek and the South Branch

of Towanda Creek, covering a good part of what is now Colley, Cherry and Forks townships, in Sullivan, and Albany in Bradford County. The warrants on which these surveys were afterwards returned were not issued until 1784,—seven years later,—but all the waters and corners agree with the survey of 1777, and in fact no other marks of the proper date, or older, are found. It was, therefore, necessary for those surveyors, in doing so large a job, to have a supply road from the nearest settlement to some point convenient to their work, and it is probable that the Wallis Road, running from the West Branch, near Muncy, to the Forks of Loyalsock, was first opened as a pack-horse route for this purpose.

Samuel Wallis, who I believe was a relative of the surveyor, Joseph J., was at the time a noted land jobber,—in fact the John Nicholson of the Susquehanna region,—and it was, perhaps, at his instance and in his interest that these lands in 1777 were surveyed, and if so, he very likely contributed more or less toward making the road, and is perhaps entitled to the honor of the name and not the surveyor. Be this as it may, the fact remains the same, that the Wallis Road was the first medium of communication between the West Branch and the head-waters of Loyalsock and South Towanda creeks. Other and more extensive surveys were made by David Harris, under the direction of Joseph J. Wallis, adjoining and to the west and north of those already referred to, in 1784 and 1792, and by Michael Ross, the proprietor of Williamsport, on main Loyalsock, in 1793, which necessitated a further improvement of the Wallis Road; and, the beginning of a settlement on the Loyalsock by John Hill, Joseph Huckel, William Molyneux, Powell Bird, John Brown and others, from 1794 to 1798, who must have emigrated over this road, caused it to be kept open and possible for transportation several years after the use of it as a medium for transporting surveyors' supplies had ceased. But it was never recognized as a township road, and has long since been abandoned its entire route. Its direction from the Muncy settlement was nearly north to the summit of the Allegheny, reaching it through Wallis' Gap; thence along the summit eastwardly, crossing the sources of Little and Big Bear, Ogdonian, Rock and Kettle creeks; thence northward to opposite the Forks of Loyalsock, descending steeply to the valley, at what is now the thrifty town of Forksville.

Subsequently the refugees of the French Revolution, which immediately followed ours, sought and found an asylum on the North Branch, and wishing a more direct communication with the Muncy Valley, marked out and opened from the termination of the Wallis Road, near the Forks of Loyalsock, to their settlement, what was afterwards known as the Frenchtown Pack-horse Road. It ran up Lick Creek for a few miles, then gradually climbing the ridge to the table-land through Forks and Albany townships, and descending to the river, I think about Skinner's Eddy. This completed the first through route for pedestrians or equestrians from the West to the North Branch, but was never opened for general travel.

The *Genesee* Road, so called because it afforded the first thoroughfare to emigrants from Southern Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia to the rich valley of the Genesee River, then the popular rage. It was not constructed, however, for that purpose, but another. The public lands having all been taken up and surveyed, and in some measure transferred from the primary to the secondary land speculator, the latter became anxious to realize on their investments by sales to actual settlers, and they foresaw that the only way to do this was by opening up a passable wagon road to and through their possessions. William Ellis, living on Wolf Run some two miles north of Muncy, and being at the time a deputy surveyor and a man of general influence, seemed to have been the most active agent in procuring subscriptions and locating the Genesee Road. It was opened about the beginning of this century, and, without much regard to feasibility, ran from Muncy, then Pennsborough, past Mr. Ellis' farm on Wolf Run, John Robb's, a mile beyond, to Abraham Webster's, near Hunterville; thence gradually climbing the Allegheny by Highland Lake to the summit, and then descending to the valley of the Ogdon Creek, down it to the Loyalsock; thence up it to Hills Grove, where it crossed at a tolerable ford to the north side and continuing up it to the mouth of Elk Creek; thence up the latter, crossing and recrossing it to near Lincoln Falls, whence, following a small valley, it reached the summit of the red shale ridges on Bishop White Hill, only, however, to go over the bail of the bucket instead of round it, to King's Creek, near Eldredville, and crossing, it passed over the ridge to near Mill Creek, and from thence to Burnet's Ridge, ascending it by two

steep grades, when a little variation in the course to the right might have avoided the hill materially; and then again descending to the valley of Mill Stone Run, at an inclination of some thirty-five or forty degrees, followed the water course of this stream to the Shraider Branch at Dougherty's, where it intersected a public road along Towanda Creek.

Lycoming County at this time had not been denuded of any of her territory, and the Genesee Road, some forty-five miles in extent, ran almost entirely through it, a short distance only being in Luzerne. Bradford and Sullivan were not then created. Muncy Township, then co-extensive with the county northward, and the settled portion of it, lying south of the Allegheny, became chargeable, under the law as it then was, with the repair of this extensive road; but at the instance of the land owners, represented by William Ellis as their agent, a petition was presented to the Court of Quarter Sessions of Lycoming, at November term, 1802, I think, representing substantially that they had recently opened, at their own expense, a new road through the north-eastern portion of the county, a large portion of which would be very inconvenient for the supervisors of Muncy Township to keep in repair, and proposing and praying that a new township might be formed out of the northern portion of said Muncy Township, by boundaries suggested in said petition. The court erected the new township and called it Shrewsbury, and subsequently, at the next or second term, appointed William Benjamin, an old surveyor, to run and mark the lines of the said new township. But this was still unsatisfactory to the inhabitants of the new settlement on Loyalsock and its tributaries, near whom the new road ran, as it was found that a controlling portion of the voters thereof would remain south of the Allegheny. Accordingly, whilst William Benjamin was engaged in running the boundary lines of Shrewsbury, the inhabitants north of the mountain engaged him to run and mark a line for a division of Shrewsbury, and the erection of a new township out of the western portion. It was, however, agreed later between the settlers north and south of the Allegheny that a new township should be formed, and we find on record of the next term two petitions filed, differing in some respects as to boundary, but each asking for the division of Shrewsbury Township. These two petitions are indorsed, "Granted—per curiam," but as

they differ in describing the boundary, which one, or can either be deemed official? To mend the matter, an old paper, in the hand-writing of William Ellis, is found filed with these petitions, which purports to be the "boundary of Elkland Township," but which does not agree with either petition as to *boundary*, and is not approved by the court, yet is the only evidence of the name of the new township extant! Query: Has Sullivan now a township without a legal name?

For a decade of years at least the Genesee Road was the main, and, in fact, the only thoroughfare between the West and North Branches, and I have it from the lips of a veritable citizen, who kept a public house on the route, that as many as thirty wagons, part of them covered and containing whole families, had bivouacked around his house of a night, purchasing such necessaries as he could furnish. Nor was the tide of travel entirely diverted at the period of the late war, as many soldiers, mostly recruits, traveled this route. An old hunter, mixed a little with aboriginal blood, by the name of *Yours*, was at this time serving at a public house on the route as hostler, and it became his duty to take care of the beast of an officer who had arrived in full uniform. He did so with much reverence, but after the officer had left remarked in the fullness of his heart that he had never before seen G—d A——y. The construction of the Berwick turnpike and a township road up Lycoming Creek, finally diverted the travel from the Genesee road, and many parts of it have been changed to township roads, or abandoned, and but little of it at this day retains its original name.

A glance at any map will show that the shortest distance between the West and North Branches of the Susquehanna, going northward, is from Muncy to Towanda, and hence if the Loyalsock Creek had been kind enough to have run south from Hillsgrove, and the Towanda Creek north from the source of Mill Stone Run, then the natural and best route for either a railway or public road would have been nearly along the old Genesee Road; but the interposition of the Allegheny and Burnet's Ridge makes this route impracticable for a railroad and objectionable for a wagon road. Nevertheless our sanguine forefathers calculated more on directness than grade, and never abandoned the hope of seeing at some time a public way between those points that would retrieve the lost

travel and increase it. Consequently we find among the laws passed in 1824 an act of Assembly of the 30th day of March, appointing William Brindle and Edward J. Eldred, of Lycoming, and Eliphalet Mason, of Bradford, commissioners "to view, lay out and mark a State road" from Pennsborough to Meansville "by the best and nearest route." The commissioners so appointed, having met and organized in May of the same year, proceeded to discharge the duty assigned them, and beginning their work at Towanda, completed it at Muncy. The route chosen was mainly that of the old Genesee Road, improved in places it is true, but not by any means on the best route. The distance was ascertained to be fifty miles. Brindle was not a surveyor,—the other two commissioners were,—but he seemed to enjoy the trip hugely, particularly the venison and brook trout, which were furnished in abundance on the way at almost every meal.

Subsequently E. J. Eldred, Eliphalet Mason, Wm. King and Abner C. Rockwell were commissioned to apply certain taxes and moneys in opening this State road, and gradually parts of it were dedicated to public use, but for want of funds it was never entirely opened, or any portion of it properly made. The writer of this article remembers to have helped construct, when a boy, that part from Elk Creek to the summit of Bishop White's Ridge, which was let out to taxpayers at so much per rood. Having some fifteen to twenty perches of dug road to make, it was deemed best to build a temporary camp, on the side-hill near a spring, which was covered with only hemlock sprigs. It served its purpose, however, very well for the first week. But provisions running out, the work was left in an unfinished state for some days until a fresh supply could be provided. On returning to the camp our provender, clothes, tools, &c., were stored therein, and, as it was well on in the afternoon, fuel for a night-fire had to be procured with dispatch. My father, younger brother and myself composed the party, and believing myself the best axman, I set about looking up fire-wood. Noticing a dry, dead hemlock above the camp, leaning strongly towards it, I concluded to cut it in such a way as to throw the tree near the place we wished to use it, and directing my father and brother to a place of safety, I began to chop. Two or three strokes were, however, sufficient. The tree was hollow and broke abruptly, falling exactly across

our frail camp and leveling it with the ground! Here then was a pretty kettle of fish! It was a frosty November night, and we had to cut up and roll off the tree before we could rebuild our camp, make a fire, or cook our supper. It was all, however, got along with before midnight, and we congratulated ourselves on the fact the tree had not fallen during the last week whilst we were snugly asleep within the enclosure.

Another and final effort was made to construct a highway from the West to the North Branch, by the procurement of an act of Assembly, passed the 23d day of February, 1831, appointing Eliphalet Mason, Frederick Fisher and Timothy N. Lewis, of Bradford County, and John P. Schuyler, Thomas Taggart, John C. Hill and John Montgomery, Jr., of Lycoming County, commissioners to open books and receive subscriptions for stock to build, what was denominated the Muncy and Munroe Turnpike. Books were accordingly opened at both ends and along the route, and subscriptions obtained sufficient at least to procure the charter. Subsequently the company organized by the election of E. J. Eldred as president and secretary, with J. P. Bull, Mason and Fisher, of Bradford; Wm. A. Petrikin, Schuyler, Montgomery, Hill and Eldred, of Lycoming, as directors. The route of the road was surveyed and marked, considerably bettering the location over the defunct Genesee and State roads, but still leaving abundance of room for improvement. A strife, however, which finally resulted in a division of the board, arose about the location from Muncy to Hills Grove. Schuyler and Mason advocated the route via Hughesville and by Courson's to the source of the Ogdon Creek, thence down it to Loyalsock; whilst the others preferred the one by Hunterville and the Highland Lake, which location was ultimately adopted. My own opinion, formed from actual knowledge of the country since acquired, is that the proper route for a good road lies between the two, so that neither side was very far wrong. No grading was ever done on the Muncy and Monroe Turnpike, and the era of railroads, which soon after intervened, effectually squelched this, as it has most other turnpike enterprises. Their day and usefulness have passed.

C. D. E.

Thos. A. Warner says that a number of blue birds wintered on his farm in Muncy Township in 1888-89. Had these favorites known how uncommonly mild this winter would be, perhaps not a bird would have migrated last fall.

### From the Farm to the Bar: From the Bar to the Field of Battle.

In a former issue of NOW AND THEN I read with pleasure a beautiful memoir of Col. Milton Opp, written by his classmate and companion in arms, Col. Thos. Chamberlin. Two incidents might have been added "to point a moral and adorn a tale," as I think either will do.

His father, a prominent farmer of Moreland Township, on one occasion, in my office, complained that his son Milton was more devoted to books, newspapers, &c., than to the work required of him in farming (designated in the memoir as "the repellant nature of his tasks").

I advised that he should be given a thorough classical education, and then permitted to follow the bent of his own mind in the choice of any of the learned professions, adding that if this were accomplished, he would become a useful and probably an eminent man; but if kept on the farm at labor which seemed so repugnant to him, there was danger that he might degenerate into a mere drone, and be of little benefit to himself or the family. He was so educated afterwards; and having on March 14, 1859, entered the law office of Robert Hawley, Esq., and subsequently graduated with high honor at the Poughkeepsie Law School, he was prepared for admission to our bar; and when his application, in due form, was made to our court, I was appointed one of the committee to examine him and report upon his qualifications for legal practice. This was on Monday, the 22d day of April, A. D. 1861, when the Rebellion was the all-absorbing thought and speech of the people, and volunteers, in response to President Lincoln's call for 75,000 men, were about to leave for the front, so that, amid the excitement and confusion, little attention to business could be obtained, and the court room was nearly vacant. We therefore concluded to hold the examination in open court, an entirely unprecedented occurrence here. We knew that he had enlisted and was anxious to procure his enrollment as a member of the Lycoming County Bar first, and then leave for active service in the field, and to show our high appreciation of his courage and patriotism, resolved to make the examination very brief. As usual, the first question asked was this, "What is law?" Receiving a correct definition, he was asked "If his regard for the highest of all obligations of citizenship was so great that in obedience to its behests he had enlisted and intended an immediate departure for the army?" On his

affirmative reply, we signed the necessary certificate, when it was read to the court and ordered on file. He took the requisite oath, was recorded on the roll of attorneys, and left to enter into active and, as it eventuated, fatal service in the war for the Union.

This was the shortest examination ever made in this county, and I can only say that I could well vouch for his legal learning from previous knowledge of his attainments. His motto must have been that of Coriolanus:

"I do love  
My country's good with a respect more tender,  
More holy and profound than mine own life."

I conclude with this quotation:

"And though the warrior's sun has set,  
Its light shall linger round us yet,  
Bright—radiant—blest."

HENRY JOHNSON.

Muncy, Pa.

### Origin of the Name Williamsport.

A great deal has been said and written upon this subject, but as no explanation has thus far been generally accepted, we can only offer a summary of the best authenticated traditions, and leave the reader free to draw conclusions to suit himself. There appears to be no doubt but that Michael Ross was the originator of the scheme to start the town, and it is a matter of record that he was the proprietor for many years, and in acknowledgment of this fact the place was commonly referred to as "Michael Ross' town," A. D. 1800. This gentleman was thoroughly familiar with the scheme long cherished by the State for opening a channel for inland navigation, designed to connect the Susquehanna with the Western rivers, the route for which was surveyed in 1790, when William Maclay, John Adlum and Timothy Matlack conducted their explorations through this section of the country. The project continued to be popular until after Michael Ross was dead, and he always believed in its ultimate success, and cherished the expectation of seeing his beloved town become a United States port of entry; so that his pet ambition was easily voiced in calling it "The Port."

When the county seat came to be located here the name was recorded as "Williams Port," and it is thus written upon old land titles. Now, the hitch in the history of the name comes in at this juncture. Who was the William referred to? The descendants of Michael Ross assert that the name was bestowed by him in honor of his oldest son, William Ross, for whose

future he indulged the keenest ambition, as was shown by his being educated for a physician, but whose future was despoiled by his early death.

Joseph Williams was a surveyor of considerable local repute, and lived in a house yet standing in the sixth ward. He was very highly esteemed by Michael Ross, and was engaged to lay out the town for him. In his honor the street running along side the jail was named "Williams Street." (Modern citizens who knew not Joseph have dropped the final s). The descendants of Joseph Williams claim that it was his name that was prefixed to the common word Port and thus formed the "Williams Port." It may be suggested inferentially from reliable statements, gleaned from various sources, that had the Hon. William Hepburn become the proprietor of the county seat, as he evidently aspired to be, (but when the choice had to be made, preferred the ermine to the place of land speculator,) it would have been called "Williamsburgh." This was the name given the survey, upon which he located his "Deer Park Farm," which lay immediately west of the tract owned by Michael Ross, and called in the survey "Virginia."

The friends of Judge William Hepburn claim that as he was instrumental in having the new county erected, and the county seat located, (being State Senator from Northumberland County at that time), the citizens proposed to call the new town "Hepburn's Port," but he objected to this form of paying acknowledgment for his services, and suggested the name "Williams Port as a substitute, which was finally adopted. As Michael Ross was a man of singularly strong force of character, and at that time was having things about as he wanted them, it is quite likely that he had a little more to do with naming the town than any one else; and yet, who the exact William was, whom the king delighted to honor, has not been definitely recorded. If more care had been taken in the use of the apostrophe, the dispute would have been narrowed down somewhat, as we would then at least know whether William or Williams was referred to, but the old records only show that the name was Williams Port, or Wmsport, from which the transition to the present word, Williamsport, was easy and natural.

The report has gone abroad that at one time our "loveliest city of the plain" was known by the disrespectful sobriquet of "Billtown."

Shades of William Penn! how could the old Quaker atmosphere of this valley tolerate such an epithet? It must surely have been a spiteful fling from some jealous neighbors "over the border," who lived in a hamlet on the Chemung River called "Newtown," for since they have adopted the name "Elmira," we hear no more of either Newtown or Billtown.

J. H. MCMINN.

### Our National Flower.

Our respected Chief Magistrate—with all due deference be it spoken—has in our estimation shown a sad want of taste in his selection of a favorite flower. The Golden Rod! A weed, flaunting its yellow blossoms on every wayside nook and cranny, where it can find a handful of earth. Without fragrance—many times faded and ragged looking, it seems to have nothing in the world to recommend it but being common. Gathered (more on account of its present notoriety, I suspect, than because of its beauty), and placed in vases, flower pots, or as an ornament in a room, I have known it to produce an attack of hay fever. Its peculiar and many times disagreeable odor has a tendency to bring on paroxysms of this singular disorder. Now, I leave it to every impartial reader whether the National Flower of the proudest nation on the face of the earth ought to be a thing to be sneezed at. National flowers are symbols, emblems. These symbols date very far back; very ancient nations we are told had their emblematic flowers,—the Chinese, the Egyptians, the Romans. Ceres had the poppy, Bacchus the grape leaf. The royal house of France has its *fleur de lis*, and these lilies of France, the insignia of royalty, is a badge of the most coveted distinction. England has the rose, Scotland the thistle,—very significant—touch and I prick; Ireland the shamrock,—each dear to the hearts of their people, and worn as a symbol of loyalty. As for America, what so worthy of being our National Flower as the Laurel? Defying the storms of winter, its glossy leaves peeping from the midst of the snow drift green and fresh, never withering under the fervid heat of the summer solstice—and as the poet sings:

"Where the rock goes sheer to the lake below,  
Far up on the lichened wall,  
The starry spray of the Laurel bough,  
Looks up at the bastion tall.

"With only a stone for a resting place,  
In some lone and dark delfe,  
It touches the rock with a lowly grace,  
And tosses the world a smile."

Hardy, bright, enduring and beautiful, what more can we ask in the flower that is to be for all time the symbol of the land whose sons are the bravest, whose daughters are the loveliest of any on earth?

SARAH H. HAYES.

### Encourage Home Industries.

The following letter, written by the sage who became known throughout the world because he was the first to bring down lightning from the clouds, and to demonstrate that it was identical with the electricity produced by scientific apparatus—written by the tallow-chandler's son, who became so famous for his learning and wisdom that he amazed the most learned and "stood before kings"—has, so far as we can learn, never before been published in book or newspaper. The original manuscript now belongs to Mrs. Fanny B. Hammond, of Watsontown, and was found in a trunk among papers and relics that descended to her from her great-grandfather, Sheriff John Brady, (son of our pioneer Captain John Brady, who was killed by the Indians at Wolf Run,) and her grandfather, Judge William Piatt, of Washington Township, this county. To which of her ancestors the letter belonged, or whether to both of them in succession, she does not know; nor can she tell how it came into the possession of the family. No one who has seen the autograph or writing of Benjamin Franklin will for a moment question its genuineness. It is written on a large sheet of excellent quality of thin paper, quite like some modern bond paper, and has been very carefully preserved. It is not only of interest now from the fact that it was a friendly letter penned one hundred and nineteen years ago by one of the greatest, if not indeed the greatest, diplomatists of his age, and withal one of the most practical of men; but it is also interesting on account of the very sensible hints it gives in regard to the proper encouragement of home industries—which suggestions apply to every domestic enterprise now as truly as Then—and as showing the deep concern that the astute representative felt in all things pertaining to the colonies:

LONDON, April 22, 1771.

MR. HUMPHRY MARSHALL,  
West Bradford, Chester County.

SIR,

I duly received your Favours of the 4th of October and the 17th of November. It gave me Pleasure to hear, that tho' the Merchants

had departed from their Agreement of Non-Importation, the spirit of Industry and Frugality was likely to continue among the People. I am obliged to you for your Concern on my Account. The Letters you mention gave great Offence here; but that was not attended with the immediate ill consequences to my Interest that seem to have been hoped for by those that sent Copies of them hither.

If our Country People would well consider, that all they save in refusing to purchase foreign Gewgaws, & in making their own Apparel, being apply'd to the Improvement of their Plantations, would render those more profitable, as yielding a greater Produce, I should hope they would persist resolutely in their present commendable Industry and Frugality. And there is still a farther consideration. The Colonies that produce Provisions grow very fast. But of the Countries that take off those Provisions, some do not increase at all, as the European Nations; and others, as the West India Colonies, not in the same proportion. So that tho' the Demand at present may be sufficient, it cannot long continue so. Every Manufacturer encouraged in our Country, makes part of a Market for Provisions within ourselves, and saves so much money to the Country as must otherwise be exported to pay for the Manufactures he supplies. Here in England it is well known and understood, that wherever a Manufacture is established which employs a Number of Hands, it raises the value of Lands in the neighboring Country all around it; partly by the greater Demand near at hand for the Produce of the Land; and partly from the Plenty of Money drawn by the Manufacturers to that part of the Country. It seems therefore the Interest of all our Farmers and Owners of Lands, to encourage our young Manufactures in preference to foreign ones imported among us from distant Countries.

I am much obliged by your kind Present of curious seeds. They were welcome Gifts to some of my Friends. I send you herewith some of the new Barley lately introduced into this Country, and now highly spoken of. I wish it may be found of use with us.

I was the more pleased to see in your Letter the Improvement of our Paper; having had a principal share in establishing that Manufacture among us many years ago, by the Encouragement I gave it.

If in anything I can serve you here, it will be a Pleasure to

Your obliged Friend  
and humble Servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

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### Extract From Chamberlin's Oration at Gettysburg.

Colonel Thomas Chamberlin, now of Philadelphia, with whom so many of our readers are personally acquainted, was the Orator of the Day at the reunion of the 150th Regiment, P. V., and dedication of the Regimental Monument at Gettysburg, on Pennsylvania Day, in September last. His address, which occupies twenty pages of the pamphlet account of the proceedings, is reported to have occupied about forty minutes in the delivery, and was listened to with marked attention, followed by flattering manifestations of approval. It well deserved such a reception, as it is a terse and vivid history of "The 150th in the Battle," that it is believed will pass down as one of the best reunion and dedication orations contributed to the literature of that great national event. The orator was the intrepid Major of the regiment at the time of the fight, and was one of the large number who were badly wounded during the afternoon of the first day. Of the 397 officers and men of the 150th who participated in this battle, *more than one-half* were either killed or wounded before the close of the third day. We regret that we have not space for the entire address, and can only transfer to our columns what he says of the initiation of his regiment into the dreadful carnage, and his pleasing allusion to one of the famous episodes that form part of the thrilling history. It hardly requires a very cogent imagination to feel as if you were going into battle with the regiment when you read this extract:

We swung rapidly over the ground, the frequent sound of cannon in the distance spurring us to extraordinary exertion. The air, moist and sultry, and pierced by a broiling sun, soon started the perspiration in cascades, and made each pound of arms and accoutrements seem a ton. A mile or more below the town the column was diverted from the highway through the fields, and urged into a "double-quick," which presently brought the mass of our regiment to the neighborhood of the Seminary, but left two or three scores of our men stranded along the line of march, to be gathered up and reported for duty a little later by Captain Dougal—himself a sufferer from the excessive heat and over-exertion.

Generals Doubleday and Rowley, with portions of their staffs, met us in the open field some distance west of the Seminary, where we were halted, and the former addressed us briefly, urging the importance of a victory, and reminding us that we were *Pennsylvanians and might safely be entrusted with the defense of our own soil*. Shells were whizzing overhead at the time from rebel batteries beyond the ridge to the west, and the instructions to our brigade and regimental leaders were necessarily brief. "Forward!" cried Colonel Wister, when a dozen voices exclaimed: "Colonel, we're not loaded yet!" A burst of merriment followed, in spite of the fact that we had just learned, with unfeigned sorrow, of the death of General Reynolds, whom all idolized, and who perhaps better than any other officer in the entire army, met the limitless requirements of the ideal soldier. The loading was ordered, followed by the unslinging of knapsacks, and with full battalion front we moved rapidly westward to the brow of the hill overlooking Willoughby Run. On our immediate left lay the Iron Brigade, occupying the woods, while the 149th and 143d Pennsylvania on our right extended beyond the McPherson farm buildings to the Chambersburg road or pike. The time of reaching our position was about half-past eleven. The whole number of the 150th present for duty, after the stragglers of the morning came up, was, as nearly as can be determined, 397, of whom seventeen, including field and staff, were commissioned officers.

Evidences of hard fighting at an earlier hour, by Wadsworth's division, were to be seen in every direction, but except a fitful cannonading from rebel batteries on the next parallel ridge, looking west, and on the prolongation of our line northwardly, there was, at this hour, comparative quiet.

Company B was at once ordered forward as skirmishers. "How far shall I go?" asked Captain Jones. "Go forward until you feel the enemy, and engage him," responded Colonel Wister. The Captain marched his men over the brow of the hill and half way down o Willoughby Run, when, quickly deploying, they moved at a double-quick to the line of the stream, and there encountered opposing skirmishers.

During the temporary lull which prevailed on the field, there was abundant opportunity to observe the numbers and disposition of the enemy to the west, consisting, as we have since learned, of Heth's and Pender's divisions of A. P. Hill's Corps—some of the brigades of Pender's command arriving later than our own, and defiling in plain view into position south of the Chambersburg road. While our own line was but a skeleton, with noticeable gaps between the several brigades, as well as between the regiments, and with no visible reserves, the enemy seemed to be formed in continuous double lines of battle, extending southward as far as the accidents of the ground permitted the eye to reach, with ample supports in column in the rear. As a spectacle it was striking, but their preponderance in men was so obvious that we might have despaired of the result of the com-

ing engagement, if we had not supposed that additional troops of our own would be up in time to lend us a hand. An incident which occurred about twelve o'clock did much to emphasize the good feeling in our ranks.

While we were watching and waiting, our attention was called to a man of rather bony frame and more than average stature, who approached from the direction of the town, moving with a deliberate step, carrying in his right hand an Enfield rifle, at a "trail." At any time his figure would have been noticeable, but it was doubly so at such a moment, from his age—which evidently neared three-score and ten—and from the somewhat startling peculiarity of his dress. The latter consisted of dark trousers and waistcoat, a blue "swallow-tail" coat with burnished brass buttons, such as used to be affected by well-to-do gentlemen of the old school, about forty years ago, and a high black silk hat, from which most of the original gloss had long departed—of a shape to be found only in the fashion plates of a remote past. The stiff "stock," which usually formed a part of such a costume, was wanting—presumably on account of the heat—and no neck-cloth of any kind relieved the bluish tint of his clean-shaven face and chin. As his course brought him opposite the rear of the left wing, he first met Major Chamberlin and asked: "Can I fight with your regiment?" The Major answered affirmatively, but seeing Colonel Wister approaching, said: "Here is our Colonel; speak to him."

"Well, old man, what do you want?" bluntly demanded the Colonel.

"I want a chance to fight with your regiment."

"You do? Can you shoot?"

"Oh, yes," and a smile crept over the old man's face which seemed to say: "If you knew that you had before you a soldier of the war of 1812, who fought at Lundy's Lane, you would not ask such a question."

"I see you have a gun, but where is your ammunition?"

Slapping his hand upon his bulging trousers' pockets, he replied, "I have it here."

"Certainly you can fight with us," said the Colonel, "and I wish there were many more like you."

He advised him, however, to go into the woods, to the line of the Iron Brigade, where he would be more sheltered from both sun and bullets, with an equal chance of doing effective work. With apparent reluctance, as if he preferred the open field, he moved towards the woods, and history has written the name of *John Burns* in the roll of the world's heroes, and his brave conduct is imperishably linked with the glories of Gettysburg!

### How Sheridan Got Satisfaction.

Jacob Sheridan was once concerned in a practical joke that did not terminate as he expected. Many years ago a nondescript character lived near Muncy, who was generally known as

"Daddy Berrell." Berrell, as he wrote his name, was a great smoker, and had a very successful and not unlawful way of getting his cigars without exchange, cash or credit. He often came to Sheridan's shop, was always ready to smoke his cigars, and in cold weather enjoy the warmth of his stove. In fact, he was rather "too numerous" at times, when business was brisk, as he would get into Sheridan's way. Sheridan had his saddlery in the little old building on Main Street, then owned by Franklin B. Fahnestock, now belonging to Ellis Gundrum. William B. Fahnestock one day suggested that "Daddy" might be put under wholesome restraint by the intervention of a cigar heavily charged with gunpowder. Sheridan approved the plan, and so preparations were forthwith made for Daddy's next visit. The following day he came as usual. William presently lit a cigar, offered one to Sheridan, and then politely asked Daddy if he felt like taking a smoke with them. Daddy of course as courteously accepted the proffered cigar. He never refused such kindness. Now, it so chanced that Sheridan—whether by some misunderstanding, or by treachery on the part of Will Fahnestock, we do not know—got the cigar that it was positively understood Berrell was to have. Fahnestock to this day insists that Sheridan *carelessly* took the wrong cigar, and Sheridan declares up and down that Fahnestock *carefully* gave it to him. So the case unto this day still stands on memory's docket—Sheridan *vs.* Fahnestock. Well, the trio were having a social smoke. Fahnestock took a good position at a safe distance, so he could see all that might occur, and near the door, so that he could retreat in good order if discretion indicated the propriety of such a movement. The cigar was heavily loaded. Sheridan sat on his stitching buck working on a riding bridle, but he had only one eye on the work; the other eye was expectingly fixed on Daddy Berrell, who sat contentedly puffing at his cigar on a stool near the stove. The smoke of the three cigars for some moments went curling upwards through the air and gave rise to grave meditations, though the musings were not like the reveries of Iñk Marvel when he watched the smoke ascending from his cigar. An uneasy suspicion haunted the guilty minds of at least two of the smokers. The expected explosion finally came. It was the loaded cigar that exploded, beyond a doubt—but it was not the cigar that Daddy Berrell had in his mouth.

It was evidently the one that Sheridan had that was loaded. It was the one that exploded. Sheridan was surprised, shocked, disappointed, beaten. The flash was so fiery that it momentarily impaired his eye-sight. His nose and eyelids were scorched. He did not laugh either—as he expected he would. The cigar contained more powder than he supposed. Fahnestock laughed. He said that he could not possibly refrain from doing so. And when Daddy Berrell comprehended the situation he laughed also. It was quite awhile before Sheridan could enjoy the awkward and unexpected predicament, but he finally, as well as he could, gracefully yielded and laughed likewise. It was laughable. But Sheridan has never been satisfied with Will Fahnestock's explanation. He believes, however, that Daddy Berrell was entirely innocent.

The other trick ended as Sheridan intended, but not as Daddy Berrell expected. Judge William P. I. Painter's drug store at that time was near Sheridan's shop, in the building now occupied by John Stauffer, and Berrell sometimes dropped in there to be treated to a cigar. Now, it was arranged, between the Judge and Sheridan, that when Berrell came along again he should be advised to try the cigar trick on Sheridan, by way of retaliation. The suggestion pleased him. He could not load the cigar himself,—he had neither cigar nor powder,—but would not the Judge have the kindness to load one for him? "Certainly." The Judge was always very accommodating. "Put in a big load." And the Judge did. When Berrell presented the cigar-bomb Sheridan received it with a most innocent grace. "This is a good cigar, and I know it," said he blandly; "it has the right scent. I have been smoking some of the same brand. In fact, I have some of the same kind in my coat pocket here now. Let me give you one, so we can take a friendly smoke together." Berrell never suspected the plot, and eagerly accepted the tempting cigar. But instead of another cigar, Sheridan adroitly handed him back the one that was loaded. They began to smoke in the most social way, and blew off the smoke in smoker fashion. Two pictures of life have always seemed to us above all others expressive of contentment. One is a cow chewing her cud after having come in from the pasture field, and the other is a man smoking a cigar, or pipe, after meal time. But in this case the real expression may be supposed to have rather been

one of expectation. Daddy Berrell had taken his usual seat near the stove, and now kept one eye on Sheridan. Sheridan also watched Berrell, but only as a tiger watches you, without looking directly at you, when you stand in front of his cage in the menagerie. Directly behind Berrell was a large tub filled with water, in which Sheridan put the strips of leather to soak before working them up into harness. Presently the enjoyment on the one side was suddenly interrupted—on the other side as suddenly augmented and brought to a climax—by an explosion. But this time it was not Sheridan's cigar that exploded. It was the one that Daddy Berrell puffed at. It must have been heavily charged, according to direction. The effect was terrific. Daddy fell backwards from the stool into the tub and got soaking wet. He could not help it. And Sheridan laughed. He could not help it. Berrell did not laugh like he did when Sheridan's eyelashes were singed. He could not see where the fun came in this time. He thought that he had *somehow* got the wrong cigar, but Sheridan has always insisted that he *anyhow* took the right one.

#### Bears and Bald Heads.

The author of "Annals of Buffalo Valley" sends us the following story, and says that he found it upon one of the manuscripts of the late George A. Snyder, of Williamsport, Pa. He adds that he cannot positively affirm who the fearless young doubter was, but that to the best of his knowledge and belief he was the late Edward C. McClure, of Lock Haven, Pa.:

An instance of the ill effects of false teaching occurred lately in this place. A forward and spoiled child, a son of one of my friends, had been told the story of the children torn by bears as a punishment for their disrespect of the Prophet Elisha, and was menaced with a like fate, should he commit a like insult to any bald-headed old man. Neddy was of course restrained by fear for awhile, but was not slow to learn that there were no bears in Williamsport, and the temptation to impudence was too strong for one who had not been taught to realize to himself that disrespect to the aged is disgraceful in the eyes of the world and displeasing to God. A man with a bald head happened to pass his father's door. Neddy looked after him and shouted: "Go up bald-head! Go up bald-head! Now bring on your bears!"

#### A Hungry Catfish.

David McCarty,—our whilom sportsman, whom we have already several times mentioned, (pages 36 and 149), and who died in August last,—told

us only a few months before his decease that the biggest catfish he ever caught, during his thirty years' sojourn near the banks of the Mississippi, weighed "only forty pounds." But he then related to us how a good neighbor of his caught a much larger catfish; and we must tell the story, as we are sure that it will interest all our young and old boy readers who like the sport of catching fish with hook and line. His friend, he said, wanted to get rid of a brace of pups that nobody wanted, so he concluded to drown them in a deep pool connected by a slough with the Mississippi River. He tossed one of the condemned canines into the hole at the base of a large rock, and was the next instant surprised to see a great catfish come to the surface and soon disappear with the unfortunate pup in its mouth. A minute or so later he dropped in the other pup—poor little thing!—when he was amazed to see the voracious fish reappear, and as deliberately swallow it also, and again disappear. He then hurried off to the nearest blacksmith shop and had a catfish hook made. By the time the hook was ready he had procured a beef liver from a butcher, and secured a light rope, and thus well equipped for fishing he returned to the pool to try his skill and strength with the big catfish. Fortunately, perhaps, he invited a friend to go along to see the fun. As before, he dropped the tempting morsel into the pool from the great rock. As before, the ravenous denizen of the deep hole appeared, opened and closed its big mouth, and disappeared. As before, the fish started for its hiding place, but the liver was attached to the hook,—the hook was affixed to the end of a rope,—the other end of the rope was in the hands of the late and now curious owner of the pups—and said late owner wanted the party now surrounding said pups and liver to come up out of the water on the big rock. A great commotion was the result. The fish at once resolved not to come out, and came pretty near having its own way about it. Had it not been for the timely interference of the man who came to see the fun, McCarty said, the excited fisherman would have been dragged off the rock into the pool and lost his fish. That catfish weighed nearly one hundred pounds. It was surely a great, hungry catfish. And it must have been nearly all mouth and stomach, to be able to dispose of two pups and a beef liver. It was such a fish that the Dutchman perhaps saw when he exclaimed: "*Vat eyes! vat a head! unt himmel, vat a maul!*"

# THE NOW AND THEN.

ISSUED BI-MONTHLY.

J. M. M. GERNERD, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

For terms of subscription and advertising rates, see cover.

Entered at the Muncy Post-Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

MARCH AND APRIL, 1890.

## Do You Want Meginness' History?

Any person in this neighborhood who desires to secure a copy of Meginness' valuable new History of the West Branch Valley, will please call at the office of the *NOW AND THEN*. We have now only three copies remaining on hand. Have already disposed of twenty-five copies for the author's benefit in this vicinity. And probably as many more living in the Muncy Valley have bought the work direct of him. Any reader wishing a copy sent by mail will please send his money and order direct to Mr. Meginness. See the advertisement on the third page of the cover of *NOW AND THEN*. Remember that the edition is limited to about 800 copies, and that it will not be safe to procrastinate if you are anxious to possess one. See what we have already said on pages 12 and 82 of *NOW AND THEN* concerning the contents of the large, well illustrated and handsomely bound volume.

## Shall the Now and Then be Continued?

One more number and this volume of the *NOW AND THEN* will be completed? We are amazed when we consider that almost two years have rushed by since we renewed the publication. Who among us weak mortals can realize how swiftly Time flies? The passing hours, days, weeks, months and years seem no more ours than the passing flowers. When gone, we cannot repossess them, and can only hope for a succession of others to replace them. How true it is that, as we are reminded by our title page, "We take no note of Time, but from its loss." And is it not just as true that "To give it then a tongue, is wise in man?" This is what we have now and then attempted to do, in the carefully arranged pages of the *NOW AND THEN*.

Shall the *NOW AND THEN* be continued? The publisher has been urged by many readers not to suspend its publication, but he desires to hear from as many others as possible on the subject. We would be glad to hear from all! The short

journey we have had together on the great Sea of Time has been so very pleasant, that he confesses that he feels loath to part company with his readers. Shall we go ahead, take another trip together, and publish another volume? All who favor the motion already put by some scores of readers to have the *NOW AND THEN* continued as a bi-monthly magazine in its present enlarged form, to have it remain devoted—Then as Now—to History, Amusement, Instruction and Advancement, to be furnished at the present low rate of subscription, and to be paid for in advance, or as soon as possible after the commencement of the new volume, will please at once express their wish by giving the editor due notice of said decision. We would like to hear by postal card, or letter, from all our readers before the contents of the next and last number of this volume are ready to go into the hands of the printer. Remittances for subscription for another volume, let it be understood, are not wanted until the editor has announced his decision to continue the publication. Not until—*Then*.

But, in the meantime, remittances for the subscriptions still due us for the present volume are in order, and will be thankfully received *Now*. Every dime is needed *Now*.

## Errata.

It was the hope of the editor that the columns of the *NOW AND THEN* might be kept entirely free from errors, but some annoying perversions have crept into them in spite of him, of everybody, and of everything. He well knew that the pioneer, James Ecroyd, met with the misfortune mentioned on page 118 on Plunkett's Creek, but that stream had so long and so often been associated in his mind with the name of Barbour, that he unthinkingly called it Barbour's Run. It was not a little gratifying, however, to have that veteran editor, Judge Charles D. Eldred, say, as he did on page 152, that the error does not detract from the merits of the article.

Even Judge Eldred himself is not infallible, or he would not have said that Mrs. John Hill was a daughter of John Robb in his excellent article referred to, when he certainly meant to say that she was a daughter of Robert Robb. We are glad, however, to be able to return the compliment paid our article, by saying that his error does not depreciate the value of his esteemed contribution.

On page 147 we said that "Uncle" John McCarty died on the 29th day of January. We should have said that he died on the 29th day of June. We strangely overlooked this error when reading the proof sheets. We know no other way now than for each subscriber to put the errata at the proper places on the margins, though we must say that we sincerely regret the necessity of such marks of imperfection.

How easy it is for the compositor to get a single letter wrong in a word; yet a single letter in one little word may make considerable difference in the meaning of a whole sentence, or even change the sense of an entire article. Instead of the "fall crops of clover" mentioned on page 152, we had written "full crops of clover." The farmers who advise the cutting of grass for hay from two to three weeks earlier than it is usually cut we believe are right, and we therefore prefer to have ours cut as soon as the first blossoms begin to drop. The roots of the grass cut thus early remain, as claimed, much more vigorous and a better after-crop, or a full crop,—which is what we said we plowed under to manure our land,—is more likely to be the result. It is evident that it must impoverish the soil vastly more to allow the crop to get fully ripe before cutting; and that, instead of being more nutritious for stock, as some suppose, in consequence of certain chemical changes, such hay is said to be really less nutritious. Cattle relish clover best when it is still young, juicy and tender, and they thrive best on it, and, when cut before it is nearly dead ripe, it also, for the same reason, makes more tender and nutritious hay. The earliest hay I ever made my cows relished the most. But to say "fall crops" was not, however, very much out of the way. The object of the article was merely to show the value of plowing under *full* crops—tops and roots—to enrich the soil.

When on page 54 we mentioned George K. Fredericks, we should have said Joseph K. Fredericks, as he was the anti-Mason whom we had mentioned on the preceding page. Our thoughtful readers can readily understand how by a "slip of the pen" this happened.

Mrs. Mary J. Levan on page 94 said: "In 1836 Jacob Shoemaker built the present mill." She had so understood, but she learned soon after her very interesting article appeared that the present structure was erected by Peter Shoemaker, and now she says she must always regret this inaccuracy. Erase the Christian

name Jacob and write Peter on the margin.

Another esteemed contributor, Joseph H. McMinn,—not John H., as by mistake we got his name on page 23,—also feels quite mortified, and fancies that he has made the most humiliating of all the blunders. In a letter received from him recently he says: "To think I should make such a galling blunder as to say that the Indians claimed 'Pine Creek as the treaty line when they knew it was Lycoming Creek,' when the truth is just exactly the reverse." See page 142. "How natural it seems for us, or at least for some of us," he adds, "to go wrong, and that an effort is always required to do right." Do not worry about this, friend Joseph, but go *write* on in the effort to "do right." The correction is made, or will be made, by our careful and interested readers. The Indians who were *Then* especially interested are all gone, and so there will be no trouble about the treaty line *Now*.

It would be a felicitous thing—and a remarkable thing—if we mortals could always do just right in every kind of work that we undertake; but, unless there is a radical change in human nature, error will always be more or less inevitable. The only people who never mistake are the useless people who never do anything. It is perhaps vain to hope that no more such errors will occur in these columns, but we all, nevertheless, hope that there will be no more. Yet, we do not hesitate to hint that, as an amateur journal, we do not make more than what might be considered our share.

### Critique on Criticisms.

A number of letters have been received from readers who respectfully dissent from what has now and then been said editorially, on certain biological and theological subjects. To publish all such letters now on hand and that threaten to come, and to reply to each criticism or interrogatory in detail, the forty columns of each number of the *NOW AND THEN* would be taken up, and the character of the magazine would be changed. Instead of being devoted to "History, Amusement, Instruction, Advancement," as *Now*, it would *Then*, it is apprehended, be consecrated to Theology, Mythology, Dogma and Endless Controversy. But there are other objections besides taking up so much space. Most readers do not care much for such disputation. The readers who do like such matter can get all they want in other journals, and the kind that suits them, as each can select his own favorite

kind. And, moreover, we could not settle the questions about which the world has been disputing for twenty centuries, about some of them perhaps fifty or sixty centuries, and so we cannot take up the space that would be demanded by such hopeless controversy.

It is impossible to please all readers alike. As the circulation of the *NOW AND THEN* increases, the editor realizes more and more that there are many tastes and wants to satisfy. A number of intelligent readers, for instance, call themselves Liberals. The views advanced in the editorials referred to are not liberal enough for them, and so some of these free-thinkers have intimated that they would like to see the *NOW AND THEN* hoist the Liberal flag. It need not be explained what some mean by the term Liberal, and that we are not a Liberal. We believe that Jesus of Nazareth was a historical verity; that He was tried, condemned and crucified; that He was dead, buried and raised; and that science alone cannot establish ethics and religion on so good, grand and solacing a basis as He has done. Other suggestions, and other objections, have been made, but the space cannot be spared to notice them. Reference is now, however, more especially made to the criticisms on the views expressed regarding life, death, earth, hell and heaven; on which subjects we regard the Bible—but not all the dogmas of popular theology—as in most wonderful and beautiful accord with the established truths of science. Perhaps, for variety and instruction, we may devote several columns of the next number to examples of these animadversions and to comments thereon.

### Against Grave-yards.

If cremation and desiccation continue to gain rapidly in public favor as now seems probable, there is one custom that must meet with a rapidly growing opposition. The advocates of both these methods of disposing of the dead are alike opposed to the burial of the dead in church-yards, or in any other "God's Acre." As the country grows older and the population increases, the evils of earth-burial are becoming more manifest and better understood. An able paper on Sanitary Entombment, or "The Ideal Disposition of the Dead," in the December number of *The (Brooklyn) Sanitarian*, by the Rev. Charles R. Treat, rector of the Church of the Archangel, New York City, should be read by every one who desires to know what can be

truthfully said, and what is said by the highest authorities, against grave-yards. We have room for but two citations. Lord Beaconsfield, the author says, in 1880 declared in the House of Lords: "The grave-yard is an institution prejudicial to the public health, and the health of the people ought to be one of the considerations of a statesman. The time has arrived when a safer disposition of the dead should be instituted." Dr. James M. Kellar, in his report to the session of the American Public Health Association, at St. Louis, in 1884, did not, we are told, overstate the truth when he declared: "We believe that the horrid practice of earth-burial does more to propagate the germs of disease and death, and to spread desolation and pestilence over the human race, than all man's ingenuity and ignorance in every other custom."

### Musser Post, No. 66, G. A. R.

Although there is more or less interest felt in the Grand Army of the Republic, by citizens outside of the organization, yet many do not appear to quite understand the objects that it seeks to accomplish. Its purpose is to perpetuate the fraternal feelings and patriotic sentiments that link the hearts and minds of the men who together fought and suffered to put down the great rebellion and preserve the Union, to assist one another when in need of assistance and protection, to give needed aid to the widows and orphans of the comrades who are deceased, and to cherish and preserve the memory and services of every comrade, whether living or fallen. As expressed in the roster of the Posts of the Department of Pennsylvania, one of the grand objects aimed at by the Grand Army of the Republic is:

"To maintain true allegiance to the United States of America, based upon a paramount respect for, and fidelity to the National Constitution and laws, to discountenance whatever tends to weaken loyalty, incites to insurrection, treason or rebellion, or in any manner impairs the efficiency and permanency of our free institutions, and to encourage the spread of universal liberty, equal rights and justice to all men."

Col. John D. Musser Post, No. 66, was chartered by the Department of Pennsylvania G. A. R., on the 10th day of August, 1877. During the thirteen years since that date 170 comrades have been enrolled. Of this number sixteen have since died and thirty-seven have withdrawn, moved to other places, or have been dropped from the roll of the Post. The present number enrolled and in good standing is 115. Of

the nine Grand Army organizations in Lycoming County No. 66 ranks second in strength, Reno Post, No. 64, of Williamsport, taking the lead with more than 300 members.

Fine cabinet photographs of the deceased comrades, in suitable frames, adorn the walls of the Post room of No. 66. These are arranged in the order in which the lamented compatriots fell from the ranks and ceased to attend the Camp Fires. They do not answer "Here" when the roll is called, but there is always a silent response that they are still *Here* in the hearts of their living comrades. The deceased comrades, named in the order in which they fell, are: M. S. Fredericks, B. F. Madara, Joseph I. Painter, H. C. Crawford, James McBride, Wm. C. McCarty, Theodore C. Wells, Jerome B. Hedden, Joseph C. Crouse, John P. Smith, Andrew Sollery, Andrew Werling, John Schick, Edward B. Stokes, Andrew Madison, Alexander Warn.

During the winter months the Post meets every Wednesday evening, and in the summer months every alternate Wednesday evening. The meetings are always interesting. Before called to "order," and after the command to "break ranks," reading, conversation and sometimes card playing, are the usual pastimes. Often the meetings are made doubly interesting by visiting comrades who make speeches, relate reminiscences of the war, or give information regarding other Grand Army Posts. A frequent and welcome visitor is Comrade M. L. Wagonseller, of Selinsgrove, who always comes with words of good cheer, and brings something new and instructive. The Post room is also furnished with a small but valuable library of books, some war pictures, and a collection of relics of the rebellion. A large and beautiful map of the Muncy Cemetery, showing the exact location of the grave of every soldier there buried, is one of the latest additions to the treasures of the Post. It was executed by De La Lloyd, who has become a distinguished expert at such work.

The experiences and adventures of the soldiers of Muncy Valley during the late rebellion would furnish material for volumes. These defenders of the Stars and Stripes represent every branch of service, every military department, every campaign, all the most noted rebel prisons, and took part in nearly all the important battles that were fought. There are two other prosperous G. A. R. posts quite near Muncy—D. L. Montgomery Post, No. 264, at Montgomery

Station, and Jonathan R. Bryan Post, No. 503, at Hughesville. We hope we can from time to time, if we continue to publish the *NOW AND THEN*, give our readers at least brief notes of the war trials and recollections of the self-sacrificing men of this section, who rallied around the Flag in the dark and memorable days of 1861-65. They *THEN* helped to make a thrilling and glorious history, and history should not *Now* forget them.

By the way, there are old soldiers still scattered here and there, living in sight of the south side of this end of the Bald Eagle Mountain, who ought to unite with one or the other of these three Grand Army organizations, as may be most convenient to each on account of attending the meetings, and do their part to maintain and enlarge their usefulness. They certainly miss a great deal of enjoyment by not doing so, as there is heaps of *fun* and pleasure in meeting your old comrades in the Post room, and talking over the times that tried your nerves, your back bones, your legs, and your love of home and country. And then, too, every now and then the Grand Army boys get up a feast, an oyster supper, a bean bake, or some other festivity, and again it is pleasant to be around and perform your part of the ceremonies. But a higher motive of participation should be the nobler objects that the Grand Army seeks to accomplish, and of which we have already spoken. Come, old soldiers, get the pass words and countersign, and once more fall into line. No wearisome marches, no wormy hard-tack, no getting maimed, no incarceration in rebel prisons, no sleeping in the mud or on sharp-edged Virginia fence-rails, *Now*.

### Lycoming's First Blood in the Union Cause.

John DeHass, of Muncy, was a member of Capt. John M. Bowman's company of three months' men, Eleventh Regiment, P. V., that participated in the first campaign of the civil war, and he was, so far as we have been able to ascertain, the first soldier from this county, if not this part of Pennsylvania, to pour out his blood on Southern soil in defense of the Old Flag. He was severely wounded in the right leg by a minie-ball, on the 2d day of July, 1861, at the battle of Falling Waters. A moment later a ball grazed the skull and cut the scalp of Simon Stadler, of Turbotsville, and knocked him senseless, but he soon recovered and resumed his place in the ranks; and this was probably the

first blood for Northumberland County. A number of casualties quickly followed in the regiment, but the rebels soon retreated, and Captain Bowman says the engagement can now be considered as only a "decent skirmish," though it might have been serious enough if Stonewall Jackson had not concluded to run so that he might live to fight another day. DeHass still has the ball that disabled him, and would not exchange it for several times its weight in gold. It had evidently first struck the ground, as is indicated by its shape and its upward course and lodgment in the leg. We well remember how, in the evening of the day when DeHass was brought home, a large concourse of citizens turned out to give him a grateful greeting, and what a beautiful and touching impromptu address Robert Hawley made, when he was called on to speak by the sympathetic and patriotic assembly, from the steps at the front door of the DeHass home,—now the residence of Lee Root,—on South Main Street. It was our first serious local episode of the war. We had not yet got inured to the profession of human slaughter, and few could then realize the horrors that were soon to follow. We had not yet learned how terribly the South was in earnest. But the names on the beautiful monument in the Muncy Cemetery of the seventy or more brave boys of this immediate neighborhood, who afterwards died on the field of carnage and in hospital,—and the hundreds who came home with wounds and scars, and injuries from hardships and exposure that they must bear through life,—testify how dimly we saw into the future, and how relentlessly fierce the contest soon became. As the Rev. A. E. Taylor, in the annual sermon that he preached to the Col. John D. Musser Post, G. A. R., on the Sunday evening preceding Decoration Day two years ago, sportively reminded the comrades, the three months' men gaily marched down to Dixie land to the tune of "The girl I left behind me," and three months later they hurried home on the double-quick to the inspiring tune of "The mountain's on fire, run boys, run."

#### Advertising Letters Fifty Years Ago.

Fifty years ago our business men did not go to the post-office every day, or send their children, as most of us do now. Although the business of all the offices then established in the county has grown immensely, yet the number of letters advertised Now is small in comparison to

the number advertised Then. Looking over an old *Muncy Telegraph* we were much interested in Postmaster Wm. A. Petrikin's long "List of Letters"—nearly 100 in number—remaining in the Muncy post-office on the 1st day of July, 1840. In the list are the names of many of the prominent men of that day, as for instance: Joseph Adlum, Isaac Bruner, Valentine Beeber, Jacob Cooke, Samuel Craft, James B. Doctor, Dr. J. W. Eldred, William Flack, Col. John Gortner, George W. Lebo, Edward Lyon, Robert McCormick, Nathaniel Mohr, Dr. R. P. Stratton, Dr. George Treon, John Whitlock, and many others still well remembered by this generation. Our present obliging and efficient postmaster, P. M. Trumbower, would need about two or three columns of space in the *Luminary* every week if he advertised as many letters in proportion to the number now handled in the office. Some idea of the marvelous growth of the postal business of the United States since that time may be formed from the fact that as late as 1845 the total number of letters, books, magazines, etc., mailed in one year, amounted to 29,000,000. Fifteen years ago Boston alone already in one year mailed 39,000,000 articles. Ten years ago the entire mail of the United States already amounted to 2,215,168,124 separate articles. We cannot realize to what extent the postal service will develop in 1890, and much less could our fathers half a century ago realize its present wonderful development. And many are the changes and improvements that have been made since that day. They did not have postage stamps to stick on the letters then, but it took a great many more "stamps", to pay the postage. The use of postage stamps was first authorized by an act of Congress approved on the 3d day of March, 1847. Although the rate of postage had then already been greatly reduced, it still cost ten cents to send a letter when the distance exceeded 300 miles, and five cents when the distance was less. A prediction that we would in a few years send letters across the continent for two cents, and in the short time it now takes them to cross, would then have appeared wild. Unless we look back sometimes and consider how our ancestors lived fifty years ago, we can but faintly realize what railroads, telegraphs, telephones, steam printing, and inventions in general have done, and are doing, for business and society. Most business men now go or send to the post-office two, three and four times a day, and their letters are never advertised. And now, to look ahead fifty years, we would ask—as we are afraid to venture a prediction—what will the mail service be like, and what will the magnitude of the postal business be *Then*?

# THE NOW AND THEN.

Devoted to History, Amusement, Instruction, Advancement.

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VOL. 2.

MUNCY, PA., MAY AND JUNE, 1890.

No. 12.

## A REMARKABLE GUNSHOT WOUND.

### The Case of Daniel V. Moyer, Company H, Fifth Pennsylvania Reserves.

On the 26th of June, 1862, the Union Army, under General McClellan, and the Confederate Army, under General Lee, were about to engage in a series of most desperate conflicts. On that date began the battles before Richmond, which continued almost incessantly through several successive days. That was a week of most intense interest to those who had relatives at the front. Shortly after the battle of Gaines' Mill, on June 27th, I met Lieutenant Robert Maxwell, who informed me that my brother Daniel was among the killed. I had to carry the awful news to my parents and the rest of the family. The evening papers came, and his name was in the list of the killed. I went to Muncy, Pa., to see Lyman Shaw, who was a drummer boy in the engagement. He said my brother was shot through the body, and that he must have died that night. A few days later a letter came to my father, written by a soldier named William Jenners, who said he saw my brother's grave at Savage Station. Then we felt we could no longer hope against hope.

The ravages of war are indicated in that about three days after William Jenners wrote the letter, he himself was killed by a cannon ball; and a few days before the attack on Fredericksburg, Lieutenant Maxwell died in camp of fever.

In the course of time my father received the following letter:

CAMP, NEAR HARRISON'S BAR,  
On James River, July 9, 1862.

MR. JOHN MOYER.

Sir: It is with sincere sorrow that I have to inform you of your son Daniel being wounded in the fight of the 27th of June. He was very severely wounded by a ball passing through the lower part of his body, and the doctor said perhaps not injuring his intestines. He was carried off the field, placed in a New York ambulance and taken to some hospital. He was not seen after this by any of our boys.

While yet with him, he was very cheerful and confident. With all the rest of our wounded, we were obliged to leave him behind. He fought bravely until a short time before the regiment fell back, when he was wounded. In the fight of the day before, as in this, he was cool and collected, and among the bravest of the brave.

He was highly estimated by his fellow-soldiers and officers for his uniform good conduct and his kindness to all. To the best of my knowledge he never used profane language, and was a gentleman in every sense of the word. All we can do is to trust that his wound is not fatal, and that he is a prisoner. Anything I can learn further from him I will let you know. I have a great deal of business to attend to and cannot write more. I, too, lost a brother in the fight of the 30th.

With sympathy, truly yours,

HARRY B. PAXTON,

Lt. Com. Co. H, 5th Reg't P. R.

It is needless to say that Lieutenant Paxton's letter, so full of tender regard, was very comforting to us. Furthermore, we began to hope that my brother was taken prisoner. Of us all none suffered so keenly as my mother. Her grief at times was extreme. An elderly gentleman, of sympathetic tendencies, who had lost a son in the early days of the war, came to offer his consoling words. He said that in times like these it became every one to be hopeful, cheerful, patriotic and brave; that all must expect and be prepared for the worst, and that now was the time for the manifestation of a truly heroic character. But at this point in his eloquent remarks he said: "I too am carrying a heavy burden; you know I too have lost a son." And unable to bear up longer, he began to weep bitterly and to cry aloud in sorrow. My mother found that there was something of solace in a common woe.

In the order of events I introduce the following:

HOSPITAL NEAR RICHMOND, VA.,  
July 4, 1862.

DEAR FATHER:

I suppose before this the newspapers have told you that our regiment has had a fight, and that several of us were wounded. The first day I

fared well—got through safe and did my duty; but on the day following, as the rattle of musketry began, I did not stand an hour. A large musket ball struck me about two inches left of the navel, and passed out about one inch above hip bone, and about three from back. I do well, but am very anxious about you. Don't worry. I shall get along and likely get home soon. This goes by flag of truce today, so I must close.

D. V. MOYER.

This letter must have been written under great difficulties. It is evident, even to the casual observer, that the writer was scarcely able to hold the pencil. The flag of truce, however, did not perform its duty promptly, for the letter did not reach its destination till after several months had passed away. But the following letter contained a revelation:

DEAR FATHER:

I am now lying wounded in the Camden Street Hospital, Baltimore, after three weeks' imprisonment, a part of which I passed in Richmond, where we were paroled last Friday. My wound is in the abdomen; it passed through my entrails and came out of the back, making a good wound. I am improving, though not as fast as I thought when I wrote last. I am receiving the best of treatment, and you must not be alarmed or anxious on my account. I would like to have you send me the letters that the regiment sent you. Please write a long letter as soon as you receive this. Write to brother Harry and tell him to come down here and stay a week with me if he can. I will try and find accommodations for him if I possibly can. Tell mother she must keep in good spirits, and as soon as I am able I think the doctors will send me home. If brother Harry cannot come, he must write to me. Write as often as he can. From your affectionate son.

DANIEL V. MOYER,

Camden Street Hospital, Baltimore, Md.

July 22d.

(Written for D. V. M., by Sister Nettie.)

Sister Nettie was a lady appointed to attend to the correspondence of the wounded soldiers, who had been brought from Richmond by the transport Louisiana. She secured from him, in his semi-conscious condition, enough information on which to base the letter, and then supplied the rest, hoping it might suit the case.

As to receiving this letter my sister Harriet writes: "When I went to the office Mr. Gideon Smith, the post-office clerk, asked me if we had heard anything further concerning my brother. I said we had not. He said, 'Here is a letter that will tell you something about him.' I was so excited I could not open it. I handed it back to him and told him to read it. He opened it, and after glancing at it, said: 'It is from your

brother.' I ran as fast as I could to where my father was working, and said, 'I have a letter from Dan.' He exclaimed, 'What!' He was so nervous he could not read it. I was on my knees before him, and after some time I managed to read the letter. It was as though one had come back from the dead."

Before the letter arrived I was engaged as an accountant at the lumber mills of Mr. Peter Dickinson, near Lock Haven. A few days before it came I was home on a short visit. I went into our bed room, and opening the wardrobe, saw hanging there my brother's clothing. I was overcome with grief. Throwing myself upon the bed I became unconscious and had a vision. A few days after my return to Mr. Dickinson's lumber mills, my brother's letter, written by Sister Nettie, reached me, being forwarded from Williamsport, and it was also sent in haste to me by the Lock Haven postmaster. I took the first train for Baltimore, reached there about daybreak, and was driven at once to Camden Street Hospital. The only stir about the hospital was a soldier sweeping off the stone steps of the building. I asked him to lead me to my brother. He hesitated, saying: "There are six hundred wounded soldiers here; how can I find him?" But my persistency prevailed. After going up some flights of stairs, and passing several wards, we paused at ward No. 12, and he said: "We will hunt for him here." While he went into room No. 1, my brother, lying in room No. 2, saw me through the open door and called to me. He was the first wounded soldier I saw. I found him in the early morning, in a large hospital, in a strange city, in a remarkably short space of time. Subsequently I felt impressed that my vision a few days before was no small factor in the successful search. However that may be, who can tell?

My brother was much emaciated and very weak. I knew him only by the shape of his forehead. His eyes floated in filmy matter and his voice was unnatural. The fact that he knew me and called me by name, was to me the best evidence that he was my brother. He made inquiry as to the family at home, and very shortly after dropped into an uneasy sleep, from which for some time after it was somewhat difficult to awaken him. Presently the attendants came and dressed his wound. I saw he could not long endure their rugged methods, and decided to ask the privilege of taking the entire care of him myself. Soon after Assistant Surgeon Dr. E. G. Waters came

and readily granted my request, adding that in a few days I could take his remains home, as he could not possibly long survive. I believed his statement, wrote to my parents to be prepared for what was almost certain to occur, and suggested who the bearers should be to carry his body from the depot to our home.

At this point let us consider some of his personal experience during the past four weeks. He was wounded about 4 o'clock in the afternoon on June 27th. He was in a reclining position, as the regiment was ordered to protect itself as much as possible from the fire of the enemy. When struck, he mechanically rose up, threw himself forward on his musket and fell to the ground. He describes his feelings thus: "My physical sensations on being wounded were that some one had struck me with a club, or the butt of his musket, and I actually turned over and said, 'who struck me,' before I appreciated my condition. As soon as I knew that I was shot my first thoughts were of home—mother—heaven,—and I didn't know which I should see first. In a few minutes I grew terribly sick and vomited until I guess I was entirely empty." After being shot he was dragged a few steps to the rear, when Captain McCleary, of his company, examined him, who, upon finding that the ball had passed through his body, exclaimed: "My God! Moyer!" He was then carried quite a distance to the rear, when about half past five o'clock he saw the Irish Brigade go into action on the "double-quick." He partly rose up and began to cheer, but becoming exhausted, fell back again, and soon after became unconscious.

Next day he regained consciousness and found himself to be at Savage Station. He, with many others, lay on the damp ground, for it had rained heavily during the night. Near by was the surgeons' table, and the work of amputation was rapidly going on. He heard the grunting of hogs, and soon saw them slowly approaching, evidently attracted by the scent of blood. Presently the battle began in all its fury. For some time the wounded lay between the opposing forces and witnessed a part of the conflict. A flag of truce, offered by our side, fortunately resulted in the cessation of hostilities on this part of the field. Suddenly great haste was indicated, and soon it became evident that the army, with all its belongings, was on the retreat. Shortly after the rebels took possession and the wounded Union soldiers were prisoners. "When captured," he says, "I felt that I was lost, gave a

sigh, and resigned myself to any fate likely to befall me."

These wounded prisoners were sent to Richmond. He says: "We were taken to Richmond on a freight train. At Richmond my worst suffering consisted in neglect and starvation; however, a kind-hearted lady gave me some blackberries and tea, but how I continued to live I do not know. After a sojourn in and near Richmond of some twenty days, with the moist ground and the hard, splintered planks of the depot platform for my bed, with only a cap and shoes for clothing, I was finally fortunate enough to be paroled, because I couldn't be of any use and wouldn't die." The squad detailed to carry the paroled wounded soldiers to the ambulance hesitated to take him, upon the ground that he was too weak to stand the journey, and that he might as well die in Richmond as anywhere else. He, however, prevailed in his pleading with two gallant Georgia boys, who finally lifted him into the ambulance.

A startling incident occurred one day while on the depot platform. A man, very much intoxicated, came along, and after looking at him, savagely remarked: "You'll die." The wounded man, pointing to the flag which floated from Libby Prison, replied: "Not while that flag floats there." Thereupon the man drew a revolver, and with a terrible oath thrust it into his face, threatening instant death. But strange to say, a gentler disposition assumed control, and in the kindest tones he said: "Pard, would you like a drink of water?" and then supplemented his kind suggestion with most generous actions.

The transport Louisiana carried the wounded from Richmond to Baltimore. The revolving motion of the wheels was a constant source of suffering. He became very weak and began to despair of life. During the most of the trip he was only semi-conscious, and was much disposed to flighty and irrational talk. But he remembers the kind hand of a Sister of Mercy upon his lips, and a kind voice ever saying: "You must not talk, you must keep your strength."

When reaching Camden Street Hospital he was gently cared for; was placed on a comfortable couch, a clean night-robe was put on him, his hands were folded across his breast, and one lady said: "He will be past all trouble before morning." He could make no reply, but thought to himself, "I'll try and disappoint you, my good lady; I propose not to go just yet." He was able to keep his resolve, though more

creased the danger of social and political caste increased, and the time soon came when the public school grew to be a necessity and became the "bulwark of American freedom." Universal suffrage demanded universal education. Fortunate for true democracy, therefore, that there were so many citizens who appreciated the necessity of education without respect to person, caste or condition.

Although fighting the Mexicans was not in any sense a safe and an agreeable pastime, Bishop remarked that it was nothing compared to battling with the Johnnies when they undertook to go out of the Union. If Santa Anna's men had fought like the Confederates, our venerable comrade thinks that Generals Taylor and Scott with their rather diminutive armies would have been "gobbled right up." Santa Anna and Ampudia he thinks were better generals, however, than they sometimes had the credit of being, though they had very few good officers and no competent engineers to support them.

Bishop and our late respected townsman, Samuel H. Wallis,—brother of Howard R. Wallis—enlisted together in the Third U. S. Heavy Artillery, in February, 1863. In the spring of '64 they joined the 188th P. V. Infantry, a regiment just then being organized, and together shared its fortunes, and often drank out of the same canteen, until the close of the rebellion. Bishop participated in the battles of Fair Oaks, White Oaks, and in a number of the engagements in front of Richmond. Wallis was in but few fights, though as brave a lad as wore the blue, because on account of his education and ready penmanship he was frequently detailed for special duty. When Fort Harrison—so named by the Unionists after its capture—was taken, the 188th was the first regiment to plant the Union colors on the rebel ramparts. The disunionists did not like to give up the fort, and a day or two afterwards made two desperate attempts to retake it,—the prisoners then taken said that General Lee had promised to give them a twenty-day furlough if they retook it—but our boys, for certain military reasons, did not want them to have it any longer.

"Were you ever badly frightened?" we asked Comrade Bishop the other day while seated on the verandah of his house, near the river, chatting with him about war times. "Oh! Lord, yes!" was the quick response, as he proceeded to answer the question. "Sam Wallis and I one day stood face to face, about six feet apart, during an artillery duel while we occupied Fort Harrison, when, looking over his left shoulder, he said: 'Look, Bishop, that shell is going to drop very close to us.' I looked over my right shoulder and saw that the shell he was watching seemed to be standing almost still, by which we knew that it was coming pretty direct towards us. I remarked that I thought it was moving a little to our left and that we might as well stand our ground. In a moment more the shell was perhaps not more than fifty or seventy-five feet from us, and exploded with a terrific crash. A

piece as large as my two fists passed directly between us. It seemed to draw my hair and body almost like a magnet, and caused me to turn about as if a big whirlwind had struck me. Sam suddenly dropped to the earth as if he had been killed. One cannot help but dodge at such a time; he does it instinctively, whether he dodges away from or right into the danger. The piece plowed into the ground a few feet beyond us, and then emerged and moved on in a leisure-like way, as if it had about come to the conclusion to stop. A soldier standing some three hundred or more feet in the rear, with a board in his hand, saw it coming and undertook to stop it, but it split his board, knocked it out of his hands, and taught him that even a shell almost spent is not to be fooled with. You have seen battle pictures in which shells are exploding and the frightened soldiers are crouching in all attitudes, trying to save themselves from destruction. Well, you can imagine Sam and I made such a picture. Ever frightened, you ask. Yes. If anything under the sun will make a man feel shaky for a moment, and want to be in some other place, it is to be within a few feet of an exploding shell. It is one of the circumstances of war to which a soldier cannot get entirely accustomed."

"Did the enemy ever make you run?" we next respectfully asked. "Well, my dear sir, he did. I believe he made me run faster once than Levi Priest got over the ground at Gravelly Run." (See page 98). Bishop here went on to relate how he and twenty-six others, soon after the battle of Green Oaks, were one afternoon sent into the woods to "feel for the enemy," and how very unexpectedly they felt him. A much stronger Confederate scouting party was out on the same business, and having discovered the presence of our boys, and being better acquainted with the ground, at once prepared to make good use of their advantages. When our scouts discovered them they were quietly executing a flank movement to cut off our retreat, and had nearly accomplished their purpose. Perceiving the great disparity of numbers, the lieutenant in command saw that a prompt choice of one of three things had to be made, viz., to fight and all be shot down, to surrender and go to Andersonville, or to run and have some chance for life and freedom. The order "Run, boys," was given, and never was a command obeyed more promptly. No one counted three before starting, but all started at the first word. Bishop said he was with the advance before they faced about, and when they got back to their base he was with the front squad again. The boys called him long-legged and long-winded, and he did not dispute with them. "Did I ever run, you ask," said Bishop, as he finished his narration. "Yes, several times, but never as on this particular occasion. The Johnnies fired one volley after us, but they did not appear to be in practice at wing shooting, and did not hit any of us. We flew over the ground. Why, sir, you could not have seen our coat-tails for dirt and gravel stones. I have often heard of soldiers who never turned their backs to the enemy, but—we did."

# THE NOW AND THEN.

Devoted to History, Amusement, Instruction, Advancement.

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VOL. 3.

MUNCY, PA., JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1892.

No. 10.

## Early Methods of Transportation in the West Branch Valley.

An entire number of the NOW AND THEN might be taken up with "history, amusement and instruction," upon each separate era and its peculiar appliances, in the progress of development in the facilities for transportation in this valley, until several complete volumes would be written; so that the task becomes imperative that the mass of valuable information obtainable shall be condensed within the smallest possible limits, though it be at the expense of a pleasing style and interesting detail.

In order to select a definite point of departure, one must enter the unbroken wilderness that covered the entire surface of the West Branch Valley at the time of its earliest discovery, and within the fastnesses of that forest home studiously observe the customs and implements of the mysterious copper-colored race of people that here found an abiding place.

Having no domesticated animals nor vehicles for bearing burdens, their possessions were usually transported from place to place upon the backs of women or prisoners, who laboriously trudged along the rude paths leading over rocky hills and swampy vales, wading through icy cold or swift running streams, the while testing their powers of endurance to the utmost. Otherwise their movements were made upon various contrivances which floated upon the surface of the water and were used to the extreme limits of navigation.

We may imagine that rafts constructed from dry pieces of dead trees were employed in emergencies, as occasion required, from the very dawn of human history, but the clumsiness and inconvenience of this sort of craft led to the development of hollow vessels long before the advent of the white race. In fact the origin of these vessels, together with stone implements, pottery and many articles of perishable nature, belongs, throughout the entire world, to that impenetrable epoch in human history known

among the nations of to-day as the prehistoric age.

The most primitive form of floating vessel among the aborigines, of which we have any knowledge, was literally a *skin tub*, one of the rudest and most awkward of all the inventions designed to alleviate the burden of travel. It consisted of a skeleton formed of flexible poles, lashed together with bark, roots, withes, raw-hide or some other suitable material, and was covered with the hide of some large animal sewed together with the sinews of the deer. Sometimes a single skin, at others several were required to complete the vessel. The hair was left on the outside and soon wore off. These skins were smoked and oiled to preserve them, and at night when traveling were taken out of the water and inverted for use as a shelter from the storm. The form was generally almost round, and the woman while paddling stood at one side as the bow, and by dexterously reaching ahead, drew the vessel forward by a peculiar sideway stroke. This vessel was doubtless the canoe in embryo, and gradually became evolved into the long, narrow shape with sharp ends, as it is found among all savage nations to-day.

The word canoe is of ancient derivation, and signifies a hollow stem or tube. Some scientific investigators ascribe an American origin, as the word was first heard among the natives of San Domingo or Hayti. As produced by the most intellectual of the aboriginal tribes, the canoe was a work of art, in which all the requirements of buoyancy, speed, etc., were duly considered and the craft constructed on correct principles. In those days long portages were frequent, and the canoes were built as light as possible, so as to be readily taken from the water and carried upon the shoulders over mountains and valleys from the head-waters of one stream to those of another. The Sitka Indians furnish the finest specimens of skin canoes to be found to-day, and their toy models occupy a place in many collections of relics and curiosities.

and submitted to him this question: "In your judgment was the stomach or intestine cut by the ball?" He replied: "I am in doubt as to the exact nature of my injury. If it is a fact that my shoes filled with liquid immediately on drinking the whiskey given me before I left the field, and if true that the blackberries given me at Richmond appeared within a few minutes, then the lesion was in the stomach. If fecal odor, accompanied by fecal matter, appeared at the orifice of the wound, as stated by Dr. Waters, then it must have been the descending colon that was injured. My position when shot was such as to change the relation of these organs, and I think both were injured. In healing, the openings or natural passages kept open while the parts matted together. The true nature of the injury will be ascertained only by a *post-mortem*, a process, by the way, to which I object at present."

On October 1, 1872, he was examined by Dr. Edward Allister, of Goshen, Indiana, who says: "He suffers from a hernial protrusion at the seat of wound of exit. The bowel makes its exit at cicatrix of wound, and extends to the left of the point of exit. At this date it is about three inches in length and half as wide."

At present writing—March 3, 1890,—he is in ordinary health, yet suffers constantly more or less pain, weakness and inconvenience; and, but for his astonishing vitality, he would long since have ceased to live.

Questioning the propriety of an article which relates so particularly to personal and family matters, I write only at the urgent solicitation of the editor of this publication, and also with the hesitating consent of the subject of the sketch. Thus encouraged, I submit it to the pages of the *NOW AND THEN*, in the belief that others also will regard it as the history of "A Remarkable Gunshot Wound."

H. C. MOYER.

Moravia, N. Y.

OUR respected Chief Magistrate showed "a sad want of taste in his selection of a favorite flower," said Mrs. Sarah H. Hayes regretfully in the last *NOW AND THEN*. But the Governor of our good old Commonwealth was not so unfortunate in his choice. Mrs. Anna M. Holstein, in a letter in which she approvingly alludes to the article of Mrs. Hayes, says: "I saw Governor Beaver's vote last year—and gave it to a young lady, who wanted his signature—at Williams Grove, and it was for the *mountain laurel*."

## Reminiscences of Old Times on the North and West Branches, or Men and Things Previous to 1850.

No. 3.

### A COUNTY LINE CONTROVERSY— BRADFORD AND LYCOMING.

The history of Lycoming County dates back to the 13th of April, 1795, but it is so interwoven with that of the Commonwealth that a brief reference to the first settlement and subsequent progress of the latter is deemed indispensable to a proper understanding of the sequel. Every student of modern history is aware that King Charles the Second, of Great Britain, conveyed by patent or charter to William Penn, in consideration of services rendered by the latter's father, Admiral Penn, a large territory in North America, bounded by the Delaware River on the east, by the Five Indian Tribes on the north, and by the provinces of Maryland and Virginia on the south and west, to which, subsequently, some small additions were made. The proprietor, William Penn, planted his first colony on the west bank of the Delaware in 1681, but was anticipated by the Dutch and Swedes, who were already there in considerable numbers, but quietly yielded to his authority and government on his arrival. Penn, before leaving England, at a conference with the King, proposed to name his province Sylvania, but his majesty prefixed the word Penn, which thereafter became firm and stable in law as the cognomen of our great Commonwealth. On his arrival in the Delaware he not only laid out and founded the city of Philadelphia, but also divided the Dutch-Swedish and English settlements into three counties, after the fashion of his own country, and named them respectively Philadelphia, Bucks and Chester. These covered the first purchase of the Indians made in 1682. The second purchase was made in 1718, but it was not ratified until 1736. It extended westward to the Susquehanna River, and out of it Lancaster County was formed, in 1729. The third purchase was effected the same year (1736), which extended northward along the Delaware to the Schuylkill Mountains, and thence, following the anthracite coal range south-westward, crossed the Susquehanna River near Harrisburg and terminated at the southern boundary of the province, south of Chambersburg. Out of this territory the county of York was formed in 1749. The Penns—not the founder, but his sons—made the fourth purchase of the Indians in

1749, and the year following, 1750, the county of Cumberland was formed. Berks and Northampton followed in 1752. Another purchase, the fifth, was negotiated in 1754, and ratified in 1758, embracing a large territory west of the Susquehanna and adjoining the last and previously acquired, but which was now in excess of the demand, as it was not settled for many years afterwards. Still the appetite for acquisition "grew with what it fed upon." In 1768 another large purchase, the sixth in order, was effected, which extended all the way from the Delaware River and the north line of the province southwesterly to the south and west line of the same. From this Bedford County was erected in 1771, Northumberland in 1772, and Westmoreland in 1773. Therefore, at the beginning of the Revolutionary war in 1776, about two-thirds of the territory of the subsequent Commonwealth had been purchased of the Indians, and eleven counties formed. Northumberland, from which Lycoming was afterwards taken, was at this time bounded on the south-east by Lancaster, Cumberland, Berks, Bedford and Northampton; on the east by the Delaware River; on the north by the province line, and on the north-west and west by the North Branch as far down as the mouth of the Towanda Creek; thence up the same to its source; thence west to Pine Creek and down it to the West Branch, and by this river westward to the Chinlecamoose Path or Bedford line.

The war for independence, whilst it retarded, did not entirely suspend the spirit for expansion or colonizing new territory, for during the struggle, in 1777, the county of Washington was formed and named after the Commander-in-chief of the army, and six years later, about its close, in 1783, Fayette was constituted. Franklin and Montgomery were organized in 1784. During this latter year the seventh and last purchase of the Indians was concluded, and embraced the entire North-west, except the Small Triangle on Lake Erie, afterwards acquired of the United States in 1792, for the sake of the harbor on the lake. The erection of Dauphin followed in 1785, Luzerne in 1786, Huntingdon in 1787, Allegheny in 1788, Mifflin and Delaware in 1789, Lycoming and Somerset in 1795, Greene in 1796, Wayne in 1798, Adams, Armstrong, Beaver, Butler, Centre, Crawford, Erie, Mercer, Venango and Warren in 1800, Indiana in 1803, Cambria, Clearfield, Jefferson, McKean, Potter and Tioga in 1804, Ontario and Susquehanna in 1810, but

the name of the former was changed to Bradford in 1812; Schuylkill in 1811, Lehigh in 1812, Columbia, Lebanon and Union in 1813, Pike in 1814, Perry in 1820, Juniata in 1831, Monroe in 1836, Clinton and Clarion in 1839, Wyoming in 1842, Carbon and Elk in 1843, Blair in 1846, Sullivan in 1847, Forest in 1848, Lawrence in 1849, Fulton and Montour in 1850, Snyder in 1855, Cameron in 1860, and Lackawanna in 1878.

The boundaries of Lycoming County were indefinitely described in the act erecting the same, as follows: "That all that part of Northumberland County lying north-westward of a line drawn from the Mifflin County line, on the summit of Nattany Mountain; thence running along the top or highest range of said mountain to where the White Deer Hole Creek runs through the same, and from thence, by a direct line crossing the West Branch of the Susquehanna at the mouth of Black Hole Creek, to the end of the Muncy Hills; thence along the top of the Muncy Hills and the Bald Mountain to the Luzerne County line, shall be and the same is hereby erected into a separate county, to be hereafter called and known by the name of Lycoming County." At this time the western boundary of Luzerne County ran from a point on the north line of the State, fifteen miles west of where the same crosses the North Branch of the Susquehanna; thence by a straight line to the head of Towandee Creek; thence along the ridge (Burnet's), which divides the waters of the East (North) Branch of the Susquehanna from those of the West Branch, to a point due west from the mouth of Nescopeck Creek. Therefore, all the territory north-west of the foregoing boundaries became a part of the new county of Lycoming. Included herein was "all that portion of the late purchase situate north and east of the Kittanning, up the Allegheny River to the mouth of the Conawago Creek, and from thence up said creek to the State line, which by an act of Assembly, passed the 8th day of April, 1785, was assigned to Northumberland County, and consequently became a part of the new county of Lycoming in 1795. This vast territory has since been divided up and apportioned in forming the following new counties, viz: Armstrong, Bradford, Clinton, Centre, Clearfield, Indiana, Jefferson, McKean, Potter, Sullivan, Tioga, Venango and Warren, thus justifying the claim of Lycoming as the mother of counties.

It will be observed that the division line be-

tween Lycoming and Luzerne, previous to the formation of Bradford, was the summit of the dividing ridge, known as Burnet's Ridge, but the act of February 21, 1810, somewhat changed it, by requiring a direct line to be drawn from a point on the Lycoming County line (then only an imaginary one) to the south-east corner of Tioga County, (which corner had never been fixed), at the Beaver Dam on Towanda Creek. No commissioners were appointed by this act or its supplement of March 28, 1811, to run and mark the line, and indeed it was unnecessary, for the whole length of it was supposed to be through a wilderness without inhabitants. But the construction of the Berwick and Newtown Turnpike, a few years later, induced settlers to locate on or near this boundary line, and in consequence to create a necessity for its being run and marked. Hence, during the year 1816, the Commissioners of Bradford County took the initiative and employed Judge Stevens, then a prominent surveyor, who resided a few miles below Towanda, on the North Branch, to do the work. Having organized a corps and made arrangements for supplies, the Judge proceeded to the Beaver Dam, at the head of Lycoming and Towanda creeks, and mistaking a sugar corner of a tract of land for the corner of Tioga County, ran and marked his line through to that of Luzerne County. Not knowing of the error, a number of honest Dutchmen on the route were surprised to find themselves instead veritable Yankees, and booked for *Meansville* instead of Williamsport. E. J. Eldred, who had been commissioned a justice of the peace for Lycoming County by Thomas McKean, the second Governor of Pennsylvania, now supposed himself a private citizen of Bradford, and for several months declined to act as a magistrate. The mishap of Judge Stevens was, however, soon after discovered and admitted by all the parties concerned, and for a subsequent decade affairs along the line resumed there wonted channel or continued in *statu quo*.

But the *modus vivendi* which existed between the commissioners of the two counties became strained and of little value in 1826. Taxes were demanded of certain inhabitants by both counties, and the authorities of each saw plainly that something had to be done. It was therefore agreed, in the spring of 1827, that an effort should be made to fix upon and run the line that season. A conference for this purpose, to be composed of one Commissioner and the

Deputy Surveyor of Lycoming, and of Bradford, were appointed to meet at the house of E. J. Eldred in the month of May following; and in pursuance thereof Thomas Hall, Commissioner, and John A. Gamble, Surveyor, reported at the time and place assigned, to represent Lycoming. The Bradford men failed to appear, but deputed Gordon F. Mason, then a bright boy of 16, as a messenger to inform Hall and Gamble that they had concluded it was best to meet at the eastern corner of the counties, where they hoped to join them the next day. This intelligence provoked Hall and Gamble very much—the former venting his wrath in many profane adjectives. However, a night's rest, influenced by the sober second thought, prevailed to induce them to accede to the proposed change of base. On the following day the parties met somewhere near the Luzerne County line, and began a wrangle which, as usual, diverged as it progressed, until by mutual consent all hope of an amicable settlement of the question in dispute was given up and the belligerents returned to their respective homes "muttering threatenings."

It was now Lycoming's turn to run and mark the disputed line as claimed by it. Accordingly, in the spring of 1828, preparations were made for doing so. In the meantime Thomas Hall had been elected Sheriff, and Benjamin Jones Commissioner for the "Lower End." It, therefore, became the latter's duty to take charge of the surveying party, which he organized and provided for. Rev. Henry Lenhart was at this time clerk to the County Commissioners, and furnished the horse and vehicle, with the driver, Godfrey Lenhart, to carry the luggage and occasionally supplies for the party. With directions to intercept it where the State road crosses the line, although then a boy of only 14 years, G. fearlessly set out and felt his way over the uncouth roads of the period to the designated point. Benjamin Jones and John A. Gamble, with their crew, including the renowned Tim Gray (for hunter), drove up Lycoming Creek to the Beaver Dams at the sources of the Towanda, and beginning at a point as much too far north as Judge Stevens had south, began to run and mark line No. 2. There was still at the west end of this line a wilderness of twenty miles or more to pass through, and having reached near the middle of it, the Commissioner proposed to leave a reference, and make for the supply or luggage wagon—the following day being Sunday. To do this they had an alternative of going

direct through the woods some ten miles, or by deflecting to the right, follow a path to the Hoagland Settlement, and thence by road a much longer distance. Commissioner Jones and companions, except the surveyor and hunter, chose the longer and safer way, but Gamble and Gray proposed to go direct. Thus constituted, the parties separated, and now I shall let Mr. Gamble tell what followed. "We had not gone far after leaving our companions," said Mr. G. to the writer a short time before his demise, "until we heard a terrible racket in the woods to our right. Stopping to learn the cause, we were both astonished and paralyzed at seeing a herd of elks on the rampage pass, loping by us within a few yards. They had evidently been alarmed by something, perhaps our companions, but were soon in the thicket beyond us, out of sight. Looking at Gray I said, Tim, why did you not shoot one of those fellows? This reminded him of having a gun on his shoulder, and a madder man for a moment you could hardly imagine. It demoralized him completely as a hunter for the rest of the trip, and also made him the butt end of witticism for the entire party." On the following Monday the line was resumed and continued to the Luzerne boundary, but like the one ran by Judge Stevens, it was wide of the mark, and served only to complicate the question now becoming one of magnitude.

Nothing but legislation could henceforth be of avail to settle and adjust this chronic difficulty, and the General Assembly, at its next session, on the 8th day of March, 1829, enacted a law designating "William Jessup, of Susquehanna County; John Sturdevant, of Luzerne County, and Joseph Stilwell, of Union County, as Commissioners, with authority to fix the corner of the counties of Lycoming, Bradford and Tioga, at or near the Beaver Dams at the head of Towanda Creek, in conformity with and according to the existing laws on this subject, and when so fixed to run the lines from said corner to the point designated by law." Of this commission Joseph Stilwell declined to act, which rendered it nugatory for that year. On the 14th of March, 1831, a supplement was enacted appointing Joseph F. Quay, of Centre, to fill the vacancy, and empowering the Governor to fill any future vacancies which might occur. William Jessup subsequently declined also, and Charles Treziyulny, of Centre, was appointed to fill his place. All the commissioners were surveyors and otherwise competent persons. They met

and proceeded to the discharge of the duty assigned them in May of the same year, 1831. After fixing the corner of Bradford, Lycoming and Tioga, near the Beaver Dam on Towanda Creek, they ran a testing line through to Luzerne, and then fixed the corner of Bradford and Lycoming on the line of the former, between those made by Stevens and Gamble. From this they ran back, marking their line conspicuously to the established corner at the Beaver Dam. Most of this line was run by Henry W. Treziyulny, son of one of the commissioners, then a young man. The distance from corner to corner they return as 33 miles and 52 perches. All parties interested have ever since respected their work as final, and we are inclined to exclaim, also, *esto perpetua!*

C. D. E.

March 4, 1890.

### John Burns, of Gettysburg.

Major Chamberlain's oration at Gettysburg, in the last number of NOW AND THEN, and the incident referring to John Burns, reminded me of the first time he was able to leave his home after the battle and visit "Camp Letterman General Hospital."

The old hero was always warmly welcomed and made much of, especially by the ladies of the hospital. He halted at our tent to rest, and falling readily into his story of the battle, he fought it o'er again, relating minutely all the details, how a rebel delayed him, questioning him closely, where he was going, and what he expected to do with his old musket. He replied he was looking for his cow to put her in a place of safety, and the musket might do him good service if caught by the Yankees. So he was permitted to continue his search.

Falling into the ranks of the 150th Pennsylvania Volunteers with his old musket, he kept up a steady firing, until, twice wounded in the arm and side, he fell to the ground. While lying there, with his ammunition still in his pocket, and musket in hand, he looked about how to conceal them, and finally dug a hole in the earth with his pocket knife, placing carefully in it the unused bullets, and covering the place with stones in such a manner that he felt sure he could find it at any time, then threw his musket as far away as his strength would permit. Now, if captured by the rebels, the story of the cow would account for being there and wounded.

During this visit to the hospital he cut off three metal buttons from his old-time blue coat, and gave one to each of the ladies who had visited him at his home after he was wounded, the writer being of the number. While confined to his bed from the wounds, an attempt was made to shoot him, but the aim of the rebel neighbor was not true, the only harm done being to shatter the head-board above him, the bullet lodging in the whitewashed wall. From this time on he called at the hospital every few days, and would relate with great glee how many sets of brass buttons had done duty for the three he had given us, selling them to visitors daily, and also his photographs, which showed in the coat where the bullet had struck him. Some little dainty was always prepared for him in these frequent visits. The last time I saw him was at the dedication of the National Cemetery, Gettysburg. I do not think he ever found the ammunition he had so carefully secreted, though he spent many hours in looking for it.

ANNA M. HOLSTEIN.

Montgomery County, Pa.

### An Old Indian's Visits to the Muncy Valley.

THE FAMILIES HE VISITED—HIS INTELLIGENCE, STATURE AND OPINION OF THE TRADITIONAL GLADE RUN LEAD MINE.

The greater portion of the following item of local history appeared nearly thirteen years ago, in the old *NOW AND THEN*. It is now presented with a few corrections, and some additional information. The facts were mainly obtained from the late Dr. Joseph Stauffer, on the occasion of the Editor making him a friendly visit when he was confined to the house by sickness, while he still resided in Muncy. Sometime after the publication of the sketch we met the Doctor, when he remarked that we had misunderstood him on several points—we having incorrectly stated that the Indian's last visit "occurred during the second decade of this century," and that the Doctor was then "a lad fourteen years old." We, therefore, now reproduce and duly amend the article, that it may go down into the future as correct history. And here we must again express our regret that we did not appreciate our opportunity thirty or more years ago—when some of the older members of the Scott, Davis and Stauffer families were still living—as, if we had, we might now entertain our readers with a much fuller and more in-

teresting history of this esteemed old Indian and his visits to the Muncy Valley.

Sometime before the year 1770 three Indians of the "Cornplanter Tribe"—an old man and his two boys—spent some time in our beautiful valley on a visiting and hunting excursion. The exact date of the visit is not known, but it was probably sometime before the first habitation had been reared by a white man west of the Muncy Hills. The only white settler's cabin, as one of the boys many years afterwards stated, was some distance south of the hills. The Indians in their way could appreciate a beautiful country as well as the pale faces that superseded them, and it is not at all strange that these red-faced visitors were delighted with the magnificent scenery that daily affords the present occupants so much delight. The aspect is not Now the same as Then, it is true, as a thousand objects of interest Now grace the scene that did not Then exist; but to the wilder nature of the uncultured Indians the wild, silent and unbroken forest doubtless made the valley not less attractive. It was Then in some important respects the same beautiful valley, encircled by the same romantic hills, watered by the same limpid streams and the noble Susquehanna, overlooked by the same grand towering old North Mountain, sheltered from the west wind by the same gracefully rounded Bald Eagle, and protected from the northern blasts by the same majestic Alleghenies. These Indian visitors must have viewed the landscape from some of the same elevations now often frequented by the lovers of the beautiful, as the pleasing impressions made by the charming scene were never by them forgotten.

One of these boys especially was so favorably impressed with this particular portion of the beautiful vale of the Otzinachson, that the recollection of it led him to make it a number of visits when he was far advanced in life. He had now, tradition says, for many years been a chief. He was doubtless a prominent man in his tribe, if not a chief, as his strength and activity, combined with superior intelligence, would have naturally made him a leader. There were persons still with us a few years ago who well remembered his dignified and intelligent bearing, and his fine and commanding physical proportions, though his name, we regret to say, seemed to have been forgotten by all the old people whom we had the pleasure of interviewing. He always made his visits when nature was

arrayed in her autumnal tints, and his last visitations occurred during the third decade of this century. He had formed the acquaintance of a few families, to whom he became strongly attached, and divided his time between them during these incursions, sometimes remaining more than a month in the valley. The only families now remembered were the Scotts, on the Loyalsock; the Davises, who then lived at the mouth of Toole's Run, on one of the "Muncy Farms;" and the family of John Stauffer, who resided several miles northwest of Muncy, on the farm now divided and owned by the brothers George and Melchi Belles.

Our late respected citizen, Dr. Joseph Stauffer, who died October 11, 1879, at McEwensville, was about thirty years of age when the old Indian was last a guest at his father's house. He informed us that the venerable visitor was always welcome where he was known, as he was a man of considerable intelligence, of strictly temperate and cleanly habits, as well as sociable and agreeable in his manners. He had learned to read—an accomplishment he probably owed to the Society of Friends, who had at an early day established schools among various tribes of Indians—and delighted to converse on the topics of the day.

The Doctor accompanied the old man on several hunting excursions, and said he remembered nothing more distinctly than his noiseless and cat-like tread when in the forest in the pursuit of game. He seemed to know intuitively where the game lurked, and never returned without venison. But in those days there was no scarcity of game. Often he would go off on a hunt by himself, as if he loved to engage in meditations in solitude. On these lonely rambles he would take the Doctor's rifle, as it was much neater and lighter than his own, and he had taken a great fancy to it. Some of his reflections when thus wandering over the hunting grounds so lately forsaken by his people, or that he well knew had in a manner been wrested from them, it may be imagined were more melancholy than cheerful.

The Davis brothers, six in number, were all large and powerfully built men, several of them measuring considerably more than six feet in height, and only one of them a trifle less. The Doctor stated that one of the most impressive scenes to him in that era was the spectacle of these stout men, and the commanding figure of the noble old Indian, standing in the Davis

house yard, and stepping forward one by one to have their measures taken. "The Chief," as he has always been called, outstripped the tallest of them by two inches, reaching just six feet and six inches, and the self-satisfied expression of his eye showed that he was not ashamed of his superior stature. He was truly a "big Indian." He was still strong and erect, his step still firm and his nerves steady, yet it was evident that old age was beginning to lay a heavy weight on his manly frame. On this last visit he complained that these long journeys over the mountains began to tax his limbs seriously, and with undisguised regret he remarked that he would likely never again visit the valley and the people he loved so much.

When expressing his regrets that he would probably never again be able to cross the mountains, he remarked to young Stauffer that if he would furnish two pieces of silver coin he would make him a souvenir to remind him of his visits and regards. Stauffer had fortunately just a day or two before come into possession of a bright new quarter of a dollar, fresh from the mint, bearing the date of that year, 1835; and by bending this, and by cutting off the rim of another quarter, making it round, like a piece



Fig. 10.

of wire, and soldering it to the concave side of the bent coin, the old Indian formed the finger ring of which the accompanying figure is a good illustration. This keepsake the Doctor treasured to the day of his death as a precious memento. At our first interview with him, when he was just recovering from a severe spell of sickness, and was still very weak, he did not mention this circumstance, or the errors mentioned in regard to dates would not have occurred. About ten years ago, just before his esteemed widow returned to her friends and native place in West Virginia, and when the Editor had purchased of her the Stauffer home on Shuttle Hill, she generously presented this interesting souvenir to the purchaser when she delivered the deed for the property.

Supposing that this interesting visitor was born as early as 1750, or not later than 1755, he must have been from fifteen to twenty years old when he first visited Muncy Valley with his father and brother, and was now, at the time of his last visit, not less than from eighty to eighty-

five years old. This is not an improbable age even for an Indian. The celebrated Chief *Gyant-wa-chia*, better known as Cornplanter, or as Cornplanter, of the Seneca Nation—and the Indians immediately under whom were called “Cornplanters”—was still at this time living, and had reached the great age of one hundred years. His home was also west of the Alleghenies, in what is now Warren County, about twenty miles above the county seat. He died here the following year, in 1836, and here some of his descendants still live. It has been surmised that our visiting “Chief” might have been Gyantwachia himself, but it does not seem probable that the latter would have ventured to cross the mountains on foot in 1835, at such an advanced age. And furthermore, Gyantwachia, as we learn from a biographical notice of him by Mrs. Glenni W. Scofield, was a half-breed, the son of an Irish trader, who resided at Albany, and with whom he did not likely when a boy visit our valley, because he was already a young man and married when—as he states in a memorial to the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1822—he paid him his first, and, as we may infer, his last visit.

Might not our Indian visitor have been Gov. Black Snake, the successor of Cornplanter, and uncle of the celebrated chief, Red Jacket? From Schoolcraft's smaller work, “The American Indians,” page 365, we learn that Black Snake was born near Cayuga Lake, in 1749, and that—in 1835, at the time of the last visit to the Muncy Valley,—he was 85 years old. Ten years afterwards, in 1845, according to the notice in Schoolcraft's work, he was still living, and resided on the Allegheny reservation. We have no information at hand in regard to his stature, but would say that if it can be proven that he was six feet and six inches in height, the evidence would seem almost irresistible that our visitor was Black Snake. Black Snake, it is said, by the way, was a warm friend of General Washington, that he was in his camp forty days at the close of the Revolution, and that he several years later received a beautiful medal from him. But it is rather late in the day to ascertain who the tall and admired Indian visitor was, and we shall probably never know more than we know now.

Mrs. James Risk, of Baltimore, a younger sister of Dr. Joseph Staufer, informed us by letter not many months ago that she also remembered the visiting “Chief,” but she was not

at home when he last visited with them, and was too young when she saw him to remember much. She recalls him as “a fine looking and intelligent Indian.” She had “heard so many dreadful stories about the savage Indians,” she writes, that she “was pleased to find that he looked kinder and more refined than some white men” she knew. She remembers her people “showing him some of the arrow-heads of which they had found a great many in the field along the river,” but she does not remember what he said about them. She thinks the visits she remembers must have been all of fifteen years earlier than the last visit above mentioned. Doubtless this old Indian knew many things of interest, relating to the closing era of the occupation of this part of the country by the Indians, that are now forever buried in oblivion.

One of the many conversations of the Stauffers with the old Indian was still in part remembered by the Doctor. It related to the mythical lead mine located somewhere on the Glade Run, in the neighborhood of Muncy. The early inhabitants were led by the Indians to believe in the existence of a valuable mine, and in later years the discovery of small quantities of lead (occasionally a lump of a pound or more in weight), in the limestone quarry several miles north-east of the town, greatly strengthened the tradition. The occurrence of galenite in this quarry is not, however, of such great significance. Traces of the mineral are found in many sections of the State, as well as throughout New York and New England, and with far more encouraging indications. Such extensive deposits of the ore exist in Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, and other states, and is obtained with such remarkable facility, that a vein of surpassing richness must be unearthed here to make the mine of much value. In Wisconsin and Illinois alone the lead deposit embraces an area of nearly three thousand square miles, a territory nearly three times as large as the whole of Lycoming County. Lead is now also obtained with so little comparative cost in the reduction of silver ore, with which it is often found associated in the Rocky Mountain regions, that in a few years its production in other sections may no longer be found profitable.

But many of the settlers in our valley in times past were delighted to think that one of its chief attractions was a valuable lead mine. As Meginness, in briefly alluding to the fact in

his valuable first history of the West Branch Valley, says: "The confidence reposed in its existence was so strong that considerable time and expense was incurred in efforts to find it." But it has never been found, and there is probably none to be found. Many strange stories were circulated, and various persons have at times been supposed to possess the valuable secret. The Indians had well learned to understand the acquisitiveness of the white man. They continued to visit the valley occasionally for many years after the close of the war of the Revolution, and when interrogated, as they doubtless often were, were quite ready to represent that deposits of the coveted mineral existed close at hand. But they always maintained a mysterious silence when the locality of the deposits became the subject of direct inquiry. Was this stubborn reticence adhered to in revenge for the loss and despoliation of their magnificent hunting grounds? What they thought of the injustice of their lands being taken from them is evident from the memorial of Gyantwachia, already referred to, in which he says: "We must know from you whether you intend to leave us and our children any land to till. We ask you now to speak plainly to us concerning this great point. The land we live on *was received by our fathers from God*, and they transmitted it to us *for our children*. You claim it as ceded to you by the King of England. *We deny that it ever belonged to the King of England, and he had no right in it to cede to you.*"

Sometimes the Indians tried to make the settlers believe that there was something in the Muncy Hills still more valuable than lead. "Aunt" Abigail Edwards, who died in January last, well advanced in her 98th year, once told us that when she was a little girl a company of Indians encamped along the Glade Run, near her father's house. One of them showed her father a "lump of silver," and told him that there was plenty of the precious metal in the immediate neighborhood. "The Muncy Hill folk often hunted for it," said Aunt Abigail, "but I guess nobody ever found it."

The old Indian declared it to be his conviction that the Indians possessed no such knowledge. He had never heard any of his race speak of such a deposit, and if such a thing had been known he would probably have heard something about it. When the stories then current were related to him he was only amused, and unhesitatingly pronounced them unworthy of

credence. He believed the true explanation was that some Indians had purposely secreted lead in the vicinity, and that on taking it from its place of concealment they took the opportunity to impose on the credulity of the settlers. The poor and wronged Indians of the valley were certainly not miners and producers of either lead or silver.

### Who Will Enforce the Liquor Laws?

During the campaign in the spring of '89 against Rum we were often reminded by men who claimed to be for temperance, yet clasped hands with the whiskey men, that we need no better laws than those now on our statute books. "Prohibition will not prohibit," "The cure will be worse than the disease," "Enforce the laws we have," were among their battle cries, so they voted for the Distilleries and the Grog Shops, and claimed to be the truest of temperance men, all alive to the great evil of intemperance. They did the will of The Evil One on election day, with their eyes wide open to the mischief he plays *on earth* with Rum; with the groans and supplications of a multitude of suffering wives and children, of destitute widows and orphans, ringing in their ears; and then when at family devotions, or at church, continued to pray to the Lord, "Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done *on earth* as it is in heaven." Many otherwise good citizens of this Commonwealth, Democrats and Republicans, and Christians of every sect, thus opposed and helped to defeat the temperance movement. And they seemed to think that they were the most consistent temperance men *on earth* for doing so. Strange, that the best way to oppose Rum was to vote for it. But so they believed.

Prohibitionists have less faith in the present laws, because they do not appear to them as striking at the root of the evil; because they only now and then lop off some of the rapidly growing branches; because their strict enforcement would cause more trouble and contention than general interdiction; so they voted for Prohibition, believing it to be the right way to combat the evil, and to do the will of the Lord *on earth*. The disease can no longer exist *on earth* when the cause no longer exists. But how *on earth* can we ever remove the cause without prohibiting the cause *on earth*? By praying to the Lord to remove the evil, and to have His will done *on earth*? Will heaven help us *on earth* if we do not try to help ourselves? Strange

possessions tied up in a handkerchief, hanging from a shillalah over the shoulder. If they found work the next question was, "How minny jiggers a day?" which meant how many drinks of whiskey, which was of much more importance than the wages, and the number of jiggers controlled the number of laborers. The boy who passed the whiskey was called the "jigger boss," and his good will was courted by the whole gang. One of the most uncompromising prohibitionists in Williamsport to-day started to earn his living as a "jigger boss," and afterward was captain of his own boat on the canal.

It does not seem possible that thirty-four years have elapsed since slack water navigation reached its highest point in this valley, when the "Port Clinton" (a Juniata boat) landed her passengers at the Exchange Hotel, Market Street and the canal, Williamsport, Penna., and the "Reindeer" run from here to Lock Haven and return. But when the locomotive whistle was first heard in 1857, it sounded the death knell for packet boats, and thenceforward the freight traffic also declined until it became unprofitable. From the earliest history of this valley it was a cherished scheme among several influential men of the State that the Susquehanna should be made the route of a public water way between the East and West, and the entire course was surveyed and leveled by Wm. Maclay and party in 1791, but the character of the stream soon satisfied them that it was impracticable.

The Pennsylvania canal boat carried about sixty tons of freight; the Union canal boat, which also came up and were used here, carried about thirty-six tons. At that day they had no hatches between their two narrow decks, but the merchandise was protected by a canvas covering rigged over a light frame. The size of canal boats was afterward increased until they would carry one hundred tons of coal, or a hundred thousand feet of lumber; and when used for grain or merchandise, were covered with hatches that rested upon a ridge pole above the level of the decks. The former cramped little cabin under the stern or quarter deck became enlarged to admit of some comfort, and a stable for horses or mules was rigged under the bow or forecastle. The captain and his family lived on board during the boating season, and the life of a canal boatman was not altogether devoid of pleasure and profit, until after the canal passed under the control of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The moral tone of those who fol-

lowed this life, has made a great stride of advancement during the past few years, until the former odium has about passed away.

In the 51st annual report of the Philadelphia Sabbath Association (1891), we find these words: "No other society has given any attention to this class, and we rejoice that the results of the work have been an entire reformation on the lines of the canal from riot, disorder and drunkenness to peaceableness, good order, and in many cases to experimental piety. At present we have missionaries constantly employed in looking after the moral and spiritual interests of the canal boatmen, their families and the driver boys" Their reports show 1,400 boats on canals where visits have been made and work done. Rev. S. W. Ziegler, whose field now extends from Nanticoke Dam to Port Deposit, commenced his missionary work among the boatmen in 1865, when his field included the West Branch and Juniata, as well as the main line to Columbia. With an intermission of some years, while serving as Associational Missionary among churches of the Northumberland Baptist Society, he has continued until the present time, when he says he is about to close his labors on account of old age and injuries resulting from carrying heavy loads of literature and jumping from boat to boat. He closes by saying: "Like the Conestoga wagon and the stage, the canal has had its day and must eventually give way to the railroad."

With the beginning of *steamboats*, an effort was made to introduce them upon the Susquehanna. Previous to 1824 Peter A. Karthaus counseled with Tunison Coryell, Esq., of Williamsport, in regard to a scheme for raising funds to build a steamboat to ply between his coal lands and tide-water. A public meeting was held and several thousand dollars subscribed for the object. The matter was so well advertised that when Mr. Karthaus submitted the proposition to capitalists in Baltimore that they raise a like sum they, within a few days, raised enough to build a boat without any outside help. Mr. Karthaus then went to Philadelphia, and as a rival of Baltimore, they at once raised a similar sum.

In 1825 the Philadelphia party's boat, called the "Susquehanna," reached Nescopec Falls, where the boiler exploded with fatal result.

The Baltimore boat was built near York, Penna., and was called the "Codorus." It was covered with sheet iron, and was doubtless the

first "iron-clad" in America, if not in the world. After much detention and great difficulty, the "Codorus" reached Williamsport, where it was received amidst great rejoicings. A small cannon was fired until it exploded, injuring Warren Heylman in the hand, and another man in the ankle. The *Lycoming Gazette* had advertised for proposals for building a steamboat wharf, and now it seemed as though Michael Ross' highest ambition was to be realized, and "The Port," the original name of his town, was to take its place among great cities. The steamboat continued up the river to Farrandsville, then returned to Northumberland, and it is said, ascended the North Branch to Elmira. Its ultimate fate is unknown. A third steamboat of the same time, called the "Pioneer," is mentioned as being at Harrisburg, and the machinery being of insufficient power to stem the current of Hunter's Falls.

It has long since been clear that steamboats are only adapted to isolated pools on the Susquehanna, and not for any considerable distance. Steam was used for several years on the canal by propellor attachments to canal boats, but never attained extended use.

But one more method of transportation by water remains to be mentioned, and that is the system of floating saw logs from the timber forests to a convenient and profitable point for manufacture into lumber. Space forbids an extended description of this business, but it may be stated that it took form about the year 1836, when John Leighton came here from the state of Maine looking for a suitable place for the location and erection of a "boom." J. H. Perkins came to Williamsport in 1845, and in 1850 the combined energy and ingenuity of these two men established the Williamsport Boom, which has proved to be the source of Williamsport's magnificent prosperity. The system has been copied on all the smaller streams, and proves indispensable to the profitable operation of saw-mills. The Williamsport Boom catches during the floods, and holds secure for subsequent "rafting out," annually about 300,000,000 feet of logs, board measure.

#### LAND TRANSPORTATION.

The proper limits of this article have been reached without discussing the economic phase of the various craft used in transporting goods from point to point. The merest reference has been made to the characteristic lives of those who pursued the business of these several

methods of travel. The wide field of anecdote has been partially avoided, perhaps to the detriment of the narrative; but these topics would each afford abundant material for a bulky volume, so that a brief summary of the different eras of *land transportation* only can be given in this connection.

The most ancient mechanical contrivance for easing the burden of land travel was the *burden strap*. It was commonly worn around the forehead, and lashed to a litter borne on the back. It was usually about fifteen feet in length and braided into a belt in the centre, three or four inches wide. In the course of scientific experiments in packing burdens, it has been determined that the best average results obtainable came from 119 pounds packed on a man, traveling eleven miles a day, and 350 pounds packed on a horse, traveling twenty miles a day.

*Pack horses* and bridle paths followed close upon the burden strap and Indian trail. At first women sat astride the horses, and held their little children in front of them as they worked their way tediously along, contesting every step with the overhanging boughs. Then came side-saddles for women and pack-saddles for burdens. It is said that the rude pack-saddle, resembling a saw-buck, as devised by the Indian, has never been excelled in practical usefulness, and is used on the plains to-day. One of the earliest industries erected in our valley was the iron furnace. Ores were discovered on every hand, fuel was unlimited, and almost every stream had its furnaces; but almost every effort proved a financial failure on account of the imperfect means of transportation of the manufactured article. Aside from the use of arks and rafts, the pack-horse proved most practicable, and trains of five or six hundred would cross and recross the Alleghenies laden with all sorts of merchandise. Bar iron was bent so as to be slung along both sides and in front of the horse. Kegs of nails and other small articles were lashed to the sides of the beast, and thus were moved even huge pieces of machinery for mills and hoisting engines.

*Snow shoes* were made by using a rim of hickory, bent round with an arching front, and brought to a point at the heel. It was held in place by cross pieces, all of which constituted a frame, upon which was a deer skin net work with meshes about an inch square. Upon this the foot was lashed with thongs. The Iroquois snow shoe was about three feet in length and

# THE NOW AND THEN.

ISSUED BI-MONTHLY.

J. M. M. GERNERD, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

For terms of subscription and advertising rates, see cover.

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MAY AND JUNE, 1890.

## The End of Vol. II.

This number completes the second volume of the NOW AND THEN, and cancels the promise made in the prospectus in the first number. Instead of the little book of 144 pages that was then pledged, the volume has, without extra cost to the subscribers, but not without considerable additional outlay to the publisher, been enlarged to 196 pages. In ordinary book form, and set up in the usual long primer or small pica type, the matter would of course have made a much larger volume. The contents embrace articles under one hundred and thirty-three titles, besides many minor paragraphs, taking in a pretty large scope for so small a magazine, and—thanks to more than a dozen esteemed contributors—we can without vanity say that many of the papers are of great interest and historic value. We now send forth the last number, hoping that the completed volume may continue to contribute to the amusement and instruction, and even advancement, of many readers for generations to come.

We have a number of copies of the second volume still on hand that we will be ready to furnish after the 1st day of June, free of postage, at the following prices per copy:

Handsomely bound in half Morocco,	\$1 75
“ “ imitation Russia,	1 50
Unbound sets, - - - - -	1 00

Of numbers 1 and 2 of this volume we regret to say that we are short,—having sent out too many as sample copies,—but we still have on hand some extra copies (of broken sets) of all the other numbers. If any of our subscribers have lost any of the numbers of which we yet have extras, and want to have their sets full to get bound, we will be pleased to forward the missing numbers on receipt of one stamp for postage. This offer is to subscribers only.

## Another Volume.

The encouraging and often very flattering words of appreciation that come to us from every direction,—as well as the pleasure we have had, the old friendships that have been revived, and the pleasant acquaintances that we have made during the two-year journey that is now, so to speak, ended with this number,—induces us to venture on another periodical trip, and to undertake the publication of another volume. We will be glad, therefore, to accept the sum of fifty cents for the NOW AND THEN for another year, from every one who thinks that the little magazine is, or will be, worth that much money. We hope, of course, to continue the publication for at least two years more, and thus produce twelve more bi-monthly numbers; but for some reasons that we have in mind, we prefer not to load ourself with the obligation at present to continue it longer than one more year. If, when near the end of the year, it is decided to add six more bi-monthly numbers, and thus make another volume of twelve parts, as we sincerely hope we shall be able to do, Then each subscriber will get due and timely notice in these columns to kindly advance another half a dollar. But as the NOW AND THEN has been twice enlarged, the proposed six numbers, if we find it too inconvenient to publish more, will alone make a neat little book of 120 pages. So, then, all we ask Now is half a dollar.

## To Our Correspondents.

Letters, postal cards and verbal replies, have come from many subscribers in response to the inquiry in regard to the continuation of the NOW AND THEN. We appreciate the kindly assurances of sympathy and support thus received, and have therefore concluded, as already announced, to publish another volume. It is almost natural that we should yield to the many stimulating expressions, of which the following are a few examples: “Don’t give up the ship;” “I don’t want to think of doing without the NOW AND THEN;” “Double the subscription price if necessary;” “Let the NOW AND THEN continue to live;” “So long as my sun shines I shall be happy to be a subscriber;” “Although past the years of three-score and ten, I can have no thought of cremation so long as NOW AND THEN shall last; long may she wave;” “I will do all I can to add to your subscription list in this neighborhood;” “Each number is interesting, and I doubt whether there exists, or ever

has existed, a publication like it. Publish another volume, and count me one on the subscription list." Letters and responses still continue to come in, and so we hope that we shall yet hear from many more. It would be a pleasure to reply to each correspondent in detail, but we are positively not able to do so and fulfill our present engagements, and therefore we beg that the NOW AND THEN will be received by each one as if it were a long letter written expressly for each—although it costs 50 cents a year, and is intended for everybody who will subscribe for it.

### More Errata.

No use denying the fact, mistakes will happen. On page 175 we stated that Simon Stadler was the next soldier wounded after John DeHass, at the battle of Falling Waters. We so stated because it was to us so stated. But this is evidently a mistake, and a double mistake. Tilghman Stadler was a member of Bowman's company, but not Simon, and Tilghman was not the first one hit after DeHass, but Russel Levan, of Turbottsville, it seems had the honor of being the next one to suffer for his loyalty and patriotism. We are glad our attention was called to this error in time to correct it in the last number of the volume.

But on page 167 we made two blunders for which we cannot think of any good excuse, as the information that we had received was correct. We simply blundered. We should not have said, when speaking of Mrs. Fanny B. Hammond's ancestors, "her great-grandfather, Sheriff John Brady," but ought to have said "grandfather, Sheriff John Brady," and not "grandfather, Judge William Piatt," but her "father, William Piatt, senior." Her mother, Mrs. William Piatt—nee Mollie Brady—was a daughter of Sheriff John Brady.

### Our First Volume.

For the information of our new readers we will mention that our first volume consists of 19 numbers, and is a little book of 76 pages, uniform in size with the present NOW AND THEN, but printed in very small type. If we dare not ourselves say much good of it, we can at least say that it has often been kindly noticed by others. Mr. Meginess in his *Historical Journal*, May, 1877, said:

"In June, 1868, J. M. M. Gerner started a bright little paper in Muncy called *Now and Then*. It was devoted to collecting and pre-

serving local history, and was exceedingly interesting and valuable. After appearing, as its title indicated, until February, 1878, it was discontinued, much to the regret of a large circle of readers."

To Friend Meginess almost anything that is historical is "exceedingly interesting and valuable," if he believes it is true and honest history, and we therefore do not imagine that our first volume is as interesting and valuable to everybody. But one thing now helps to make it interesting and valuable. The work has become exceedingly rare. It has become a curiosity. Many did not at the time regard it worth saving, and so few complete copies are now in existence. We have succeeded in getting half a dozen more sets together, that we have just had neatly bound, and can spare, and now offer at \$3 per copy. If ordered to be sent by mail, please also enclose two two-cent postage stamps. If the books are sold we need the stamps to return the money with, and if we still have the books—the stamps will about pay the postage on the books.

### Concluding Critique on Criticisms.

Some earnest criticisms were received, as already noticed, on several of the Editor's recent articles. The strictures were friendly, but they show that some good readers cannot see as he sees, and that they want him to see as they see. How natural. Every honest thinker would convert his friends, if not all the world, to his way of thinking. But a few more words regarding these criticisms.

Now, to be specific, we must say to our critics, that it seems to us that the doctrine of eternal torment in the flames of hell is a most abominable doctrine. It is, we believe, a heathen idea, of heathen origin, and thoroughly heathenish in spirit. It is a mere pagan graft on the Christian religion. The evidence that it is not a legitimate Bible doctrine seems to us so conclusive that we cannot think of it as for one moment worthy of a place in the religious creed of an intelligent thinker. We cannot help this. It is the result of honest thought. To our mind it adds immeasurably to the glory and dignity of the Bible, that this wretched mythological absurdity is not among its teachings. We wish everybody could think so. If Robert G. Ingersoll had thought so perhaps he might have been saved from infidelity. Nothing seems to have disgusted him so much as the idea of a hell, which he said, and not without good rea-

son, "was born of revenge and brutality on the one side, and cowardice on the other."

An Indiana reader seems much exercised by what we have said about hell, and asks if we believe in "future punishment in another world." If we do not think as he thinks, he seems ready to conclude that we are a skeptic, and that we do not believe the Bible. When a little boy we read that, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." We could not believe that a camel can go through the eye of a needle, and so we were obliged to think that a rich man cannot go to heaven, or that the Bible did not tell the truth. It was an honest thought. And was it not a logical thought? But the trouble was in not understanding the word needle. When we learned what kind of a needle was meant, we concluded that a rich man may squeeze through as well as a camel. So of the word punishment. We do not think now as we once thought. Thinking has taught us that we thought wrong. Yet we can sincerely answer the interrogatory of our correspondent, as he thinks we ought, in the affirmative. Yes, we believe there is such a thing as future and everlasting punishment. There is no dispute about the duration. But as to the kind of punishment that is meant—there is where we differ. Will our correspondent please tell us definitely what kind he thinks it will be? Believers in hell differ widely and wildly in their ideas. Some believe in a permanent existence in fire and brimstone; others think it will be a most distressing, eternal mind-torture. We have already said in recent articles what we think. We believe that man is by nature a part of Nature, and that in and by the course of Nature he will naturally go the way of all Nature. This is the real and final hell—future punishment—from which to save human souls, Christ died and was raised. It is the hell from which He was himself delivered the third day after His execution. Hell is darkness, silence, oblivion, rest, death. The reason why man now shares the common fate of all animate nature is very simple. When immortal life was offered to him—as we are told by Moses and the Prophets—he made the great mistake of neglecting his opportunity.

An aged and honored friend in Illinois writes: "I do not look for death to come. Jesus said: 'Whosoever believeth in me shall never die!' This is enough. I am now waiting

for God's chariot to take me home." We must respect this man's belief, because we respect the man. But he fails to divide the Word of God aright. He will, when his time comes, win a victory over the grave, over death, over hell, and over the present conditions of Nature, and Then he "shall never die." But our good friend cannot expect that "chariot" before his resurrection. In fact, he will never leave this world at all. This noble earth has a glorious destiny, and he will be one of its happy heirs. He must stay here. Christ said before He left the earth, "Whither I go, ye cannot come." But He said He would return. Now, to understand Christ, we must take His words to Martha in their full and connected sense. "Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." The logical and proper deductions from these words, and Christ's sayings in general, are: *First*, the future life is in and will come from Christ; *second*, the future life is not already in man, but will be his reward in the future; *third*, the future life will be given at the resurrection; *fourth*, the believer may even be dead, and *though dead*, yet shall he be raised and live; *fifth*, and Then, as Jesus says, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Believers are not dead and alive at the same time. Only by a resurrection can the dead again live. "Though he were dead, yet shall he live," implies a change—the resurrection—and after the change then the believer "shall never die." The present terrestrial "home" is the only home man has, or ever will have, and all this will transpire here, at home, on the earth, and at some future time.

But read on further. So far as circumstances would then permit, Christ at once gave a prophetic and practical demonstration of His words to Martha. Her brother was dead. But though dead he could be raised and made to live. He could not live again unless raised. He had already been dead four days, and as Martha said, "By this time he stinketh." Christ also said, "Lazarus is dead." A moment before He had said, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth!" "When they took away the stone, from the place where he was laid, Christ cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave clothes." It is not recorded that Lazarus then received the eternal life, and that he did not again

die; but the transaction, as was intended, showed that Jesus is the resurrection and the life; that the future life is hid in Him, and is not in us, and that the life will be given at the resurrection. It was already *in part* the great lesson that was afterwards more fully taught by the death, burial and resurrection of Christ himself. Lazarus was dead. He came not back in a "chariot." He had not left the earth. He *that was dead* came up out of the grave, still bound hand and foot with grave clothes, and his face bound with a napkin. Man must thus expect death before he can get the life that is hid in Christ. Some at the last day, it is said, "shall not taste of death." "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." But that day has not yet arrived. Every one must now taste of death. It is a natural process, however. It is the same thing that we see exemplified in every tree and flower that "is cut down;" the same fate to which every creature that has the same breath of life and that goes unto the same place is subject; and though man is thus laid low, yet shall he that believeth live; and when he that believeth then so liveth, he shall never die. This is plain Scripture teaching. The most learned of the Apostles concedes the claim of science when he says, that even the dead in Christ are "forever perished," if it be so that the dead are not raised. Vital force is a dependent and resultant—not an independent—property of physical structure, and mind force is the motion of brain particles. If there is no resurrection, then "death ends all." "What advantageth it me, if the dead rise not? let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Is it not wonderful that Paul could thus, more than eighteen hundred years ago, anticipate the conclusion of modern science. No advantage—and vain is our hope—if the dead are not raised. The noblest of all earthly creatures, yet by nature man hath no pre-eminence above the meanest of them.

Another correspondent, to make us think that hell must be a very hot and uncomfortable place, reminds us that a certain rich man died and was buried, "And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments," etc. We cannot help it, but we think that this is a supremely parabolic representation that does not teach any such doctrine. We think it is wrong and inconsistent to take the plain Scriptures in a parabolic sense, and then take the parables in a literal sense. The necessity of doing this shows the weakness of

the arguments for hell as a place of eternal torment. Take the first parable recorded in the Bible, and see what absurdity it teaches when read in the same way:

"The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them: and they said unto the olive-tree, Reign thou over us. But the olive-tree said unto them, Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honor God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees? And the trees said to the fig-tree, Come thou, and reign over us. But the fig-tree said unto them, Should I forsake my sweetness, and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees? Then said the trees unto the vine, Come thou, and reign over us. And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees? Then said all the trees unto the bramble, Come thou, and reign over us. And the bramble said unto the trees, If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow."

Who believes that trees ever literally went forth to anoint a king? Who thinks that they literally talked to one another about their fruits, their fatness and sweetness, about wine and promotion, and putting trust in a shadow? Who believes the parable teaches that they did all this? And no more did a dead man in hell lift up his eyes, being in torments, and beg that Lazarus might be sent that he might dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool his tongue, because he was tormented in flame. The idea of a drop of water on the tip of a man's finger to cool a man's tongue, when tormented in the flames of hell! If the material body goes into the grave, and the "immaterial soul" goes into a place of torment—if it does not go in a "chariot" to a better place—what good will the water, that may adhere to the tip of a finger, applied to the tongue of the dead body, do the soul? Is this not a biological as well as a theological absurdity? We confess that we do not read the parable in this way. And yet our correspondent seems to think that hell is such a place, and that this is about the way things happened there to poor but selfish Dives.

It is a notable fact that Christ did not speak by parables in the beginning of His ministry. He spoke in the plainest language, that all might understand. The sermon on the mount is a model of simplicity. And why did He afterwards speak to the people by parable? Why did He finally follow the example of the Rabbis, with whom parables were in frequent use? Why did He adopt the universal mode of the Eastern pagan nations of teaching under fictitious figures and sometimes by vague representations? Ac-

cording to His own distinct declaration it was not at first to elucidate His meaning, but to make His words more difficult to understand. He spoke thus to veil His thoughts. The Rabbis doubtless often did so for the selfish purpose of appearing wise, or to conceal their actual ignorance. But Christ did so either to disguise the truth to those who would not believe, or, as He did later on in the case of His disciples, to try, exercise and stimulate those who loved the truth. Parables thus served a twofold purpose. But primarily the object of Christ was to check, dumfound, perplex and impress those who would not otherwise see, hear, nor understand the simple truth. The intention was not to teach conflicting doctrines. When asked what His motive was He replied: "Therefore speak I to them in parable: because they seeing, see not; and hearing, they hear not; neither do they understand. \* \* \* For this people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed." And but for this He may never have imitated the Rabbis when speaking to the people. Some of the parables are founded on some reality in nature, or in life, but others are based purely on popular, poetic or historic fiction. The two parables under consideration belong decidedly to the fabulous kind. Trees and dead men cannot talk. Trees never went forth to anoint a tree or a vine king; and no dead man in hell ever lifted up his eyes and saw across the "great gulf," and recognized people in heaven. Such interpretation is in violation of all reason, violently opposed to Nature, and is utterly inconsistent with the ordinary language of Scripture. It is completely irreconcilable, for instance, with such a plain passage as this: "*The dead know not anything.*" Also their love and their hatred and their envy *is now perished.* For there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, *in the grave, whither thou goest.*" This is very plain Scripture. The dead do not know anything, do not see anything, cannot do anything, and do not want anything when in the grave, whither they go. This is not a parable, and does not contain even the commonest similitude. And there are hundreds of plain passages of the same unmistakable import. If the parables were entirely blotted out not one great truth would be lost. They should be treated only as fables, and not as history.

But what does this parable teach? If not that the dead can still think and talk, that some are tormented in the flames of hell, that the miserable wretches beg for water to cool their blistered tongues, and that they can see their former companions who are "afar off," then what does it teach? It is evident from the plain Scriptures that it does not teach those incongruous things, yet we may not show all that it teaches. The Disciples did not all always understand what Christ meant when He spoke by parable, until

He explained, so it must not be expected that what has not been fully explained can be entirely explained now. In imitating the Rabbis and pagan priests, Jesus, it has been surmised, also borrowed some ideas from them. Some of His parables it is said are even found in the writings of Hillel, Shammai, and other great Rabbis, who had preceded Him. And the parable of the rich glutton, if not really borrowed, was at least in part founded on heathen belief. It is a mingling of pagan spiritualism with Hebrew materialism. Christ must have known what the heathen priests taught. At all events, His motive in employing the fictitious narrative was evidently the same as already stated. The people had ears, but they would not hear. They had minds, but they would not understand. They had Moses and the Prophets, but they would not believe them. So this is clearly one reason, if not the only reason, why He used this "myth in historical form." When Dives begged Abraham to send his brethren word, "lest they also come into this place," Abraham said, or is made to say, "They have Moses and the Prophets; let them hear them." Dives insisted that "if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent." But mark the response: "If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." How many Jews were persuaded when even Christ rose from the dead? What do the plain Scriptures teach? What is the testimony of Moses and the Prophets? If this parable, then, is designed to illustrate any principle, or rule, or duty, or inculcate any belief, it is that we should believe what Moses and the Prophets have said about the dead, and the resurrection from the dead, and not what the pagans teach. The use of this parable again proves that the people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed. When they believe what Moses and the Prophets say of death, this parable will not trouble them in the least on that score.

But what do Moses and the Prophets say? A number of citations have already been given in this and in former articles. Many more might be given if space permitted. One of the Prophets said of man when he dies: "His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth, *in that very day his thoughts perish.*" That is, at death all brain motion and mind motion ceases. Death ends all. Do our critics believe Moses and the Prophets? Or do they require the testimony of some dead friend to persuade them? If they believe not Moses and the Prophets, with all the light of modern science to help them, would they believe if one rose from the dead? But space will not allow us to say more. We will only add that Christ, in His very plain sermon on the mount, said: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." This is what Moses and the Prophets had been proclaiming for many ages. Then why not believe that,

"The soul's inheritance,  
Its birth-place, and its death-place, is OF EARTH,  
Until God maketh earth and soul anew.  
The one like heaven, the other like himself!"

# THE NOW AND THEN.

Devoted to History, Amusement, Instruction, Advancement.

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No. 1.

## THE STEWART FAMILY.

### An Error in History Corrected — When Charles Stewart Settled in Nippenose Township—His Estate and Posterity.

A few months ago Samuel Evans, Esq., the well-known local historian of Columbia, Pa., contributed an interesting sketch of the "Stewarts of Donegal" to *Notes and Queries*, a valuable department in the *Harrisburg Telegraph*, edited by Dr. W. H. Egle, State Librarian, in which he gave much valuable information regarding the ancestry of this old family. The historian, however, committed a grave error when he said that "Charles Stewart once owned Big Island in the West Branch, where he died and left sons, Charles and Samuel." According to tradition, and it seems to be well founded, Big Island was purchased from New-haleeka, one of the last chiefs of the Delawares on the Susquehanna, by William Dunn, for a keg of whiskey and a handsome rifle. Dunn came here from York County in 1768 with a corps of surveyors, and served as hunter to the party. It being his duty to provide the party with game, he carried a beautiful silver mounted rifle and fine accoutrements. New-haleeka, with a few remnants of his tribe, was living at this time on the island, and as Dunn occasionally visited his wigwam, the old chief fell desperately in love with the rifle of the young hunter, and longed to possess it. The ownership of a gun at that time was the highest ambition of an Indian. Finally the chief could restrain himself no longer, and he offered to exchange his island for a keg of whiskey, the rifle and accoutrements. The offer was a tempting one, and Dunn accepted it. Tradition further informs us that after the chief had consumed the whiskey and became sober, he discovered what a "fool he had made of himself," and was anxious "to trade back," but as Dunn was satisfied that he had made a splendid bargain he sternly refused. The chief then sorrowfully turned his face towards the setting

sun and was never heard of more. The purchase proved a profitable one to Dunn and his posterity, and remained in their hands for many years.

Having acquired the ownership of the island, Dunn at once took possession and commenced making improvements preparatory to getting a title from the Provincial Government. That he was the first white settler on this rich, alluvial tract of land there is no doubt, for the records show that in 1770 he applied to the Provincial authorities for a warrant, which was granted.\* After the treaty of Fort Stanwix, in 1784, when the ownership of the lands west of Pine Creek and north of the river were properly vested in the Proprietaries, Dunn received a patent for the island October 13, 1785, after paying "thirty pounds per hundred acres" for the same, and his title was fully confirmed in 1796.

William Dunn continued to reside upon and improve the island until his death, the exact date of which is now unknown, on account of the records being destroyed by the burning of his house many years ago. At his death the island descended to his son, Washington Dunn, and by him it was willed to his son, William Dunn, who, like his ancestor, was born on the island, December 1, 1811, and died suddenly at Lock Haven, September 7, 1877.

Having briefly disposed of Dunn and the island, we will now return to the subject under consideration, viz., the Stewarts.

Charles Stewart, Sr., was born in County Donegal, Ireland, in 1743, near the town of Letterkenny, and spent his youthful days on a farm. In 1762, when only 19 years of age, he

\*The first white men known to visit the island were Bishop David Zelsberger and Martin Mack, Moravian missionaries, July 11, 1748, on their way to the Great Island on a mission of love to the Indians. On page 122 of the Revised History of the West Branch Valley their visit is described, how Mack climbed a tree to discover if there were any inhabitants, and the condition in which they were found.

emigrated to America and joined his uncle, Samuel Hunter. The latter had located on Stony Creek, Lancaster County (now Dauphin), and erected a grist mill, which stood near the present town of Dauphin, a few miles north of Harrisburg.

About the year 1767 Charles Stewart married his cousin, Miss Elizabeth Hunter, and soon afterwards purchased a tract of land in Cumberland County, where they settled. After a few years residence in Cumberland, his attention was attracted to the "New Purchase," on the West Branch, on account of the flattering reports of the beauty and fertility of the country. Having disposed of his land in Cumberland County for "Continental money," he resolved on making a visit to this section of the country in 1783. His journey up the West Branch proved an eventful one. He was delighted with the beauty of the valley and the richness of the land, and he was not long in selecting a tract of 714 acres in Nippenose Bottom, lying in the great bend of the river, which he paid for in the currency received for his farm in Cumberland County. His purchase proved a lucky one in two respects at least—first, because of the excellent location and extreme richness of the soil; and, secondly, on account of having the good fortune to exchange his Continental money for the land, as it soon afterwards became worthless.

This magnificent estate, which in time grew much larger by purchase, was located nearly opposite what is known as Long Island,\* with Jersey Shore on the west, and about ten miles

east of Great Island. It was this fact which probably misled Mr. Evans into saying that he located on "Big Island," which is situated near Lock Haven.

Having made his purchase, Charles Stewart immediately set about making improvements.† When this work was well under way he returned to Cumberland County, and made preparations to remove his family to the West Branch. This he did in 1784, bringing his wife, children, and household goods up the river in a keel-boat. His horses and cattle were driven by land by his negro slaves, as he owned several at that time. Some of the descendants of these slaves live in Williamsport at the present day.

Charles and Elizabeth (Hunter) Stewart had a family of seven children, five sons and two daughters, [see Meginness' Biographical Annals, p. 234.] Charles Stewart died September 25, 1809, aged 66 years. His wife, Elizabeth (Hunter) Stewart, survived him until March 22, 1813, when she died, aged 63 years. They were buried in a lot on the farm, which was used for many years afterwards as a place of interment for their descendants, and their graves may still be seen. Their children were as follows:

1. Mary; born October 5, 1768, in Cumberland County. She married James Baird, and it is supposed they died on the Stewart plantation many years ago. They left two sons and one daughter, viz.: John, Charles and Catharine. John, who married a Miss Caldwell, died about 1853 or 1854. Charles married twice and raised a large family. He was a man of some prominence and followed surveying. Many years ago he went West with his family, where he died only a short time ago. Catharine, who never

\*The island is located in the river opposite the borough of Jersey Shore. The records show that a pre-emption warrant for the land was granted to Thomas Forster October 15, 1785, he having made improvements there about the year 1774. This would indicate that Forster was a squatter, as at that time the lands above the mouth of Lycoming Creek were not in the market. In his application for a warrant he agreed to "pay immediately into the office of the Receiver General, for the use of the State, at the rate of thirty pounds per hundred acres, &c." Upon this warrant a survey was made by Samuel Edmiston, then Deputy Surveyor, the return showing the island to contain 146½ acres and allowances of six per cent., and a patent on this return was granted to Thomas Forster January 9, 1792. He bequeathed the island to his son, John Forster, January 20, 1815, and he sold it to John Bailey September 4, 1816, for \$13,500. On the death of Bailey, July 24, 1851, it was divided among his heirs. His two daughters, Mrs. John S. Tomb and Mrs. John Carothers, now own the island, which is divided into two farms. They were badly damaged by the great flood.

†His first house, or cabin, was built of logs and was a story and a half high. It stood a little west of the brick house now occupied by James Gamble, tenant of Mrs. Ellen Gamble. His second house, also of logs, stood east of the present brick, and was two stories in height. Both were covered with clapboards, and both long since disappeared. His son Samuel built the log house, now in ruins, opposite the mouth of Larry's Creek, about 1815. At the time it was regarded as a stylish mansion, and attracted much attention. In later years it was greatly improved by being weather-boarded outside and lathed and plastered inside. Here Mr. Stewart and family lived for many years. The old building is still standing, but it was so badly damaged by the flood as to be uninhabitable. Had it not been for the heavy, old-fashioned stone chimney it would very likely have been carried away, as the water was ten feet deep around it. The brick house referred to above was built by Samuel Stewart about 1835, and there he and his wife died.

married, lived and died at Chatham's Run, Clinton County, several years ago.

2. Samuel; born December 4, 1770, in Cumberland County; died April 6, 1844, in Nippenose Township, and was buried in the private lot on the farm. He married Jane West Stevenson about 1809. She died August 19, 1849, aged about 58 years. Samuel Stewart was a remarkable man in many respects. At the age of 23 he was appointed a deputy surveyor and served in that capacity for two or three years. When Lycoming County was erected, April 13, 1795, he was appointed the first Sheriff by Governor Mifflin, October 16, 1795. He gave Robert Crawford and Bratton Caldwell as his sureties, and entered upon the duties of his office. In 1801 he was elected and served a second term. In 1805 he was chosen County Treasurer and served one term. He ran for State Senator in 1808 on the Federal ticket, but was defeated by Gen. John Burrows. During 1812-13 he was Brigade Inspector with the rank of Major, and in 1814 he was elected a member of the lower house of the Legislature. He filled several minor offices at various times, and was regarded as a representative man in his day and generation. Physically Stewart was a giant. He stood six feet four inches in height and was proportionally formed. His strength and endurance were great. He had a remarkable head and eyebrows, and presented a unique as well as commanding appearance. Had he lived at a time when he could have received a good education and associated among men of refinement, he would have achieved distinction as a great leader among men. In speech he was plain, blunt,\* and often rough, but he possessed a warm and sympathetic heart, was devoted to his friends and noted for his hospitality.

On Sunday, December 16, 1805, he fought a duel with the celebrated John Binns, a newspaper editor of Northumberland, but neither party received any injury. The affair grew out of some editorial comments by Binns on the public acts of Stewart. The latter was greatly offended, and meeting Binns at Sunbury, "punched his eye." A challenge followed,

\* Many anecdotes are preserved of Stewart, which serve to show the character of the man. It is related that once upon a time he was introduced to General Jackson as General Stewart. "Old Hickory" received him cordially, and after a few minutes conversation turned to him and asked: "Well, General, what battles have you been in?" "None, sir," was the quick reply; "I am a fireside general!"

which was accepted, seconds appointed, and shots exchanged. The affair took place on a marshy piece of ground near where the present village of Montandon, on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, now stands. It caused a great sensation at the time, which resulted in the passage, soon after, of an act by the Legislature forbidding dueling in the State of Pennsylvania. A very full account of the affair, together with the correspondence, may be found in *Biographical Annals*.

When Samuel Stewart died he left a landed estate of 800 acres, which bordered on the river for over two miles. It was partitioned among his children, named as follows: Ann E., Jane W., John A.,† Mary P., Samuel C., Charles H., George W., and James S. All are deceased but James S., who is now a resident of Jersey Shore; and, it might be added, he is the only one of the descendants who still retains his share of the splendid estate inherited from his father. The balance long since passed into the hands of strangers. Several of the fine farms afterwards belonged to the late Hon. John A. Gamble, of Jersey Shore, and were by him divided among his relatives, two or three of whom reside in Williamsport.

3. Alexander; born April 30, 1773, in Cumberland County; died May 10, 1850. In 1794 he was employed as an assistant surveyor to James Hunter, who was appointed to survey "the triangle," at Erie. And when Erie County was erected, March 22, 1800, he was appointed the first Sheriff, and served in that capacity at the same time his brother Samuel was serving

† He was killed by Charles and John Hunt, brothers of his wife, on the evening of July 19, 1845, within 175 yards of his own house, on the Stewart plantation. John Hunt came to his house in the evening and they quarreled over a business matter. Finally they became reconciled, as it was thought, and Hunt decided to return home that night. Stewart went outside to assist him in getting his horse. In the lane they met Charles Hunt, who was lying in wait, and the quarrel was renewed, when Stewart was stabbed with a knife and killed. John Hunt then gave himself up, and claimed that the killing was the result of a quarrel. He was tried at Williamsport, September 12, 1845, and convicted of manslaughter, as his version of the affair was the only evidence offered, and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. It was the belief of the Stewart family, however, that the Hunts conspired for the purpose of enticing him outside to throw him in the river, but failing to induce him to accompany them any further, they renewed the quarrel, when Charles struck the fatal blow. But as John assumed the responsibility of the crime, his brother escaped.

his second term as Sheriff of Lycoming County. At the close of his term of office Alexander returned home and soon afterwards settled on a farm at the mouth of "*Queen-a-shock-e-ny*," just east of Linden, where he died, and his remains now repose in Wildwood. Alexander was married twice to sisters. His first wife, named Elizabeth, was a daughter of Hon. William Hepburn. She died March 29, 1817, aged 28 years and six months, leaving two sons, Charles and William. The former died at his home in Williamsport Christmas morning, 1889, in the 73d year of his age. The latter still survives. His second wife, Matilda Hepburn, born October 3, 1784, died October 30, 1866. She left no issue. Both were half-sisters of Hon. Huston Hepburn, now a resident of Williamsport.

4. Charles; born September 22, 1775, in Cumberland County; died March 5, 1846. He was twice married. By his first wife, Elizabeth Crane, he had one son and one daughter—George and Eliza. The second wife, Miss Mary McCormick, gave birth to four sons and five daughters, viz.: John, Charles, Samuel, Robert, Sarah, Rosetta, Frank, Mary Elizabeth and Josephine. Mr. Stewart and family lived in the old-fashioned brick house which stands in a conspicuous position overlooking the river near the east end of the Jersey Shore bridge. His daughters were handsome, brilliant and accomplished, and moved in the first circles of society. One, Rosetta, married John F. Cowen, a noted land speculator, and at one time they lived in Williamsport. Josephine was particularly noted for her wit and beauty. On the death of her sister, Rosetta, she also became Mrs. Cowen. Her husband died many years ago, but she still survives and lives near New York. Two other sisters, Mary and Frank, both widows, are still living.

5. Catharine; born April 22, 1780, in Cumberland County; died January 5, 1842. She married John Knox, a lineal descendant of John Knox, the Reformer. He was born in County Antrim, Ireland, and came to this country when but ten years of age. He lived in Philadelphia for a short time, then settled on Piney Creek, Carroll County, Maryland. Having learned the trade of a mill-wright, he moved to Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, and in course of time found his way to the West Branch. He followed his trade here for several years, and about the close of the last century built the first grist mill on Pine Creek, a short distance above where

the great saw mills of Phelps, Dodge & Co. afterwards were erected. About 1808 he built a grist mill at the mouth of Larry's Creek. It was destroyed by the great flood of June 1, 1889, and nothing but a pile of stones now remains to mark its site. John Knox and wife afterwards settled on a farm on Larry's Creek, a short distance above its mouth, where they spent their lives. He died October 18, 1854, aged 84 years, 4 months and 12 days. He was a rugged, hard-working man, and noted for his positiveness of character and piety. Long before his death he became a prominent Methodist, and always took an active part in church affairs. John Knox and Catharine, his wife, left three sons and one daughter, viz.: Robert, Charles, John and Jane.\* All are deceased but the latter.

6. William; born February 3, 1787, in Nippenose Township; died when a small boy from injuries received by the kick of a horse.

7. John; born November 14, 1789, in Nippenose Township. He grew to manhood and entered the army as a lieutenant when about twenty-one. He is reported to have been a very handsome young man, standing just six feet in height, and was highly accomplished in his manners and address. He became quite popular with his associates, and was much respected. Whilst nature had done so much for him, it brought about a feeling of jealousy on the part of those not possessing such accomplishments. And while serving somewhere in the South, about 1811, he became embroiled in a difficulty with a Captain Cheeny, who challenged him to fight a duel. He accepted, and fell at the first fire, being shot in the abdomen. According to information furnished by a nephew, the affair occurred near Natchez, Mississippi, May 5, 1811, and Stewart died the following day. He is said to have been a fine young officer, and served with credit, but to what company or regiment he was attached is now unknown, as the records were destroyed when the British captured Washington.

A tradition exists among some of the descendants of the Stewart family that the duel took place at Fort Pitt, but they have un-

\*She married E. H. Russell, who died December 28, 1865, at the old mill at the mouth of Larry's Creek. Mrs. Russell, now about 80 years of age, resides in Jersey Shore. They had three sons and six daughters. One of the former and two of the latter are deceased. Captain Evan Russell, one of the surviving sons, is now Chief of Police of the city of Williamsport.

doubtedly confounded it with another. Isaac Craig, Esq., of Allegheny City,—who is excellent authority,—says: “On the 8th of January, 1805, Thomas Stewart killed Tarleton Bates in a duel at this place. The late Judge William Wilkins was Stewart’s second, and my grand-uncle, General Presley Neville, acted for Bates, who was a brother of Edward Bates, Attorney General under President Lincoln. Wilkins was blamed for pushing the duel to the fatal end and fled to Kentucky, and resided with his brother Charles at Lexington. Stewart also fled, to Florida. Some of his descendants—the last of them—died a few years ago in Philadelphia. This is the only man of the name who ever engaged in a duel here.”

An examination, however, of Sabine’s *Notes on Duels and Dueling* shows the following on page 290: “Stewart, John, of Pennsylvania, an officer in the army of the United States, and ——. In 1812, near Washington, Mississippi. Stewart killed.” This seems to establish the fact beyond peradventure that young Stewart was killed in Mississippi, but it is strange that Sabine failed to ascertain the name of the officer who killed him. It is probable that the troops to which he belonged were *en route* to New Orleans to take part in repelling the advance of the British army to that city, and afterwards participated in the famous battle of January 8, 1815, under Jackson. If the date as given by Stewart’s nephew is correct—and he is quite positive, declaring that he saw the letter giving an account of the duel—Sabine is in error by nearly a year.

The foregoing will suffice to show that the Stewart family was a conspicuous one in the early history of this valley, and could all the thrilling incidents in the lives of the sons of Charles Stewart be gathered together, they would make a portly volume. Their descendants, of whom there are many, are now widely scattered, but few of them remaining in Lycoming County.

*John of Lancaster.*

THE Williamsport *Republican* wants all dogs muzzled, or prevented from “running at large in the city during warm weather,” and with strong reasons commends the matter to the consideration of the proper officials. Three-fourths of the citizens of Muncy would for the same and other reasons have the dogs shut up all the time, but—the dogs, and the rest of the citizens, have it all their own way.

## Reminiscences of Old Times on the North and West Branches, or Men and Things Previous to 1850.

No. 4.

### EARLY METHODISM ON THE WATERS OF THE LOYALSOCK, AND INCIDENTS THEREWITH CONNECTED.

The writer of this article has always esteemed it an honor to be called a *half-brother* of the Methodist Church. The other *half* is due by inheritance to the Episcopal—or *The Church*. But he entertains the utmost respect, and has the greatest veneration for all sects advocating the essential principles of religion, based on the eleventh commandment,—“Love thy neighbor as thyself,”—and perhaps the twelfth,—Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. “For this is the Law and the Prophets.” If this thesis is not accepted as orthodox, I affirm orthodoxy means only *my doxy*. That heterodoxy is simply some other person’s *doxy*! But still, something must be conceded to early education, and youthful prejudice—a nightmare which settles upon all alike, and controls our judgment even in the face of reason. I suppose if our lots had been cast in a Pagan or Mohammedan country, and we were instructed from infancy in the dogma which prevails in those regions, we should, no doubt, have been like others there, idolaters or worshipers of the Great Prophet. Superstition is incurable, and we are all, more or less, subject to it. John K. Hays, late of Williamsport, remarked to me on one occasion that *signs* and *tokens* were alike folly and superstition, and instanced the common belief that seeing the new moon over the right shoulder was a sign of good luck. “Now,” he said, “every sensible man knows that this is sheer nonsense, and yet most of us would nevertheless prefer to see the new moon in that way!” Well, admitting some prejudice in favor of Methodism, I am, nevertheless, in accord with the substantial religion of all creeds, rejecting only the bigotry which would

“Force the sun but on a part to shine.”

Being quite satisfied that the name of the sect is but the guinea’s stamp, the just being safe “for a’ that.” Therefore, as Pope expresses it:

“For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight—  
His can’t be wrong, whose life is in the right!”

Away back in 1820, the inhabitants of the now thickly settled western townships of Sullivan County, were then few and far between. They had immigrated from various countries, and professed various religious creeds. There were

no churches within attainable reach, and no mails to transport papers or periodicals. In short, the prospect was extremely dismal and discouraging. But the aggressive spirit of Methodism soon asserted itself. A few earnest members, among whom were Francis Bull and his esteemed consort, undertook the experiment of instituting domiciliary prayer meetings. These were held not only at the houses of the members, but generally without respect to creed or "previous condition." In fact, they became the rage of the time, and were attended by all classes—old and young, learned and unlearned. Proselytes were soon added, and the foundation laid for what has ever since been the first and leading church of that section.

It happened, on one occasion, that the weekly prayer meeting was to convene at a house where the family consisted in part of several young men and women, and who were more mischievous than religious, as is often the case. These, intending no irreverence for Methodism, but out of pure love for a sensation, prepared for exhibition at this meeting, a pumpkin ghost. This is made, as every boy knows, by the removal of the inside, the cutting of the figure of a face through the skin on the outside, and the insertion of a light to illuminate the features of his ghostship. The meeting was well attended, but it happened that no one present, except the audacious young folks in the secret, had ever seen the like before. It is no wonder, therefore, that astonishment, bordering on alarm, was the result, when the improvised ghost made its unheralded appearance. And then it disappeared so suddenly. No one could tell or cared to trace where it had gone, but all believed it had some connection with the prayer meeting. After consultation it was thought best to hold a second meeting at the same house, particularly as the first had been disturbed, and to ascertain whether the apparition would again appear. The second was more numerously attended than the first, and lo! his ghostship was on time, and assumed a nearer and more threatening aspect. Nothing but the huge log timber of the house, a full foot in diameter, could now have prevailed to prevent a panic. The ghost, however, shunned the front door and accommodately went round the house and stationed itself in front of a window, grinning horribly at those within. At length, being prompted, one of the party ventured to address it,—I think it was Hugh Boyle,—exclaiming in a trembling voice, "*Poor Ghost, what*

*troubles you?*" The answer was promptly returned, "*The Methodists—the Methodists!*" It then vanished again. The answer left no doubt on the minds of many who were present that Satan himself, in his perambulations "to and fro in the earth," and in walking "up and down in it" had espied the Methodists intrrenching upon his hunting ground on the Loyalsock, and had thus materialized to manifest his resentment. I need hardly add, that it strengthened the cause and added proselytes to Methodism, and for many years after some of those present on the occasion could not be persuaded that what they saw was anything else than a veritable ghost, or Old Nick himself.

Not long after this occurrence, but long before they had a church or even a school house to meet in, a minister was sent from the Genesee Conference, who preached semi-monthly to a small audience, at the dwelling house of Francis Bull. These meetings were generally at night, and the officiating clergyman's name was Rev. Parkust. He was no doubt a sincere, good man, but evidently illiterate. Among his peculiarities was the habit of always ending his discourse by the remark, "I have no more." Subsequently, as new members were added and the settlement improved, a circuit was formed and itinerant preachers sent, who held forth first at the old Quaker School House, near Eldredville, and afterwards at the latter place; Charles Mullan, who resided there, having erected at his own expense a larger and better building, to which was transferred the Union Sunday School. Mr. Mullan was not a member of the Methodist or any other church, himself,—at least at this time,—but from a broad philanthropy, provided the much needed building. It proved a rustic college, at which young men, destined for lawyers, doctors, preachers, merchants, legislators, judges, as well as farmers and mechanics, graduated! The first day school taught at the Mullan School House, was the first also opened within the territory of Sullivan, and the teacher's name was Miss Zilphia Mason, a daughter of Eliphalet Mason, Esq., of Monroe Township, Bradford County. She was succeeded the next winter by James Green, an Englishman, and the latter by Nehemiah Ross, afterwards for some time clerk to the Lycoming County Commissioners, and whose widow is still living at Williamsport. It was an approved custom, when meeting days interfered with school hours, for the teacher to declare a recess and give the

scholars the benefit of the sermon. On one of these occasions, as the audience began to collect for the meeting, the teacher massed his scholars in a corner of the school room, and the vacant seats between them and the pulpit were soon filled up by the neighbors. The text chosen was from the 1st Corinthians, Chapter XIII., last verse: "*And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three: but the greatest of these is charity.*" Now it happened that among the scholars there was a sprightly miss by the name of Faith Gxxxxl, and as the preacher dilated upon the beauty and merits of faith, the youngsters turned their eyes upon the blushing girl as though it were a personal matter. But when, warming up with his subject, the minister exclaimed, "Now, my young friends, which of you are willing to have faith?" A mischievous cuss among the scholars, G. I. E., exclaimed, *sotto voce*, "I am for one, if nobody else wants her." This caused an explosion among the young folks, and an illy suppressed giggle by the elders, whilst the preacher, supposing he had inadvertently said something wrong, became embarrassed and confused, and gave "hope and charity" but a slight consideration. When the meeting was over he asked a brother what mistake he had made which caused the hilarity, and when the matter was explained, he enjoyed the joke as much as any one, and did not complain.

The formation of a circuit was soon followed by weekly meetings at various places in the Red Shale Valley of Sullivan County, then Lycoming, which was bounded on the north and west by the Burnet Ridge, and on the south and east by the Allegheny Mountain, especially at the Forks and Hillsgrove, and at intervals at the house of John Grange, Sr., near the eastern line of Elkland Township. These were supplemented by quarterly meetings, at which Elder Birch, of Bradford County, officiated. He was a man of marked ability and earnest zeal, and did much in his time to establish on a solid basis that respected church. John Rodgers, of Forks Township, and Samuel Duce, his neighbor, contributed time and work to the cause. Philip Kilmer and Joseph Hogeland, living then at the west end of the valley, now Fox Township, did their full part, and Elijah Johnson, the only colored man in the valley, living on Bishop White's Ridge, was an early and earnest member. It took but little over a decade of years to proselyte most of the inhabitants, and the few who were still outside the

pales of the church were looked upon as aliens from the commonwealth of Israel. Of these few, some were prejudiced, or rather, perhaps, predisposed, in favor of other creeds, but still there were a few black sheep who professed no religion at all. Occasionally the preacher or some pious churchman would visit and remind such persons of their peril, but it was generally seed sown on barren soil. Among these non-communicants was an Englishman by the name of Hxxt. He was an honest, industrious and respectable farmer, but had contracted the bad habit of *swearing*. Superfluous adjectives of a profane character would emphasize almost every sentence he would utter, and the habit—like all bad habits—had become so fixed that he could no longer avoid it. Hearing of this failing, one of the itinerant preachers—I think his name was Stocking—conceived it to be his duty to visit Mr. Hxxt, and if the report of his profanity proved true, to lecture him upon the subject. He did so, and was surprised to meet an educated gentleman whose conversation was marked by the strictest propriety of language, and who treated him in the most social and friendly way. The afternoon passed without a mishap, and supper being over, the reverend gentleman prepared to return home, under the impression that his host was more sinned against than sinning, and proposed to end the visit with family prayer. Hxxt and his family reverently kneeled down in various parts of the room, and the minister began his devotions. But, as bad luck would have it, George, a lad of eight or ten years, ensconced himself in the chimney corner and whiled away the time by playing with the shovel and tongs. Their discordant and ill-timed music provoked the father very much, but when they both came rattling down together on the hearth, he could bear it no longer, but exclaimed with much warmth: "G—d d—n it to h—I, George, can't you be still while the man prays?" The cat was now out of the bag, and Brother Stocking bade his host good-bye, a wiser if not a better man.

The remarkable spread of Methodism, not only on the waters of the Loyalsock, but everywhere, during the last half century, has also been accompanied by a broader and more liberal policy. It is not to-day what it was in 1830, at least so far as external appearances are concerned. Sixty years ago the young members of this church were not allowed to follow the fashions in dress, but were enjoined to plainness and

simplicity in all things. The girls were forbidden to wear curls on their hair, ribbons and flowers on their dresses, and rings on their fingers or in the ears. The old or married women had a set style of plain black, low crowned, peaked front bonnets, looking as much alike as eggs. The men sported ribbon chains to their watches, or linen strings about their necks, if they chanced to possess such a luxury, and eschewed ruffled shirts, then the rage of the dude. Even the minister was disciplined, and bound to respect certain forms of dress. But that cloud has long since lifted, and this aggressive denomination sees no sin at the present day in adorning the person. Artificial flowers, which were formerly supposed to be articles direct from Satan's workshop, are now more sensibly looked upon as the handiwork of employed fingers, and emblems of nature's bounty. In short, Methodism has divested itself of much of its crude superstition, and is to-day a leading liberal church. I may be mistaken in my prediction, but I have always thought that it was destined ere long to be the first in numbers and influence in the United States.

I shall close this article by a reference to an incident which took place about the year 1847. The then editor of the *Lycoming Gazette*, his paper being ultra Democratic, happened to be at Hills-grove on a Sunday, and accompanied by an elder brother, who was an uncompromising Whig, attended a Methodist meeting, held in a small school house near the present church. They sat side by side during the discourse, which turned upon the stay-at-home practice of so many people. The preacher said, where there was a will there was a way, and it was very wrong to allow trifles to keep religiously inclined persons from attending regularly on Sunday, public worship; that too many remained at home reading political newspapers to the detriment of their soul's salvation; that Satan had a mortgage on both the *reader* and the *paper*; that the *Gazette* never went to, or could be read in heaven! At this rather personal, but unwitting remark, all eyes were incontinently turned towards the *Gazette* man, and to add to his confusion, his Whig brother nudged him, remarking at the same time in an audible tone, "That's so!"

C. D. E.

H. H. Ring has an English walnut tree six inches in diameter, on his farm near Lairdsville, that has already borne nuts, though not bearing this season. It was planted by B. R. Paxton, who formerly owned the place.

### A Young Soldier.

William E. Mohr, our recently appointed postmaster, is not only perhaps the youngest man of this place who has ever received the appointment, but he was the youngest of the Boys in Blue who went from this neighborhood to show the Boys in Gray how wrong it was to rebel against the most enlightened, progressive and lenient of all the governments on the face of the earth. He was born in Muncy, November 17, 1847, and was therefore but fourteen years old when, in August, 1862, he enlisted to serve nine months as drummer, with Captain B. F. Keefer's company, 131st Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. We remember well what a heart-struggle it cost his widowed mother to allow her dear boy to hazard the perils of that most cruel war. But the war fever swept through the land like an irresistible cyclone, and even many of the boys caught it and thought that each had a solemn duty to perform. We remember well, too, how our boy-soldier, Willie Mohr, as we all then called him, believed that he also had a son's duty to discharge, and how earnestly he argued that his monthly salary would come so good to his bereaved mother. The Captain and his men promised that they would take the best of care of Willie, and so there seemed no other way than to permit the little man to go soldiering, and accordingly he shouldered his drum and marched "to the front." He was not a precocious boy, but was slight and youthful even for his years.

He had an old style military drum that was almost as large as himself, and on long marches it seemed to get nearly as heavy. One morning he boldly resolved to husband his physical resources by tying the drum to the rear end of one of the army wagons that was moving along with the troops in front of his regiment. He never beat the reveille and tattoo with that drum again. The loss, however, did not prove unfortunate for him, as it immediately led to his promotion. The Surgeon of the brigade wanted an orderly, so he was at once assigned to that post of duty. Thenceforth he dined and lodged with his chief, had a horse of his own to ride, and no longer had to march with a cumbersome drum slung over his shoulder. Active and useful, and on the best of terms with the Surgeon, he might have thus served until the end of his enlistment, very agreeably to all concerned, but unfortunately he con-

tracted camp fever, of which we will speak further on.

During the next year's campaign he enlisted for three months with the 37th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Militia, and once more handled the drum sticks, this time carrying his drum until honorably discharged. His third enlistment was for three years, with the 187th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and now he carried a musket and bayonet until the close of the war; and the boys who know say that he was a good young soldier. In time he was promoted to the rank of Sergeant—and once, when the commissioned officers were all disabled or missing, he for some days had entire command of the company.

Once during a halt he saw a number of soldiers surrounding something at a farm house, and curious to see what caused so much commotion, he hastened to make an inspection. The men he found wanted honey, and had attacked a row of bee-hives, but had been so vigorously repulsed that they were now planning how to carry the day by strategy. When he understood the situation he also wanted honey, and shouted: "I'll bet I can carry off one of them hives." Instantly the ringleader responded: "Better try it, sonny." And as soon as said the valorous youth charged on the line, captured a hive, and ran away as fast as he could with the prize. But he had not counted the cost. The confederate honey gatherers, not less valorous, attacked him furiously on all sides, and punctured him vigorously with their needle-pointed bayonets. He was soon compelled to drop the hive and run for his life, for if he had not the now savage tenants would have stung him to death. As it was, he was soon fearfully swollen, got very sick, and for two days had to be transported in an ambulance. The importance of prudence in war must be learned by experience.

He did not meet with any special misfortune in battle, but the hardship and exposure of army life made some impression on his constitution. When the amount of shooting that was done in the various engagements in which he took part is considered, the wonder is that he or any of the boys of his company escaped being maimed or killed. Once while lying prostrate on the ground, in action, a spent ball struck him on the hip and gave him a serious fright. The shock and pain were so severe that he fancied he was shot through and through. He

doubtless suffered more than many of the comrades who were fatally wounded. He was a delighted boy when he discovered that he was still whole, with only an ugly blue spot to show where the missile had hit him, and that he was still effective for further service. Once he was taken prisoner, along with many others, during a sudden sally of the rebels in front of Petersburg, but before the captors could take their captives from the field they were themselves captured by our forces in a counter charge, and so the young captive and his comrades had the satisfaction of being recaptured. How often it thus happens that the greatest pleasures of our lives come to us unexpectedly under unpleasant circumstances!

One of the disagreeable experiences of the drummer boy during his first term of enlistment, already alluded to, we will now mention, as showing some of the vicissitudes of war, though it will be necessary for the writer to speak of himself in connection therewith. After the battle of Antietam word came to Muncy that the young soldier was lying very sick in a temporary hospital near Sharpsburg. At the request of his anxious mother we hastened to Maryland to look after him, and if possible bring him home. He was found in a farm house, on the battle-field, within a few hundred yards of Mr. Bealer's home, where John Quinn had the adventure related on page 46, Vol. II. The sad sight we there saw has left a vivid impression. On the floor of every room in the house, even on the floor of the dark attic, the poor fever-stricken soldiers lay, in double rows, so crowded that there was barely room enough to step between them, with their heads to the wall and feet to feet, with just space enough between the rows of feet to leave an aisle for the surgeon and nurses to pass back and forth. Here the brave boys who had valiantly gone forth to save the Union, and torn themselves from loving kindred and all the comforts of home, now lay prostrate on the hard, bare floors, many being so unfortunate as not to have even a blanket to lie on. Strong and active but a few weeks before, now as feeble and helpless as new born babes. All were very sick. Many were delirious. On the floor above the kitchen lay the drummer boy. He could not be removed, nor could much be done for him under such circumstances, yet the presence and little daily attentions of some one from home seemed to have a decidedly good effect.

Near the hospital stood a large cheery wall tent, the headquarters of the surgeon, to whom we at once presented ourself for special duty. A bunk in one corner was politely proffered for our special use, so we were soon settled, ready to do whatsoever was possible under the circumstances. Men from the ranks had been detailed for nurses, hence we were free to make ourself useful according to inclination and opportunity. Few were the comforts, however,—and we had almost said attentions,—that these unfortunate men received. Some of the nurses performed their duty conscientiously, but some were unfeeling and unfit for this kind of work. We had not been on the ground long when the drummer boy said that they were all so sick of coffee, and wished they could have some tea. The surgeon did not object to his patients having tea, so off we started in search of the desired luxury. In an hour or two a lingering sutler was found who had some, and enough was secured to supply all that wanted. Our chief occupation now for ten or twelve days was making tea for the sick—in tin cups, on a cozy little fire-place constructed in the yard for that purpose—and administering it as medicine, often with a spoon, to all who desired it. The gratitude of sick men under such circumstances for such small favors and trifling attentions is often touching, and unless one has seen the thankful looks and heard the grateful words that usually follow such ministrations, it is not easy to realize how they are appreciated.

One morning the agreeable occupation of making tea was suddenly terminated by the arrival of a superior medical officer with a number of ambulances to remove to better quarters all who were deemed able to bear the transportation. The convalescents were first taken to the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, within a mile or two of the hospital, then placed on a small, leaky steam passenger boat and transported to a point nearly opposite Harper's Ferry, from whence they were taken in cattle cars to Frederick City, and then again by ambulance a mile or more to a hospital, where it was said they could have better attention. Among the sick selected for the transfer was the drummer boy, so we concluded to transfer ourself along with the sick. Near Harper's Ferry the afflicted men lay more than half a day, no cars having yet arrived to convey them to Frederick. Late in the afternoon we were rather surprised to find ourself left entirely alone with the sick,

who patiently lay in rows on the floor of the cabin. Whither the boat's crew and attendants had gone we never heard, and never cared to know. One of the invalids, who was strong enough to help himself and observe what was going on, declared that the boat was leaking entirely too fast, and was determined to make for dry ground. A moment's inspection showed that his apprehensions were well founded. The sick men soon realized the situation, and became very uneasy. We tried to allay their fears, and to make them feel comfortable, agreed to take them all out—which we secretly decided to do as soon as possible. All who could do so helped themselves by crawling out,—the strongest could hardly stand on their feet,—and the rest we carried out, one by one, and lay them in a row, in hospital order, on the grassy bank, a few feet from the sinking boat. The last man removed was already lying in a pool of the steadily invading water.

It was sometime after night-fall before the sick got under way, and about midnight when they reached Frederick. Never shall we forget the trying experience of that long day, and the wearisome night-faring to the place of destination. It seemed the cars would never get to Frederick. The fatigue and exposure were enough for well men to endure, but how could these feeble sick ones stand it and live? On the bare, hard oaken floor of the cattle cars, without even a bit of straw to protect their tender bodies from the jarring of the moving train, lay these poor, emaciated men through the long, chilly night. Many became delirious and talked wildly, yet there was not one in his right mind that uttered a complaint. We were chilled to the bone, had not even a seat on which to rest, and judging from our own disagreeable experience, we thought it would be a marvel if every one of the poor boys did not suffer relapse that might terminate in death. We were not surprised when we heard that a number of them actually did die soon afterwards. To see men as sick as these handled here at home in this way *Now*, the whole community would get up in arms and denounce it as murderous. How feebly many realize what the Boys in Blue *Then* endured for the sake of the dear Old Flag.

When the train reached Frederick a cold and drenching rain began to fall, making the situation still more disagreeable. A remark overheard excited the suspicion that the place to which the sick were destined was in some respects

not much more desirable than the farm house, so we resolved to try to get at least one of the number into a more comfortable place in the city. Seeing by the light of the lanterns a bright-looking officer superintending the transfer to the ambulances, whose face seemed to indicate a sympathetic nature, we approached and made a certain sign. The movement was instantly detected by his quick eye, and—he was soon listening to the story of the young drummer boy and his widowed mother. The right chord of his kindly heart was struck. “We are fearfully crowded, and I cannot promise you a place,” said he quietly, “but please wait here a little while, and I will come back and let you know if anything can be done for you.” To make the story short we will merely add, that in an hour or so the young drummer of the 131st Regiment became the occupant of a comfortable cot in a large school building that the Roman Catholics had generously given up for the use of the sick; that he thereafter received every attention that can be given in a well furnished and well regulated hospital; that he received his discharge some seven or eight weeks later, then lost no time in getting back to his good mother, and to the town—of which he is now the obliging and still youthful looking, as well as deserving, postmaster. But his patriotism had not deserted him, as he twice again entered the service, and stood by the Old Flag until the bars and stripes of secession went down.

### Credit System—The Laborer.

On passing a wood-yard one day my attention was arrested by hearing a person who was engaged in sawing remark to a gentleman who stood beside him: “I am sorry you are going to leave town—you are such uncommon good pay.”

This observation appeared trifling in itself, but there was a great deal in the tone, and to a reflecting mind it carried a deeper meaning than the mere words would seem to convey. “Uncommon good pay” evidently showed that the gentleman was an exception to the general rule, and one who in his practice endeavored to conform to the principle laid down by his Great Master in the Holy Scriptures, “*The laborer is worthy of his hire.*” It is my purpose now to illustrate this by a short and simple story. In the garden belonging to a handsome mansion a man might have been seen employed in digging from early in the morning until the lengthening shadows gave evidence that night was approach-

ing. The only interval of rest had been at noon, when he had gone home to his dinner. He was somewhat past middle age, and from the manner in which he handled the spade appeared to understand his business particularly well. Just before sundown a gentleman entered the garden to note the progress of the work.

“Well, Simon,” said he, “you have got along finely these two or three days, and you have really dugged it very nicely. I think I must hold on to you as a gardener.”

Simon paused a moment as he was thus addressed, wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and answered:

“I am glad it pleases you, sir; it is very hard digging, but I have taken great pains with it.”

At this moment a little girl came up, took her father's hand, and said:

“Pa, tea is waiting.”

“The sun will soon be down, Simon,” remarked the gentleman as he walked off with his daughter, “and I guess this is all I want you to do just now. You may call in sometime and I will pay you—I have no change at present.”

As he uttered these words, the owner of the mansion entered his comfortable abode and sat down amid his family to the luxurious supper prepared for him. He did not reflect whether the poor man, who in laboring for him had borne the burden and heat of the day, had one equally good to partake of; nor had he done as the lord of the vineyard we read of in Scripture, who, when even was come, said unto his steward: “Call the laborers and give them their hire.” In fact, accustomed as he was to the command of means, it had never occurred to him how important was the daily pittance a poor man earns to his family. True, it is many times a trifle, but let it be remembered that it is his sole dependence—his all, and that the God who has said, “The wages of him that is hired shall not abide with thee all night until the morning,” (Lev. XIX., 13,) has not left the time of payment optional with ourselves.

And now we will look a little further and note the effects of one neglect. As the sun went down Simon proceeded homeward—his features were care-worn, and he seemed wearied and depressed as he moved along. On entering his dwelling the first words with which his wife accosted him were these:

“Well, Simon, did Mr. G. pay you? See I have got the kettle on, and I will run and get a

loaf of bread, a little tea, and you shall have something comfortable for supper."

"No, he did not," answered Simon, sighing heavily as he seated himself on a bench. "He is a kind-hearted man; I don't believe he ever thought how bad off a poor man often is, or he would not have required me to credit him for my three days' labor."

And here we will take the opportunity to say that we are very much inclined to doubt whether those who from mere thoughtlessness are guilty of such injustice, are in reality much less culpable than those the result of whose practice is the same, although actuated by baser motives.

"Oh! why didn't you ask him," now inquired Simon's wife, "and tell him how much we needed it?"

"He didn't offer to pay me, and I couldn't," returned he, moodily.

"Poor little Maggie has been fretting for something good to eat all day," said the mother, now beginning to wipe the tears of disappointment which had gathered in her eyes with her apron; "her fever has left her, and the doctor said she might eat nourishing food, and I could make her something nice if I only had some wheat bread."

"Why don't you borrow some?" interrogated the husband, at the same time arising to look at his sick child, who was quietly sleeping.

"I have borrowed several times," said his wife, "and as we never get any to return it, I can't go again."

At this moment several other children came bounding into the house, clamorous for their supper. Their mother arose, thickened the water boiling on the fire with cornmeal, and this, with some skimmed milk, furnished by a neighbor, formed their evening repast. This fare was not very substantial, it is true, for any one who had to toil day in and day out as Simon had, but we dare say the rich who sat down to their tables groaning with every delicacy never thought of that. His children might stand in need of comfortable clothing to protect them from the cold, and from their infancy might be inured to every privation, but what was that to his employers? They were not his keepers, and it was mighty little they owed him. "Mighty littles," however, scattered around into a good many hands, in the aggregate would have been found to amount to considerable, and in Simon's case the wages owing to him, if paid by his

employers when they were due, would, if properly expended, have enabled him to gather many little necessities and comforts about his family which they were now forced to do without.

In the present instance we would not have our readers suppose that we are painting an extreme case. And in order to prove it, we will mention one or two facts drawn from the history of everyday life. "I have neither meal, meat nor potatoes in the house," said a laboring man to one of his employers; "can you not give me the dollar you owe me, to buy a bushel of grain?" "This is the very first money I have handled in nine months, and I have worked almost every day," observed another on being paid for his labor. What a history of privation, of positive suffering, was embodied in these few words! A person residing in the village of ——— informed us that having occasion at one time to go into the dwelling of a poor woman who earned her living by washing, he found her with four little children seated at dinner, and the sole article of food upon the table was cabbage, and from her manner and her making no comment or apology, he supposed the fare was not unusual.

Cases of such destitution may be rare, but they are more numerous than many suppose who do not take an interest in making inquiry on such subjects. We are not, however, at present writing upon charitable objects. Whatever may be the calling of those who are employed, their labor should be considered as a full equivalent for their wages, and as God has not constituted any man the judge of another's circumstances, it is an imperative duty to give them, and at a proper time, what is justly their own—always mindful of the injunction we have before referred to, and which should be deeply impressed upon every mind, however unreflecting: *The laborer is worthy of his hire!*

SARAH H. HAYES.

### A Remarkable Old Lady.

[This article first appeared a number of years ago, and its authorship was ascribed to different parties. We have recently secured it, and with a few slight changes we present it to our readers, in the belief that it possesses sufficient interest to warrant us in so doing.—Ed.]

It is not generally known perhaps to the good people of Williamsport, that a very remarkable old lady is a denizen of that city. And it is a remarkable fact that while she is the observed of all observers, she, nevertheless, remains almost unnoticed and entirely "unhonored and

unsung." This old lady became a resident of the place in the year 1804 or thereabouts, and to the best of my knowledge has never gone beyond the first limits of the little borough. It is said that several years ago, in consequence of a legal difficulty with reference to her dwelling place, she fell into the hands of the High Sheriff or some other county officer, and for a certain length of time was kept from public view.

She is very peculiar in her habits and manners. Her dress is evidently a relic of the distant past. Her mantua-maker must have lived before the halcyon days of the "crinoline" and the "graceful trail." This dress has been her only habiliment ever since I became acquainted with her, and tradition intimates that it is the only one that ever enveloped her once beautifully moulded and love-inspiring form. As yet there is not a rent in it, so strong and durable is the texture thereof, and, excepting a stain here and there, it is as bright and unsoiled as when first it pressed her fairy waist.

Another peculiarity is she never wears a bonnet; in fact she never had one. She has observed the changes of fashion nearly for the century; has seen the "hood," the "shaker," the "sun-bonnet," the "kiss-me-quick," the "eureka," and the host of others too numerous to mention, and has never been tempted to enjoy any of these legitimate luxuries; but, in the simplicity of her nature, she has bared her brow alike to the gentle spring-time showers, the thunder and the lightning of the summer's storm, the chilly sharpness of the wintry blast, the fervid heat of the noonday's sun, and the wilting damp of the midnight air, while her hair continues to fall in sunny ringlets over her elegantly rounded shoulders with all the grace and beauty of a poet's fancy.

She possesses no colloquial powers, in fact she never speaks. In this respect she differs very essentially from the generality of old ladies. She is not only dumb, but she is also deaf and blind. Nature in her case did not equally distribute the senses, but concentrated them all into one, namely, the sense of touch. This sense is so highly developed that the slightest breath of air produces a decided and remarkable effect upon her.

Notwithstanding her natural defects with reference to the senses of hearing, vision and utterance, she is nevertheless a very remarkable old lady, and should the sickle of Time bid her

leave the affairs of this mundane sphere, the people of the city and surrounding country would certainly note her absence; yet remarkable, extraordinary and worthy as she is,—shame rest upon the brow of the present generation—she is almost unknown and entirely "unhonored and unsung."

She is of noble ancestry, truly to the manor born, and all that can be said against her is that there is a great deal of brass in her countenance. It is quite certain that her maiden name was never changed, and it is also certain that her name is now forgotten. From the very nature of things she is unsociable, and therefore you will find her, standing alone, in dignified grandeur, high on the steeple of the Lycoming County Court House. The symbol of justice, nicely poised, trembles in her hands, the lightnings play around her placid brow, Time tells his rapid flight on the dial plate beneath her feet, yet there she stands, "unhonored and unsung," that remarkable old lady.

H. C. MOYER.

Moravia, N. Y.

#### Another Correction of History.

The Williamsport *Breakfast Table* of Saturday, May 17th, contained an interesting article on the genealogy of the Lincoln family, called forth by the announcement that Richard V. B. Lincoln, of Union County, would be a candidate for Congress in that district this fall. It is correctly stated in that article that Mordecai Lincoln, the great-great-grandfather of President Lincoln, came to Berks County and purchased 1,000 acres of land near what is now Birdsboro, where he died in 1736. He left four sons—John, Mordecai, Thomas and Abraham. John, who emigrated to Virginia in 1760, was the great-grandfather of President Lincoln. Thomas' second son, Michael, after serving in Sullivan's expedition in 1779, settled in Buffalo Valley in 1783, near what is now Midlinburg. He had two sons, John and Thomas. The former, who died in 1862, was the father of R. V. B. Lincoln. In the course of the article referred to it is stated that Thomas, the third son of Mordecai, was the second sheriff of Berks County. This is an error. According to Montgomery's *Hand-Book of Berks County*, no Lincoln ever served as sheriff of Berks, but Abraham, the youngest son of Mordecai, was a commissioner from 1772 to 1778, a member of Assembly from 1783 to 1786, and a member of

the Constitutional Convention of 1790. The first sheriff of Berks County was Benjamin Lightfoot, 1752-54; the second, William Boone, from 1755 to 1756; Jacob Weaver, third. George Nagle (1771-73) was sheriff when Northumberland County was erected and assisted in getting the machinery of the new county in operation. In 1773 Abraham Lincoln was drawn as a jurymen in a suit at Reading, between Samuel Wallis and the Penns, regarding the Muncy Manor survey lines, and Wallis indulged in some sharp criticisms of Lincoln, which may be found on the 377th page of the Revised History of the West Branch Valley. The suit was for the ejectment of Wallis, whom the Penns claimed was trying to acquire some of their land illegally, and the latter triumphed.

JOHN F. MEGINNESS.

### Too Much Not Enough.

MR. GERNERD: In No. 10, Vol. II., of NOW AND THEN you referred to a debate in Muncy Township in which Martin Kübler distinguished himself. This brought back to my mind a discussion that took place in the same old log school house, in Pennsville, sometime in '49 or '50. The subject before the debating society was, "Which was the most beneficial to the country, the tariff of '42, or the tariff of '46?" Captain Enoch Everingham, who had been an ardent advocate of the tariff of '42, but who after its repeal sided as heartily with the supporters of the tariff of '46, opened the debate, and said: "The reason why I am opposed to the tariff of '42 is, because it brought in *too much revenue*." A few minutes later, when he got pretty well warmed up, he exclaimed: "I am in favor of the tariff of '46, because it brings in *more revenue* than the tariff of '42." He was too much for his opponents.

THOS. A. WARNER.

### A Veteran of Two Wars—He Deserves a Pension, but Does not Get It.

Here and there we still have a veteran of the Mexican War of 1848, but there are very few survivors of the Seminole War of Florida. Since the death in 18— of "Florida Sam," as Samuel Gray, of Muncy Township, was long known, we can learn of but one survivor of the latter war now living in this section of Pennsylvania. This solitary veteran is the venerable

Levi S. Hayes, of Delaware Township, Northumberland County.

Hayes entered the marine service of the United States in company with fifty-six other recruits at Philadelphia, in 1837, and was immediately transported to the seat of war. He was nineteen years old when he enlisted, and remained in the service three years. The Seminoles were not yet conquered, but they did not continue to fight so pertinaciously and courageously as they did in the campaigns of 1835 and 1836, both of which historians are obliged to admit were decidedly in their favor. Our men were better provided with the equipments of war, and the Indians learned that set battles cost them too many men, so they kept up the fight in small bands, and struck their blows whenever and wherever a chance was sufficiently tempting to lure them on. Hayes says he did not happen to get a hand in any hard fighting, as the Indians invariably retreated into the swamps when the detachment to which he belonged came up with them.

But the aged veteran can talk by the hour about what he has seen and experienced of hard fighting, as he served three years with the 7th Pennsylvania Cavalry, Col. George Wyncoop, during the great rebellion, and took an active part in every battle in which the regiment was engaged. When asked which was the hardest fight he was in, he replied, "Stone River was the most stubborn fight I had a hand in. We fought right along for nine days, and much of the time without cover. Each side seemed determined to wipe the other out of existence. I escaped, but I had my horse shot."

He was mustered in as a blacksmith. This relieved him from doing guard duty, but when fighting was in order his place was in the ranks. When his comrades were performing the usual camp routine, he was employed shoeing horses. For this the Government, by contract, owes him forty cents a day extra pay,—or upwards of \$400,—and of which he says he has never yet received a dollar.

Here is an old man who has fought his country's battles, and helped to secure the blessings of peace and prosperity; who, though never wounded by saber, ball or shell, was badly ruptured near the close of his service; who is a broken-down man, already for some time unable to work at his trade; who is poor, in need, and well-deserving of the assistance of the country in whose service he spent six of his best years,

and yet he receives no pension, no recognition from the National Government in the declining years of his life. Does not common sense and common gratitude, as well as public policy, demand that such men should be generously rewarded? He might have obtained a pension some years ago without difficulty, but while able to work at his trade he did not care to apply for aid, and now the comrades who could best testify when and how he sustained his injury are not living.

### Who Does the Work of the Devil?

A subscriber, evidently impressed by the remarks concerning the devil in the last *NOW AND THEN*, desires to have the following poem published, and an answer to the query as to who is doing the work of his "cloven-footed" majesty, if there is no such a being:

#### WHO CARRIES ON THE BUSINESS?

*Alfred J. Hough, in the Jamestown Democrat.*

Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do;

They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let his majesty through.

There isn't a print of his cloven foot or a fiery dart from his bow

To be found in earth or air to-day, for the world has voted it so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,

And loads the bier of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain?

Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell?

If the devil isn't, and never was, will somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint and digs the pits for his feet?

Who sows the tares on the field of time, wherever God sows His wheat?

The devil is voted not to be, and of course the thing is true;

But who is doing the kind of work that the devil alone should do?

We are told that he does not go about as a roaring lion now;

But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row

To be heard in home, in church, and state to the earth's remotest bound,

If the devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make his bow and show

How the frauds and crimes of a single day spring up? We want to know.

The devil was fairly voted out, and of course the devil's gone;

But simple people would like to know who carries his business on.

If our friend will turn back to the remarks referred to, he will see that we have neither affirmed nor denied the personality of the devil. Though brought up to think that there is a real, living, hideous, hateful, shameless, wicked, powerful, cunning, lying, tempting, deceiving,

destroying, murdering monster, we confess we have no definite idea of his existence or personality, that we do not feel an unusual degree of interest in him, and that we do not profess to be able to determine whether he is a real or a mere figurative being. We do not, therefore, feel ourself called on to defend the belief that he is, or to refute the idea that he is not, a mere metaphorical personification of the principle of evil. We leave this matter to those who know more about him.

But there is one thing we do not hesitate to say. It is not honest treatment of even the devil to charge everything bad to his account. It is not fair to blame even the little devils—a species of inferior, malevolent creatures who are also supposed to operate *on earth*—for what neither they nor the prince of devils are altogether responsible. Is not man a free agent and a responsible being? Were not Adam and Eve punished for believing the great lie of the Father of Liars? If there were enough true religion in this Christian land,—the kind of religion that keeps men unspotted from the vices, evils and imperfections of this world, and leads them to do the will of God *on earth* as in heaven,—and we hope that there will yet be enough of this kind,—then one big devil would be dethroned,

—"who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,

And loads the bier of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain."

Now, if this isn't so, and never was so, will not somebody rise and tell us so? We say, therefore, that King Alcohol is one of the enemies of man that carries on the business of the devil. The dreadful extent to which his *will on earth* is done—we mean the old devil's will—by that which "at the last biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder," is evident by the sickening records of our courts, almshouses, jails and penitentiaries. And who help whiskey carry on the business of the devil? Who voted for whiskey?

Forty-seven years ago (1843) Conden S. Wallis was postmaster of Muncy. A small book of accounts recently found show that the office then contained 20 renting boxes, and that one of these was not rented. The price of a box was 6½ cents per quarter. The Painters (of the *Luminary*) and J. Roan Barr, are the only survivors of those who then enjoyed the convenience of private post-office boxes.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

ISSUED BI-MONTHLY.

J. M. M. GERNERD, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

For terms of subscription and advertising rates, see cover.

Entered at the Muncy Post-Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

JULY AND AUGUST, 1890.

## Financial Encouragement.

This number of NOW AND THEN will be sent to a number of old subscribers from whom we have not recently heard, but who we have some reasons to think desire to have the magazine continued. We hope that we *are right*, and would say to all who have not yet written, *please do write*. Does the silence mean consent, and shall we send on the magazine?

It affords us pleasure to state that the outlook for a larger subscription list is quite favorable. The *Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin* recently said: "Mr. Gernernd deserves every financial encouragement in his enterprise on the high ground that he has earned it by the care and diligence that characterize his work." On high ground we dare not endorse all this too strongly, but we do not hesitate to declare as strongly as we can that, on high ground, we will gladly accept the recommended financial encouragement.

## Warning From Oklahoma.

From a welcome letter received from B. F. Remsnyder, the Muncy boy who has now been in the Regular Army for upwards of twenty-two years,—see page 59, Vol. II.,—and whose company is now in camp at Oklahoma City, I. T., we copy the following:

"Enclosed you will find 50 cents, for which please place my name on the list of your new subscribers to the ever welcome and valuable little NOW AND THEN. It is a comfort to receive such a magazine from home to read during the hours I have to myself, which I am sorry to say are not many at the present time. The troops are constantly employed guarding desperados and murderers. This city has a large surplus of them, in fact enough to supply London, Paris, New York and Philadelphia, and yet it is only one year old. The noise of fire-arms is heard almost day and night; if not with intent to harm it is simply from pure wickedness. It is not confined to men, but very bad boys are here also. \* \* \* The soldiers are sometimes

compelled to arrest land contestants, which we do not like to do, but I tell you when we get a chance we just delight in hauling in the bad men. When we appear their bravo is soon seen to vanish. \* \* \* Excuse me for saying so much, but I thought you might come out here for some land, and I wished to scare you from doing so. \* \* \* Please publish the name of your most remote subscriber and place of residence in your next number of NOW AND THEN."

Many letters like this have already been received, indicating how the NOW AND THEN is valued. And we hope such letters will continue to come. Oh! no! friend R., you need not try to scare us. We do not want to land, nor wish to have land, in a land so bad. Doubtless John Barleycorn is doing a large share of the devil's business out there, unless the old prince of devils is there in person to "blight the bloom of the land." Our most remote subscriber is Dr. A. H. Bennett, of Brussels, Belgium.

## Moyer's Gunshot Wound.

Dr. E. G. Waters, the surgeon who at Camden Street Hospital, in 1862, had treated the remarkable case of Daniel V. Moyer, has written to his former patient, now Dr. D. V. Moyer, and expressed himself greatly interested in the general history of the case as given by his brother, Rev. Henry C. Moyer, in the May and June number of NOW AND THEN. From his letter we copy the following comments:

"I do not think it possible the stomach could have been the seat of the injury, as you vomited no blood. I do not think the colon was, as the liquids and ingesta escaped much too soon, taking your account of the case as originally given. The objection raised against the probability of the small intestine being the seat of the injury, grounded upon the fecal odor, has no weight, since there are many evidences and much testimony to show that the contents of the small intestine do acquire this odor while yet retained within it. Another thing I will mention. Dr. Otis, in his comments on my report of your case in the *Medical and Surgical History of the War*, argued as though I had represented the wound to be one of the small intestine. The text of my report shows that I made no such claim. The thought was not then in my mind. In fact it was not until many years after—I believe not until a copy of the *Medical and Surgical History* came into my possession—that I learned there was so great a difference in the mortality between wounds of the small and of the large intestines. A year ago an esteemed friend wrote an article for *Hay's Journal* on this subject, referring particularly to your case. He told me it was then held in Germany that no authenticated recovery after the former injury existed. I believe yours to be one."

Mr. Moyer's case was evidently one of the most remarkable on record. His recovery was especially extraordinary, considering the neglect and exposure to which he was so long subjected.

### The Youngest Soldier in the Revolution.

William E. Mohr, the youngest soldier—as we have already mentioned—from the Muncy Valley, who fought to *preserve* the Union, is not claimed to have been the youngest of the Boys in Blue in the late war; but it seems quite probable that the youngest soldier who fought to *establish* the Union went into the service from this neighborhood. Until the facts are decided to be against us, we will at least claim the honor for this end of Lycoming County. We have received a letter from Dr. George W. Green, of Battle Creek, Michigan, the object and contents of which will be understood by the following extract:

“My grandfather, Joseph Green, enlisted for duty about the frontier, near Muncy, in August, 1779, when he was *only 12 years old*. The present Commissioner of Pensions writes me that he was the *youngest soldier in the war*. His brother, Ebenezer, Jr., seven years older, who enlisted from the same point, was killed by Indians April 16, 1782. We have a tradition that their father, Ebenezer, Sr., also served temporarily, and that all were at the time living at Muncy, Northumberland County, Pa. \* \* \* What I most desire to learn is, Where was Ebenezer, Sr., born, where did he live, and what was his wife's name? If I had this link I could trace the family back to colonial times without trouble.”

We hope that this will meet the eye of some one who can give Dr. George W. Green, of Battle Creek, the information he desires, and that we shall by and by be able to tell our readers something more about the youngest soldier of the army of the Revolution. Muncy Borough did not exist until some years after 1779. What then constituted Muncy was an immense township. The chief nucleus then was Fort Muncy, the site of which is near Hartley Hall Post-office.

### A Curious Book.

John F. Meginness, of Williamsport, author of the *History of the West Branch Valley*, is the owner of a strange book—perhaps the only one of its kind in the world. It is entitled, *Book of Murders; or, a Record of Blood*, and is composed of a collection of pamphlet accounts of horrible crimes committed chiefly in this part of the State since the beginning of the present century. It contains the records of all the

murders in Lycoming County from its organization to the present time. Among its curious features is the confession in prose and rhyme of James Munks, who murdered Reuben Guild, Clearfield County, November, 1817, and who was executed at Bellefonte January 23, 1819. The history of the terrible crime of Anton Probst, who killed Christopher Dearing and seven members of his family at Philadelphia, in 1866, is given in full, with the speech of William B. Mann at the trial. It also gives a full account of the murder of the McBrides, by Wade, near Williamsport, in 1873; the Colby-Shaffer horror in Clinton County in 1887, together with the later murders in Centre County. This queer book, a sickening record of crime and blood, contains about 600 pages, and is handsomely bound and labeled. The owner did not compile it from a taste for that kind of literature, but as a book of reference for ascertaining the dates when the atrocious crimes were committed, when the criminals were tried, condemned and executed, the names of the counsel concerned, the evidence that led to conviction, etc. For this it is invaluable. It could perhaps not be purchased for a large sum of money. Mr. Meginness is a literary antiquarian, and has many other queer and rare things in his library, but it contains nothing to make the chills run over a person like this curious *Book of Murders*.

### “Something Better” in the Wagon-Shed.

Robert Taylor, whose numerous descendants are now scattered throughout Muncy Valley, was one of the earliest settlers on Rock Run. He and his wife Elizabeth came here from New Jersey soon after they were married, about the year 1800, through an offer made them by George Lewis—who was then about starting the Glass Works (see page 79) at Lewis' Lake—of their choice of 400 or more acres of land, upon the favorable condition that the adventurous glass-maker and land owner should take all the produce they could raise and spare in payment, until the debt was discharged. The settlement at the Lake was for some years—so long as Lewis' wealth lasted, and he could persuade his friends to furnish him with more money—in a flourishing condition, so that the frugal and industrious Taylors had a ready market for all their produce, and in a few years paid for their land and became a prosperous family. Surrounded in time with all the comforts that were then known on the creek, with the best improved

place, and ever ready to feed and lodge friends and strangers, they were generally expected to entertain the ministers of the Gospel when they came to preach in the neighborhood. On one such occasion, when Mr. Taylor had just bought a new pleasure wagon,—the wagons Then so-called, by the way, were nearly as heavy and clumsy as common truck wagons are made Now,—and a preacher was placed in his charge, he took special comfort in showing the ambassador of Glad Tidings his place and its improvements. Taking him to the wagon-shed he showed him his latest acquisition, of which it may be imagined he was even a trifle proud. The preacher seemed to think that now was his opportunity, as well as his duty, to say a word to promote the spiritual health of his prosperous host, and therefore proceeded to remark: "Yes, Mr. Taylor, these things are all very nice, and I am glad to see you so blessed in this world, but there is one thing yet that you may need, and that is an abundance of *Grace!*" As this was said while inspecting the new wagon, the happy Taylor thought the reference was made to it rather than to himself, and so he quickly responded: "*Oh! my good man, I have something better than that; I have a whole barrel of tar in the shed.*"

### Looking Backward and Looking Forward.

As the NOW AND THEN embarks with its readers on another journey, please devote a moment to Looking Backward and Looking Forward. Only a hurried view of things retrospective and prospective can be taken, because—as a little eight-year-old Muncy girl wrote to her papa from the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia—"there is too much to see." Even the two brief years in which the second volume was published were crowded with events that would be too much to see. It would require volumes, and be an impossible task for any one mind to summarize the achievements and progress, the changes and discoveries that have been made throughout the world in even this short space of time. The human family is steadily advancing in its ceaseless struggle to learn, explore, discover, conquer, invent, evolve, reform, revise, convert, improve, educate, elevate, beautify, build, amass and advance. And how much less is any one able to see into the future and know what man will accomplish before this generation shall pass away!

To judge by the wonderful progress made

during the days of our older readers, the increasing activity now nearly everywhere manifest on the earth, the many stupendous enterprises now projected, and to view all these things in connection with the significant intimations in the prophetic books, the greatest triumphs and the grandest opportunities of man on earth are yet to come. It seems to be from an instinctive prescience of yet greater things that thoughtful persons are often moved to exclaim that they would like to live one hundred years longer, or that in a hundred or a thousand or more years they would like to wake up from the dead just to witness what the inhabitants of earth will have and do and know Then. And is this living again on earth a vain wish? Will not millions who dwell in the dust awaken to participate in the delightful scenes of a glorified earth? Shall sin and death eternally defeat the evident and avowed purpose of the Creator of the earth in all that relates to the earth? Shall we ignore as mere fables what Moses and the Prophets plainly teach in regard to the final destiny of the earth and the nations of the earth? Paul did not think so when he stood before Agrippa and said: "Now I stand, and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers. \* \* \* Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?"

But, however the ultimate stage of advancement on earth may be regarded, one thing is clear and incontrovertible. Man is surely, though slowly, advancing. There were doubtless some good men and some good works done in all ages, and some arts and inventions have evidently been lost, some civilizations have come and gone, as men are born and die, but, taken all in all, this age has advanced beyond all the ages of the past in its knowledge, its culture, its inventions, its benevolences, and its developments. This may be clearly seen by Looking Backward. But what may be seen by Looking Forward? What do these signs, these shoots and buds of civilization on every hand portend? What is the manifest destiny of the race of man? What will be the result of a few more centuries—even decades—of progress? What wonderful things are now hinted at, but which the human mind cannot yet grasp! Even now, when persons many miles apart can carry on a perfect oral conversation, the possibilities of the telephone are but faintly realized. Its great power and adaptability to various uses are

but beginning to claim attention. The future of the electric motor will startle the world with its coming wonders. The great inventions in this field have chiefly been made during the last ten or fifteen years, and the prospect is that in a few more decades these and similar inventions will effect a great revolution in the whole social order. What will follow when a process is found by which that wonderful metal, Aluminum, can be cheaply produced? But this is very far from being all there is of what we term Advancement.

The masses are now learning their power, and more and more they want to exercise it. They are becoming conscious of the imperfections of existing institutions,—of the defects of social, political, medical, educational and religious systems,—of the need of reform, of the necessity of revision, of the want of more light and knowledge to bring all these clashing systems into harmony with Nature and Eternal Truth. Each individual is now learning and insisting on the right to think for himself. Each one claims to be a sovereign. There can hereafter be no enduring basis for any government, or system, or faith, if not in harmony with Nature, Truth, Love, Charity and Justice. And all this means that there is more trouble coming. There can be no further progress without further friction. As men learn to comprehend the errors of philosophy, the wrongs of custom, the defects of government, the fallibility of all earthly institutions, even the foibles of the oft clashing churches,—and begin to understand their own natural rights and their power,—they also too often forget their own defects, their own ignorance and selfishness, the rights and interests of their fellows, the simple precepts of Truth, Love, Charity and Justice, as formulated by the best and wisest men the world has known,—and therefore resistance, strife, envy, suspicion, hate, leagues, strikes, riots, boycotting, political feuds, sectional disturbances, sectarian troubles, medical antagonisms, race prejudice, civil and international wars, and rumors of wars from day to day still seem to retard the advancement of the world. Yet are not these very conflicts as a rule evidences of progress? Do they not, taken all in all, also promote advancement? Is not man in the midst of a great world-wide revolution that cannot on the whole go backward? Is he not in a state of evolution that, after all, forecasts a still higher development? Is not the world, in short, growing better? Has not

God declared that He created the earth and made man for a purpose, and that the day will surely come when “all nations shall call Him blessed,” and “the whole earth shall be filled with His glory?” And is it not revealed that Satan shall be chained and finally destroyed?

The two years in which was published the volume of the NOW AND THEN just completed have witnessed a multitude of local changes. We cannot enumerate all, and would not if we could, but it may be well to take a glance Backward. One hundred and four times during this short interval our venerable cotemporary, the *Muncy Luminary*, rose and traveled in its orbit to cast its light over the valley, and into many homes among and beyond our hills, to inform its readers of the rapidly transpiring events of this immediate section. Every week the observant *Hughesville Mail* as faithfully went forth in the mails to post its readers of the many changes in its locality. And about a year ago the bright *Montgomery Mirror* began to give us weekly reflections of the passing events on the other side of the Susquehanna. Deaths, marriages, births, entertainments, lectures, concerts, social events, religious meetings, political gatherings, elections and election troubles, business changes, new private enterprises, public improvements, accidents, law-suits, floods, fires, failures, thefts, storms, sickness, public sales, migrations and immigrations, were among the manifold occurrences thus weekly recorded. It would be a great task to keep readers posted in regard to everything that transpires in this little fraction of the great earth. These things are of more or less interest at the time, but it is only Now and Then that people care to read—a newspaper after it is a week old. And what is the real meaning of all these changes? For what do we toil? For what do we gather? For what do we live? Do we exist to eat and drink, labor and sleep, build and amass, multiply and replenish, sing and pray, and then die—to go to a place of suffering, or to heaven? Was the earth made for this? Is this all we can see of earth and man in Looking Backward and Looking Forward?

Many have come and many have gone during these two brief years. A few of the necrological events are of special interest to the readers of this magazine. Poor, kind and patriotic old “Aunt” Hannah Steedman, the last of Mary Scudder’s children, whom we mentioned on page 7, Vol. II., met with a sad end on the 13th

day of August last. Through an accident with an oil lamp her clothes caught fire, and before any one knew of the calamity she had perished. It is believed that she had a stroke of palsy or apoplexy, and that from the position in which she was found, she must have died without pain or consciousness of the mishap. Patient "Aunt" Abigail Edwards, of whom we gave a brief sketch on page 24, died peacefully on the 26th day of January, at the advanced age of 97 years, 4 months and 16 days. Thomas G. Downing, mentioned on page 22, died on the 14th day of March, also an octogenarian. The "Venerable Cordwainer," William L. Plotts, spoken of on page 34, passed away in January in his 83d year. The "Venerable Nimrod," David McCarty, noticed on page 36, died in August at the age of 86. The aged John Kübler, of whom we recorded an anecdote on page 80, in July joined the immense caravan that never ceases its march to "the land of forgetfulness." And that wonderful old man, Adam Hart, whose portrait graces page 89, died on the 8th day of March at the great age of 101 years, 10 months and 2 days. He tarried long for his summons in this "valley of the shadow of death." A number of others whose names are in some way connected with the NOW AND THEN have died, and thus will ever continue to remind us of that old, cruel, last, yet also kind and impartial enemy, Death. We miss the ever jovial Edward Stokes, the cheerful John Beeber, and the cordial Jacob D. Melick, of Muncy, and William Hartranft and Andrew Madison, two of Moreland's most respected citizens, all of whom gave us their sympathy, and started with us on our proposed two years' journey, but were taken from the life-boat during the voyage.

The foregoing paragraphs had already been placed in the printer's hands when Jacob Sheridan, another esteemed citizen,—see pages 40, 68 and 169—fell from the ranks. He was in his 75th year. He did not have many tenets in his creed, but he lived up to what he believed. "Owe no man anything," and "mind your own business," no man perhaps practiced more faithfully. He had been a sufferer for some months, and long looked for death as the coming of a friend, of whom he had nothing to fear.

Death is no respecter of persons. There is no possible escape from his keen and unfailing scythe. The great lesson of Looking Backward, therefore, is the determinate event for which each should be Looking Forward. "Keep your eye steadily fixed on the great reality of death," said Epictetus, the humble Greek slave who became one of Rome's greatest philosophers, "and all other things will shrink to their true proportions." If a pagan can thus wisely regard death, how much more reasonably can the Christian, who has the true doctrine of immortality that was brought to light by the death and resurrection of Christ? Death to the meek, who shall inherit the earth, is only a time of

rest, a short interval of sleep, a brief moment of oblivion. The resurrection from the dead is the grand climacteric event of the Christian faith. Keep looking Forward, therefore, not "like the quarry-slave at night, scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust." When Christ was raised it was to show how Job's question would be answered, "If a man die, shall he live again?" Death is not the only nor the final great reality, therefore, to which we should be steadily Looking Forward. There is something better than death for all who deserve and seek a better fate. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

### Fraudulent Relics.

A. F. Berlin, President of the American Archæological Association, in a recent communication in *Plain Talk*, the organ of that body, says:

"This country is dotted with fraudulent relic-makers, and there is found no object in this great land of ours but what has been imitated, and very successfully, too. Some of the largest museums have been caught. \* \* \* Perhaps some have read the discussion in reference to the elephant pipes found in Iowa, and now stored in the museum belonging to the "Academy of Sciences" at Davenport, Iowa. Well, they have been proven frauds, and the principal party connected with the production of them has been detected in exchanging fraudulent for true relics. \* \* \* The foregoing again shows how necessary it is for collectors, especially so those in search of knowledge, to band together for protection."

To the best of our knowledge and belief there is no manufacturer of such relics about Muncy. Capt. Thomas Lloyd several years ago made some "net-sinkers," and lay them along the river, partly covered with rubbish, where he knew that a certain collector would soon after find them, but the cheat was detected the instant they were picked up. Capt. John M. Bowman once upon a time, when out with the same collector prospecting, got off by himself and tried to make a "deer-skinner," but while he quietly sat behind a big sycamore and was diligently polishing the stone with sand and water, and doing his best to give it the proper cutting edge, meanwhile chuckling in his sleeves at the thought of the intended fraud, he was unexpectedly caught in the act. That we believe was also his first and last attempt. Collectors need not suspect these gentlemen. They have not the required patience to make relics for the market, and it would only be a waste of ink to put their names on the black list. But it is painful to collectors to know that the rest of "this country is dotted with fraudulent relic-makers."

# THE NOW AND THEN.

Devoted to History, Amusement, Instruction, Advancement.

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## AN OLD-TIME FOURTH OF JULY.

### Music, Whiskey, Temperance, Slavery, Politics, Patriotism.

The interest awakened by the story of "The Old Muncy Band," in the second volume of *NOW AND THEN*, has suggested an account of the memorable Fourth of July celebration in which the boys participated in 1842, eight months before they made their famous excursion to Philadelphia, and about ten months after the date of the organization of the band. The narration will recall the political fallacies that finally led to the great conflict of 1861-65, show how the heaven of abolition was gradually taking hold of the minds of the people, and will interest all who are concerned in the great and yet unsettled problem of prohibition. All the old and middle-aged actors on the life-stage of that era have passed away, and but few of even the younger players are still with us at this day.

For some weeks previous to the commemoration an advertisement appeared in the columns of the *Muncy Luminary* to the effect that there would be a Fourth of July celebration under the management of the "Temperance Society" and others, who "may think proper to join"—which "the ladies and gentlemen of the surrounding country" were very cordially invited to attend—and that it would be held "in a beautiful grove convenient to a pleasant and delightful spring," on the farm of Gen. George M. Keim. "Refreshments will be specifically provided," it was specifically stated, "for the ladies and Sabbath School scholars, and permanent arrangement (not quite so specific) for all who may be in attendance." "After the cloth is removed," it was also announced, "toasts and letters will be read and appropriate hymns and songs will be sung." And the last and not the least important of the announcements were, "The Muncy Band will enliven the assembly with their soul-stirring music," and "several distinguished lecturers will address the meeting."

Like most of the celebrators the "beautiful grove" and the "delightful spring"—and we have been assured that the terms were well applied—have both disappeared, but we are still able to locate them. The Editor's place on Shuttle Hill was part of the Keim farm, and a part of his residence was the house that was then occupied by Harry Meyer, Keim's nephew, and in which the well-known General—whose real home was in Reading—lodged when he visited Muncy. The farm then extended to the river, and "Squire" Kline, his tenant, lived in the stone house now owned by Daniel Waltman, and long known as the Watson house. There were two beautiful groves on the place. One was immediately west of Shuttle Hill, south-east of Harry Meyer's, on the land now constituting a part of the Taggart farm, and the spring was only a few rods west of the road leading to Milton, on the Musser place, nearly opposite the present beautiful home of William J. Wood, Esq. The other was near the canal, just below the present residence of Mrs. Daniel Fowler. Celebrations were held in both places, and both had delightful springs convenient. We had at first understood that the Fourth of July of '42 was celebrated in the upper woods, but we believe the evidence is conclusive that it was celebrated near the canal. The country, as well as the population, has undergone a great change during the forty-eight years that separate us from that time. It is well to pause and look back sometimes and contrast those days with our days—the *Now* and the *Then*.

A Fourth of July "Temperance Celebration" was to many an unseemly innovation on a long established and rather fondly cherished custom, at least in the Muncy Valley. A number of our most respected citizens had no faith in the efficacy of lemonade, spruce beer and ginger-cakes, to promote the proper degree of enthusiasm for a real *spirit*-ed and gloriously patriotic demonstration, and consequently it was decided, at a meeting convened for that purpose, to have

an independent celebration in the true old-time way. A rival advertisement, headed "Union Celebration," was therefore now inserted in the *Luminary*, stating that

"The citizens of the borough of Muncy and vicinity, *without distinction of party, sect or denomination*, have agreed to commemorate the anniversary of our Country's Independence in a manner comporting with the character of social, moral and intelligent citizens, who know how to appreciate and enjoy the blessings of *Liberty*, by meeting at Sugar Grove, on the plantation of Mr. John McCarty, near Muncy Creek, on the 4th of July, and partaking of a cold collation and such other refreshments as shall be provided by the Committee of Arrangement."

All persons in the neighborhood who wished to participate were respectfully invited to do so. If the terms "blessings" and "other refreshments," that we have put in Italics, are not sufficiently specific, the following brief and explicit editorial in the *Luminary* of July 2d will make them sufficiently clear:

"Monday next brings with it the annual return of our national independence. The day will be celebrated in this place in a highly becoming manner—there being two celebrations, one *upon strictly Temperance principles*, and the other composed of citizens who are not members of the Temperance Society."

Our now venerable Judge W. P. I. Painter was at that time the senior editor of the *Luminary*, and celebrated with the citizens who were not members of the Temperance Society. He is the only one now living of the committee of seven who were appointed at a meeting of the "free and independent citizens," at the new brick Central School House, to prepare the regular toasts, procure suitable persons to deliver orations, and read the Declaration of Independence. The others named were George F. Boal, Dr. James Rankin, Isaac Bruner, Simon Schuyler, William A. Petrikin and Dr. R. H. Watson. How Dr. Rankin's name came to be inserted here we do not understand, as he was then already a decided temperance man, and commemorated all day with the Temperance Society. G. L. I. Painter, the junior editor of the *Luminary*, and a member of the band, also celebrated with the citizens who knew how to appreciate and enjoy temperance drinks. The names of the temperance committee we have not been able to learn.

The glorious Fourth was duly ushered in by the firing of the famous old cannon known as "Old Bet,"—a relic of the Revolution, the interesting history of which should have been pre-

served,—and by the "soul-stirring strains" of the Old Muncy Band, of whose history we have already written one chapter. The editorial report of the anniversary that was afterwards given by the *Luminary* is exceedingly graphic and interesting, full of "becoming feeling," and reads as follows:

"Indeed, from the early dawn of morning until the sun had passed its meridian and hid its head behind the western hills, our borough appeared to be in one continued commotion. The rushing of people—the parade and display of the military—the enlivening music of the band—in short all appeared to hail the day with becoming feeling—all of which conspired to imbue every heart with that spirit which impelled our forefathers on in the great and glorious cause of 'life, liberty and independence.' It was indeed a day of happiness to the citizens of our borough, young and old, and to those persons from the surrounding country who participated in its celebration. Early in the morning might be seen troops of children, with joy and gladness beaming in their countenances, thronging the streets, and repairing to the several places appointed for the purpose of forming the processions. \* \* \* At the hour of ten the Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian Sunday schools of the borough, together with a school from Clinton, accompanied by their superintendents and teachers, assembled at the Presbyterian Church and were soon formed into a procession, at the head of which was the Muncy Band, playing some of their most delightful and choice pieces, and moved forward displaying appropriate and elegant banners carried aloft, and marched up Main Street to the upper end of town, where they were saluted by the Muncy Rifle Company, under the command of Captain James B. Doctor. They were soon after joined by a procession composed of the Total Abstinence Societies of Muncy and Hughesville, together with citizens of both sexes, with banners bearing significant mottoes, and thus the united procession proceeded to the grove appointed for the celebration. No one but those who witnessed the spectacle, presented on the occasion, can imagine its imposing appearance. The great display of beauty and fashion, all wearing the smiles of joy and happiness, and the multitude of little children in attendance, gave it one of the most sublime aspects which fancy or the imagination could picture. We proceeded with the procession to the place of destination, and it is useless to add that the spot selected was beautiful and well arranged, and that every preparation had been made providing for the comfort and convenience of the numerous assemblage."

Perhaps no one can Now fully imagine the imposing appearance of the spectacle that the youthful editor said no one but a spectator could imagine Then, but by the aid of this report some of us can at least imagine that it was

an occasion of great "joy and happiness," of a "great display of beauty and fashion," and of "the most sublime aspects." We can at least imagine what a "rushing of people" there must have been from sunrise to sunset, how all the young and old were "wearing smiles," how every heart was imbued "with that spirit which impelled our forefathers," and how grand must have been the "display of the military." We can also imagine, or very nearly, how handsomely the handsome Muncy Rifles must have saluted the Sunday School children and their teachers, when the procession met the company at the upper end of the town—and how uneasy many of the little folks may have felt from fear that the soldiers might fire off their dangerous looking flint-locks. Those who remember tell us that Captain Doctor's men, with their white pants and blue coats, heavy leather cartridge boxes and knapsacks, wide belts and breast and shoulder straps, with a big, brightly polished brass plate on the strap, and their leather caps and tall and gay red and white plumes, made a truly handsome appearance when on parade, and we can imagine that they did appear very handsome. Of course, none but those who witnessed the grand spectacle of that day could realize its imposing character, but then—our readers must imagine what it was like to the best of their knowledge and ability.

After arriving at the grove the following order of exercises, intermingled with the "soul-stirring" music of the band, was observed:

Prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Riddle.

Declaration of Independence read by Joseph Parsons.

Hymn by the Sabbath School Children.

Oration by Henry Johnson, Esq.

Refreshments "on True Temperance Principles."

Reading of Thirteen Sentiments, each Sentiment followed by Music by the Band.  
Volunteer Sentiments.

The band, we were told, contributed immensely to the pleasure and hilarity of the occasion. It was the first celebration in the history of the valley that was enlivened by the music of a regular band. The youthful leader, Captain Thomas Lloyd, suddenly found himself a famous musician. The first piece that he ever arranged was played that day, and its most gratifying success marked an important epoch in his life. He decided to become a teacher of bands. An admiring crowd surrounded the boys most of the day. The approving smiles and attentions of the fair sex were especially gratifying.

What the junior editor of the *Luminary* said in his report—the above report was evidently written by the "junior," who played the trumpet in the band—about the "imposing appearance," the "display of beauty" and the "sublime aspects," were simply the heartfelt expressions of the sentiments of every boy in the band. It was the first big day, and it was emphatically a big day for the young musicians. Our present Junior Cornet Band may possibly make better music, after having had months more of practice, but bands are now so common that the Juniors must exert themselves if they would win the distinction that the Old Muncy Band enjoyed.

Of the Rev. Mr. Riddle, who assisted in the ceremony, we have been told that he was in Muncy at the time on a visit, and that he preached a sermon or two in the Presbyterian Church. He was considered a good man, but as having little power or magnetism as a preacher. One who heard him once said he could never forget him, as a large portion of his hearers went to sleep, and in the midst of his sermon he cried out in a loud and imploring voice: "*Come, wake up, the best is now to come!*"

Joseph Parsons, who read the Declaration of Independence, we are glad to mention is still in the land of the living, and that he is now an honored citizen and an alderman of Lock Haven. He bears his years well, and can still quote a passage from Shakespeare to suit almost any turn in conversation.

The rather boyish looking and diffident young man of twenty-three, who delivered the oration on the memorable occasion,—who had but a short time before been admitted to the bar, and whose law library as yet consisted of only "Purden's Digest" and "McKinney's Pennsylvania Justice"—won an enviable reputation for ability and acquirement, that a successful career of almost half a century has since shown was well deserved. At a meeting of the members of the Temperance Society and other citizens of the borough of Muncy, on the evening of the Fourth, David Lloyd, Dr. James Rankin and Joseph Parsons were appointed a committee to request Henry Johnson, Esq., to furnish a copy of the oration for publication. The orator of the day complied with a modest note, and about seven columns of the *Luminary* of the following week were devoted to one of the neatest and most patriotic Fourth of July addresses ever made by so young a man in the

West Branch Valley. The oration is so connected that it seems like mutilation to give only a portion of it, but the following almost prophetic paragraphs are a sample of its general spirit and clearness of conception:

"But, fellow-citizens, it is perhaps selfish to let our thoughts dwell only upon the past, glorious and hallowed though it be. Standing as we do now, at the extreme which separates the past from the future,—plunging in that future as we soon shall have done, it well deserves a few serious thoughts. The past—we know it all—no uncertainty, no anxiety, no fears pervade the sweet contemplation of all that is connected with it. But, oh! the future—the future! What does time, when it lifts the mysterious veil with which it screens all future events from our view, intend disclosing? Shall our national course be onward, upward, or must we fall, broken, fractured, scattered to the winds, a laughing stock to tyrants, a subject of pity to our friends? Who is not ready to exclaim, may not our eyes ever behold this republic ruined, crushed, crumbled to atoms, smitten by its own madness, dismembered by its own fierce passions!

"Yet is not the present portentous of change? Are there not signs of some vital disease gnawing at the life-blood of our institutions? Is there not some growing evil which, if not checked, and checked at once, will ere long, if not by war, open and violent, more surely undermine the temple of liberty, and leave but the fabric standing, while all of good that was promised at its erection has been snatched away?

"I am not one of 'those political sooth sayers who, with malignant alacrity of evil augury, magnify each transient speck into a fearful harbinger of desolating tempests.' I cannot believe that this government is founded on a slippery basis, that the theories upon which it is erected are but phantasies, mere concoctions of the brain. On the contrary I believe its foundation is eternal truth; it was modelled under the maturest wisdom and the auspices of a great many ages of experience; its principles are drawn from the lore of all admonitory antiquity. The problem of our institutions has been favorably solved, and the once doubted maxim, that man is capable of self-government, is now one of the known axioms of political science. I would fain cherish the hope that this government is destined to exist while the world lasts. Though the storms of adversity beat upon it, and the smiles of prosperity lure to destruction, yet I hope that it will exist, not as now in beauteous youth, but in the sublimity of age, shedding its benignant rays upon all that seek its protection. What but its competent spirit was it that has thus caused the 'desert and the solitary place to blossom as the rose;' what has made the forest vanish, turned the wild roam of the savage into the busy work-shop of civilization; what was it that has specked the whole landscape of this western world with town and city that everywhere point their glittering spires to the dome of heaven; what has built up the ten

thousand manufactories, and the million other structures for the happy employment of our multiplying population—what but the sure operation of its beneficent spirit? It is abundantly able to protect every right, sustain and cherish every interest and foster every branch of industry. But if it is calculated to accomplish these desirable results, why, the question may well be asked, do we not enjoy their realization, their perfect, full realization? Why does not the cheery smile illumine the countenances of all that bask under its protecting beams? Whence this gloom, this settled cloud, that even the memories connected with this day cannot entirely dispel? Whence the complete paralysis upon our commerce and navigation, and why do all the people avert their faces from the morrow, for very fear of impending destruction? Should such a state of affairs exist under a system so perfect—so boasted? The evil to which I allude, co-existent with its formation, dangerous in every form of government, but particularly so in such as ours, will be found to exist in the party struggles which at times are incident of necessity to our political organization. It is an evil arising not from any defect in that organization, but solely from our own frail natures, one which the greatest wisdom could not guard against, although foreseeing, but must be left to the redeeming love of a free people for the inestimable privileges bestowed upon them to shield it from all that is dangerous in its tendency. In those struggles it is now a fitting occasion for each one to ask himself the question, whether the duty he owes his country has been faithfully performed; if his action and conduct as one of the arbiters of this country's present destiny has been prompted by the sole desire and the only motive, that country's good. Alas! the rigid laws and the iron rule which party warfare has adopted have often superseded the love and affection we bear our country. \* \* \* \*

"It has been said that parties are necessary to the perpetuation of genuine liberty, because their jealousy of each other will detect at the first appearance any encroachment upon popular rights. But surely, as seems to be too generally supposed, it cannot be that the necessity requires a continued succession of party dogmas and party theories. It cannot be that when once a line of policy has been assumed, it must ever after be adhered to as one of the cardinal points of faith, unchanged by circumstances, unmodified by experience and never abandoned, though practical results demonstrate its utter fallacy. True it is that principles never change, but then man changes, his information becomes expanded, his perception enlarged, his judgment strengthened. To say then that after the lapse of years, under different circumstances and new lights, that man, acting for himself and his race, must still pursue the beaten path—undeviated and unchanged, is but saying that the affairs of the country must retrograde instead of advance. It is but a system to perpetuate error and fasten upon the country all its deadly effects—the 'bohun upas' which for years must paralyze her efforts and weaken her energies—till as many

years of convalescence can scarcely place her where she was. It is this fixedness of party, its unvarying, immovable, stationary nature, its glorious consistency, right or wrong, always insisting upon the same doctrine, always urging the same policy, which constitutes its most dangerous features, prostrating, withering and blighting the prosperity of the country, which, united to its intolerance, its bitterness, its dread hate often heated into a frenzy which would immolate every one that dares whisper opposition, which would suppress the freedom of speech, nay thought itself these combined in one will ere long resolve themselves into that maelstrom which may engulf the Union."

The youthful orator seems to have had a prophetic vision of the conflict that came twenty years later, and trembled when he thought of the maelstrom which threatened to engulf the Union. The withering, blighting, prostrating, intolerant policy of the pro-slavery power was at that time so dominant that the freedom of speech was often suppressed even in the "free" North. But the day of reckoning at last came.

Want of space compels us now to take leave of the temperance celebration, and we conclude by giving some attention to the citizens who had "other refreshments," and who claimed to know how to "appreciate and enjoy the blessings of Liberty," and who had assembled without "distinction of party." The *Luminary* editorial already cited closes as follows:

"At 1 o'clock, under the direction of the committee of arrangements, a procession was formed, consisting of the military and citizens, and proceeded to 'Sugar Grove'—a beautiful and thickly shaded place on the banks of Muncy Creek, belonging to Mr. John McCarty—headed by a heavy piece of cannon known as 'Old Bet,' and under the management and control of our neighbor and fellow-citizen, David McCarty. The procession moved forward in good order, with martial music, to the place selected for the celebration, where they spent the remainder of the day with the same patriotic spirit with which it was ushered in.

"In due season the several parties returned to our borough highly gratified by the manner in which they passed the day—no accident having occurred to mar its pleasures. To witness such scenes as were presented on that day is enough to give a new impulse to every heart in desiring to maintain and cherish those inestimable blessings so dearly bought and handed down by our forefathers—the privileges and rights of a free and independent people. May it never be otherwise."

The "Sugar Grove" has also disappeared, and the sparkling spring at its border, and so, too, have nearly all the patriotic citizens who that day met in the cool, thick shade of the stately maples. From the brief record still preserved,

and by interviewing the few survivors who yet remain, we are, however, enabled to furnish the following particulars. In addition to the committee of seven already mentioned, the following gentlemen had been appointed a committee of arrangement: William A. Petrikin, Dr. E. D. Kittoe, David Mecum, Joshua Bowman, James Risk, Dr. Thomas Wood, George F. Boal and John J. Crouse, Esq., all of whom are deceased. A sumptuous "cold collation" was furnished by Joseph Sweet, then landlord of the "Muncy Hotel," and the cloth being removed the ceremonies began by the announcement of the following well-remembered persons as the officers of the day:

President—General William A. Petrikin.

Vice-Presidents—Abraham Bodine, Valentine Beeber, John Steck, Philip Opp, John McCarty and Evans Thomas.

Secretaries—Dr. R. H. Watson, Dr. Michael Steck, William Johnson and Joseph Gudykunst.

Reader of the Declaration of Independence and Orator—George F. Boal, Esq.

The cold collation, as already intimated, was not served without an abundant supply of something hot and warming, if not "hot and rebellious," as Shakespeare would have said. The "other refreshments," mentioned only in a general way, consisted, we are informed, of the contents of a row of darkly glazed earthen jugs of various sizes—some had corn-cob stoppers partly wrapped in muslin—that graced the long table, the handy adjuncts of which were a liberal provision of bright tin cups. This, let the good reader remember, was not to be a celebration upon strictly temperance principles. It was to be, as announced in the *Luminary*, an anniversary conducted in a manner "comporting with the character of social, moral and intelligent citizens," who knew, as declared, "how to appreciate and enjoy the blessings of Liberty." These important and portentous jugs contained one of "the blessings," that must, as they who were here assembled then thought, not be despised and prohibited at a Fourth of July celebration. Hence, while the temperance folks in Keim's Woods were tempering their glowing patriotism with cooling draughts of lemonade, the citizens at the Sugar Grove were arousing their love of country to a much higher and louder pitch with copious potions of "inspiring John Barleycorn." As a faithful historian we must tell the truth, if not the whole truth. But judge not our fallen friends, dear reader, nor

the few and highly respected survivors of that memorable day who yet remain. They were as a rule men of temperate habits, some of the very best, brightest and foremost of our citizens. Times have changed, and we cannot judge them justly by the standard of to-day.

The commemoration was to be strictly non-political, and without regard to sect or denomination, as well as gloriously patriotic. But the sequel will show how all things in this wide world will get mixed, and how naturally they are correlated and how hard it then was, as it still is, to lose a good opportunity to say a good word in what we believe to be a good cause. The thirteen regular toasts prepared by the committee on toasts,—the sentiments being such as, "The Day we Celebrate," "The Heroes and Patriots of the Revolution," and "The Memory of George Washington,"—of course suited every one, and as they were read from the stand were received with cheers, the beating of drums, a flourish of the bright tin cups, and an occasional boom from "Old Bet." The first of the long list of volunteer toasts that followed the regular toasts was offered by General William A. Petrikin, the president of the day, viz.:

"Pennsylvania—Ever vigilant and jealous of her own rights, may her citizens be careful how they interfere with the rights and institutions of her sister states."

The force and meaning of a sentiment depends much on the one who offers it and the era in which it is offered. There were very few full-developed Abolitionists here *Then*, and only two or three were present who served as conductors on the under-ground railroad. Dr. E. D. Kittoe and "Uncle John" McCarty probably came the nearest to those present to being high-grade Abolitionists. As a rule the Whigs were more or less imbued with the pro-slavery doctrine of state rights,—in fact there was not so much difference between the Whigs and Democrats as they themselves supposed there was, and so the president's toast was received with apparent hearty acclamation. The doctrine that ALL MEN are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these rights are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—although a noble sentiment in the Declaration of Independence, and read with great seriousness, if not always in absolute soberness, at every Fourth of July celebration,—was not a broadly avowed and unselfish and unconditional maxim of either of the two great political parties. It was broadly and

unqualifiedly only an Abolition doctrine. It was only the Abolitionists who, in the spirit of the Declaration of Independence, unselfishly urged direct interference with the "rights and institutions" of the sister states. The Whigs were the compromisers, and only opposed the extension of the so-called "rights and institutions." And so the toasts and the cheers, the drums and "Old Bet," and the bright tin cups testified again and again how the celebrators enjoyed and appreciated—at least so far as they themselves were concerned—the "inestimable blessings of Liberty," and how little those present thought of interfering with the "rights and institutions" of the sister states. The third of the volunteer toasts was offered by Valentine Beeber, one of the vice-presidents, viz.:

"The liberty tree so carefully nurtured by our forefathers, may we cultivate it, and be the means of its taking root in every part of the universe; that the oppressed who groan beneath a tyrant's yoke may at last find beneath her boughs a refuge."

This is a noble sentiment, thoroughly democratic, in full accord with the Declaration of Independence, and we imagine that "Old Bet" gave a tremendous roar of approbation. The liberty tree soon took deeper root, even in our own immediate part of the universe, and the groans of millions of oppressed in our own land were a few years later changed to shouts of joy, as they found refuge beneath its boughs. Frederick Douglass, it is said, was once asked: "At what institution did you graduate?" "From the *Peculiar Institution*," said the ex-slave, "and my diploma was printed not on sheep-skin, but on my own skin. Before I was part of this breathing world, the chains were forged for my limbs, the whip braided, the cowskin twisted for my back. And my name, which, through the mercy of God our Father, may yet be found inscribed in the Lamb's Book of Life, made part of my master's register with his cattle and his swine." But it is not *Now* as it was *Then*. The Fifteenth Amendment is *Now* the tap-root of the liberty tree, which has been carefully cultivated. and the oppressed that *Then* groaned beneath the tyrannous yoke have at last found refuge beneath her boughs.

The following opportune (?) toast was tendered by Dr. Michael Steck:

"Temperance—A cause worthy the attention, zeal, and patriotism of all: but not calculated for introduction into politics."

Should not the Doctor, judging from his senti-

ment, have been imbibing with the drinkers of lemonade in Keim's Woods? He was not at a temperance celebration, he knew, but he evidently thought that he was at some kind of a political meeting. Whiskey and politics he knew would mix, and he saw that they were then well mixed; but temperance he concluded was not calculated for introduction into politics. The successful introduction of temperance would revolutionize politics. How would the Doctor have fared had he dared to offer an undoubted temperance toast like this:

"Whiskey—A monster evil that demands the attention, zealous and patriotic opposition of all; and that is not calculated for introduction as a beverage into our homes, religion, politics, or at any private or public gathering, especially not at a Fourth of July celebration."

Would such a sentiment have delighted the Whigs and Democrats who came here because this was *not* to be a temperance celebration? But the toast offered did not interfere with whiskey and politics, and the Doctor was perfectly secure in the enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. We can hardly blame the Doctor, considering how things *Then* were mixed. How strangely and almost naturally temperance, whiskey, politics, religion and human beings even *Now* yet sometimes do get mixed.

The "Sugar Grove" was but a short distance from the historic spot where the bold defender of our first settlers fell, and he was not forgotten. Esquire John J. Crouse, who had then already urged the erection of some suitable mark to his memory, would doubtless have been on hand with a toast in commemoration of his deeds, but his thought was anticipated by the following from George F. Boal, Esq.:

"To the memory of Captain John Brady—A soldier, a patriot who fell at Wolf Run, pierced by the rifle ball of the savage Indians."

Jacob Shane, of Port Penn, it seems did not get to town until sometime after the military and citizens had marched to the grove. He asked some one where he could find the Fourth of July. The response made by some one who knew him well was: "The one that you are looking for is down at the creek, in John McCarty's Sugar Grove." He soon found what he was looking for in one of the little brown jugs, and fell into line with the following toast:

"The Farmers and Mechanics of the United States—May they send men to the Legislature and not be led astray by political demagogues."

We are sorry we cannot say just what and who he meant by "political demagogues," but suppose he meant right. As he wanted the farmers and mechanics to send "men" to the Legislature, it may be inferred that they had been sending "demagogues."

Jacob Sheridan put a sentiment on record that legislators of this age would do well to regard:

"Our Legislators, both State and National—May they know more how to appreciate the domestic circle by dispatching business more rapidly and return to their homes."

Sheridan had then not long been a member of the domestic circle. A short time before his decease, when his golden wedding was close at hand, he expressed himself more than ever satisfied that legislators should dispatch their business more rapidly, and would spend their time more profitably to the State by being at home with their families.

We have not space to notice all the toasts. The fortieth was offered by John J. Crouse, Esq., and shows how much was thought of the musical organization of which we have already given some account:

"The Muncy Band—The pride of the place: their attainments are highly prized and duly appreciated. Their desire to please deserves the general applause of the day."

George Gowers, who played one of the French horns, says that thanks and refreshments were all that the band got for playing on such occasions in those days, and that in his opinion they deserved all that they received. They really played for three separate celebrations on this particular day, and were obliged to blow nearly all their breath away. In the morning they played for and escorted the Episcopal Sunday School to the grove on Dr. Thomas Wood's farm; then played nearly all day for the Union Sunday Schools, citizens and temperance societies in Keim's Woods, and in the evening, when nearly "played out," proceeded to the Sugar Grove and escorted the citizens and military to town who had—or who had had—the "other refreshments." As they played from a desire to please, and for the fun that there was in it, they were not parsimonious of their music, and thought they were amply repaid in being "the pride of the place." It would have been a disgrace to their day and generation if their attainments had not been "highly prized and appreciated."

One more of the reported volunteer toasts. The next we give is credited to Captain Peter

Kern, and was a hard one on the Abolitionists. When we look back and remember how the slave-holders *Then* schemed and travailed to extend slavery on free soil, how promptly the Government hung John Brown a few years later because he went on slave soil and attempted to "interfere with the rights and institutions of sister states," and then how the slave-holders themselves finally resolved to dissolve the Union and "thereby aid the British in their darling project, the dissolution of our Union," it *Now* seems a curious toast. It always did work bad to introduce abolitionism, temperance and true religion into politics. To keep politics pure—such politics as the Whigs and Democrats got mixed at this celebration—there never should, and perhaps there never could, be anything mixed with it but whiskey. But the toast:

"The Modern Abolitionists—Who are by their pretended exertions in behalf of the slaves of the South sowing the seeds of discord, exciting feelings of enmity and ill-will in the minds of the citizens of the different sections of the country, and thereby aiding the British in their darling project, the dissolution of our Union. 'Let a lash be put into the hands of every honest man, and whip such rascals naked out of the country.'"

No one was visibly hurt by this threatening toast. There was not an honest man present who seriously thought of using the lash then and there. Nothing was allowed to disturb the good nature and harmony of the assembly. A few of the Abolitionists of that day acted with the Whigs,—Enos Hawley we believe, however, once voted the Abolitionist ticket entirely by himself,—but not many Whigs were then, properly speaking, Abolitionists. The celebration was "without distinction of party," and every toast was at the time so interpreted. "Old Bet" therefore again made the earth shake, and sonorously reverberated her acclamation through the valley and the surrounding hills, and the glittering tin cups again furnished inspiration to the patriotic citizens who knew so well "how to appreciate and enjoy the blessings of Liberty," and how not to interfere with "the rights and institutions" of their sister states.

It may have been about this time that the following well-remembered incident occurred: The venerated "Old Bet" was so heavily charged—to make all the noise possible, she was sometimes loaded with sod and stones almost to her very muzzle—that no one cared to fire her off. Frank Shoemaker, the oldest son of John

Shoemaker, grasped a burning stick, jumped astraddle of the old cannon, and valorously applied the torch. "Old Bet" made one tremendous bound—and so did Frank. Fortunately neither suffered any damage. "When Frank came home that evening," said Esquire Joseph, his brother, "father came very near giving him another bouncing." The old gentleman did not perhaps fully appreciate such reckless appreciation of "the blessings of Liberty."

Fifty toasts were reported in the published proceedings, the rest of which we must omit for the want of space, and others were read that were not reported. It was charged at the time that they were intentionally suppressed because they did not make the proper "distinction of party." Jacob Cooke, for instance, had the following read, but it was not reported:

"The Day we Celebrate—Before the return of another, may we be blessed with a national bank and a well-founded tariff"

But this repression occurred after the celebration, and is chargeable to only one or two persons. The harmony of the commemoration was not seriously interrupted. The citizens assembled knew how to "enjoy the blessings of Liberty" and "other refreshments," and that day they magnanimously shared them. Mr. Cooke not only had his toast read, but he lived to enjoy the blessings of protection for many years, and to become the director of a national bank. Both have been proven to be well "calculated for introduction into politics."

We have not attempted to give a full history of the occasion. Blanks are left that the reader must fill. Times have changed, it must be remembered, and our fathers must be judged neither harshly nor hastily. Many truly patriotic citizens then thought that this was the right way to celebrate the nation's anniversary, and the only way, as intimated in the advertisement, "comporting with the character of social, moral and intelligent citizens." The *Luminary* editorially stated that the procession moved to the grove "in good order," but when speaking of the return merely said that "no accident" had occurred to mar the pleasures of the day. The special reporter represented, however, that after the toasts were read the company formed again in procession and returned to the village "in good order, and with harmony, enlivened by the sound of military music, interspersed with the soul-stirring strains of the Muncy Band."

But the special reporter has been convicted of repressing certain important facts, and his state-

ments must therefore be taken with some qualification. He probably told the truth, but he evidently did not tell the whole truth; and he may have thought that he was not expected nor obliged to do so, and that he was not under oath to testify without mental reservation. Several of the survivors remember how some returned with their little brown jugs slung over their shoulders, and that the loads did not seem to have grown any lighter since the ceremonies began at the grove. The ranks were not much broken, but then the lines were not as firm and unwavering, strictly speaking, as when the procession moved out of town. It was strictly true that the patriotic celebrators were greatly "enlivened." But then it was not, strictly speaking, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, that it was due to the sound of the music. It was chiefly due to the fact that they had commemorated in a manner that, as they thought, comported with the character of social, moral and intelligent citizens. It was the "other refreshments" that now moved them even more than the concord of sweet sounds. Some of them when they reached town were now

"So full of valor, that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground  
For kissing of their feet."

One old lady frankly remarked to us that her husband, who was a member of the famous "Rifles" and wore white pants, which she had taken great pains to do up nicely some days before, got so full of the president's "ten-year-old rye" that he could hardly carry the load home. "When he got back to town," said she, "he looked as if he had just come out of a battle." The citizens who knew how to enjoy the blessings of Liberty were certainly "enlivened," for they marched into town swinging their hats and shouting vociferously as if they were transported with joy, because they had just won a great victory in the cause of freedom. "Old Bet" was in line, now mounted on a heavy farm wagon, and the prudent gunner, David McCarty,—and not this time Frank Shoemaker,—now sat astraddle. Our esteemed subscriber, Ellis Michael, now of La Porte, Indiana, says he remembers this celebration well, and that "there never was anything like it." A number of the citizen rank and file, he can recall, were "comically dressed," by which we infer that some of them must have especially prepared themselves for the final pageant, or that they must, on the spur of the moment, have turned their hats and coats inside out. The special report is entirely

silent on all these interesting points. George F. Boal, the orator and reader of the Declaration of Independence, was also the commanding officer of the parade, and was seated on a very sedate and deliberate old white horse; and doubtless a great deal was due to the dignity, efficiency and coolness of both rider and horse, that "good order" was maintained, and that "no accident" occurred to mar the enjoyment of the occasion. The usual apology Then for having such a time was that "The Fourth of July only comes once a year." Lemonade was considered as a suitable enough drink for Sunday School children, women and temperance societies, but "other refreshments" were deemed indispensable by those who wished to commemorate the anniversary of Independence in a manner comports with the character of social, moral and intelligent citizens!

This occurred nearly half a century ago. It will be remembered that times are not in many respects *Now* as they were *Then*. Little brown jugs and tin cups are not prominent on such occasions *Now*. The abolition of whiskey has not yet been successfully introduced into politics as the abolition of slavery has been, but it will be in time, if humanity continues progressive. The world certainly moves. The Liberty Tree has been so cultivated that it has taken deeper root, and all in this part of the universe *Now* find refuge beneath her boughs. Such celebrations as described have about become obsolete, but patriotism has not grown cold because more sober. Not many thoughtful men would *Now* be willing to commemorate in this manner, or publicly engage in such a scene, but they know quite as well how to appreciate and enjoy the blessings of Liberty. Drunkenness is still the blighting curse of the land, but it is from year to year becoming more disreputable. Decoration Day, and the little flags that gently flutter over the graves of the fallen defenders of the Union, show that the love of country is just as warm *Now* as it was *Then*. The ship of state passed safely through the maelstrom that *Then* threatened her with destruction, and she is *Now* the monitor, the model and the admiration of all the tribes of the earth. And we are marching on. May we bravely struggle on in the task of self-amelioration, and prepare for the great work Providence has assigned America in the cause of human advancement.

DAVID GINTER, the photographer, of Muncy, is a grandson of Philip Ginter, the hunter, who discovered coal in the Lehigh district in 1791.



Turning further I found numerous other accounts for same material furnished, of which I now remember, viz.: James Armstrong, Thomas Lloyd, Ellis Lewis, Judge Cummings, Oliver Watson, Thomas Huston, Jacob Grafius, Robert McClure, William Wilson, John Torbert, A. Woodward, T. Coryell, John Burrows, Charles Lowe, James Huling, F. C. Campbell, Nathaniel Burrows, James Winters and others that slip my memory now. As many of the above accounts were worthless, by reason of the parties having paid their last debt to nature, yet sufficient remained above ground to make this book interesting, from the fact that the survivors were leading members of the various churches and active workers in the temperance cause. So I concluded to tuck this book under my arm for further usefulness and reference.

The following morning the rain had ceased, the clouds had been wrung out and sent South to be hung on the equatorial line to dry. The sun came out warm and cheerful on this bright October day, promising a good day for outdoor business. Taking up the book I went direct to the office of Judge Anthony, then President Judge of the District Court—talented, genial, possessing all the elements of popularity and the rare talent of appreciation in an eminent degree, and who no doubt in his youth had been "one of the boys." I had determined to make him my first victim.

I was cordially received, but finding two strangers with him I asked for a private interview. I was bowed into the back office with great mock ceremony. I then explained that we had determined to have a party, but finding our funds a little short, I had been sent out to collect some outstanding accounts yet remaining on our books, and as there was one against him which had been standing for some time, overdue, as it was small I hoped it would be promptly met and save unnecessary cost. I then turned to his account and commenced to read. The Judge snatched the book from me and read over the account with a puzzled look upon his face, evidently trying to get at the bottom of this matter. With a dazed face he turned back a leaf and saw the title page—"Thomas Hall, His Book." With a shout he carried the book to the front office and showed it to his friends, where it had a general overhauling to their infinite amusement. In the course of this examination Judge Anthony stopped short at my father's account, saying, "Look here, young man,

what are you going to do about *this*?" I protested it was none of mine. Putting on one of his extra-judicial looks he said, "We will see about that." Taking down a large law book he read: "'All accounts for the necessities of life shall be held against the principal, his heirs, executors and administrators forever.' You being the heir in this case, the court considers you clearly liable and renders judgment for the amount and costs, but if the principal be promptly paid the court will remit the costs."

"A second Daniel come to judgment," said one of the strangers. I saw I was in for it, so I paid over the amount and squared the account. "Now the court will pay in her account," said Anthony, "and you can cancel the docket." We wrangled a long time about the little interest due on this account, but finally compromised in consideration of his promptness on the principal alone, when the money was paid over. All parties then agreed to move one door west and attack Judge Armstrong. We found him in his office, and I made my little speech. Opening the book I read the account. The Judge heard me to the end, and then demurred for the following reasons:

"1. The account is barred by statute of limitation.

"2. There is neither law or precedent for the collection of these whiskey debts.

"3. It is very clear in this case that there is a 'nigger in the wood pile,'" with his eye directed at Anthony.

This of course called for Anthony, but one of the strangers suggested they be organized into a court and try the case on the argument; both parties agreeing, when Judge Anthony resumed:

"Does the honorable gentleman mean, when he avers there is a 'nigger in the wood pile,' that there is a *steal* in this thing? Oh! no, that is the farthest thing from us. I can see no steal here."

Judge Armstrong, interrupting: "If Judge Anthony can see no *steal* in it I will admit there is none."

Anthony was evidently demoralized, but he soon rallied and resumed: "'Tis well we have gained that point; now for the next. The gentleman avers there is 'neither law or precedent for the collection of these whiskey debts.' I reply we are now suing under the law in vogue at the date the goods were purchased, which made no exceptions, and was particularly

stringent in all cases where the necessities of life were furnished, as in this case.

"No precedent, does the gentleman aver. I reply and beg leave to remind the court, that the precedent was this day established by the court of *quarter sessions* based upon the law before quoted, judgment rendered and the money paid over in the presence of this honorable court. We think that point is clear. Again, the gentleman avers that the account is barred by statute of limitation. Oh! ye gods, that I should live to see this day! Here is the intimate friend of my youth and my manhood, whose brow is wrinkled with deep thought, and whose gray hairs bespeak his wisdom, whose legal lore has elevated him to a seat on the Supreme Bench of this great Commonwealth, should come down this day and try to *play the baby act!*"

This settled the case and the court gave judgment for the plaintiff. To this Judge Armstrong replied: "In view of the correctness of this account, the finding of the jury, the liability of the defendant and the laudable purpose for which this money is to be squandered, I will at once proceed to satisfy the judgment."

We then proceeded to Oliver Watson's and found him in his office. I spoke my little piece and opened to the account. After looking over it carefully he replied: "This is a clear case of non-identity. It is not likely I had anything to do with the making of this account. *I was only four years old at that time!*"

Here was a backset. I began to think of a retreat. Mr. Watson, continuing, said: "I suppose this refers to an Oliver Watson who was an uncle of mine, and who was said to be fond of the good things of this life. I would advise you, gentlemen, to go and hunt him up. I am unable to say which way he went, but you will find him in the company of old Judge Cummings, and you may possibly collect both accounts at the same time. I believe for the sake of old memories they would be very glad to see you," looking hard at Anthony.

Judge Anthony replied to Mr. Watson that he would have to decline his excellent counsel purely for the want of time, stating he would come right down to business by asking: "Mr. Watson, you are the nephew of your uncle, Oliver Watson, in this case?"

Mr. Watson replied, "I am."

"Now, sir, as we are suing under the laws that were in force at the time of the making of these accounts—we mean the acts of the Fair Play

Legislature—there is this one: 'All accounts for the necessities of life shall be held as against the principal, his heirs, executors and administrators forever;' and the courts have established the precedent that *in these cases* the descendants are bound not only in law but in equity to liquidate the debts of their ancestors; quoting from an opinion of an eminent judge of the Supreme Court in these cases, he says: 'In view of the correctness of this account, the finding of the jury, the clear liability of the defendant, and the laudable purpose for which this money is to be squandered, judgment must be rendered against the defendant.'"

"Stop there," replied Mr. Watson, "that settles the question with me; such legal lore is conclusive, but being a man who takes a voucher for all moneys paid, I shall require the treasurer to write me a receipt covering all the grounds, while I get the exact change."

We wrote out the following receipt: "Received of Oliver Watson three dollars and forty-three and three-quarter cents, in full for all the whiskey that he and all his ancestors have drunk from this date back to the dark ages and beyond, forever, amen!"

All things being now satisfactory, we took our leave.

Having conquered three eminent jurists, I felt capable of dismissing my counsel and conducting my own cases.

Following up the collection I found myself in possession of \$11.25, which was glory enough for one day. That evening I took counsel of some choice spirits of the younger set, and we determined who should be invited, and the time and place for holding the party.

The following morning Mr. Calvert, who kept a confectionery, &c., on the south-east corner of the square, was notified to prepare refreshments for twelve couples, and set table at a house to be named further on at 11 o'clock P. M.

That evening the party dropped in quietly at the rendezvous selected, and proceeded in a body to the house of Oliver Watson and walked in without any invitation. We found the family in the sitting room. Mr. Watson was reading the papers, and Mrs. Watson had Willie on her lap dressing him for bed. Of course Mr. Watson took in the situation, but Mrs. Watson was struck with amazement. She demanded to know what it all meant, but being at once surrounded, she was forced back into her chair. Willie was taken from her and hugged and

kissed by the girls to his infinite delight, while his legs and arms flew about like Sancho Panza's wind-mill. The reasons given Mrs. Watson for the intrusion were numerous—"We have come for a social time;" "We are the O. K. Club;" "We are the how-come-you-so's." In the midst of the confusion Mrs. Watson, holding up her hands, exclaimed, "But I am surprised." A sunny-faced, fair-haired girl exclaimed, "That is just it, Mrs. Watson; *this is a surprise party!*"

In the confusion the furniture had been shoved out of the way, and one of our party was seated at the piano, Judge Armstrong tuned up his violin and the order came loud and clear, "Take your partners for a quadrille."

Mrs. Watson was a woman of good sense, fine talent and rare *tact*, and in the language of to-day, she soon "tumbled to the racket!"

At 11 o'clock the refreshments were spread in the dining room; at twelve the furniture was in its place, and thus ended the *first* surprise party. The blessings that Sancho Panza gave the man hat invented sleep has found its echo round the world, and I never yet have heard one dissentient voice. When I hear the left-handed blessings upon the man that invented surprise parties, I have always kept a discreet silence.

And now that I have made this honest confession, being upon the shady side of life, and that frost which never melts is fast falling upon me, I beg of those who have been, or may hereafter be, the victims of the surprise party, when you choose to talk of the writer of this, please "draw it mild," and remember not the sins of my youth against me.

### Credit System—The Merchant.

#### No. 2.

"Good morning," said a customer of Mr. Lathrop, entering his well-stocked store, at the same time bowing politely to the proprietor of the establishment, who with his clerks stood behind the counter waiting upon some ladies.

Mr. L. returned his salutation in a friendly manner, when the gentleman, drawing him to the farther end of the room, remarked:

"A word with you, Lathrop. You haven't had your new goods long, and as your sales have doubtless been pretty heavy, and you are, I dare say, flush of cash, I want you to lend me one hundred and fifty dollars for a few days."

"One hundred and fifty dollars," repeated the store-keeper, his countenance visibly elongating under this unexpected demand upon his purse.

"Yes, for a few days only," replied Mr. Smith coolly. "I have been disappointed in getting money that I confidently expected. I shall certainly get it, however, very shortly, when I will return yours, if you are not afraid to lend it."

This was said in a tone which implied, Disoblige me if you dare; and as Smith was a customer and possessed influence with others, Lathrop thought it best to let him have it.

His back was scarcely turned when a gentleman of the name of Robinson came in, and as the store-keeper now chanced to be alone, he exclaimed the moment he opened the door:

"Lathrop, as you are one of the few moneyed men we have, I want you to loan me fifty dollars for a short time."

"I have just lent one hundred and fifty to a friend," said the merchant, not being able to muster sufficient courage to refuse directly, "and indeed I don't see how I can spare so much money at one time. I have some obligations due myself which I shall be obliged to liquidate shortly."

"Ho," said the new-comer, with great effrontery, "your pocket nerve is rather too sensitive for a man of your capital. If people won't oblige their friends, they ought not to expect their support."

Mr. Lathrop seemed to think so too, and a lady coming in at this moment, he took the money out of his desk and handed it to the applicant.

Miss —— ran up a heavy bill; she was buying spring supplies for her father's family, and before she had concluded several other persons entered on the same errand. After they had got through, each requested that he would keep an account of what they had purchased.

The wearied store-keeper had scarcely seated himself, after being so long occupied in waiting upon his customers, when Farmer N—— entered.

"Lathrop," said he, "I want you to advance me a couple of hundred dollars on my grain. I will bring it to you, you know, as soon as I thresh, and in the meantime I have a payment to make which cannot be delayed."

Mr. Lathrop knew it would never do to disoblige so important a customer as Farmer N——, and so counted him out his last dollar.

The farmer wrote a note for the sum, and on handing it to him observed: "You see I have said payment so long after date; I know you are

not mean enough to charge me interest on this little sum for a couple of months."

"Certainly not," returned the victim, sighing, as he placed the note in a safe deposit.

This is the history of one day, and although successive days may have varied the demands, yet in point of character they continued the same. Mr. L.'s heavy stock of goods had disappeared, and the goodly array of names he could exhibit in his books was the most he had to show for his merchandise, for the greater part of the ready money he had taken in had been loaned out to oblige customers whose "few days" possessed the faculty of lengthening out interminably.

"What is the matter, my dear?" said Mrs. Lathrop, following him into the sitting room, after he had arisen from the dinner table; "you have scarcely eaten anything to-day."

"There is matter enough," cried he, in evident irritation. "It is high time I was off to the city to purchase my fall supply, and where the means is to come from is more than I can tell."

"Means!" repeated she in astonishment, "why you have sold a great amount of goods."

"Yes, I have sold goods enough, but the proceeds are scattered over the country from Dan to Beersheba. I could not raise a thousand dollars to save me from the penitentiary. Moreover, I have received very little money, and a part of what I did take in has been loaned out. There was Smith borrowed one hundred and fifty dollars last spring, with the promise of returning it in a few days; it isn't paid yet, and never will be I presume until I sue him for it, and several others ditto."

"Where is your grain?" inquired Mrs. Lathrop, in surprise at this statement, for she had always supposed her husband abundantly easy in his circumstances.

"Grain! I have very little, and I shall do well if I save myself as far as that is concerned. I was obliged to advance money long before it was brought in, and as it has fallen in price some, I doubt whether I shall realize my own out of it. No, no," he continued abruptly, "I see no resort but the bank. I must get funds there to go to the city with."

True to his determination, the merchant applied to the bank, and as he was known to be a man of capital, assistance was readily granted; but as business continued in the same state—long credits and scanty pay—matters grew worse and worse; he was obliged to demand a higher price

for his merchandise from the few who were willing to pay, in order to atone for the want of promptness on the part of the many who were unwilling or indifferent, and at length his establishment attained the unenviable reputation of *dear*, and those who had ready means usually managed to trade elsewhere. This being the case, he was induced to renew his application to the bank again and again, until it was whispered "on 'change" that Lathrop's note had been protested.

"Just as I expected," said Mr. Smith to his friends, Mr. Jones and Mr. Robinson, "just as I expected; he was close to meanness in some things, but he always did business in such a helter-skelter kind of a way that no person of sense ever thought he would succeed."

"Everybody must set up to be a store-keeper now-a-days, capable or incapable," replied Mr. Robinson, with a sneer.

"Well," said the third party, commiseratingly, "Lathrop has been in business a good many years, and I always thought him well calculated. The only fault I could see was that he gave credit to such an unlimited extent; but I suppose he imagined he must do as others did. The system, however, is a bad one, and in my opinion the sooner there is a *general* and *sustained* effort to do away with it, the better for us all."

A few months later and a crowd might have been observed gathered within and without the beautiful abode of Mr. L. It was a sheriff's sale, and as one after another of the articles doubly endeared by association to the unfortunate family were brought to the hammer, such detached sentences as these might have been heard whispered about: "Not worth a dollar—Poor concern as you ever saw—Not been in business above so many years, and failed for so much—Some rascality somewhere," and so on to the end of the chapter.

Notwithstanding these hard remarks, however, Lathrop was an honest man, and possessed of good business capacity. The fault was not his, but owing to the prevalence of a system to which he had weakly imagined he must yield, he had become so much cramped in his means that failure was inevitable. Had it been otherwise, and he had striven successfully with the adverse circumstances which surrounded him, we doubt not the same tongues now so liberal of abuse would have been ready to dub him a "clever fellow," (a term, by the way, which has

always seemed to us of doubtful significance, but which we know is considered by some the highest species of praise).

We will not follow the broken merchant and his impoverished family to the retirement they were forced to seek. His fate was that of many as good a man before him—he experienced neglect and cool indifference, where he had looked at least for sympathy and kindness. The priest and the Levite are much more frequently to be met with in our pilgrimage through life than the good Samaritan, and through long years of poverty and trouble the unfortunate man had ample leisure to reflect how different all would have been had he in his days of prosperity uniformly adhered to what he knew was for the best interests of himself and his family. Some one tells us, "Obtain a reputation for eccentricity and it places you in an easy chair for life." A wise maxim would be, Acquire a character for *true* independence, and you are at least secure of never falling below contempt.

SARAH H. HAYES.

### Is There a Future Existence for Animals?

An article published in NOW AND THEN some months ago prompted the inquiry from a number of its readers as to whether animals have an existence after death, which question was answered by the editor from his stand-point. The Rev. Mr. Wood, author of the book entitled "Man and Beast Here and Hereafter," to which reference was then made, answers the question in the affirmative. I cannot agree with him, however. If I could believe with him that the Scriptures teach such a doctrine, it would settle the matter very definitely in my mind, as I am a firm believer in the truth of the Scriptures, both old and new. A "Thus saith the Lord" would be conclusive with me. I am by no means satisfied, however, that there is a single passage in the Bible which, properly interpreted, teaches any such doctrine, while it is clearly manifest that beasts were made subject to the dominion of man and for his use; though I confess it is hard to find the use in the case of lions, tigers, mosquitoes and rattlesnakes.

I do not believe in the immortality of animals because I cannot see any reason for it in what we know of their nature. While they undoubtedly possess many attributes akin to those of the human mind, there is one line of demarkation, wide and deep as that which separates the rich man and the beggar. *Man is an improver; an*

*animal is not.* While the animal is capable of some degree of education, it is exceedingly limited. Man is capable of indefinite improvement. The bee exhibits the highest mathematical capability in the construction of his cell so as to obtain the greatest amount of room in the smallest possible space. But the bee of to-day builds his cell in exactly the same way that he did when he sipped the honey from Eden's bloom. The beaver builds his dam in our streams just as he did in the Hiddekel or the Euphrates. The hang-bird constructs her nest *now* just as she did *then*, and so of all other animals. All these contribute possibly to man's material wants; but if we are to have a spiritual existence after death, it is not easy to see of what possible use the animal creation could be to us. The purpose of *their* being seems to be fully attained here; the purpose of our being cannot possibly be. If in this life only we have hope, says the Apostle to the Gentiles, we are of all men most miserable. Let us eat and drink, for, like the animals, there is nothing more or better for us to do. I am, however, fully in accord with an eminent writer, who, in reply to the allegation that the argument in favor of man's immortality will apply equally well to beasts, said: "I would far rather believe that a beast has a soul than that I have none." "Christ came to bring light and immortality in the Gospel." The idea of annihilation is repugnant to human nature. All nations and tribes of men believe in a future existence of some sort. The enlightened Greeks and Romans found it in the Elysian fields; the North American Indians in "the happy hunting grounds;" the Hindu in the transmigration of souls; the Buddhist in "Nirvana," a state of endless rest; all thus bearing their testimony in some way, by the very necessities of their nature, to the doctrine of mortal-immortality of man. Can this innate feeling be possibly a delusion?

"It must be so! Plato, thou reasonest well,  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?  
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror  
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
'Tis heaven itself that points an hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man."

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in her "Gates Wide Open," pictures a scene in heaven of a home prepared for his loved ones by the husband and father, who had gone before, with the old house dog lying at the front gate, but it is too

materialistic for the spiritual-minded, from whom it has evoked severe criticism. It is to be feared that the Christian Flora McFlimseys of this present world may not only find themselves with "nothing to wear," if there is

"Some sphere

Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,"

but in addition thereto may be doomed to a life of unending woe for want of the society of their pug dogs and poodles, upon whom they have, in this life, bestowed more care and attention than upon the suffering sons and daughters of humanity. There are some dogs whom one feels that he would rather meet in the eternities than *some other dogs*, had they any purpose or place in the altered sphere of our existence. "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed." "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body," and what may be useful to the one may be of no use whatever—can, indeed, hardly be of any possible use—to the other. Dogs, cats, flies and even "the wicked flea" may contribute to our happiness or amusement here, but might be intolerable nuisances in the spirit land.

And now, before concluding this disquisition on the unknowable, pardon me for mentioning a remarkable instance of canine intelligence that had escaped my memory when I penned the previous article. A friend of mine had a very intelligent pointer dog, which accompanied him one day in a stroll along Eighth Street, Philadelphia. All of a sudden the dog whirled half round and stood transfixed, every muscle quivering with the excitement that possesses the animal when he scents the game. His master did not know what to make of it until he glanced in the direction the dog pointed and saw a sign on the door of a restaurant with A PARTRIDGE on it!!

CLINTON LLOYD.

Washington, D. C.

### Reminiscences of Old Times on the North and West Branches, or Men and Things Previous to 1850.

No. 5.

#### WILLIAMSPORT IN 1830.

My first recollection of the borough, now city, of Williamsport dates back to 1826, but frequent visits there subsequently, but prior to the autumn of 1833, when I became a resident of the place, serve only to confuse the memory as to the exact order of events, and to render it necessary to limit the time of my references to 1830. Whilst

yet a citizen, some thirty years ago, I carelessly remarked to a bevy of friends, that the old citizens of Williamsport would soon be extinct, as they seemed to be dropping off so rapidly. One of the company replied that I should not be concerned on that account, *as I had only to look in a mirror to see one of them!* This remark rather startled me, as it then seemed to imply old age, and therefore premature, but I would not deem it inappropriate now. Time passes so fast, and those of us who have lived in the same neighborhood our allotted three-score and ten years remain eye-witnesses to events and changes which the present generation know nothing of, except from history or tradition. My personal reminiscences are not intended for either, but rather for the information of the descendants of those who lived and fought the battle of life sixty years ago. What a contrast between "Now and Then!"

In 1830 there was no improvement or building on the public road between the Muncy Farm or Twin Runs and the Stone Tavern, in Fairfield Township, now the farm house of Mrs. Ex-Governor Packer, but instead an unbroken or primeval forest all the way. Benjamin Courson or Jonathan Sebring, I am not sure which, then kept the house. Between this and the Carson Tavern, at Loyalsock, there was but one house immediately on the road, that of Gen. John Burrows, which stood on the south side, near, and perhaps a little west of the present town hall of Montoursville. It was a small frame with a porch in front. The Carson House was built of hewn logs and kept by Betsey, the widow of James Carson, and stood where John Huffman's house now stands. The widow was a stout built woman of middle age, and managed her own business, even to the dealing out of gills and half pints of raw whiskey to her numerous customers, according to the prevailing fashion of the day. After crossing Loyalsock Creek, on the county bridge destroyed by the great flood of 1889, and steeply ascending the sand hill on the west side, the first house on the right was that of Charles Harris, a jovial, muscular man—full of fun or fight, as occasion required. A little farther on, at the left, was the stone house of Sheriff Winters—afterwards the residence of a relative, Wm. Chandler. A mile or more farther west, near the mouth of Bonsor's Run, and some twenty perches south of the road, stood the hospitable residence of Lawrence Miller. He was a robust, rough, good-hearted, eccentric genius.

Many anecdotes are connected with his name, some of which I may have occasion to relate in another number. This was the last house east of Wallis Run, but after crossing it that of Mr. Berry—a small brick—stood at the north side of the road some twenty rods west of the present woollen factory. Last, but not least, on the same side and adjoining the borough limits, was the stately brick mansion of Apollos Woodward, at that time, perhaps, the most expensive dwelling in Lycoming County.

Williamsport was then a modest borough, both as respects population and territory. It fronted, but did not extend to the river, on the south. West Alley, which intersects Hepburn Street near the new post-office, was its western boundary. Church Alley, the first north of Fourth Street, its northern, and Academy Street, then an alley, its eastern. I cannot give exact its population in 1830, but it polled for Congress 115 votes and for Commissioner 117, which multiplied by seven would make the number about 800. What a contrast between that time and this! Wooden buildings, made of logs or framed from lumber, prevailed. I can remember but seven of brick in the borough, including the court house. These were occupied respectively—first, by William Wilson, (or Congressman Billy, as the people called him in contradistinction from a saddler of the same name,) located on the corner of Market Square—now the jewelry store of Mussina. Second, by the Widow VanHorn, diagonally across the square, now the store of Muir & Scott. Third, the hotel kept by Thomas Hall, now First National Bank. Fourth, by Jacob Peterman, on south-west corner of Market Street, late the residence of Abram Updegraff. Fifth, by F. C. Campbell, Esq., dwelling and law office, now Weed & Co.'s Bank. Sixth, by Jacob Rothrock—adjoining the last described—now owned by G. W. Youngman. Seventh, the old court house.

The mercantile and general business of the borough, in 1830, was limited to Third Street, between Mulberry on the east and Pine on the west. There were but five stores in the place, which were kept respectively by C. & S. H. Lloyd, located on the third lot west of Mulberry, north side; by Robert Elliott, on next lot west; by John H. Cowden, on the north-east corner of Market Square; by A. D. Hepburn, on said square, west of Market street; and by Jacob & Daniel Graffius, on the south-west of the aforesaid square. A hat and drug store in addition

was on the south-east corner of Pine and Third, conducted by H. Lenhart, Esq.

Four public houses graced the town. The one most patronized, because it was the stopping place for the stages, was owned and conducted by Joseph Hall, and stood upon the lot next west of the present Crawford House. Hall was a boisterous but clever landlord. He always spoke with a stentorian voice, and could be heard from one end of the street to the other. The inhabitants understood him, however, and instead of anticipating a riot when he spoke, resumed their avocations, remarking, "*It is only Joe Hall whispering.*" The next in order was the brick house on the lot now occupied by the First National Bank, and kept by the then Sheriff Thomas Hall. The latter was no relation of Joseph, I believe, but possessed the same brusque style, though not quite so loud. Opposite the court house stood the neat white frame whose proprietor was Thomas Hays, an ex-sheriff of the county. He was an inveterate enemy of the Jackson Democracy of the day, and, like the Halls, would sometimes say rough things. Perhaps these peculiarities were a necessary feature, to obtain custom, in landlords of that day. Opposite the present post-office stood the fourth, under the control of Henry Hughes, at that time and for many years after the veteran postmaster of Williamsport. The house is still there, a memento of olden times. Mr. Hughes was of Irish descent, if not a native of the Emerald Isle, nevertheless, he could not patiently endure the bulls of his countrymen. On one occasion a Paddy called and accosted the postmaster with, "Is there a lether for me in the office?" P. M.—"What is your name, sir?" Pat—"And be sure you will find my name on the lether!" At another time he directed his man-of-all-work to hold the head of a beef whilst he knocked it down with an axe. Mr. Hughes' eyes were naturally badly crossed, and when he had raised the axe for the impending blow his helper exclaimed, "Are you going to strike where you look?" On being answered yes, the man let go his hold on the beast, exclaiming, "Then be jabers you may hold it yourself!"

The old court house did not look venerable at this time. Indeed it was reputed the best in the State outside Philadelphia. But the yard and space in front had neither been graded nor paved, and both were decidedly uneven. The roadway at the turn, from Third to Pine, trenched on the lot and ascended fully six feet

in making the curve. The court room was on the first floor, with the prothonotary and register's offices on the left hand and commissioners' and treasurer's on the right, doors opening from the street to each. Accompanied by a boy of about my own age, "to the manor born," I had the honor to view the court in session at December term A. D. 1830, from the gallery above it. On the semicircular bench, at the north end, sat Judge Chapman, with associates John Cummings on his right and Asher Davidson on his left. In front, raised one step from the plane of the bar, was the desk of the prothonotary, occupied, I believe, by Tunison Coryell, afterwards the first cashier of the West Branch Bank. Abraham Taylor held the office of register and recorder. Thomas W. Lloyd was the treasurer, Thomas Hall the sheriff, and Wm. B. Smith, Benjamin Jones and William Harris the commissioners. The space allotted for the bar and jury, although a little lower than the bench, was still a step higher than the space allotted to the plebeians, who, as a rule, had to stand, as only a row of benches lined the walls on the outside of the room. The jury boxes were on each side of the bar, also in a semicircular form. A single table lined with green baize, and made in the shape of a heart, with the point towards the judges, was the goal around which the lawyers did congregate, and all spoke or addressed the jury from the rounded space remotest from their honors. Near this table, on either side, arose two large columns, as supports of the second floor, and by the one on the east side uniformly sat F. C. Campbell and next on his right James Armstrong. Opposite, and in much the same position, was the common seat of Joseph B. Anthony and Robert Fleming. These four, at that time, constituted, I believe, the resident lawyers of the borough. Anson V. Parsons was then a resident of Jersey Shore, and William Cox Ellis of Muncy, but both attended the several courts at Williamsport, as did also, generally, J. H. Grier and — Bancroft, of Danville, and Ebenezer Greenough and Hugh Belles, of Sunbury. The president judge, Seth Chapman, resided at Northumberland—his judicial district being composed of Columbia, Lycoming, Northumberland and Union counties, and his salary fixed by law at \$1,500 per annum. He was the successor of the notorious Judge Cooper, whose arbitrary method of administering justice caused a general rebellion among the people in his district, and led to his removal by address. Chap-

man was not a great, but a respectable lawyer, and but for the prevailing bad habit of the day, to which he was addicted, of liking a beverage stronger than water, he might have remained longer in office. But his infirmities increased with his age, and numerous petitions were forwarded to the Legislature at its session of 1832-3, for his removal by address, when he *judiciously* resigned. The carriers' address of the *Lycoming Gazette*, of January 1, 1834, breaks his fall by saying:

"Judge Chapman, seeking health and ease,  
Resigned his numerous friends to please!"

Judge Cummings resided a few miles west of the county seat, on the Lycoming Creek; he was a plain, honest farmer, liked by everybody. Judge Asher Davidson was a practicing physician, and lived at Jersey Shore. I think he succeeded his father, and was at that time a young man.

The streets and alleys of the borough were, like most of the buildings, rather worse for wear. None of them were yet graded, and Market Square afforded a tolerable toboggan slide southward. Only two or three brick pavements adorned the sidewalks, and the few others constructed of uneven and irregular flat stones, only served to keep pedestrians' feet out of the mud, without much aiding locomotion. Boards or plank were considered too expensive to be used for the purpose. The old log house, on the north-east corner of Third and Mulberry streets, in which the first court for Lycoming County was held, was at the time I speak of occupied by — Dumb as a residence, and the opposite lot, on the north-west corner of said streets, afterwards for many years the home of W. F. Packer, remained solitary and forlorn, with the wreck of the old McElrath homestead remaining thereon. The two first lots on the north-west corner of Third and Pine streets, now the glory of the city, was then a sort of common, covered with rubbish, stone and lumber. There were no buildings on the east side of Market Street, north of the corner of Market Square, except, perhaps, James Highland's shoe shop, nor on the same side southward to the canal, save only the small frame dwelling of William Harris, then one of the county commissioners.

I can only remember two physicians, who were not *quacks*, practicing medicine in the town, and this fact may account for the general healthfulness of the place at the time, Dr.

James Hepburn, on Fourth Street, who afterwards, I think, disposed of his good-will in the practice, as well as residence, to Dr. Jacob Seiler; and Dr. James Taylor, on Third Street, who resided where the Crawford House now stands. He was afterwards a member of the Legislature from Lycoming, and removed to Battle Creek, Michigan, some years later, being succeeded by Dr. Thomas Vastine.

There were but two churches, or rather meeting houses, within the borough limits. The Methodists had a plain brick building on Pine Street, on the same site where their present elegant church now stands, and the German Reformed and Lutherans worshiped at a stone building on the next lot west of Stearns' store property on Third Street. This structure was a partnership affair, I believe. Members of other denominations were situated as the Jewish customer was,—“they could pay their money and take their choice.” Few, if any, Catholics were to be found at this day among the inhabitants, and a great prejudice prevailed against them, which has since, to the credit of the people, essentially died out. Williamsport is now a city of churches, but I fear the morals of its people are not much improved in consequence.

The *Lycoming Gazette* and *Lycoming Chronicle* were then the only two papers published in the county. They were both printed on Ramage presses, and in size about one foot by eighteen inches—the former by William F. Packer, subsequently Governor of Pennsylvania, who was the surviving partner of John Brandon, for whom the new park north of the city was named, and the latter by A. B. Cummings, a brother-in-law of Mr. Brandon, and for many years after an honored citizen of Williamsport, but now enjoying the quiet of old age at his country residence on the Delaware, below Philadelphia. The *Gazette* and *Chronicle*, although of the same political faith, were nevertheless antagonistic on home affairs and continued so until after their consolidation by Eck & Eldred in 1837; but Packer and Cummings became fast friends in the course of time and remained such until the death of the former. In 1826 Henry Miller and John Brandon owned and published the *Gazette*, and afterwards the last named, who died in the fore part of 1829, when the paper went into Mr. Packer's hands. Miller survived his later partner, but died of jaundice soon after.

“The West Branch Division of the Pennsyl-

vania Canal, from the Muncy dam, in the county of Lycoming, to the mouth of the Bald Eagle Creek, in the same county,” was then in the course of construction, and two hundred thousand dollars were appropriated at the session of 1830–31 to carry on the work. The canal fever was then raging all along the line, and the citizens of Williamsport were so badly afflicted by it that they were willing the second street of the town should be used for the purpose. Those who favored a slack water system, or thought the whole venture a rash and useless expenditure of the State's money, were hooted into silence, and the ditch was made and opened for public use in December, 1834, but it never fulfilled the great expectations of its friends.

The first settlers on the banks of the West Branch were generally adventurers from the lower counties of the State bordering on the Susquehanna River. They, with their effects, were conveyed in boats constructed for the purpose, and pushed or poled up the stream by a crew of men. In this way a few white men found homes among the Indians before the latter's title to the land was extinguished, but after the purchase of 1784, and long before surveys were made or a title obtained through the land office, the irrepressible squatters found their way to, and took possession of, the choicest lands along the margin of the Otzinachson. Among these hardy pioneers were a boat load who landed between the mouths of the Loyalsock and Lycoming Creeks, near the present depot of the Reading Railroad. The harbor was found to be excellent because of the deep water, and the low, sloping bank, which made *ingress* and *regress* easy. It was therefore called by those who landed there William's Port, in honor of William Russell, the boatman. Other boats, bringing recruits and supplies to the new colony, were directed to land at William's Port, on the river, and in a few years the settlement was everywhere known as that at William's Port. Some ten or fifteen years later, when Michael Ross, a surveyor, had purchased a tract on the river, and proceeded to divide it into town lots, streets and alleys, he adopted the *then* well known designation, which from usage had run the two words into one, and produced the euphonious name of Williamsport. All the old inhabitants of sixty years ago, concurred in stating the facts as I have given them, respecting the origin of the name, and some of them were personal witnesses of the events of which they spoke.

C. D. E.

July 14, 1890.

### A "Correction" of History Corrected.

On page 13 of No. 1, of the present volume of *THE NOW AND THEN*, I quoted Montgomery's Political Hand-book of Berks County to show that no member of the Lincoln family had ever served as sheriff of that county. This sweeping assertion turns out to be a grave as well as a singular error, and I hasten to make the correction for the benefit of history, as well as the posterity of the distinguished family.

R. V. B. Lincoln, of Millmont, Union County, writes me that when a boy he was informed by his grandfather, Michael Lincoln, who was the son of Thomas Lincoln, that his father (Thomas) had served as sheriff of Berks County soon after its erection, and adds:

"In a letter from David J. Lincoln to me, dated Jan. 15, 1886, in reply to one from me to him making inquiries as to the Lincoln family, he says, among other things, that Thomas Lincoln was the third sheriff of Berks County, and that he had a son, Michael, who removed to and settled in what is now Union County immediately after the close of the Revolutionary war.

"David J. Lincoln, above referred to, who died in the spring of 1886, aged 70 years, was the grandson of Abraham, the posthumous son of the Mordecai (Lincoln) who settled in Berks, and had lived all his life in the neighborhood of Birdsboro', the original seat of the Pennsylvania Lincolns. He was, besides, a man of intelligence, and had given considerable time and attention to the investigation of the subject matter of his letter to me.

"I have in my possession a manuscript advertisement of a sheriff's sale in Berks County, dated at Reading May 28, 1759, signed 'Tho. Lincoln, Sheriff,' in his own handwriting, which says, 'that by virtue of a writ to me directed, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Berks County, will be sold by way of vendue at a time and place therein named, a certain tenement situate in Robeson Township, Berks County, to be sold as late the property of Richard Philips.'"

In view of the above document, Mr. Lincoln appealed to Hon. John Blair Linn, whom he believed to have had superior advantages while serving as Secretary of the Commonwealth and in assisting Dr. W. H. Egle to edit the second series of the *State Archives*, to familiarize himself with the early records of the State. Mr. Linn replied that without doubt Thomas Lincoln was the third sheriff of Berks County, and was in office from Oct. 4, 1757, to Oct. 4, 1759. He noted the fact that the returns for those years are omitted in the *Colonial Records* for all

the counties in the Province. The register in Vol. IX, second series of the *Archives*, pages 673-684, is therefore defective for those two years. The error which has misled all subsequent writers and compilers may be found in Vol. VII, *Colonial Records*, page 753. Mr. Linn says the record of early sheriffs of Berks County should read:

1. Benjamin Lightfoot, Oct. 4, 1752-1755.
2. William Boone, Oct. 4, 1755-1757.
3. Thomas Lincoln, Oct. 4, 1757-1759.
4. Jacob Weaver, Oct. 4, 1759-1761, &c.

If the early records of Berks County are still in existence in the office of the prothonotary, it is believed they will be found to read as given above. It was this singular error of omission in the *Colonial Records* in the report relating to the appointment of sheriffs, found on page 753 of the seventh volume, that has caused all subsequent writers to blunder, and it occurred in 1851 when they were printed by Theo. Fenn & Co., and followed by the editors of the second series of the *Archives* in 1880. Both *Montgomery* and *Strunk's* hand-books of Berks County, therefore, are wrong, as they followed the defective records in compiling their works.

In making this important historical correction, it is some consolation for the writer, after admitting that he was in a "hole," to realize that his esteemed, as well as distinguished, literary friends—Egle and Linn—with the immense resources of the State Library at their service, were there before him.

*John of Lancaster.*

### Query.

Here on this pretty page of pink,  
With pen of gold, and purple ink,  
I write a sentiment or two,  
At your request for yours, and you.  
Your many friends will read and think,  
Why did he write with purple ink,  
With pen of gold, on page of pink,—  
Why not on white, nor yet on blue,  
In writing thus for yours and you?  
The sentiment is hid from view—  
Yet on this pretty page of pink,  
As others read, and think, and think,  
Why not on white, nor yet on blue?—  
'Tis only understood by you.

Moravia, N. Y.

H. C. MOYER.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

Devoted to History, Amusement, Instruction, Advancement.

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VOL. 3.

MUNCY, PA., NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER, 1890.

No. 3.

## AN OLD WAR LETTER.

[The following interesting letter, written just before the battle of Gettysburg, by Mrs. Anna M. Holstein, was kindly furnished by a reader of NOW AND THEN for publication. The original—our “copy” is a copy—is among the archives of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, and is regarded as a valuable paper. The “Pennsylvania Relief Association,” composed mainly of Friends, was an organization of ladies for hospital work, and the letter was intended as a report of the work the writer had been doing, and of the critical situation of affairs at that time, as she had the opportunity of observing them.]

The letter, we also think it proper to note, was written at home, during a brief rest that she had found it necessary to allow herself from her wearisome labors, before she was called to the field of Gettysburg. It was evidently in part copied from her private journal, as many of the sentences we find are the same as appear in the first chapter of her “Three Years in Field Hospitals,” but it is so much fuller relating to that important era, that we are sure even those who have her book will thank us for publishing the letter.—ED. NOW AND THEN.]

UPPER MERION, MONTGOMERY CO., PA.,  
June 27th, 1863.

*To the Ladies of the “Penn. Relief Association.”*

The late forced march of the Army of the Potomac, from Virginia to Gettysburg, has now become part of the history of the war.

As I have been so long connected with the First Division, Second Army Corps Hospital, it occurred to me that possibly a recital of some of the incidents connected with its breaking up might interest the kind contributors, who aided in making comfortable the sick and wounded inmates of its wards.

This hospital, located on the bluffs of Potomac Creek, was noted through all that region for the beauty of its location, and taste displayed in its arrangement. The comfort of the patients was the prominent idea. For instance, the laun-

dry, under the shelter of an awning and arbor of pine boughs, was furnished by the Sanitary Commission, at my request, with a large washing machine and clothes wringer, which three men managed easily, doing there the washing for 700 sick and wounded. Previous to this organized laundry large quantities of good clothing from the hospital had to be burned, which now is utilized. Another most useful place was a cave, built in the hill-side, and where ice kept so well that we often supplied hospitals that had none. It answered the purpose of a complete, well ventilated cellar. Mr. Holstein suggested the plan, similar to some he knew in Pennsylvania. It was invaluable for keeping provisions of various kinds, meat especially. The vegetable garden, on the steep slope of the hill, was beautifully terraced, and planted with an abundance of early vegetables, as though we expected to spend the summer, within sight and sound of rebel guns.

The prominent feature of the flower garden, which was in front of the hospital, was in the numerous trefoil-shaped beds, which the surgeon in charge had directed to have made. For these Mr. Buist and others had contributed roots and bulbs and a variety of seeds of scarlet and crimson flowers. Some of these were reserved for scarlet geraniums and verbenas. The red flowers in the trefoil beds would beautifully mark the color of the First Division. You are aware, I presume, that each corps is known at a glance by the badge, or emblem, worn by the soldiers upon their caps. That of the First is the circle; the Second is the trefoil, or clover leaf; the Third, the diamond; the Fifth, the Maltese cross, and so on. The colors which designate the divisions of a corps are, red for the First, white for the Second, blue for the Third.

But to return to Mount Holstein Hospital, as it was at that time. Rustic vases filled with flowers were a never-ending source of pleasure to the inmates. Beds of flowers were scattered among little clumps of pines; graveled walks,

winding in many directions, all contributed to make this an unusually attractive field hospital. This work was all done by the convalescents, who took great interest in it. A rustic cedar fence enclosed the surgeon's quarters; a thick hedge of pine branches surrounded the kitchen department. The same fragrant pine formed piazzas for tents filled with sick and wounded. But the crowning beauty of all was the rustic arbor shading the entrance to our tent, the roof formed of pine boughs. This was so artistic that it would have graced any of the highly improved lawns in the vicinity of Philadelphia. It was the design and work of the head gardener, who was one of the convalescents. When the order for removal came, he and his assistants were putting the finishing touches to the planting of a shady little nook, intended to be still further ornamented by a charming rustic vase, which was in process of erection. When the order was given to leave, instantly hammer and hatchet were thrown aside, and with a hurried good-bye, they fell into line with their comrades.

Whilst we were at dinner, on Saturday, the 13th of June, 1863, an officer rode to the door of our tent, and handed the surgeon in charge the order for the immediate breaking up of the hospital. In the calmest manner, as though it was an every-day occurrence, he called for the head ward-master and directed him to prepare the patients for the journey, to give the order for removal in each ward, but upon no account to excite or alarm any of them; to see that the badly wounded, who were unable to move, should remain upon their beds, fastening underneath the supports of the iron bedsteads, and lift the wounded on them into the ambulances. To me it was a most touching sight to see men sick, terribly wounded and helpless, as these were, submit so cheerfully to the exigencies of the occasion, bearing discomforts which, at home, we would think must certainly kill men in their condition.

Some of our surgeons accompanied them to Washington, and had the pleasure of taking all through safely. For some of the number we prepared food and wine, to be given them on the cars. When once on the boat, they were supplied with everything they needed. Until the ambulances came in sight, the men who were leveling the ground, preparatory to the removal of some of the tents, kept on at the work, then they dropped all and joined the

throng moving to "Brooks' Station." The surgeons were amazed to find, when the order came to move, how crutches and canes were thrown aside, and limping men were able to walk to the station. In two hours the 700 sick and wounded were on their way to Washington. When *they* were all gone, *our* hurried packing commenced, and in a little while we were ready, but at dark, found we could not leave until morning, so made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit. The early morning found us re-packing more carefully, leaving out all that was not really valuable.

After the patients had all left, the order was given to turn all hospital stores for which transportation could be had over to the quartermaster; all remaining to be burned. With these are supposed to be two of our boxes, one containing Mr. Holstein's and my own summer clothing. The other was the most serious loss, in hospital stores, consisting principally of wines and whiskey, which had been held in reserve for the anticipated battle.

As this immense army train kept moving on, in our front, a vast living tide, sweeping on, far as the eye could reach, it was indeed a grand sight, never to be forgotten. Many regiments, or parts of them, would leave the line and come straggling up to our now deserted hospital, searching for blankets, cups, canteens, &c., for the march, while others would encumber themselves with useless odds and ends of everything. We concluded the best use we could make of many articles that would be difficult for us to save and find transportation for, would be to give them to these weary men. More rapidly, I think, than I can relate it, one barrel and some boxes of eggs disappeared among the hungry crowd. So with cheese, tea, coffee, sugar, pickles, dried fruits, lemons, and a few boxes of crackers. They would take *anything* we would give them to eat. Though it was such a calm, bright Sunday morning, there was nothing in *our* surroundings to remind us of the fact. All was noise, bustle and confusion; for whenever we looked beyond our own enclosure, there was visible this dark and seemingly unending, moving mass of men and horses, the rumbling of artillery wagons and ambulance trains, while through and above it all was the gleam of bayonets upheld by that heroic column, whose future record proved them to be firm and enduring as their trusty steel. In such excitement passed this memorable 14th of June. At 5 o'clock on

Sunday evening our ambulance joined the hospital train. We really felt sad in leaving this place to the tender mercies of rebels and to the destroying fire and axes. We halted on a hill, just beyond our own limits, to watch the destruction which now had earnestly commenced. In a moment, from our cooking establishment the flames flashed up brightly, and soon encircled in a wall of fire the evergreen screens that had so pleasantly shielded us from heat and dust; then crumbling into ruins our beautiful arbor. From there it ran along to our dining tent, until that also disappeared from view. Further on volumes of smoke rolled over the two large cook houses, and very soon heaps of ashes were the only remains of the beauty that had been. What could not be burned the axe rendered useless. One of the officers remained to see that all was destroyed that could in any way render aid or comfort to the enemy. Our fine vegetable garden was spared for some poor, suffering families near us. A new wagon, belonging to our surgeon in charge, intended for medical supplies, was set on fire at the top of the hill. When all ablaze, it was started down the steep hill-side. When it disappeared \$200 went up in flames.

We then started on the corduroy road to Stafford Court House. Our first mishap when out of sight of the smoking ruins, was to find one of our ambulance drivers had found some whiskey, and, with the driver of a baggage wagon, were both unfit for duty. Their places had to be filled, and then we moved on, reaching the dilapidated little town of Stafford Court House in the early twilight. Here our tent was pitched, and we halted long enough to get supper. While quietly enjoying it, standing around our camp table, the order was given to move on as quickly as possible. The tent was soon repacked, and all in order, we continued, traveling all night, resting only for one hour where Acquia Creek crossed our road. To lookers-on, if there were any, this train of *twenty miles* in length, must have been a singular spectacle. Mingled with the masses of men came wagons and ambulances, each lighted by the glimmer of a lantern, carried in front, to point the dangers of this unknown way. At this place—Acquia Creek crossing—we picked up a little worn-out contraband; he was so exhausted, that by the doctor's direction, he was given wine and then food, and when revived, rode for some miles upon the steps of our ambulance. At length the

doctor found a place for him in an ambulance. We brought him safely with us to Washington and then sent him to Connecticut. A short distance beyond the creek passed a Connecticut battery of six siege guns, 32-pounders, each drawn by ten horses. At sunrise on Monday morning the Sixth Corps marched rapidly by us, cheering heartily as they passed and calling, "On for Pennsylvania!" The officers all remarked they never knew men bear the fatigue of marching better. This is probably owing to the general impression that their destination is Pennsylvania, which they assert is "God's Land." This day's travel brought us through deserted rebel entrenchments and camps, part of the way through a *fenced* plantation. This is such a novelty in the wake of an army, that all commented upon it. Rested at Dumfries and dined in the house of a rebel family named Wheat. We made coffee for our own party and left them a generous supply for their dinner, for which they were very thankful, remarking, "they had not tasted *real* coffee during the war." They entreated us most earnestly to give them quinine and morphia, which, of course, could not be done. Crossed the Quantico and again journeyed on until eleven at night; rebel camp fires in sight when we stopped. This evening the occupants of our ambulance are most thoroughly used up, all but myself, and I quickly made tea to revive them; the only water to be found for this purpose was thick and muddy; tired and hungry as we were it was not as unpalatable as one might imagine. At 2 o'clock were called up and traveled on as rapidly as possible until 8 A. M., when the train halted and we prepared our breakfast in a rebel house, where we rested for an hour or two. The rebels again reported to be very near, compelling us to move hastily through an unfrequented road, where were seen numerous rebel fortifications and entrenchments in good condition. This day was intensely hot; many of our men sank by the way-side; coats and blankets were strewn by thousands along their path. In one Division of our corps one hundred and twenty soldiers fell with sun-stroke, of this number fifteen were reported dead in the morning. It was sad to see a lonely grave prepared for some soldier who had thus gone to his rest. This, Tuesday night, we all slept until daylight. Of course, in all this weary march our bed was a soldier's couch, *the ground*, with a rubber blanket and satchel for pillow. Could at any time or hour sleep

soundly. Our camping ground was the edge of a beautiful woods, in Fairfax County, evidently having been at some former day a well cultivated plantation. Peaches, apples, cherries and grapes were growing luxuriantly, all laden with fruit. Here, in this lovely shade, our little tent was pitched. With the earliest dawn we were astir, most truly thankful for our safe, refreshing sleep and shelter of a tent. Our simple breakfast was quickly prepared and we were soon in readiness to move.

Wednesday was another hard, hurried march, and told upon the foot-sore, weary soldiers. The difficulty of finding water was greater than any previous time, the men being obliged to go some distance for it. Several wells near houses by the road-side were found filled with stones, and that brought from the streams was unpleasant and muddy. Straggling horses were caught previous to this day's march, but now all seemed to be on the lookout for them; sometimes they would be found with a bridle on, but oftener without. The soldiers could soon improvise a saddle and bridle—a blanket could anywhere be picked up for a saddle, and a strip off of it, or some canvas, kept it in its place, and pieces of the latter frequently formed a bridle; a rope, when it could be had, answered admirably. So each day added to the number of this motley escort. This morning was cool and delightful, but the midday heat was intense. The Connecticut battery of six siege guns to-day is in our rear; infantry and cavalry scattered all along. We crossed the rough, stony Ocoquan at Wolf's Ford. On the heights were the remains of formidable-looking rebel fortifications. Here, June 15, 1863, we heard the first tidings that the rebels had reached Pennsylvania. The excitement the news created was intense. These were the prominent incidents of the morning. In the afternoon we came into the valley of Bull Run, the battlefield of that name being a few miles distant. Near Union Mills our troops camped for the night in "line of battle;" our little tent was pitched upon the banks of the stream in rear of our army, almost within bugle call of the rebel lines. As we were expecting the rebels, we slept in our clothing, ready to start at a moment's notice. On this march for Gettysburg the rebel army moved in parallel lines with our troops, their course plainly seen by the heavy clouds of dust which marked their way. In like manner they must have observed the dense clouds of dust which followed the track of this great Union

army. At this place a sutler gave some offence to the soldiers, and in their phrase they "went" for him. We saw them "clean out," as they term it, his stock of goods in his wagon, which process was complete in five minutes. Here the order was given for officers' baggage to be reduced to twenty pounds, forward the remainder to Washington or burn it, all baggage trains to be cut down one-third; so this order made a second burning of diet, kitchen and hospital matters that we would gladly have saved for further use. As a battle was anticipated and we were now accessible to railroad, near Sangter's Station, General Hancock advised our going to Washington and there await results. Our very modest allowance of baggage was in a box, which we left with the officers' baggage, directed in General Hancock's name. Some months afterwards, when we had given it up for lost and the contents been replaced with other needed articles, this box turned up among some of General Hancock's things, in the basement of the Patent Office, Washington. There were many exciting incidents during the march of the 17th of June. Sometimes we were in a dangerous position from our driver losing his place in the line, and the very rapid rate of travel, over a shockingly bad, unfrequented road, it was said, for the purpose of keeping out of the way of the rebels who were pursuing us and harassing the rear of the army; then the crossing of the infantry through the train, the breaking down and rebuilding of bridges and the delay caused by disabled wagons constantly impeded our progress. When it was known among those who were near us that we were going by rail to Washington, officers and men crowded around us, entreating that we take their valuables with us. We all had as much as we could carry, Mr. H. and myself having every pocket filled with money—several thousand dollars carried in this unprotected way—and numbers of watches loose in our satchels. I wore all the way home, under my coat, a sword belt and carried the costly saber belonging to it under my dress. A civilian, as my husband was, could not do so without danger of arrest, while I would pass unnoticed. I carried in my hand from this place home a tin box, about twelve inches long, which an officer begged me to save for him. If lost, he said he would be a ruined man, as besides valuables it contained all his accounts with his regiment and the government.

It was an affecting sight, on the eve of a great

battle, as was thought, to see valuables and keepsakes from loved ones at home entrusted to comparative strangers. Fortunately, we got through safely and deposited the money in bank at home; this with the watches and valuables, all sent to the owners or their families after the battle of Gettysburg.

In the morning we wended our way over one of the most wretched roads to Fairfax Station, thence to Alexandria and Washington, where after a few days' rest we came to Philadelphia, and on to our quiet country home, whose blessed peace and rest, in contrast with the scenes in which we have so lately been, is happiness beyond expression. We are now only waiting a telegram from our surgeon in charge to return whenever the Second Army Corps may be in battle. While the need for my services exists I stand pledged "for the war," the comforts of home most cheerfully renounced for the luxury of doing good to those who peril life in our defence. Very truly your friend,

ANNA M. HOLSTEIN.

### The Story of a Faithful Dog.

Dear old "Watch," what memories crowd upon me when thinking of you! It is nearly fifty years since we first knew each other, and for some years after our first meeting we were very close together. We both had friends then—sincere friends to both—that have long since "passed over to the beyond," and while their memory is green in my heart to-day, it is often coupled with thoughts of you, who enjoyed with me their friendship and affection. But I must tell when, where and the circumstances under which we first became acquainted, and possibly, afterwards, I may speak of some of your mental traits and habits of life that a close companionship of some years has led me to believe are worthy of being noted.

On a bright, cold November day, away back in the "forties," I was driving dreamily along the road between Jersey Shore and Lock Haven, approaching the latter place in a spring wagon loaded with leather purchased from the Messrs. Youngman, who at that time had a large tannery in Nippenose Valley. Ten days before this the weather had been warm and wet, and while in their softest state, a cold wave passing, left the roads in a terribly rough condition, and the subsequent beautiful weather inviting travel, the rough points were ground to powder by every passing wheel and the dust was carried in

clouds by the cold November wind. These conditions made traveling slow and uncomfortable.

I was driving my favorite mare, "Fannie," who, though usually kind and gentle, had some peculiarities of disposition that rendered it necessary her driver should be always on his guard and watchful, when driving on a public road. One of these was an antipathy to dogs. Possibly she had been bitten by one when a colt. At all events, no dog ever entered her stable without a decided demonstration on her part that his presence was unwelcome, and I have known her to break from her fastenings in an endeavor to get at and destroy the object of her hatred. She never exhibited fear in the presence of a dog, but the danger when driving was that in her efforts to pursue and destroy a barking dog there would result a catastrophe to the vehicle. Well, knowing the facts I have stated, my astonishment may be imagined when I saw a large yellow dog—gaunt and ill-favored as he appeared to my eyes then—spring out of a fence corner and playfully jump up to Fannie's nose. I was startled and involuntarily tightened the reins, expecting a scene then and there; instead, the mare put her head down and the dog actually licked her nose, and from that moment they were fast friends. Who can explain or account for this sudden conversion from being an enemy of the species to be a fast friend of the individual? And the pleasures of companionship ever after was evident to any one who chose to observe them. I was still fearful, and drove the dog away, threatening him with my whip, and he retired. Just before being lost to view by a turn in the road, I saw him quietly sitting near the fence looking after the wagon, and in the light of later knowledge of his ways, I know he was *thinking* and trying to account for the rebuff and insult he had received in an honest endeavor to show his friendship for his fellow-creatures. I was then nearing the home of a Mr. Brown, a friend and farmer who lived a few miles below Lock Haven, and concluded, as I was very cold, to stop and warm up. The dog was not in sight when I got out, tied Fannie to the post and went in. When I came out to resume my journey I found the yellow dog in the wagon, on my robe, and at my approach he got up, and then I noticed for the first time the beauty of his expressive brown eyes, and from the wag of his tail and whole demeanor there was no mistaking the impression he wished to make on me. I spoke kindly to him and put my hand on his head;

that seemed to settle it, and he at once left the wagon, went forward and greeted Fan—I was going to say with a kiss—certainly with a touch on her nose.

I told Mr. Brown how he had met me on the road, and remarked that probably some one was mourning the loss of a good dog. He said he was familiar with all the farmers' dogs on that road, and was confident that he did not belong in that part of the country. At my next stopping place, Spangler's tavern, a few miles further on, I requested Mr. Spangler to confine the dog and keep him until his owner called for him, but he declined, and suggested that if I did not want him he could be left on that side of the river at the ferry. This I determined to do, and when the wagon was on the boat, I told the men to keep the dog off. They attempted to do so, but he forced his way aboard and took a position immediately in front of Fannie, close to her fore feet, a place I would have considered most dangerous for any dog a few hours before, but now chosen as a place of refuge. He was allowed to remain and was carried over with the wagon. At that time Lock Haven did not extend more than three blocks from the river, and the front street, with the houses facing the river, extended a long way down from the outlet lock of the old Bald Eagle Canal, which was situated about where the entrance to the bridge is now. Every house on this street had its dog, and all were anxious to interview the yellow stranger; so when I left the street on the river to go to the Mansion House, he was about half a mile down the stream, surrounded by a dozen dogs and all enveloped in a cloud of dust, and I supposed I would never see him again. It was court week and the town was full of people, all deeply interested in the progress of a trial then before the court. I have forgotten the nature of it, but am under the impression it related to a robbery of the sheriff or treasurer's office. The yard of the hotel was so filled with carriages of all kinds that it was difficult to find room for my wagon, and it was put in an out-of-the-way place, under a shed. While thawing out before dinner in the office of the hotel, Mr. Joseph Montgomery, of Howard, an old friend and tanner, after ascertaining what my wagon was loaded with, said he must examine it and went out for that purpose. He came back after some time, and when I asked his opinion of the stock he replied he was "not prepared to say, as my dog would not permit him to touch it."

The "yellow dog" had come out of the war and dust on the river bank, found his post of duty and was on guard. Then I felt ashamed of my treatment of that faithful creature, and resolved that henceforth we would be friends and companions, and a waiter was at once commissioned to set before him the best dog dinner the hotel could furnish. Judge Linn, *now* of Williamsport, but *then* of Bellefonte, was attending court, and having completed his business, concluded to go home with me in my wagon. We started after dinner for Howard, the residence of his brother, the late James H. Linn, where we intended to pass the night. On the way up the Bald Eagle Valley that afternoon we were much amused at the way the old dog, after doing everything possible to avoid a collision—except ignominiously running away—would go in and always come out victorious. He was never the aggressor, but when the fight was forced upon him, and he could find no honorable way to get out of a battle with a dog as large or heavier than himself, it was interesting to see him maneuver for an advantage in position, such as a higher bit of ground would give. When this was secured, he would spring with his whole weight upon his enemy, carrying him to the ground, where he would be kept until a cry for quarter came; then he would be let up and allowed to depart, a wiser but possibly a sadder dog. That night he slept in the wagon, and the next day, when we arrived at home (Bellefonte), no one was permitted to examine its contents until I explained to him that it was all right, and that the load must be taken off. He went with Fannie to the stable, and after seeing her attended to, started out for a survey of his new home and then quietly took charge of the premises.

So "Watch," as I named him, lived on with us for years, making many friends, and was my close companion. He soon began to develop mental traits that caused me to study him closely, and as a result I firmly believe he could *think* and *reason* to a certain extent. He seemed to understand every word I said and always inferred from my manner and tone of voice, when speaking to him, whether I was in earnest, and would require strict compliance with a command, or whether it would be safe to treat it merely as a suggestion, if he dissented from my views. If, on leaving the house, I said firmly, "*You must not follow me,*" he would remain quietly at home; but if

I would say, "I don't want you with me—you had better stay at home—you will only be in the way," he would apparently acquiesce, but I would be sure sometime after to see him in the road beyond me, or possibly on the opposite side of the street, quietly waiting to be recognized. He had a way of calling my attention when he wanted an opinion as to the correctness of certain situations discovered by him in going his rounds that always interested me. This was done by looking earnestly at me, giving a short, low bark and then trotting to a point from which the situation might be seen. If a strange cow or other animal was found trespassing they were at once driven off, but if one of our own animals was discovered in an unusual place, I would be hunted up and attention called to the situation, when if I said, "All right," he would quietly retire, but if otherwise, the intruder would be returned to its proper place with more attention paid to speed than grace of movement. That peculiar sense or faculty commonly called scent, by which a dog can follow the footsteps of his master or detect the presence of game, was more fully developed in Watch than in any other dog I have ever met. He always trusted more to it than his sight in locating the exact position of game or in recognizing a friend. Knowing this, and giving him all credit for the acuteness of this sense, I have often been astonished at new examples of it. Once in passing from one hunting ground to another, through a place where no game was thought of, my progress was arrested by him stepping in front of me and giving the little "attention" bark. He was standing with nose in air, but eyes fixed on mine, and when I told him to "move on" and attempted to pass him, he again placed himself before me and once more barked. I then looked up, and there within twenty yards, on a tree, about thirty feet from the ground, sat a large cock pheasant. Of course, he was in my bag in a very short time. What a subtle sense, or something, that must be, that would enable him to detect the presence of that bird, on a hot afternoon, when it probably had not moved for an hour! Watch could never be induced to go into water to bring out a stick or other thing of no value, but if I shot a duck he would plunge in at once and bring it to the shore. His belief and practice was, that "the game must be worth the candle" if he took part in it. His strategy in war and peace was

sometimes wonderful. I once found him engaged in a battle with a big hog—a real self-sharpener—found trespassing on our grounds. The brute not only defended himself, but attacked in turn, and Watch, after finding it impossible to conquer in a fair fight, apparently gave it up, came to where I was standing and lay down to recover his breath. I gave him no encouragement, but patiently waited to see what the next move would be, as I felt sure he had not given it up. Presently he rose and approached the enemy, and when attacked retreated towards a bank of earth, which had been thrown from a ditch, and was about two feet higher than the adjacent ground. The first time the hog did not follow him quite to the bank, but in the second attack, while Watch was on the bank, the hog placed himself in the desired position, when without a moment's hesitation he sprang with his whole weight on the beast and rolled him over and over. That hog was thoroughly demoralized, and when he regained his feet left the premises—nor "stood he on the order of his going"

Watch was always anxious to sleep in my room, but I objected. Once he met me very pleasantly on entering when about to retire, but I told him I thought he would be too warm and escorted him down stairs to the yard. Many times after that, when I had retired and all was quiet and the light out, he would crawl from his place of concealment under the bed—where he had probably been for hours—and lick my hand. The old rascal knew that under these circumstances I would not take the trouble to put him out. Thus in a thousand ways, trivial in themselves and not now remembered, he always showed his good sense, making it evident to an observer that he calculated the consequences of certain actions before attempting to perform them.

He was the most persistent creature in the performance of a supposed duty, or when doing that which he knew was right, that I have ever seen, and many times I have gone home leaving him in the woods watching a tree or hole in which he knew there was game, but which was so well concealed or protected that it could not be captured. I will never forget one occasion of this kind in which the old dog triumphed. My brother Alfred and myself had been hunting pheasants, and were tramping home in the twilight with Watch trotting along between us. Suddenly he stopped, stood with

his nose in the air for a moment, then dashed out of sight up a grassy road into the woods. A moment later his loud bark announced the presence of game and called for assistance. It was too dark to shoot, and our guns were empty, except one barrel of Alfred's piece. So we called him back, but in vain, and knowing he would not leave while the game was undisturbed, we concluded to see what he was after and if possible bring him away. We found him in a comparatively open space, at the foot of a tree, whose trunk was bent over in the form of an arch and now covered with a thick growth of sprouts. By examining it carefully between our point of view and the lingering twilight in the west we were both convinced that no large bird was present, and told Watch so, but he at once entered his protest by loud barking and refused to leave the tree. As a last resort before leaving him it was arranged that Alfred should fire his last barrel into the thickest of the leaves in an endeavor to deceive the old dog. This was done, when to the astonishment of all, except Watch, a large pheasant fell with a thud to the ground. He seemed wild with delight and his actions told us as plainly as words could have done the satisfaction he felt in convincing the doubting Thomases he was associated with that he was right.

The Rev. Dr. Linn (my uncle), who was pastor of the Presbyterian church, in Bellefonte, for nearly sixty years, was always considered by Watch as one of his best friends. He lived on the corner of High and Spring streets, and the old dog never passed the house when uncle was sitting on the porch without leaving the pavement to greet him and receive in return the gentle pat and kindly word he knew would be bestowed. He heard him preach every Sabbath during the Summer months, when the church doors were left open, and he could dodge the eagle eye of the old sexton, Philip North, an Englishman, who clung through life to the corduroy breeches, buttoned gaiters and hob-nailed shoes of his native land. Watch thoroughly despised this man, and I have known him to cross the street to avoid meeting him. He would usually enter the church during the prayer, before the sermon, and would take his favorite seat on the back bench of the front gallery, behind the choir, in which I sat. When discovered by Philip he would quietly slip off the seat and leisurely descend the stairway,

seeming to know that Philip could not pursue rapidly over a bare floor during service when shod with hob-nailed shoes. After permitting himself to be almost overtaken at the door, he would bound up the opposite stairway and quietly take his seat again. Once when Philip secured the services of a boy on one of the stairways while he drove Watch down the other I thought he would surely lose the balance of the sermon, but he was equal to the occasion and heard it all—even to the benediction. When he found his passage barred to the gallery, instead of passing out of the front door as expected, he calmly turned into the body of the church, walking slowly down the centre aisle and up the steps into the pulpit, where, after greeting uncle with a touch of his nose on the knee and a wag of his tail—the only part of him then visible to the congregation—he quietly laid down under the pulpit sofa, feeling safe from Philip there.

The disposition of the old dog was perfect. He was never known to attack or chastise a small dog, no matter how great the provocation, and it was laughable to observe the supreme contempt shown in his expressive face while enduring the offensive familiarities of a young pup.

My old friend—faithful always—lived on with us, doing his whole duty, as he understood it, and enjoying the friendship of all who cared to know him well, until some time in the Summer of 1855, when one morning he was found dead—drowned in a vat at our new tannery in Snow Shoe. He had apparently fallen from a stairway into the vat while going his rounds in the night, and no one being at hand to assist him, he perished. His death took place when I was absent, and my grief for his sad fate was intensified by the fact that a brute in the shape of a foreign journeyman, then in our employ, on discovering the body early in the morning, at once removed his skin. The tender hands of friends rescued his remains and gave them decent burial, and to-day his bones rest under the tall hemlocks on the banks of the Moshannon, near where our tannery was situated.

W. W. HAYS.

Washington, D. C.

MICHAEL SECHLER, who died in Clinton Township, Lycoming County, on the 23d day of April, 1847, at the age of 87 years, was said to have been the last survivor of the Life Guard of General Washington.

## EARLY COURTS.

### When They Were First Held in Lycoming County, and Where.

Upon the arrival of William Penn, in 1682, he found his province composed of six counties, three of which, viz.: New Castle, Sussex and Kent, became the State of Delaware after the year 1703; while the remaining three counties, viz.: Philadelphia, Chester and Bucks, formed the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. For many years the seat of government was located at Upland, (now Chester, Delaware County, Pa.,) where the first Assembly was held, and where the judicial history of the Keystone State began, in a trial before "twelve men good and true," on the fifteenth day of September, 1681.

Berks County was erected out of part of Philadelphia, Chester and Lancaster counties, March 11th, 1752, and comprised all the northwestern portion of the Commonwealth until March 21st, 1772, when Northumberland County was organized. This in turn became the frontier territory, and so remained until April 13th, 1795, when Lycoming County was established.

The Hon. William Hepburn was State Senator from Northumberland County at this time, and represented a constituency living west of the Muncy Hills. Mainly through his instrumentality the new county was erected. John Kidd was commissioned by Governor Thomas Mifflin as Register and Recorder, Court Clerk, etc., for the new county. Thomas Forster, John Hanna and James Crawford were appointed County Commissioners, and met in open Court of Quarter Sessions at Jaysburg, the—then supposed—county seat, and were sworn into office on the first day of December, 1795, before the Hons. William Hepburn, John Adlum, James Davidson and Samuel Wallis, who had been appointed by Governor Mifflin, and who met and elected one of their number, Hon. William Hepburn, to act as President Judge, while the others served as Associate Judges.

John Adlum resigned in 1798. The county at this time had a population of about 3,000 citizens who owned property, having an assessed valuation of \$2,393. No regular enumeration of the inhabitants of Pennsylvania was made previous to the year 1790. This census was never published, and lies in the office of the Census Department at Washington, in manuscript, to this day.

The first term of court was held in an old double log dwelling, originally built by Amariah Sutton, about the year 1772, on the spot now occupied by the large octagonal barn belonging to the Hon. R. J. C. Walker, and located near the bank of Lycoming Creek (as it flowed fifty years ago) and at the intersection of the public roads leading east, west and north. The second term of court was held in Jaysburg, in a frame house erected by Thomas Caldwell, a little above Dunlap's tavern. It stood a short distance west of what is now Arch Street, and was torn away in 1832 to give place for excavating the Pennsylvania Canal.

The third term of court was held in a little log structure, built near the present corner of Arch Street and the Reach Road, Jaysburg, and was designed for the county jail. It was comprised of two rooms; the front one was lined with plank spiked on vertically, and had barred windows. The rear room was intended for the residence of the Sheriff. It is said that but one prisoner was ever confined here. He was one of the offensive Connecticut settlers from about Muncy, who had committed some crime that led to his arrest. After Jaysburg lost the county seat, this building was used as a school house for many years.

Of the next term of court even the traditions are very obscure. It is said that at a meeting in the jail at Jaysburg, "September 11th, 1797, the Commissioners issued an order in favor of Eleanor Winter for thirty dollars, for three courts sitting in her room until that date."

Eleanor Winter was the widow of William Winter, who died June 29th, 1794, in the 67th year of his age. His pioneer cabin stood near the north-west corner of Fourth and Rose streets, Williamsport, of to-day; the beautiful residence of Dr. H. G. McCormick probably marks the exact spot. The barn was located below the highway, and was obliterated in building the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad. The three terms of court referred to are supposed to have been held in this barn.

The bitter rivalry existing between Jaysburg and Williamsport over the location of the county seat will not be discussed at this time; suffice it to say that the selection was made late in 1796, and as Judge Hepburn was accused of dishonorable methods in defeating the Jaysburg people, it is easy to believe that the terms of court now under consideration were conducted without much decorum or tranquility. We will

endeavor to picture the scene. In the midst of a cleared patch of ground in the wilderness, stands a rude, round-log barn; on the "barn floor" the Court of Quarter Sessions of Lycoming County has been summoned to meet in session, by the "melodious jingle" of a cow bell, in the hands of the court crier, Moses Toole. The court sits on an old bee scap covered with a deer skin, with a copy of the "Duke of York's Forms" for the law and the gospel. The bar consists of a couple of puncheons, and the attorneys pleading at the bar are Henry D. Ellis, of Jaysburg; John Teeple, of Newberry; Robert McClure and Charles Huston, formerly of Jaysburg, but now of Williamsport, or wherever the county seat may be.

The tipstave, armed with a flail, moves about trying to preserve order. William Winter having had two wives and nineteen children, and his Honor on the bench, who resides on the adjoining plantation, having the same sized family, it is not probable that an audience was entirely lacking, especially as the cases on trial require the presence of numerous witnesses. This third term of court is in session, and a case is on trial. The court has been harassed almost beyond endurance, and the water being bad, he has partaken freely, perhaps a little too freely, of a substitute, and feels sensitive, and when an impertinent witness takes unwarranted liberties with the court, his Honor hangs his judicial ermine on a flax hackle, steps down and slaps the offender. After this little incident the confusion becomes oppressive and court is adjourned to meet in Williamsport.

After that time the courts were held for four terms in the log building that stood on the north-east corner of Third and Mulberry streets until August 20th, 1871, when it was destroyed by fire. It was known as the "Russell Inn." On February 1st, 1798, an order was issued to James Russell for £7, 19s., 4½d., for the use of his house for a court room for December term, 1797, and January term, 1798.

On the fourth day of May, 1799, Thomas Huston received \$43.02 for rent of his house for a court room. The late Samuel Titus, who died at the age of 93 years, informed the writer that Thomas Huston built the tavern, and called it the "Rising Sun." Paragon Pickles came here from York, Pa., and bought the property and put up the sign of the "Lion." It was this sign that Young Titus and other boys fired a load of shot and gravel into, to punish

James Cummings, the proprietor, for being a Federalist, in 1812, and refusing to illuminate in honor of Perry's victory. After Cummings it became the Heively tavern, and is at present known as Nos. 22 and 24 West Third Street, and occupied as stores by VanDyke and Jones.

From here the courts were removed to a small log building—probably erected for a school house—on the south-west corner of the present Court House Square. The sessions were held at this place until the completion of the original brick Court House, commenced in 1802 and finished two years later, upon ground deeded to the county of Lycoming by Michael Ross and wife, in 1798. This edifice was torn down in 1861, to give place to the present structure.

JOSEPH H. McMINN.

### Credit System—The Mechanic.

#### No. 3.

"Father," said Elizabeth Hinton, approaching her father, as he sat reading the newspaper for a few minutes after he had eaten his dinner, "Father, will you please to give me a dollar? Mother wants a little factory, and she says I may get me a pair of gloves."

"A dollar, child," said Mr. Hinton, turning around his good-humored face, with a comic expression of amazement; "why, I can't remember the day when I have seen so much money."

"Oh! father, do see if you hain't just a little change," urged his daughter, with a look of extreme disappointment. "My gloves are all in holes, and mother, I am sure, cannot do her mending for want of muslin—can you, mother?"

Mrs. Hinton, who was engaged in clearing the table, paused a moment, and replied: "I do not see how I can, dear; but if father has no money, we will just have to do the best we can."

Here we will remark that Hinton was one of that useful but much abused class, a country tailor; moreover, he was honest, industrious and persevering in his calling, owned the small house where he lived, and was regarded as a good citizen and a substantial man. On the present occasion, instead of replying to his wife and daughter, he slowly commenced divesting his pockets of every extraneous article they contained, and when he had finished this the pocket itself was turned inside out, that they might be convinced no stray sixpence lurked in any of the corners.

"There, darlings, you can see the amount of my worldly wealth," said he, as the search was

concluded. "I have not one copper that I can call my own, and what is worse, the Lord alone knows when I shall have a prospect of getting any. The words tailor and tick seem to have become synonymous."

"What do you give such long credit for?" said the wife, as she noticed the expression of gloom now settling over the brow of her husband.

"Long credit! How else am I to live? Everybody gives credit, and if I were to refuse we would soon all starve together. I don't see but what it would be as well to give up at once as to scrape on in the way we are obliged to do—pinching and stinting all the time, or else getting our living on trust."

"I feel worried sometimes at the large debts we are obliged to contract," said his wife, sitting down, for she seemed too much troubled to continue her work; "I am afraid we will be called upon for payment when we are as illy prepared as at present, and moreover it is doing injustice to those who have been kind to us."

At this moment a knock was heard at the door, and almost immediately a pleasant looking man entered.

"Never mind, never mind," said he, as Hinton arose with alacrity to offer him a chair. "I hain't a moment to stay. I just called, neighbor, to see if you had the cash to spare for the two loads of wood I hauled you some time back. Farmer M—— is to bring cider and apples for us to-night, and as he says he wants his pay, I must dun up somebody that owes me—so I hope you won't take it amiss."

"Not at all, not at all," replied Hinton, turning very red; "but the truth is I am quite short of funds at present, Mr. ———. We were just speaking of it when you came in. I must really try to make some collections, and I will give you the money as soon as I can get it."

"Well, I don't know which way I am to turn," said the man, with a disappointed air. "I have already been to half a dozen, who have got one thing or another from me, and not one farthing can I raise. I don't see, for my part, where this infernal credit system is to end. People do not seem to think they will ever have to pay, and if a man wants his money he might earn it in the time he is obliged to spend in running after it." As Mr. ——— said this, he turned, muttering something to himself, and in order to be sure of making an impression,

slammed the door pretty forcibly as he made his exit.

"You will never get wood from him again," said Mrs. Hinton, looking almost ready to cry. "How degraded it makes one feel to be dunned in such a way for an honest debt which they are unable to pay."

"Yes," said the husband, bitterly, "and to know that there are a hundred others of the same description, which he may be called upon for at any moment. And yet who toils as I do? I am up early and down late. I have no bad habits, and my earnings would keep us in comfort if people would only reflect a little, and give me my honest dues." As Hinton gave utterance to these words, he arose from his seat, and getting down his day book and ledger from an upper shelf, began to turn over the leaves. "I will see," said he, "who I can dun. It is monstrous disagreeable, but I must ask somebody for money." And (as though thinking aloud) he continued: "Here is young F——, two coats, two pairs of pants, and three vests. He is a pleasant fellow—I will speak to him. I don't see how he can refuse, if I tell him the circumstances. Here is Mr. J——; let me look—his account is \$35; I think he might let me have \$10 at any rate. I will draw off his account. Then there is R——'s; he made me sit up all night to alter his coat, because he was going on a journey, and there was a wrinkle in the back of it; and then, when I had his suit finished to his satisfaction, said he would call and settle sometime—that was three years ago, and sometime hasn't come yet. I will give him his bill." When Hinton had concluded his soliloquy, he was as good as his word. He drew off the accounts and put them into his pocket. What success he had in collecting will be shown hereafter. On proceeding down the street almost the first person he chanced to meet was young F——. Appearing as much embarrassed as though he was about to commit some crime, Hinton walked up to him, fumbled in his pocket, and finally presented the bill he had drawn out.

"Hinton, my dear fellow," said F——, with a ludicrous gesture of terror, "a tailor's bill has from time immemorial been considered a most appalling thing. Why, you must have read yourself, many a time, of some of the finest men (in point of dress) the world ever saw shooting 'round corners and disappearing in all sorts of by-places for the purpose of avoiding their

tailors. Armed with such power as this, I cry your mercy, man."

Unaccustomed to such railery, Hinton, who hardly knew in what way to take this mode of address, stood looking very foolish, and a good deal distressed, which the young man perceiving, he clapped him on the shoulder and observed more seriously: "Hinton, we unmarried men have so many thousand expenses—they keep me as poor, yes, just as poor as Job's turkey, and you know there never was anything half as poor as that, for it has been a proverb for poverty for I cannot tell how many hundred years—well, this being my situation, you cannot, of course, expect me to pay you at present. But I tell you what—the first money I get to spare I will remember you, my honest fellow." And giving him another good humored slap, the thoughtless young man proceeded on his way, little reckoning the disappointment he had inflicted on the heart of the worthy man, who was spending the best years of his life in toiling for those who, in denying him the reward of his labor, repay his efforts with the blackest ingratitude.

With a sinking spirit, and after a great deal of trouble, Hinton succeeded in finding his other debtors and made application to them.

Mr. J —— informed him that he had been making a recent purchase of property, which had drained his pockets pretty effectually—hinted quite plainly that he was not over fond of being dunned, and observed in a very significant tone that he would take an opportunity to call and settle.

As to R ——, who had obliged him to sit up all night, he informed him that he was so particularly out at elbows himself that he couldn't raise a cent if it was to bury his father.

And after losing the whole afternoon in endeavoring to make collections, Hinton was obliged to proceed home in the evening with his labor for his pains—and here for the present we will leave him.

The public is ever ready to cry down an act of direct injustice, but does he who withholds from his fellow man the fruits of his toil, the wages which law, gospel and common humanity entitle him, ever consider the guilt resting upon his own head? Many a husband and father has become irritable, then unhappy, and afterwards intemperate—many a family circle has been broken up and many a home rendered desolate, because honest dues were denied or withheld by those who ought to set an example of better

things. I am not endeavoring to inculcate a hard lesson, or one difficult of performance. The remedy is within the reach of all, and, my reader, I will give it to you in a few words—*Let every one mend one.*

SARAH H. HAYES.

## Reminiscences of Old Times on the North and West Branches, or Men and Things Previous to 1850.

No. 6.

### POLITICAL AND PERSONAL INCIDENTS.

Williamsport, as early as 1830, was the heart of Lycoming County, as Paris is said to be that of France; at least so far as political affairs were concerned. Whenever it takes snuff the county sneezes. But sixty years ago there were no national, state or county bosses; each man being equal before the public according to his personal influence. Public meetings controlled everything, political and otherwise. Nor was *King Caucus* known or tolerated at this time. Party spirit had been rampant, indeed fierce, at the late Presidential election, but it had not yet learned to tie the hands and control the will of its respective members, by an undeliberate, hasty and often rash action of a majority drummed together. Even national conventions were objectionable, and in Pennsylvania repudiated, and those of county and state only tolerated as a necessity, when free from the suspicion of fraud and trickery. But this was when the Republic was yet young, and every voter felt himself a part and parcel of it.

The first election of Jackson, in 1828, left parties in a demoralized condition. The old Federal party had been prostrate for some years before, and as many of its members, perhaps, supported the hero of New Orleans as his opponent, John Quincy Adams. At the next election Anti-Masonry had acquired some strength in certain sections, and even this county gave a majority for Joseph Ritner in 1829, for Governor, but the State went strongly for George Wolf, the regular Democratic nominee. The year 1830 opened with a pending special election on hand. Robert McClure, representing the Senatorial district to which Lycoming was attached, and a worthy citizen of Williamsport, had died during the session, and a successor had to be chosen. The same number of the *Lycoming Chronicle* which announced his death also stated that Andrew D. Hepburn, Joseph B. Anthony,

James Armstrong and Dr. Joseph Wood were severally spoken of as fit persons to fill the vacancy, the editor favoring the selection of Mr. Hepburn. On the other hand, the *Gazette* was evidently for Joseph B. Anthony. A Democratic-Republican meeting was called by the standing committee, composed of Washington Dunn, Peter Vanderbelt, Robert Maffet, W. F. Packer, William A. Petriken, George Crawford and William Piatt, to convene at the Court House on the 29th of December, 1829, to nominate a candidate, in which an apology is made for the necessity of departing from the usual custom of holding a county convention. At the time and place appointed for this "general county meeting," the friends of A. D. Hepburn seem to have been most numerous, or at least vigilant, for they captured and controlled it. Mr. Hepburn was declared the nominee, but the friends of Joseph B. Anthony rallied at a later hour and held another meeting, which nominated him. Hepburn and Anthony were each formally announced as the regular Democratic-Republican candidate, and although an Anti-Masonic meeting was held the following week, it made no nomination, but addressed a letter of inquiry to the respective candidates, hoping to find a "good enough Morgan" in one of them for their purpose. Each of the nominees replied, declining to accept an Anti-Masonic nomination as such, but Mr. Anthony added that he "would be gratified to receive" their support, which in a general way he no doubt did. His majority in Lycoming County was 636, and in the district, composed of the counties of Lycoming, Centre and Clearfield, 818.

The inauguration of Governor Wolf was followed by the appointment of General Samuel McKean, of Bradford County, as Secretary of State, and it is fair to presume that the influence of Senator Anthony with the Executive and his chief adviser, secured the appointments which were subsequently made for Lycoming County. Dr. Joseph Wood was commissioned as Prothonotary, &c., and John Vanderbelt as Register, Recorder, &c. This disposition of the "loaves and fishes" seemed very unpalatable to the supporters of the *Chronicle*, but was "tarts and cheese-cakes" to the friends of the *Gazette*. Thenceforth faction began to crystallize into party.

At the next election—that of 1830—the disaffected elements of all sorts rallied in support of General Burrows for Congress, and James

Armstrong for the State Legislature. The struggle which ensued was, nevertheless, more personal than political, but not entirely local, for independent of the charges and counter-charges of the *Gazette* and *Chronicle* against each other, the editor of the *Bradford Settler*, James P. Bull, gave and received many severe knocks. Burrows and Armstrong were, however, defeated, and the *Gazette* was again triumphant.

But with political parties defeat is not always annihilation, as all politicians well know. Like Banquo's ghost, they will not down, but often return to plague their conquerors. The ghost of the defeated in 1830 did not, however, return in 1831. It slept, or was quiet, waiting to recuperate strength, which disaffection in the prevailing faction failed not to send. McClure's term in the State Senate, filled out by Anthony, had expired, and custom, which was then the unwritten law of party, allotted the next Senator to Centre County. That county, through its regular convention, had selected John G. Lowery, and instructed its conferrees to insist upon his nomination. But the same influence which had carried Anthony to success against the usages of the party, which had spoken for Hepburn, again appeared in behalf of Henry Petriken, of Bellefonte, and he was given the nomination of Lycoming. The conferrees met and disagreed, as it was foreseen, and the nominee of each county took the field. The *Gazette* supported Petriken—the *Chronicle* Lowery. The result was Petriken's election by a majority of 1,282 in the district. For Sheriff the contest was between eight candidates, the custom prevailing at the time being against a nomination by a convention. James Winters (*Gazette*) received 916 votes, against 589 for John Sloan (*Chronicle*), his principal opponent, but he lacked 526 of a majority over all. So the *Gazette* faction was again successful.

During the succeeding year party lines became more defined and significant. The Anti-Masonic convention was held at Harrisburg on the 22d day of February, with Richard Hays, William Wilson and John Burrows as delegates from Lycoming. It made no formal nomination for President, but proposed William Wirt, of Maryland, and for Vice-President, Amos Elmaker, of Pennsylvania, formed an electoral ticket, and passed strong resolutions denouncing Freemasonry. It was followed on the 5th of March by the Democratic convention, which unanimously declared for Andrew Jackson and

George Wolf's re-election, and on the tenth ballot chose William Wilkins for Vice-President over George M. Dallas, by a vote of 67 to 63. Samuel McKean and Christian Garber were named for Senatorial electors, and William Brindle, of Muney, ex-editor, for the Ninth Congressional District. The National Republicans had apparently but little strength in Pennsylvania, but its candidate, Henry Clay, proved to be the chief opponent of General Jackson, when the election came off in November. Joseph B. Anthony was the Democratic and Ner Middlesworth the Anti-Masonic candidate for Congress in this district. A forged letter, representing Joseph Ritner as committed against any further appropriations for work on the North and West Branch Canals, and which was published on the eve of the election, was no doubt a potent factor in deciding the result. The real author of this missile, I believe, was never known, but his opponents blamed Joseph B. Anthony with a guilty knowledge of it, if not the author himself. The campaign closed amid great excitement, and Wolf only beat Ritner 3,152 votes out of a total poll of 177,947. Anthony carried the Congressional district over Middlesworth by a majority of 1,465, notwithstanding Ritner had in the same counties a majority of 36. At the Presidential election which took place a few weeks later Jackson and Wilkins' majority in the State was 24,267, but Van Buren was elected Vice-President notwithstanding.

This election, which had resulted in the success of the national, state, district and county nominees of the Democratic party, had ought to have given it, for awhile at least, clear sailing and a calm sea, but an unexpected storm was nearly in sight and broke over it before the close of the year. The South Carolina nullifiers had assumed a threatening attitude, and the President deemed it prudent to warn them of the consequences a persistence in their course would bring upon them, by his famous proclamation of December 10, 1832. Things at Washington looked war-like, and but for the tariff compromise proposed by Henry Clay, the father of the "American System," and adopted by Congress at the same session, there is no doubt but that serious results would have happened, as Jackson had said, "By the Eternal, the Union must and shall be preserved." But whilst that cloud hung over Washington, another settled around Harrisburg. It was the year for the election of a United States Senator, and when the two Houses met in joint session, it was found a split existed in the Democratic majority. Governor Wolf and his adherents supported his Secretary of State, Samuel McKean. The Van Burenites and all other dissidents rallied around Henry A. Muhlenberg,

then a member of Congress from Berks County. The Anti-Masons cast their votes for Richard Rush, of York County, whilst the National Republicans complimented John Sergeant, of Philadelphia, in the same way. The seventeenth ballot—those cast before and after varying but little from it—gave McKean 50, Rush 45, Muhlenberg 15 and Sergeant 18. The entire session passed with fruitless efforts to make a choice, and when the Legislature adjourned, the candidates stood about as they began. Among the new members of that body was Ellis Lewis, of Bradford County. He had not had the prestige of either Governor Wolf or his Secretary for the nomination, but nevertheless gained it by sheer tact and industry and was elected. Therefore he began his Legislative career under a cloud, but when a resolution came up before the House which implied a censure on the executive, Lewis came so promptly and effectively to his support in a speech, which was listened to by the Governor from a window near the hall of the House, that he at once sent for him and enrolled him among his foremost supporters. Lewis was shrewd enough to cultivate this suddenly conceived friendship and to use it to advantage, as subsequent events show; he was appointed Attorney General of the State early in February, A. D. 1833, and whilst a member of the Legislature, which latter position he did not resign, although deemed by some good lawyers incompatible with the Attorney Generalship. But fortune as well as misfortune seldom comes singly. Seth Chapman, the President Judge of the judicial district of which Lycoming was a part, about this time decided to resign his office, and Governor Wolf had that snug place to fill with a friend, which was at the time a life office. The Attorney General had many reasons to covet the prize. He had been a journeyman printer, an editor, had studied law and was admitted to the bar in Williamsport, and besides had married and his wife's father lived in the same borough. General McKean wished to retire him from active politics, as Lewis' ambition and talents threatened to interfere with his own aspirations. General Anthony was in Congress and expected a re-election, and would support the Attorney General's pretensions. James P. Bull, editor of the *Bradford Settler*, and a brother-in-law, was a political power in Northern Pennsylvania at the time, and of course was Lewis' friend, whilst W. F. Packer, then superintendent of the West Branch Division of the Pennsylvania Canal, and proprietor of the *Lycoming Gazette*, was indebted alike to McKean and Lewis for his preferment, and awaited an opportunity to cancel the obligation. Ellis Lewis was therefore formally announced and pressed for the appointment by the *Lycoming Gazette*, as early as July 31, 1833. But the friends of Van Buren and Henry A. Muhlenberg, with the *Lycoming Chronicle* faction, at once stoutly and firmly opposed his selection. An able correspondent of the *Chronicle*, who styled himself a "Free Citizen," and understood to be Dr. W. R. Power, scoured the personal and political character of the Attorney General

through the columns of the *Chronicle* weekly for the ensuing three months, whilst the *Gazette* as earnestly defended both, and the war of words continued until the appointment was announced on the 16th of October. In the meantime a Democratic county convention was held, at which the feeling on the Judgeship question was predominant. Joseph B. Anthony and Dr. James Taylor were returned from Williamsport as Lewis delegates, and John H. Cowden and Joseph Williams as anti-Lewis. The latter it was admitted had received a majority of the votes cast, but the election officers threw away all such as had been given by persons unfriendly to either the State or National administrations, and returned the former. The convention, after a bitter speech from General Anthony, in which he called his opponents Federalists and "fag ends of faction," admitted him and Dr. Taylor to represent the said borough by a very decisive majority. The same body rejected a resolution offered by A. V. Parsons and aimed at General McKean, that the candidates for the Legislature, namely, George Crawford and William Piatt, Jr., should, if elected, support no person for United States Senator but an avowed friend of the President and Vice-President of the United States. The vote stood 34 to 13.

In politics, as in other affairs, it sometimes makes a material difference as to whose bull it was that did the goring, or in other words, circumstances with politicians alter cases. At the United States Court held at Williamsport in June, 1833, the friends of General McKean called a public meeting at the Court House, hoping to get an expression of those in attendance in favor of their candidate for United States Senator. Finding it hazardous to press the question too far, they contented themselves with an endorsement of Wolf's administration, and an intimation that any interference in that election by the national administration would be uncalled for and resented. This action was entirely satisfactory to the *Gazette*. But at the November term the anti-McKean element predominated, and a like meeting called and controlled by it passed vice versa resolutions, which became every offensive and audacious to the same paper.

But it is due to General McKean and his friends to say that they fairly and completely outgeneraled and defeated their opponents at the October election, and became masters of the situation. When the Legislature met in December following, and the two Houses went into convention to elect a United States Senator, Samuel McKean received 74 votes on the third ballot, against 57 for all others, and was duly elected for the term of six years.

General McKean was in every respect the architect of his own fortune. When a young man, in 1803, he might have been seen in the wilds of Sullivan County, splitting rails or chopping wood as an occupation; a few years later as a settler on Sugar Creek, enduring all the hardships incident to pioneer life. His talents and probity of conduct were, however, soon noticed by his neighbors, and they pushed

him forward into public life. His unfortunate quarrel with Van Buren eventually stopped his political career, for he was not a man to "bend the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift might follow fawning." On one occasion I heard him say in reply to a sarcastic remark of Judge Anthony that Van Buren's principles were considered pure, "Yes, very," returned the Senator; "as pure as mud!" He lived and died Van Buren's inveterate enemy.

Judge Lewis was also a self-made public man. His ambition did not allow him to serve out his full term as an apprentice to the printing business, but with his worldly effects tied up in a handkerchief, he made his way to Philadelphia on foot, in search of work. He failed to find it there and went on to New York. After searching out a private boarding house kept by a widow lady, he went the rounds of the printing offices for employment, but failed in his purpose. He had not money enough to pay a week's board, and feared the denouement when his host should make demand. She made none at the end of the first week, and he renewed his exertions at the printing offices, leaving his name and the number of his boarding house at each. The next week had partly passed when, returning to his lodgings for supper with a heavy heart, he chanced to pass a busy wood sawyer. He halted and inquired as to the pay and demand for his business, and was informed fully and particularly upon the subject. Here was work that he could and would do, until something better offered, and he went to his lodgings planning how he might sell or pawn some of his clothes for money enough to buy a wood buck and saw, and feeling much relieved by the thought. The same evening a note was left for him from one of the printing offices offering him a temporary position at a case, during the indisposition of a hand, and he accepted it with thanks. The second Saturday night he was enabled to pay his two weeks' board; but the invalid whose place he had taken was now convalescent and would soon report. He thought again of his wood saw and buck as an alternative, but was agreeably surprised to find another case given to his indisposed friend when able to work, and himself retained. From thenceforth he found no want of employment, and from a journeyman printer became an editor, a lawyer, a judge and finally Chief Justice of his native State. Long after this fortuitous event in New York, and whilst acting as President Judge of this judicial district, Judge Lewis chanced to be in the great metropolis, and calling to mind the occurrences which I have just detailed, felt a very natural desire to see his old landlady, if living. He had not much trouble to find her, and on stating the peculiar circumstance connected with his former social relations with her, the good old lady shed tears and expressed her joy that she had been instrumental, though unwittingly, of helping him out of his difficulty. The Judge presented her with a silk dress as a mark of his gratitude. These facts are given substantially as I received them from his Honor in a conversation at Williamsport not long before his death.

C. D. E.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

ISSUED BI-MONTHLY.

J. M. M. GERNERD, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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## THREE DAYS ON NORTH MOUNTAIN.

### The Beauty and Design of the Earth—It Was Made for Man to Possess and Enjoy Forever.

Every person who loves the beautiful and grand in nature will now and then instinctively seek the house-top, or hill or mountain crest to "view the landscape o'er." "To speak truly," says Emerson, "few adult persons can see nature. Most persons do not see the sun." We are pleased to believe, however, that most of our readers do not belong to this blind mass. And yet, do we not all fall far short of a proper appreciation of our beautiful mother earth? To speak truly, ought we not all see more? And we can see more if we follow the right methods of observation and study, and approach nature with proper faith and reverence. We are all yet ignorant and superstitious, and—as our descendants a thousand years hence may think of us—but half civilized. We do not see the beauty and glory of nature, the wisdom and design of God, as displayed in endless forms and changes of matter, because—like the poor Fuegians and New Zealanders—we all "know nothing yet" as we ought to know.

What does man as yet know of the capabilities of matter! What does he know of the beauty and wonders of the works of God in the countless material mansions of the universe, of which the thousands that we see with the naked eye on every clear night are but a fraction of what the telescope has as yet revealed! How little we as yet know about our own beautiful planet! There are various reasons why so many do not see nature. Some may fail because their attention is so constantly fixed on a spirit world—not the *real* spirit world, but an imaginary unreal world—that is said to be located somewhere "beyond the bounds of space;" as if there can be a world *beyond* space; as if this grand earth were too gross ever to become the everlasting pos-

session of an immortal man; and as if God had neither the will nor the power to make this material globe worthy of the eternal residence and admiration of the being whom He made of earth, on earth, and for the earth, in His own image. If the Creator will improve and perfect man—by a resurrection from the dead, and by an instantaneous change of the living, if we may so take the words of inspiration—why will He not also reconstruct and make perfect this beautiful world? Do not even the rocks testify that from the beginning the earth has been the scene of a steady progression! Are there not on every hand illustrations of universal progress? And is there to be no further advancement? Have beauty and design reached their culmination? Is the original plan of God a failure? Will the earth in time cease to be the theatre of human life? Is it now but the birthplace and nursery of souls? Is the sun cooling off, and has God no plan or means to keep up its energy?

For more than a quarter of a century we had often cast longing eyes towards the lofty knobs of the North Mountain, and wondered about the grand picture of nature that it is plain can be seen from there; and therefore, with some friends who had long cherished the same curiosity, we were recently glad to accept an opportunity to visit and encamp several days on the summit of this most prominent, and yet perhaps the least visited, of all the mountain ridges of this part of Pennsylvania. We ascended to the crest late on the afternoon of the 3d day of July, in time to put up our tent and prepare supper, before the shade of night again overtook us in its perpetual chase after, and retreat from, the glorious light of that grand orb which most persons do not see.

The North Mountain is a spur of the Alleghenies. It is the highest member of the group in Northern Pennsylvania, some of its knobs having an elevation of about 2,500 feet above tide-water. It rises near the North Branch of the Susquehanna, in the lower part of Wyoming County, crosses the north-west corner of Luzerne, extends along the northern border of Columbia, and ends abruptly in the lower part of Sullivan County, about eighteen miles north-east of Muncy, as if cut off short by some great geological catastrophe. It has several local names, as Bowman Mountain in Wyoming, and Bald Mountain in Luzerne and Columbia, but is most widely known as the North Mountain. In consequence of the peculiar geological structure and topographical feature of the surrounding

country, the part of the mountain in Sullivan County commands one of the most superb, interesting and varied views of all the mountains in Pennsylvania. The view from the first knob facing Muncy Valley is so grand, extensive and diversified that, without a topographical sketch-map illustrating its many features, it baffles description.

Upwards of forty years ago some speculators from Lancaster County built a saw mill and undertook to manufacture lumber near the base of the mountain, and had a wagon road constructed southward to the summit along the steep slope at the end near Muncy Creek. The investment did not prove profitable, and the road has since then been neglected, but we had no further difficulty in making the ascent with our two-horse team and wagon than to chop away a tree that had fallen athwart the track, and to roll a few logs aside. It is a very steep road, without any cross furrows, or "thank you ma'ams," so that every few rods it was necessary to block a hind wheel with stone to give the panting horses time to recover breath. The road had been well made, twelve feet wide, and no logs, nothing but stone were used to wall up the lower side. With little expense it can be made an excellent mountain road; and we imagine that in a few years it will be a much traveled summer thoroughfare. When it reaches the summit it suddenly turns to the left, or north-east, at an acute angle, and the visitor now finds himself on a high plateau, or table-land, for a considerable distance almost as level as the floor of a house. On this plateau, half a mile back from the escarpment of the mountain, we came to a small inviting, grass-grown opening, on the left of the road, in which we pitched our tent, prepared for a three days' sojourn in the wilderness on the mountain, nearly 2,000 feet above the homes that we had left a few hours before.

From the camp-ground the old road extends eastward, and about half a mile further on, on the south slope of the most northern of the peaks of the mountain, and where the plateau begins to slant eastward and southward, there is a delightful spring of the coldest, purest and most delicious water we ever met in our mountain rambles. A half decayed hunter's cabin standing within a few feet showed that it had attracted others before us. On referring to a geological map of Sullivan County, we find that this fairy fountain is the beginning of the West Branch of Fishing Creek. It is in such a wild and beautiful spot, we were glad to accept the post of water-carrier for camp, that we might visit it often. And here on this elevated plateau, in the bed of the road leading to the spring, is also an interesting rock—possibly a large imbedded boulder, or "erratic," though of this we are not sure—that was polished and furrowed during the glacial epoch, when a large portion of our continent was covered by an immense ice-sheet several thousand feet thick. This striated rock

shows that even this high summit of the North Mountain was covered by, and was no barrier to, the continental glacier. The "terminal moraine" of the ancient frozen field—of which immense sheet a considerable vestige still exists in the glacier of Greenland—crosses Lycoming County near the base of the mountain, consequently the neighborhood is full of interest to those who can see the many indications that the wonderful phenomenon also once existed right here.

The 4th of July was a clear and delightful day, highly favorable for landscape viewing, and it was most agreeably spent in visiting the several peaks in the vicinity of the camp. There is an indescribable exhilaration in ascending and rambling on a mountain high above all the world around, and in looking down through a transparent atmosphere upon as picturesque a scene as hill and dale, forest and clearing, lake and stream can combine to make, and upon other great mountains, other table-lands, other rugged heights and declivities on every hand, that seem to aspire, though in vain, to match the towering mass on which you stand. Gladly would we describe the intricate and enchanting scene, and convey to others the agreeable impressions made on ourself and companions, but words fail us, and we hesitate to make the attempt. The truth is, we did not see, and could not see, all. No eye can in a few brief visits fully grasp such a view, and much less can it be fittingly described. It must be seen—and when seen, it must be methodically studied—and when studied, it steadily grows in the imagination in interest, grandeur and greatness. And we cannot pass the opportunity to add, that if the earnest contemplation of such a sublime view of earth fails to enlarge the spectator's ideas of its beauty, and fails to excite a deeper interest and faith in the evident and revealed design of its Designer, then truly it must be that such a person cannot see nature. Persons who do not see the sun will not see much if they visit the North Mountain.

The comparatively level river basin, in which the towns of Montgomery, Muncy, Hughesville, Clarkestown and Pennsdale are delightfully situated—the bordering hills that encircle the plain north, east and south, in the form of a horse-shoe, and the broad and gracefully rounded terminus of the Bald Eagle Mountain that enters it from the west like the frog in the shoe, which together form a charming picture, that the lovers of nature so often visit Prospect Hill, Buck's Hill, and many other hill-tops to contemplate—all this constitutes but a fraction of the grand panorama in plain view, on a perfectly clear day, from the North Mountain. This is but a part of the foreground of the magnificent landscape. The entire Muncy Creek Valley is but a portion of the view. For many miles to the west, and as far to the south, a sea of wave-like hills, mostly short and rounded, more or less denuded of forest, studded with houses, barns and cultivated fields, make up a much larger part of the view. These hills rise above the river plain and creek bottoms from one hundred to five hundred or more feet, and reminded us somewhat of

the Atlantic Ocean as we once saw it when rounding Cape Hatteras. They have the appearance, on a large scale, of what is known as a "chopping sea." They are more or less deeply eroded and ravined, in almost every direction, so that besides the towns, villages and farm buildings within sight, many towns, hamlets and houses are hidden from view, because, from the point of view, they are situated behind the hills. With a 26-line field glass, Muncy, Montgomery and the city of Williamsport could be distinctly seen, while Lairdsville and Hughesville, some miles nearer the mountain, were not visible, because too close to, and behind, intervening hills. With a telescope, or spy-glass of high power, many more distant places may perhaps be seen. The wave-like hills and their eroded troughs extend to the base of the great mountain, from which the spectator looks down upon the beautiful aspect from an altitude of from one thousand to two thousand feet, and truly enjoys what is termed a "bird's-eye view." The field comprises the entire West Branch Valley from Northumberland to Lock Haven, as well as a portion of the West Branch in the counties of Northumberland, Montour and Columbia. There is no other point from which so much of this delightful section of Pennsylvania can be seen.

But the bird's-eye view embraces still far more. Surrounding the Muncy Creek Valley, the extensive sea of curiously scalloped hills, and the winding river plains of the North and West Branches of the Susquehanna, the observer also looks down upon great rival mountain ranges and plateaus, that extend on every hand as far as the eye can reach. The horizon here includes a field that is in some directions probably more than one hundred miles in diameter. Fourteen counties were counted that it was thought can be seen either entire or in part from these commanding heights, embracing a large portion of the state of Pennsylvania. The Alleghenies to the north present the aspect of a great dark green continent, from which here and there in the foreground a bold cape or promontory juts southward beyond the shore line, or escarpment, into the sea of rolling hills in the Muncy Creek Valley. On one of these promontories, north-west from our point of view, are delightfully located the hotels of Highland Lake, a popular resort, which can be distinctly seen without a field glass. Directly north, further back from the hills, but nearer the point of observation, on the same plateau, and also some five hundred feet lower, are the hotels and cottages of Eagle's Mere, a justly celebrated place, now yearly visited by thousands of invalids and tourists; but the charming lake that has given the resort celebrity is like the unpretending lakelet at Highland, in a depression, and too low to be visible. Hunter's Lake, almost in line between Highland and Eagle's Mere, is in full view, and the sunbeams are seen shimmering sweetly from its placid surface.

Beyond the promontories jutting into the Muncy Creek Valley the south escarpment of the Allegheny Mountain extends westward, rising high above the hills and river plain, and

running parallel with the equally steep north slope of the Bald Eagle Mountain. Though broken here and there by deep ravines, as by the great gorges of the Loyalsock Creek, Lycoming Creek, Larry's Creek and Pine Creek, yet to the observer standing on the North Mountain it appears as one almost unbroken wall for nearly fifty miles. The broad space of eight or ten miles between the two mountain ranges, occupied by the river plain and hills, reminds one of an ocean channel between two continents. Back and north of the wall or shore-like escarpment is the great forest-covered Allegheny plateau, visible for many miles till it sinks below the horizon, presenting a remarkable contrast to the peculiar conformation of the West Branch Valley and to the mountains east, south and west. The Bald Eagle Mountain is also a striking feature of the grand picture, and being likewise looked down upon from a far greater height, is more advantageously seen than from any other point. Its broad, evenly-rounded end or head, around which the Susquehanna makes its majestic sweep from the west to the south, contrasts strangely with the long, sharp, undulating, serpent-like crest, in plain view for many miles west of Williamsport.

The view is positively grand beyond description. There is probably not another field in America in which nature has crowded more of beauty and majesty. All with us were enraptured. All expressed surprise that so matchless a sight can be had by so short a journey from so many populous towns, and yet the noble mountain is so little appreciated, and is almost as unknown to the hundreds of thousands who can see its heights every day from their homes as are the mountains of Alaska. We felt ashamed to think that we had all lived so long under its morning shadow and yet had never before partaken of the bounteous visual feast it invites all to come and enjoy. How true it is that "few adult persons can see nature." The majority still see spooks.

And how unlike we mortals see what we do see! How diversely we are impressed by the contemplation of nature! One of our company was reminded of Christ when the Devil took Him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showed Him all the kingdoms of the world and offered to give them to Him if He would fall down and worship him. The thought impressed our friend as much as the grandeur of the scene that suggested it. He took the circumstance in the most literal sense. But should not the inspiring view and the allusion to the Devil impress one differently? The Devil knew that he could not perform such a promise, if he knew anything, and Christ knew this still better. It was not possible to show all the kingdoms of the world, as no mountain literally commanded such a view nineteen hundred years ago. The Devil knew, if he knew one-half he is supposed to know, that Christ had greater power than he; and he knew that he himself will be blotted out when the time fixed for his exit arrives. Men and women have lived, and now live, on earth, so pure, intelligent and conscientious that they could not be tempted by such a promise to fall

down and literally worship such a monster; and Jesus, of all beings, could not be tempted in this exact sense. Scornfully the true Heir of the earth and of the kingdoms of the earth rebuked the tempter, as we may imagine He would have done if the circumstance had literally occurred. It was not temptation in the ordinary sense, and must be symbolically interpreted. After ascending the North Mountain and seeing less than one-sixth of Pennsylvania, we cannot think Christ could be led up into a mountain high enough to see all the kingdoms of earth before He said, "Get thee behind me, Satan." But His example, taken in a figurative sense,—metaphorical so far at least as the mountain, the kingdoms of the earth, and the bodily appearance and offer of the Devil are considered,—is none the less to be admired and imitated. "Get thee behind me, Satan," should be the never-failing rule of every human soul.

On the evening of the 4th several of the company visited the first peak south of the old road, hoping to see something of the grand display of fire-works promised as a feature of the celebration of the day at Williamsport. Though disappointed in the exhibit that had been widely advertised, they, however, witnessed a scene that surprised and delighted them. The effect of the electric lights seen at so great a distance and from so great a height was striking and brilliant, and to see this they declared was alone worth the trouble of the tramp in the dark among the bushes, rocks and fallen trees. And of fire-works they unexpectedly witnessed a superb display, as rockets and candle bombs, and here and there a paper balloon, were seen in their aerial flights all along the river, from Williamsport to Northumberland, and from a number of towns on the North Branch. The spectacle must indeed have been beautiful and imposing, as the gentlemen on their return to camp were quite enthusiastic in their report. Such expressions as, "The sight was perfectly grand," "You cannot imagine how beautiful," "I never saw anything like it," made the rest regret that they had not also visited the mountain pinnacle to see the fire-works and the electric lights of Williamsport.

On the morning of the 5th we visited the knob nearest Sonestown, on which the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey has located a signal station. A placard attached to the rustic wooden tripod-structure bears the following notice: "This signal is the property of the United States. All persons visiting it are respectfully requested and warned not to interfere with it or disturb its adjustment." A similar station is located on the Bald Eagle Mountain, near Montoursville, and a third, forming a triangle, is on the Montour Ridge, near the North Branch, above the town of Northumberland. Each station is made the point of one or more other like triangles, in conjunction with points in other localities, and in this manner the whole surface of the country will in time be netted over with triangulating stations. The work in this section has so far been preliminary, or that of reconnoissance, to decide on the best

points for future field operation. The annual appropriation by Congress has not been sufficient to keep much of a force in the field, consequently the progress of the work has been slow. One of the benefits to be derived from triangulation is the determination of the position of points and places, so that surveyors, geographers and geologists can construct perfect maps. A visit to the North Mountain, and a comparison of the points on the earth within the range of vision with what is on the best state and county map, will satisfy any one that a large amount of guess-work still enters into the business of map-making. The geodetic survey will be of great value in establishing reference points all over the country for the exact determination of all boundary lines. Surveyors often have trouble to retrace old lines, on account of defective land records, but when the work of triangulation is completed the boundary line of every farm and every timber tract can be definitely settled, and much contention, trouble and expense will thereafter be avoided. The view west and south from the signal knob is not so good as from the boss south of the road, but the prospect east and north-east is better, and the visitor to the mountain should therefore not fail to visit both heights.

To look upon such a magnificent landscape without interest in the physical history of the mountains and valleys, without a thought of the intellectual grandeur, the permanence and final purpose of nature, is indeed to have eyes and yet not see anything. To have eyes and see neither plan, order, evidence of creative wisdom, nor proof of beginning, gradual development and advancement, is to be nature-blind, and some persons are color-blind. The mountains and valleys we ought to see did not always exist. They were not as we see them now from the beginning. The rocks, of which we have here and there along the mountain and hill-sides grand exposures, are not of simultaneous origin. The inequalities of the surface that contribute so much to the beauty of the landscape are not all contemporaneous. The myriads of fossils entombed in the underlying strata are neither accidents nor units of creation as to time. Nature did not come by chance, and does not exist without a purpose. Nature has a history, a deeply interesting, connected history, pages and chapters of which may be read and at least approximately understood. And this is not a finished world. Nature has a future, a glorious and unending future, of which even the geological history of the earth gives us something better than a cheerless promise. Evolution—whether true or false as to the question of the origin of species—agrees with geology and revelation, that we may look with confidence to the future of the human race. Darwin says: "As natural selection works solely by and for the good of each being, all corporeal and mental endowments *will tend to progress toward perfection.*" The inspired pensman, with more light than Darwin had, says: "Nevertheless we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

But how shall we read nature? How shall we know by the geological record what has been, what is now, and what shall be hereafter? How understand the phenomena of mountains and valleys, of change and advancement? Ask nature. She will reward the conscientious student if properly approached. How she is in some measure understood by the naturalist we will try to show by a simple illustration. If a mechanic should find a section of a wagon wheel, a fragment of the hub, a spoke or two, and a single felloe, he can without trouble reconstruct, or restore, the entire wheel. He can restore the hub, because the proportions are shown by the part before him. The number of spokes, and their length and thickness, he determines by the same rule. The felloes and tire he restores on the same principle. The axles must fit the hub. The other wheels must correspond. And in this way he may restore the entire wagon. He is a wagonmaker and understands the mutual relation and adaptation of the various parts. Now the anatomist and geologist proceed on the same principle, though it is obvious that they have more difficult problems, and that skilled wagonmakers will always be more numerous than skilled naturalists. Cuvier and Owen described long extinct animals that were unknown—and in one case it is said from a single bone—and subsequent discoveries proved the descriptions to have been wonderfully accurate. Our leading museums now nearly all contain restorations of the skeletons of animals of former ages, few of the bones of which are natural, the larger portion often being artificial. Agassiz was so expert a reader of nature that he could describe an unknown fish from a single scale; and, marvelous the feat, he once in a letter published in the *New York Tribune* predicted the existence of certain unknown forms of life at a certain depth of the ocean, in a certain geographical province, that were afterwards actually found by dredging in the deep sea as indicated.

Many years ago Agassiz saw the Allegheny Mountains and declared that they were at least three thousand feet higher than at present. He judged from the dip and thickness of the exposed strata, and the distance, trend and general contour of neighboring ridges. As in the illustration of the wagon wheel, he supplied in imagination the strata and elevations that had been worn away. One of the objects of the geological survey was to ascertain the structure of our rock formations, mountains and valleys, to determine the amount of erosion that has taken place, and to decipher the condition of the surface of the earth in past ages. And now we are told—see Report G, page 7, Second Geological Survey of Pennsylvania,—that “it seems probable that the Tioga Mountains were once as high as Mount Washington.” And Peter Lesley, the chief of the survey, does not hesitate to say—Report G 4, page 13—that “mountains once 30,000 or 40,000 feet high are now but 2,000 or 3,000 feet above sea level.” This great change was caused by solar heat, frost, rain and running water. It has been effected during long

periods of time in the same manner as the same changes are now being produced. The material has been carried into the sea, the same as sediment is now being transported and deposited on its bottom. “At the end of the coal era,” says Lesley, “the Middle States rose from the waves and have never been covered by the ocean since that time. Erosion commenced and has continued . . . to the present day, and still goes on.”

In conclusion, a word about the permanence and final purpose of nature. The work of erosion and destruction still goes on. It began under the waves before the first dry land appeared. It has continued with ceaseless energy during every succeeding geological age. And it may never entirely cease. Yet the islands that first broke the surface of the waters that covered the face of the earth have grown into continents. In each era there has appeared more dry land, a greater diversity of surface, new physical conditions, and a change of climate. And from age to age new and higher species of plants and animals have come into existence. The process of formation and development has more than kept pace with the work of dissolution and disintegration. And the same forces of nature are still at work. Destruction and development still go hand in hand. If the phenomenon of subsidence still goes on, so also does the counter movement of upheaval. If the continents are still being eroded, so their domain is still also being extended. If the species of animals, “made to be taken and destroyed,” that have so long possessed the earth, are gradually disappearing and becoming extinct, so, on the other hand, the new and God-like being for whom it is especially designed is also gradually spreading over its surface and acquiring possession. Man alone is gifted with the necessary intellectual capacity to appreciate the earth, the aspiration to acquire universal dominion, and the judgment to make all things subservient to his advancement. And for man, as the noblest work of creation, were all terrestrial things made. Each geological age, when we understand the absolute order of things, furnishes proof of design and continued progress. Hence nature points to a future age, a coming era of completion or greater perfection, a more complex and beautiful “world to come.” But from the Book of Nature this is but imperfectly understood. And but few persons can see nature. And nature gives us no assurance of individual immortality. Therefore the Author of Nature has given man a supplemental volume, by which he may know that if he die he shall live again, that this noble earth is to be his everlasting inheritance, and that he will at the appointed time receive his birthright. “The earth it abideth forever!” “Those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth!” “As the new heavens and the new earth, which I will make, shall remain before me, saith the Lord, so shall your seed and your name remain.” Animals must go, but man shall “remain” and possess and enjoy the earth forever.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

Devoted to History, Amusement, Instruction, Advancement.

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## The Redemptioners and Their Bonds.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

Redemptioners were a class of white servants that formed a notable phase of civic life in the early settlements of this country. They indentured themselves, or allowed themselves to be sold into bondage, and were in fact "term slaves," as they were often called. Their term of service was virtually a state of slavery, worse in some cases than the bondage of the negro, for the latter now and then had a kind master. Not a few vagrants and malefactors were unfortunately thus also brought into the country, as may be learned from old papers and records, and this fact doubtless helped more than anything else to bring the name Redemptioner into disgrace. But this was no fault of those who were virtuous and worthy.

The great majority of Redemptioners were merely poor, uncultured or unfortunate people, who wanted but a fair chance in life to prove that the blood in their veins was by nature as good, pure and noble as that which coursed through any other human veins. There were thousands of these voluntary servants, and they came from nearly all the countries of Europe. To-day their blood flows through the hearts and brains of millions of Americans, and their descendants are among the best and most honored citizens in the land. Many of the Redemptioners themselves, after honorably and faithfully serving their term of indenture, lived to gain comfortable and respectable positions in society. Yet man has always been too slow to learn and too ready to forget that God is no respecter of persons, and that He made all men of one blood. "Honor and shame from no condition rise."

It was a common custom, therefore, for immigrants who had no means to pay their way, but had pluck and ambition, to bind themselves for a term of years, usually from three to ten, for the payment of their passage and such other

consideration as they could obtain, before or after leaving their native countries. These were commonly known as indentured or "indented servants." Others, to pay their passage, would stipulate with the captains of vessels to allow themselves to be sold on their arrival, without choice of master, and to the highest bidder. The latter were called "free-willers." Both classes were often badly imposed upon and deceived by falsely colored representations of the agents who made a business of enticing indigent people to emigrate. Very unhappy sometimes was the lot of those who were thus inveigled and disappointed. Husbands it is said were sometimes forcibly separated from their wives, and children were occasionally taken from their parents. The unfortunates were frequently subjected for years to many of the most revolting cruelties of slavery. But others, who had the better luck to fall into the hands of considerate masters, found themselves at the end of their service well trained for the struggle of life in this new country, and were not perhaps any the worse off for having thus bound themselves. Many, to the credit of human nature let us assume, were really not subjected to any permanent misfortune, but gained greatly by their experience. The evils of the system were in part remedied by Congress in 1819, after which we hear little or nothing of "indented servants."

No country furnished this portion of the new world so many Redemptioners as Germany. The following observation regarding this class by the English Quaker traveler, Robert Sutcliff,—see page 123, Vol. 2, NOW AND THEN,—will bear to be repeated here: "I noticed many families, particularly in Pennsylvania, of great respectability, both in our Society and amongst others, who had themselves come over to this country as Redemptioners, or were the children of such. And it is remarkable that the German residents in this country have a character for greater industry and stability than those of any other nation."

Andrew J. Mellick, Jr., in his admirable new book on Life in New Jersey in the Eighteenth Century, says: "In looking back on the many peculiarities, changes and gradations of society in New Jersey's colonial days, it is curious to note how the well-to-do immigrants, who brought with them, or purchased after arrival, Redemption servants, often lost the prestige of their affluence, being unable in the new country to maintain their rank and influence. Their humble servitors, however, inured by hardship and labor to the stern necessities of colonial existence, prospered and thrived. The bonds-people, after serving their time, acquired by diligence and saving lands and homes; it was not uncommon in the second generation to find them taking, in every way, precedence to the children of the master who had owned their time during their first years in the country."

History teaches, therefore, as well as the precepts of true religion and common sense, that it is absurd and unjust to think evil or to speak harmfully of any persons because they or their late ancestors came from the old world as Redemptioners. Yet this has often been thoughtlessly or maliciously done. But when persons who have had all the advantages that affluence can give, through pride, improvident and indolent habits, and not through mere financial or other misfortune, have lost their prestige and come to nothing, then they do deserve the condemnation of their fellows. Bad associations, bad habits and bad principles are the conditions that make bad blood. "Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

How many of the early settlers of the West Branch Valley were Redemptioners may now never be known, but the number who were brought here, or who came here from the older settlements west and east of the Delaware River to make themselves homes after they became free, is probably much greater than most persons would suppose. Many thousands of the present population we believe have the blood of the Redemptioners in their veins. The majority of our people, it is safe to say, know but little about their great or their great-great grandparents, and cannot as much as tell where they came from, nor how they paid for their passage to this new world. But does it matter? Is it a disgrace? If it is, then our boasted democracy and free association is a fraud upon humanity, and America is playing the wrong part in the history of Man. Why, only a few centuries

further back the ancestors of our proudest people wore skin breech-clouts, fought and killed each other with stone spears and axes, and knew hardly as much as Prof. Bartholomew's trained horses. And the fact is many of our wisest men now claim that some generations still further back our ancestors could not have been told from apes, and that ages elapsed before they even learned to make spears and axes of stone. Verily, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

A great many Redemptioners must have been brought to the West Branch by that affluent and enterprising pioneer, Samuel Wallis, during the thirty years that he labored to develop this section, as among the papers saved by mere chance from destruction, and now in the hands of his great grandson, Howard R. Wallis, many indentures to him of this class of immigrants have been found, and the indications are that there were many more. The following is an agreement between Wallis and the agent of shipping merchants at Rotterdam, for the payment of the freight of a number of German passengers:

"KNOW ALL MEN by these Presents That I Stephen Dutilh of the City of Philadelphia Merchant Attorney in fact for P. J. Leemans and Captain Snerus Dalstel Agents for Gerhard Wolters and Son Merchants at Rotterdam Freighters of the Ship Dorothea lately from Rotterdam with German Passengers on board arrived at Philadelphia in consideration of a competent sum of Money unto me at or before the Sealing and Delivery hereof paid or secured to be paid by Samuel Wallis of the said City of Philadelphia Merchant HAVE assigned and set over and by virtue of the Powers to me granted and conferred Do hereby assign and set over unto the said Samuel Wallis his Executors Administrators and Assigns the several Debts or Sums of Money which are owing and due to the said Gerhard Wolters and Son by six of the said German Passengers hereinafter named for their Freight in the said Ship Dorothea and Monies Advanced to them in Holland agreeably to Contracts under their Hands and Seals executed, viz. By Johannes Betz for himself and Family Debt Forty nine Pounds nine Shillings By Johannes Schoetzig for himself Debt Twenty Pounds Sixteen Shillings and ten pence By Jacob Stumpf for himself Debt Twenty two Pounds eighteen Shillings By Martin Schneider for himself Debt Twenty Pounds nineteen Shillings By Nicholas Voltz for himself and Family Ballance of Debt Thirty Three Pounds ten Shillings and by Peter Guthman for himself and Family Debt Nine Pounds and eight Shillings AND the better to enable the said Samuel Wallis to receive and recover the said several Debts hereby assigned I do by virtue of the Powers to me given for

that Purpose appoint and substitute the said Samuel Wallis the lawful Attorney of the said Gerhard Wolters and Son irrevocably to ask demand sue for recover and receive the said six several sums of Money or Debts from the Persons by whom they are due respectively without rendering any Account thereof to the said Gerhard Wolters & Son of their Agents the said P. J. Leemans and Snerus Dalsted or to me the said Stephen Duthilh or any or either of them PROVIDED always That if all or any of the Aforesaid six several Sums of Money hereinbefore assigned or any Part thereof by the Death or inability of the Debtor or Debtors shall be lost then such Loss or Losses shall be born by the said Samuel Wallis his executors and Administrators only not by the said Gerhard Walters and Son their Executors and Administrators or by their Agents and Attornies or any of them IN WITNESS whereof I have hereunto set my Hand and Seal the fourteenth Day of April in the Year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty eight.

Sealed & Delivered  
in the Presence of  
Leopold Nottmugel  
Michael Ross.

STEPHEN DUTHILH.  
[Seal]

The indentures of four of the above named immigrants appear to be among the many papers that are believed to have been lost, but the agreements of John Betts and wife, and Jacob Stumpf, have been preserved. To show the form, terms and nature of these once common bonds,—all before us are printed blanks, filled out by writing,—the following indenture of the yet well-remembered, frugal and honest couple, John and Dorothy Betts, is also here given verbatim:

Philadelphia ss.

THIS INDENTURE WITNESSETH THAT John Betz and Dorothea his Wife of their own free Will have put themselves servants to Samuel Wallis for the consideration of Thirty Pounds 10s paid to E. Dushil & Co. for their freight from Rotterdam, as also for other good causes they the said John & Dorothea Betz have bound and put themselves and by these Presents doth bind and put themselves servants to the said Samuel Wallis to serve him his Executors and Assigns from the Day of the Date hereof, for and during the full Term of Four Years commencing from the Twenty fifth Day of December last from thence next ensuing. During all which Term the said Servants their said Master his Executors or Assigns faithfully shall serve, and that honestly and obediently in all Things, as good and dutiful Servants ought to do. AND the said Samuel Wallis his Executors and Assigns, during the said Term shall find and provide for the said Servants sufficient Meat, Drink, Apparel, Washing and Lodging, and at the Expiration of their Term he shall give said Servants Sixteen Spanish Dollars Each in Lieu of their New Suits, and pay them the further sum of Ten Pounds Ten shillings specie,

and give them a Cow with Calf, and a Sow with Pigs. And for the true Performance hereof, both the said Parties bind themselves firmly unto each other by these Presents. IN WITNESS whereof, they have hereunto interchangeably set their Hands and Seals. Dated the Twenty second Day of April Annoque Domini 1788.

Bound before me  
Lewis Farmer  
Register

JOHANNES BETZ  
her  
DOROTHEA X BETZ  
mark

The late John Betts, eldest son of the above named Johannes and Dorothy Betz, told the editor in the spring of 1874—see NOW AND THEN, Vol. I., No. 11,—that he was born on the Wallis plantation, just outside of Fort Muncy, in 1786, one year before the birth of Wm. Cox Ellis, who was born within the Fort. John was evidently in error in regard to the date of his birth, of which he had no record, as the bond to Samuel Wallis shows that his parents did not come to America until 1788. It is probable that he was born in 1789, one year later than Wm. Cox Ellis. At the expiration of their term of service Johannes and Dorothy moved into a cabin that stood near where O. A. McCarty now resides, near the road now running from Muncy to Pennsville. The house stood along a by-road that then led to the main road leading from Muncy Manor to Samuel Wallis', and intersected the latter road near the site of the present Wolf Run bridge, on the road from Muncy to Williamsport. It was in this cabin we were told that the late esteemed Peter Betts was born. From here good old Dorothy daily used to walk a long distance over the ridge to the Big Spring for water, carrying the bucket balanced on her head, as she had learned to do in her native land. Wells and pumps were conveniences that many homes in this section did not have then. The once famous Big Spring was near Wolf Run, not far from the giant White Oak—a wonderful tree that measured more than twenty-six feet in circumference—that used to stand on the Adlum farm, now known as the Geo. W. Long farm, and was cut down about sixteen years ago.

Johannes and Dorothy never accumulated a fortune, although a frugal and industrious couple. Dorothy, "a neat, spry little woman," as an old lady once described her to us, was a noted cook and baker. In her best days there were few funerals and weddings in the valley at which she did not do the cooking and baking. She was often sent for by citizens of Williamsport. She died about fifty years ago, after a long and useful life. From the ridge Johannes and

Dorothy moved on the Benjamin Shoemaker farm, where, until the death of Johannes, they occupied a cabin that stood on the main road, close to Wolf Run, and very near the spot where Captain John Brady is supposed to have fallen from his horse when he was shot by the Indians. The old folks a quarter of a century ago used to speak very often of Johannes and Dorothy. Again we must regret that so many things of interest have been lost because we did not then think of making notes of these matters. An amusing occurrence that was often mentioned is still remembered. One morning while Johannes and Dorothy were at work for Ben. Shoemaker—the husband of Mary Scudder—in a corn-field on the river bottom, a total eclipse of the sun came on, and was the occasion to them—as well as to many others—of great alarm. The unexpected and mysterious darkness was a phenomenon they did not understand. Probably the sky was overcast with clouds, making the day already dark and dreary, and they could not see the sun and moon. Johannes concluded that the darkness foreboded the dissolution of the world, and whispered to Dorothy that “the Day of Judgment has come!” “We will go home to the children,” said Dorothy, “and then we will all be together when we die.” So home to their children they went to wait for the world’s great catastrophe and their own final fate. What anxious thoughts they had as they hastened to their humble cabin we are left to imagine. But not long after they had reached home the darkness began to pass away, and then Dorothy became composed enough to think of her almanac. She soon found what she looked for, and then exclaimed to her liege lord, as if suddenly ashamed of their needless fright: “*Oh! der Tuifel! Johannes, its nothing but a clipse.*”

The facts of chief interest relating to the other Redemptioner bonds once held by Samuel Wallis, that have been preserved and are now before us, we give briefly, in the order of the dates thereof, as follows:

Philip Fogel—Bound himself for three years and six months from August 21, 1784, in consideration of “twenty-seven pounds paid to William Ball” for his passage,—where from not stated,—and at the expiration of his term of service to receive “a new suit of clothes and five pounds.”

Christopher Habel—Four years from August 26, 1784, for “seventeen pounds sterling paid to William Ball,” and at end of term “two suits

of wearing apparel, one of which shall be new, with such dues as are usual, and also five pounds in money.”

Nicholas Flieger—Four years from August 26, 1784, for 29 pounds 13 shillings paid for his passage, and at end of term two suits and “such dues as are usual and also five pounds in money.”

John Philip Boyer—Four years from Sept. 1, 1784, for twenty pounds 4s., paid to Clement Beadle & Co. for his passage from Amsterdam, and at end of term to “have ten pounds and freedom dues.”

Matthew Stuegeart—Four years from Sept. 2, 1784, for payment of his passage from Amsterdam, and “at the expiration of his term his master to give him one hundred and forty dollars.”

Michael Rapholtz and his wife Elizabeth—Four years from September 1, 1784, for payment of their passage from Amsterdam, and at end of term “each twenty dollars and one new suit of freedom clothes.”

Peter Deihlman and Anna Maria, his wife—Four years from April 13, 1785, for “forty-five pounds paid for their freight from Amsterdam,” and at end of term “each of them two suits of wearing apparel,” and “each twelve pounds current money of Pennsylvania.”

Catharine Elizabeth Deihlman—“with the consent of her parents”—Eight years, eight months and 14 days from April 13, 1785, for payment of her passage from Amsterdam, and at end of term “two suits of wearing apparel, one of which to be new.”

George Liesler and Anna Margareta, his wife—Four years from 16th day of April, 1785, “in consideration of the sum of forty pounds, paid for their passage from Amsterdam,” and at end of their term “to have customary freedom dues.”

Jacob Shultz and Charlota, his wife—Five years from April 28, 1785, for “fifteen pounds current money of Pennsylvania to them in hand paid,” and at the end of their term Wallis to “give to them or the survivor of them fifty acres of good farming land within three miles of the river Susquehanna, and a horse worth ten pounds and a milch cow.”

Nicholaus Foltz and Anna Maria, his wife—Four years from Dec. 25, 1787, for their freight from Rotterdam, and at end of term “eighteen pounds 10s. specie, a cow with calf and a sow with pigs.”

Charles Erdman Arnt—Five years from August 1, 1787, for sixteen pounds, paid to Ross

& Vaughan for his freight from Hamburg, and at end of term "two complete suits of clothes, one whereof to be new, and forty Spanish milled dollars."

Jacob Stump—Three years and ten months from May 19, 1788, for 22 pounds 18 shillings paid for his passage from Rotterdam, and at end of term "two complete suits of clothes, one whereof to be new, and ten Spanish mill dollars." It was also stipulated that said Stump was "not to be put to the labor of a farmer," but what he was to be put to is not mentioned.

John Henry—Three years from Sept. 9, 1790, for payment of his passage from Ireland, and "when free to give him two complete suits of apparel, one of which to be new."

John George Frederick and Maria Magdalena, his wife—Four years from Sept. 17, 1790, for payment of passage from Amsterdam, and "two complete suits of clothes each, one of which to be new, or ten pounds specie in lieu, at their option. Also forty dollars specie each, and a cow with calf."

Michael Bauer and Catharine Dorothea, his wife—Five years from Sept. 17, 1791, for payment of passage from Rotterdam, and at end of term "two complete suits of clothes each, one whereof to be new, and farther he shall give said servants fifty acres of land, and a house to live in at least two years."

John George Kniesz and Johana Christiana, his wife—Four years from Sept. 16, 1794, for payment of their freight from Amsterdam, and "two complete suits of clothes each, one whereof to be new, or ten pounds specie each in lieu, at their option; also ten pounds 5s. specie each, and a cow with calf."

Christian Zemerling—Four years from Sept. 17, 1794, for payment of passage from Amsterdam, and "two complete suits of clothes, one whereof is to be new, and thirty dollars specie."

Michael Bub—Four years and six months from Sept. 17, 1794, for payment of passage from Amsterdam, and "two complete suits of clothes, one whereof is to be new, to be taught to read and write, and to receive twenty dollars specie."

Johan Phillip Frederick—"with the consent of his father"—Fifteen years from Sept. 16, 1794, for payment of his passage from Amsterdam, and at end of his term "two complete suits of clothes, one whereof to be new, also to have him taught to read and write English, and forty dollars specie."

Sophia Klinck—Four years from Sept. 17,

1794, for payment of her passage from Rotterdam, and at end of term "two complete suits of clothes, one whereof to be new, and thirty dollars specie."

There is some difference, it will be observed, in the terms and conditions of these indentures. The stipulations perhaps depended in some degree on the shrewdness of the more or less helpless immigrants, but probably still more on their age, physique and prospect of usefulness, as well as on the demand for servants at the time of the landing of the ship, and on the liberality, or want of liberality, of the individual to whom the bond is given. From such information as we have at hand it seems probable, however, that those who bound themselves to Samuel Wallis had the best terms that could be expected under the circumstances. The author, Andrew D. Mellick, referring to similar original agreements now among the archives of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, says: "From them we learn that the usual price paid in that colony for three years' service, was twenty-one pounds, one shilling and sixpence. When his time expired a man was entitled to receive two suits of clothes, a grubbing hoe, a weeding hoe and a new axe." The immigrants who bound themselves to Wallis were certainly, as a rule, better paid. To say nothing of the specie received when the time expired, in addition to the payment of cost of passage, "a cow with calf and a sow with pigs" were worth much more than two hoes and one axe.

The names of some of the above mentioned Redemptioners have shared the general fate of names with respect to change. Very few indeed are the surnames that have not at some time been subjected to mutations. Many have been much changed during the last one hundred years. Some have been so altered that the transmutations hardly at first sight seem to resemble the parent name. For example, Capt. Janssen, of the Continental Army, was the grandfather of the Hon. Henry Johnson. Peter Burns, of Clinton Township, was the father of Prof. Born, now of Selinsgrove. Eeroyd, Akerode and Aikerode hardly seem like one name, yet they are, or once were, the same. Gerner, Gernerd and Garnhardt are quite as little alike. Bearing in mind this almost universal tendency to change, there is nothing at all singular or suspicious in the fact that the names of some who came here as Redemptioners through Samuel Wallis are now hardly recognizable, and yet are still common names.

## Reminiscences of Old Times on the North and West Branches, or Men and Things Previous to 1850.

No. 7.

### POLITICAL AND PERSONAL INCIDENTS.

In my last article I had occasion to note some political inconsistencies, which, however, as they occurred more than fifty years ago, cannot now disturb the *status* or ruffle the temper of any living statesman. A few other examples may not prove uninteresting.

The first United States Bank was created by an act of Congress, passed in the spring of 1816. It was a measure designed to relieve the financial depression which followed the close of the war of 1812 with Great Britain, and no doubt answered the purpose, at least to a certain extent. Its charter was to expire in 1836, but the considerate President and Directors wished to ascertain previous to the Presidential election in 1832 whether or not Gen. Jackson could be depended upon to sign the bill for a recharter, if passed by Congress, as his well-known firmness made him inflexible when he had once taken a stand for or against a measure. A recharter was, therefore, sought at the session of Congress in 1832, and a bill was passed in the spring of that year extending its corporate privileges until 1856. Its opponents openly charged bribery and corruption,—at least indirectly,—for it was shown that large loans of money had been made by that institution to the proprietors of the leading newspapers of New York and Philadelphia. However, by fair or foul means, no matter which, it is certain the bank commanded the influence of the business community, as well as a majority of Senators and Representatives in Congress. At the June term of the United States District Court in 1832, held at Williamsport, “a great Jackson Democratic meeting was convened at the Court House, composed of suitors, jurors and citizens,” at which the Hon. David Reynolds, of Mifflin County, presided, assisted by Robert C. Grier, of Columbia; Joseph B. Anthony, of Lycoming; Ellis Lewis, of Bradford, and David Mitchell, of Centre, with Henry Frick and John Bigler as secretaries. A committee composed of Benj. Patton, Jr., Wm. W. Kirk, Samuel S. Barton, Wm. Harris, Thomas Dyer, A. B. Cummings, Wm. F. Packer and William B. Mitchell, was appointed to report resolutions, who, soon after, produced a string of “cut and dry” extolling President Jackson, Gov. Wolf and Wm. Wilkins,

and among them the following, all of which were *unanimously adopted*:

“Resolved, That the rumors in circulation of the President to put his veto upon the bill for rechartering the United States Bank, we deem slanderous; intended to subserve electioneering purposes, and that the course of the President will conform to the almost unanimous wishes of Pennsylvania and to the interests of the Union, when that bill shall be presented to him for his sanction.”

The United States Bank Bill passed the Senate by a vote of 28 to 20, both Pennsylvania members, Geo. M. Dallas and Wm. Wilkins, voting in the affirmative, and the House by 170 to 85, all the Representatives from this State supporting it, except Adam King, of York County. The *Williamsport Chronicle*, on July 11, 1832, “congratulates its friends and the country in general, and Pennsylvania in particular, on the passage of the bill.” But presto, change! The President’s veto message is published in the same paper, July 18th ensuing, and the following week, July 25th, the editor says: “It was on the 4th of July that this enemy of our liberty and independence presented himself to our Chief and demanded a surrender. He has done as our fathers did in 1776, asserted the right of our people to freedom, and of our states to independence. His message will be hailed by the true Whigs of this day as a second *Declaration of Independence*, which they will support with no less ardor and self-devotion than their fathers did the first.” In fact every member of the committee just referred to made a somersault from bank to anti-bank, except Gen. Frick, of the *Miltonian*, who continued to keep the “whiteness of his soul” afterwards by opposing the veto.

But whilst the charge of inconsistency applied only to the Democratic party of Pennsylvania, a national instance of the same sort was in store for the National Republicans. Henry Clay, the father of the American system, or in other words, the protective tariff system, had carried his peculiar policy to a pitch bordering on prohibition. In fact certain manufacturing interests became at length, by this system, so highly protected that importations were an impossibility, and the consumer was in consequence proportionately taxed to foster monopolies. The cotton producing states were first to feel the severity of this indirect tax, and of these South Carolina took the lead in opposition to it. John C. Calhoun, who had been twice called to the Vice-Presidency, first in 1824, when John Q. Adams was chosen President by the House of

Representatives, and again with Gen. Jackson in 1828, but who had quarreled with the latter and had lost caste with the Democratic party, was no doubt chiefly instrumental in fomenting and imbittering public opinion at the South against Mr. Clay's now burdensome tariff. He avowed and supported the doctrine of nullification, and his state, South Carolina, actually called a convention and passed an ordinance authorizing its Legislature to declare void or nullify such acts of Congress as it might deem oppressive. In fact he resigned the Vice-Presidency in order to accept a seat in the Senate, and appeared in that body at the beginning of the winter in 1832 as the advocate of state sovereignty. But President Jackson was not to be trifled with, and when nullification became ripe for treason, he promulgated his famous proclamation, warning the people of his "native state" of the consequences any overt act might bring upon them. For a time appearances were very warlike, but the well-known determination of Jackson that the Federal Union should be preserved, placed Calhoun and his followers in a very awkward position. They had gone too far to back out, and to advance was certain destruction. At this crisis Henry Clay came forward with his compromise act, proposing to destroy his famous American system to save the neck of his new-made friend, Calhoun. The President's proclamation was issued December 10, 1832, and Mr. Clay's bill reducing the tariff was introduced in the Senate on the 12th of February, 1833. It provided for a sort of sliding scale, reducing bi-yearly ten per cent. from the rate of duties imposed by the act of the 14th of July, 1832, where such rates exceeded twenty per cent. on the value of the article, until the 30th of September, 1841, and finally to remove all excess above twenty per cent. on and after the 30th of September, 1842, thereby leaving an uniform *ad valorem* tariff of twenty per cent. after the latter date. This law was to the manufacturers like cutting the dog's tail off daily by inches to save him from the pain of having it all cut off at once. But Calhoun and his disciples were very glad to see a hole through which to escape, and supported the bill. Daniel Webster, the most profound constitutional lawyer in the Senate, and also one of the greatest statesmen of the age, did not support Mr. Clay's compromise bill, but in a series of resolutions expressed his own views of the tariff question, the first of which reads as follows:

"Resolved, That the annual resources of the country ought not to be allowed to exceed a just estimate of the wants of the Government, and that as soon as it shall be ascertained with reasonable certainty that the rates of duties on imports, as established by the act of July, 1832, will yield an excess over those wants, provision ought to be made for their reduction, and that in making this reduction just regard should be had to the various interests and opinions of different parts of the country, so as most effectually to preserve the integrity and harmony of the Union, and to provide for the common defense, and promote the general welfare of the whole."

The short session of the Twenty-second Congress expired on the 4th of March, 1833, and with it the American system as theretofore organized and directed by Henry Clay.

Having shown by the facts presented that professional politicians are at best but mere weather-cocks, twirled about by every wind, and always ready to see a camel, a weasel or a whale in every cloud the fancy of their superior Hamlets may first create, let us now pass on to other events.

On the morning of the 14th of November, 1833, there occurred the most remarkable natural phenomena of the 19th century. From about midnight until daylight the whole canopy of heaven was brilliantly illuminated by natural fire-works. Meteors of all sizes, colors and descriptions flashed across the horizon, or scampered over the blue expanse like runaway colts, in every direction. Some were apparently the one-fourth size of the sun, and in their course emitted a pale, clear light sufficient to read by, whilst others seemed no larger than a snow-flake and of the same appearance. Towns-men, suddenly awakened by hearing the racket in the street, and seeing the light and sparks, as they seemed, flying in all directions, often shouted "fire," whilst the superstitious believed that the great day or night of final account had really come, and waited in momentary expectation of Gabriel's horn. The exhibition was so sudden and unexpected that even the Pope had no time to issue his *bull* against it nor the Chinese astrologers to drum it away by frightful sounds and gestures. But the morning light finally obscured the lesser lights, greatly to the relief of the timid, and much to the regret of those who believe in the perfection and harmony of God's creation, and nature his undoubted law. The newspapers of the period for weeks afterwards teemed with notices of the event, for the display seemed to have been world-wide, or perhaps

only limited by daylight. Astronomers have since ascertained to a certainty that our globe passes annually, in its circuit round the sun, through a large belt of meteors, which have also a fixed annual orbit, but it is only when the earth comes in contact with the main body, at night and in the dark of the moon, that a brilliant display occurs, and this happens but once or twice in a century. The writer, with a party of hunters, encamped at Castle Thunder (the late O. Watson's farm house), in Cascade Township, on the night of the 13th of November, 1868, and upon retiring to rest requested any of the party who might chance to wake after midnight to observe the heavens, and if any shooting stars were visible to notify the others of the fact. At about 4 o'clock, on the morning of the 14th, I was called to observe them, by ex-Sheriff John B. McMicken, one of the hunters, and from that time until daylight we had a magnificent display. The meteors did not report in such numbers as they did in November, 1833, but as a rule seemed larger and more uniform in appearance. From five to twenty were visible at a time, and many left behind a trail of lurid light, which lasted in some cases fully five minutes, changing finally to a sort of mist, and then disappearing, to be followed by others in like manner. This occurred just thirty-five years after the grand display in 1833, but I have often witnessed an unusual number on the anniversary in November, in other years. As the planet we inhabit will pass through this belt next month, at a time when the moon reflects no light, if the sky is clear, those who have the curiosity to do so will no doubt be rewarded for an after-midnight observation of the heavens. Our wise men have not yet determined of what material these wandering bodies are composed, or whether, in coming in contact with the atmosphere of our world and ignite, they are always reduced or resolved to first elements, and finally remain and add to the growth of this planet, or by passing through it resume their normal condition, as no authentic record shows that one ever reached the earth, although many have been seen and heard to explode. Time and science will no doubt eventually unravel the mystery.

I will close this number by relating an anecdote connected with Gen. Jackson's second election, and which goes to show that a district may vote illegally and yet honestly. At the meeting of the return judges for Lycoming County, at Williamsport, after the election in November,

1832, as the custom was, they elected a president to receive and announce the returns, and Joseph B. Anthony was chosen as such. When the Sinnemahoning district was called, Simeon Pfoutz, a noted hunter, trapper and pioneer, bustled up to the judge's bench and presented his envelope. Anthony glanced over it and noticed that all the votes returned or marked on the tally paper were for Jackson, whilst the list of voters contained a number more. He called back Mr. Pfoutz and directed his attention to the fact, and required an explanation. Pfoutz was equal to the occasion, and with both hands in his pantaloons pockets, began: "General, I will tell you how this is. You see that we had many names to count and tally, and it was late, and as paper was d—d scarce, we took an equal number of Jackson and Wirt tickets and returned them to the box, then counted the rest. This amounted to the same thing as counting all, didn't it?" This explanation caused a laugh, but as nobody was wronged no contest followed.

Oct. 28, 1890. C. D. E.

### Credit System—The Professional Man.

#### No. 4.

It was a bitter winter's day. The air was so keen that the sun appeared to have little power in tempering the intense cold of the atmosphere. No human being was abroad except from necessity, and those so circumstanced were hurrying along with all speed possible. On such a morning a young man was tossing upon a restless couch in a partially darkened apartment.

"Why don't he come? Do, mother, raise the blind and look if he is not coming," he would exclaim every few moments with the utmost impatience.

"You forget, my son," the parent would reply, as she endeavored to obey his wishes, "how cold it is, and the Doctor does not think you so dangerous at present."

"Dangerous! I don't care, I feel worse than I did when I was dangerous, as you call it, and I want to know what I am to eat, and I would like to see whether I can't have a baked apple, and at any rate when a Doctor's paid for his attentions he needn't be quite so sparing of them."

Discovering that argument would be useless in the present state of the invalid's mind, the mother remained silent, gazing through the window, until at length she exclaimed: "There he is, Edward; there he is coming, and his horse

looks as though it was covered with a net-work of frost."

The next moment and the Doctor was in the apartment. He was a man of middle age; a few gray hairs mingled with his raven locks, while deep lines of care and anxiety were strongly marked on his pensive but noble looking features.

"You are late this morning, Doctor," said his patient, querulously, as the Doctor stood warming his almost frozen hands over the fire.

"I am, somewhat," replied the Doctor, mildly, "but the road is so bad that I am obliged to ride on horseback altogether, and as it is frozen and very rough, I get along but slowly; besides, I was up all night—but I hope you feel no worse?"

"I can't say I do, but still a body wants to see the Doctor when he's sick."

"Yes," said the mother, "I wish you would try and make it convenient to call as early as possible; you can't think how impatient Edward is."

The Doctor might have replied that a dozen others were equally so, but he merely advanced to the bedside, and smiled as his patient observed:

"The principal thing I want you for this morning is to know what I may eat."

After the Doctor had made his prescription and regulated the bill of fare for the day and was about leaving, he remarked that if the weather continued so cold, as there was no absolute necessity, he might not return for a day or two.

"No, no!" exclaimed Edward and his mother in one breath, "we will expect you regularly yet awhile. It does one a great deal of good to see the Doctor, even if he is getting better."

On arriving at home after his ride of twelve miles, the physician found a summons for him to one or two places in the village, and another to a family three miles in a different direction. After making these visits on a short winter's day, night was closing in as he returned home, and thoroughly wearied and half frozen he sat down to a solitary meal, for the family had long since taken theirs.

"There have been several bills left for your inspection to-day," said his wife, as he was drinking his tea. "Mr. ——'s is twelve dollars for the children's schooling, and Mr. T—— says he wants you to come and settle; our account there is over a hundred dollars. I don't see what has got over the people, the way the bills come pouring in lately. I guess some

creditor must have gone mad and bit all the others."

"They may as well spare themselves the trouble," cried the Doctor, angrily. "I have got no money, and hacked about as I am, I don't see what time I can get to collect."

"The man that was here for his money yesterday was very saucy," said Mrs. K. "He said if rich people don't pay their debts he didn't see how the poor were to be expected to do it."

"It is poor comfort coming home," said the Doctor, getting up from the table, "after working as hard as I do to have duns staring me in the face all the time. The way business is done now-a-days is enough to drive a man distracted; it is nothing but credit from the highest to the lowest, and if a man endeavors to get his own it is immediately considered as a cause of offense. I wonder how people expect doctors get along. With a few praiseworthy exceptions, I guess every man must depend on his neighbor being more honorable than himself."

At this moment a thundering rap at the door startled them, and going to it, the Doctor returned in a moment ushering in a man who seemed equipped for a journey to the North Pole.

"You had better wrap yourself up pretty well," said he; "it's mortal cold."

"Don't you think," said the Doctor, "if I were to send medicines along you might do till morning? It is at least five miles, and I have been going night and day for some time."

"No, no; my wife won't feel easy unless you come along; the child has been ailing now several days, and you needn't be afraid but what you'll get your pay."

"How long have I been attending your family?"

"Well, I guess nigh on to seven years," replied the man, taking the hint, "and I have been thinking of settling with you—but somehow doctors are always expected to wait awhile."

"Yes," replied his hearer, bitterly, "and a doctor in a country practice earns his money harder than any other class of men. The poorest laborer may lie down and enjoy his rest at night, but a medical man is not secure of any moment. He is expected to be alike indifferent to darkness, rain, wind, heat or cold. His profession is an expensive one to obtain and to keep up, as he must keep pace with the improvements in the science, and his books, drugs and instruments are no small item in his expenses; yet no bill is so long neglected or so grudgingly paid

as a physician's—he to whose care and skill a man entrusts his own life and that of his family."

"I know it, I know it, Doctor," said the man, laughing, "but what a pity that a fellow who can lay it off like you hadn't been a preacher."

"I am afraid I would not have fared much better if I had; that reminds me of getting out of the frying-pan into the fire," returned the Doctor, as he buckled on his overshoes and prepared to start, saying to his wife as he closed the door, "I will not be at home before eleven."

Some six months after this, a fine, active young man entered the office where Dr. K. was busily engaged in preparing medicines.

"Well, Edward," said he, "how do you do?" (My readers will recognize the first patient introduced to their notice.)

"Oh, quite well, sir. My health never was better than since I recovered from that long spell last winter. Mother wished me to call to-day for the preparation you promised her. And by-the-by, Doctor," said he laughingly, as he was leaving the shop, "I hope you are not in a hurry about settling. A doctor's bill is always the last one that is paid, you know,—but I will call again some time."

"Yes, I know that to my sorrow," soliloquized the Doctor after he was left alone. The accidents and fatigues to which a medical man is exposed, the responsibility he habitually incurs in the discharge of his duty, and the sacrifice he is obliged to make of his comfort and his health, all is considered as nothing; and although the most unremitting demands are made upon his services during a season of sickness and distress, no sooner is a patient restored to health than his claims are neglected and forgotten. A physician may wear himself out in the service of the public, and yet, owing to the prevailing system of unlimited credit, he is continually struggling with pecuniary difficulties which wear upon the health and spirits even more than the fearful responsibilities attached to his calling. Much is expected from those friends of mankind whose high privilege it is to alleviate the pains and agonies attendant upon a couch of sickness, and the ambition would be laudable which would lead persons on their restoration to health to emulate each other in discovering to their faithful attendants that they have properly appreciated their services. We have in the present instance sketched some of the *inconveniences* alone resulting from the common

practice of deferring settlements. Did space permit we might illustrate it further by narrating the history of many starving professional men who have never been able to reap the fruits of their labors, and who will sink into the grave and leave helpless families unprovided for, simply because the universal credit system has deprived them of their toil-earned fees.

SARAH H. HAYES.

### The Now and Then of Poetry.

Is the spirit of poesy becoming extinct? Is the art in its decadence? Judged by the samples that appear from time to time in our magazines, the answer must be in the affirmative. It is certain that this sort takes no hold upon the popular mind. Hardly a line of it cleaves to the memory a moment after the eye has left the page. It may suit a small class of rhapsodists who see, or think they see, something to admire in Robert Browning or Walt Whitman, but to the great mass of readers it is nothing more than a kind of nebulous nebulosity. It takes no hold, and never causes the heart to swell and the eye to glisten as do the writings of Burns and other poets of humanity. It possesses none of that touch of nature which makes the whole world akin. The pleasures of imagination have not the charm they once had. Our enjoyment is more in the actual than in the unreal or the ideal, and the poetry which now charms us most is that which finds its inspiration in the substantial and practical. Longfellow's Village Blacksmith takes a stronger hold upon us than his Hiawatha. Said Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, in one of his remarkable sermons some years ago, "The steam engine is the mightiest epic of all the ages." It is the poet who can feel the force of such a sentiment that is surest to win the popular applause. Poetry, like everything else, to be successful must take on the color and catch the spirit of the times, and it is just in proportion as it does this that it may hope for popular appreciation. The ancient Greeks lived in a totally different world from ours of to-day. Their lively imaginations peopled all nature with an invisible and poetic creation. "It was easier to find a god than a man in Athens." The Apostle spoke rightly when he said to them on Mar's Hill, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious" (religious). "To them the dark grove, the shady valley, the cool rivulet, and every solitary scene appeared the haunt of those half

divine beings, whose existence formed a mysterious link between gods and men; more beautiful than mortals, less sacred than the gods." And, not only material nature, but all the qualities of the mind and passions of the heart were so deified. Such a people, in such surroundings as were theirs, could not possibly be anything but a poetic race. And this poetic spirit flashes at intervals athwart the horizon of history all adown the ages till it culminates in the Elizabethan period. Milton's characters are still creatures of the imagination. Burns finds his inspiration in the every day scenes of lowly life in which he dwelt, and his songs have the flavor and color of his surroundings. Will Carleton and Alfred Sims are the most striking embodiments of a like spirit in our day; the one of whom found a fountain of poetry in rural life and the other in the London slums.

It is but trite to say that we are an eminently practical people. The tailor who could see nothing in Niagara except a good place to sponge a coat, is a fitting type of our national character. The powers and forces of nature, instead of being deified, are made our slaves. We have harnessed steam and tamed the lightning to our service. The gauntlet thrown down by the Almighty to Job, as if in mockery of human power, "Canst thou send the lightnings that they shall go and say unto thee, lo, here we are! has been caught up upon the spear of modern ingenuity and triumphantly answered in the electric telegraph, which sends its messages of joy or sorrow flashing round the world and through coral caves and glittering palaces in depths of seas that plummet never sounded.

Under the influence of this spirit nature's fairest landscapes are ruthlessly invaded, and many a scene of exquisite beauty despoiled of its charms by the laying of railroad tracks; and the half-divine beings, of what we deem a more poetic age, have been scared away from their favorite haunts by the scream of the locomotive and rattle of the rushing train. The swift-footed Oread, and graceful Nereid, the mocking fawn and half-human Satyr have disappeared forever with the elk and buffalo before the on-rushing tide of our modern civilization. And, with all our practicality, we are an intensely humorous people, the reason for which is not far to seek. It results directly from our situation and circumstances; the cosmopolitan character of our people, and the diversity of our occupations and pursuits. The Dutch, Irish,

Scotch, Negro, Chinaman, Indian, and Yankee have all contributed their quota of the ingredients that constitute the sum total of American humor; while the railroads, farms, mines, manufactories, police courts and Chicago have each lent their aid in the stimulation of this quality. And a remarkable thing in our humor is the almost universality of the objects from which it is constantly being extracted by the mirth-loving spirit of our people. All nature seems to us to be impregnated with fun, needing but the touch of a master hand to make it gush forth its hidden music. It seems to dwell like the goddess imprisoned in the stone, which any "chip of the old block" has the power to release, or, like the oil, only needing the right kind of a "bore" to bring it to the surface. A girl swinging on the front gate; a dog with his teeth gripped to the seat of her lover's pants; the small boy, and the smart boy, and the dull boy, and the bad boy; a man stumbling over a wheelbarrow; a woman driving a hen into her coop, are a few of the almost innumerable subjects which illustrate the ability of our writers to "draw sunbeams from cucumbers," or "make a whistle out of a pig's tail."

And this, like the other, has had its influence on our poetry, which must ever voice the prevalent characteristics of the humanity of its time and place. It has not become extinct, nor is it in a state of decadence. It has simply changed its character like everything else under the influences of its environment. It has now a higher aim than merely to delight the imagination, and is more often used "to point a moral" than to "adorn a tale." And this it does in such quaint verbiage and humorous spirit as give it point and make it tell. The Bigelow Papers teach lessons of high political wisdom, and have done more, in their homely and humorous dialect, than whole volumes of prose writings and Congressional debates, to mould the sentiment and fix the attention of the people. Whittier waked the conscience of the nation on the slavery question. Jim Bludsoe suggests an inference, most unorthodox, but hard to resist as to the future destiny of the man who

"Saw his duty; a dead sure thing,  
And went for it thar and then."

Bret Harte struck the key-note of a great moral and political truth in his "Heathen Chinee." Holland, if he has not solved the problem of the existence of moral evil in the

world, has done much to reconcile us to it in his poem of "Bitter-Sweet." Holmes has taught the whole doctrine of religious toleration in two lines:

"Weep for the frail that err—the weak that fall.  
Have thine own faith, but hope and pray for all."

Miss Gay has embalmed the main incidents of the War of the Rebellion in the rhyme of "Yankee Doodle," and has made it possible to sing its history through coming centuries, and Mrs. Nancy Patton McLean has taught invaluable moral lessons to childhood in strains whose beauty and simplicity rival those of Burns.

This combination of the practical with the humorous is very finely shown in the following poem by an unknown author, who modestly says in a short preface that "IT—" he should have said "*he*—" is after Bret Harte:

Wall stranger, 'twas somewhere in '63,  
I war runnin' the 'Frisco fast express,  
And from Murder Bay to Blasted Pine  
War nigh on to eighteen mile, I guess.

The track war adown grade all the way,  
And we pulled out of Murder a little late,  
And I opened the throttle wide that day,  
And a mile a minnit war 'bout our gate.

My fireman's name war Lariat Bill,  
A quiet man with an easy way,  
Who could rope a steer with a cowboy's skill,  
That he'd larned in Texas I've hearn him say.

The coil war strong as tempered steel,  
And it went like a shaft from crossbow flung,  
And arter Bill changed from saddle to wheel  
Just over his head in the cab it hung.

Wall, as I were sayin', we fairly flew,  
As we struck the curve at Buffalo Spring,  
And I gaw her full steam, and put her through,  
And the engine rocked like a living thing.

When all of a sudden I got a scare,  
For thar on the track war a little child,  
And right in the way of the engine there,  
She held up her little hands, and smiled.

I jerked the lever and whistled for brakes;  
The track threw sparks like a shower of gold,  
But I knew the trouble a downgrade makes,  
And I shut my teeth, and my flesh grew cold.

Then Lariat Bill yanked his long lasso,  
And out on the front of the engine stepped,  
He balanced a moment before he threw,  
Then out in the air the lariat swept.

He paused; there were tears in his honest eyes,—  
The stranger listened with baited breath;

"I know the rest of the tale," he cries,  
"He snatched the child from the jaws of death.

'Twas the deed of a hero, by heroes bred,  
Whose praises the very angels sing."  
The engineer shook his grizzled head,  
And growled, "He didn't do no such thing.

He aimed for the stump of a big pine tree,  
And the lariat caught with a double hitch,  
And in less than a second the train and we  
Were yanked off the track and inter the ditch.

'Twas an awful smash, and it laid me out,  
I 'aint forgot it and never can."  
"Were the passengers hurt?" "Let me see—about,  
Yes it killed about forty, but saved the gal."

One more instance and I will close this rambling phantasy, the weaving of which has served to while away an idle hour of this hot June weather. It is taken from a parody on Maud Müller, in which the author, instead of making the rider

Draw his bridle beneath the shade  
Of the apple tree to greet the maid,  
And asked for a draught from the spring that  
flowed

Through the meadow, across the road,  
makes him

Rein his steed to the barbed wire fence,  
And asked the maiden to give him a green;  
One little green from her flowing pall.  
To wear near his heart all the days of his life,  
Unless, and he blushed to think how he blushed,  
She would consent to become his wife.

CLINTON LLOYD.

Washington, D. C.

### An Old Grave-Yard.

"Earth has some spots where we feel like loosening our shoes from our feet, and treading with holy reverence over them," and none can be more sacred than where lie our dead,—those we cherished in life,—our beloved companions, our parents, our children, lying beneath the "ridge of turf," and but a lettered shaft to mark their last resting place.

Before our beautiful Muncy Cemetery was laid out, it was customary to have denominational burying-grounds, or a place to deposit the dead near their respective churches, often on the same lot, as was the case with the Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist grave-yards of our town. Upon a recent visit to those burying-places I found all leveled down, as many remains had been removed to the new cemetery, and many of those left were unmarked and unclaimed; consequently a few feet more earth was used as a covering, and all is now an undefined plot, where the sleepers rest well after "life's fitful fever."

A visit to the Episcopal grave-yard on South Washington Street awakened many a slumbering memory, as I recalled friend after friend I saw committed to that ground, "earth to earth,

ashes to ashes and dust to dust," and methought I again heard the voice of the late Rev. Edwin Lightner, who was for many years the beloved rector of St. James Episcopal Church, proclaim, "Behold I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we will all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump, for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall all be changed." I found this old grave-yard in a comparatively good condition; the hand of care had been there removing the tangled underbrush and vines, and the fourteen well-marked graves stood out distinctly; the sunken spots showed that removals had taken place, but time and the elements had reduced the mounds of many; among others I can recall those of Mary Scudder Shoemaker and the good and faithful Mrs. Ann Davis, who for twenty years served the Episcopal Church as sexton. She died in 1862, and although nearly three decades have passed, she should at least have a marker to her lone grave. She needs no sculptured stone; her record was well kept above. Upon tablets I found the names of

Joseph Adlum died July 15th 1846  
aged 79 y. 2 m, 13 days

Ann Adlum widow of Joseph  
died April 19th 1851, aged 76 years.

Ann Adlum died March 4th 1853  
aged 77 y 9 m 13 days.

Eleanor Adlum died July 22d 1855  
aged 83 y 5 m 23 days.

Elizabeth Flack wife of Hugh Flack  
died Decr 22d 1849—aged 61 years, 8 months.

Louis Irwin son of R. M. and E. J. Flack  
died Feb 22d 1858 aged 3 y. 7 m, 21 days.

Mrs Mercey Flack died June 4th  
1836. aged 23 ye 10 m 24 days

Eliza daughter of John and Susan Flack  
died June 25th 1840.

Jessee Cruise died Feb 15th 1851  
aged 75 years

James Henderson died March 17th 1857  
aged 70 years

J. Potter Patterson died Feb 27th 1835  
aged 22 y 8 m 5 days

William Grange died August 23d 1847  
aged 90 y. 3 m 3 days

Sarah his wife died Oct 4th  
1831 aged 80 years.

In  
memory of  
John Henry Pepper  
born in Grubenhagen  
Electorate of Hanover.  
Died in Muncy Lycoming County  
Pa. March 5th 1833  
aged about 80 years.  
A resident of Muncy upwards of  
40 years and proprietor of that  
part of the borough of Muncy called  
Pepperville.

This inscription on his tombstone, and a short sketch of John Henry Pepper's life, by the editor of NOW AND THEN, in the September number for 1872, is all we know of this eccentric German, whose body lies "calcined and crumbling beneath." The grave of J. Potter Patterson deserves more than a passing notice. This youthful editor published the first newspaper that our town had, and with bright prospects for his future, endowed with talent and enterprise, his career was cut short by consumption making him its victim, and death carrying him off at the early age of twenty-two. The name of the newspaper he established remained as he chose it, *The Muncy Telegraph*, as long as it was published by his successor. There are some things in life we can never forget, and the coffin of J. Potter Patterson is one of those in my memory. When a child, clinging to my mother's skirts, the coffin was brought out of the house now owned by Mr. Joseph Farenbach and placed upon a bier in front of the house, so that the people assembled could take a last look at the dead, and from our home, nearly opposite, I witnessed what was to me indeed a "mystery," and also a great fear, for it was my first sight of a dead person, and I too young to understand anything about death's doings.

James Henderson's grave is marked by a neat marble tombstone, and tells us he had "reached three-score and ten years," although an almost helpless cripple from his youth up, and those that remember him cannot fail to recall his patience under afflictions, and his faithfulness in his callings in life, his devotion to his church, of which he was Secretary of the Vestry for many years, and Superintendent of St. James Sunday School for eighteen years, never missing a service if weather permitted his propelling himself there by a wagon he used, as he was unable to walk, being afflicted with a spinal disease, and this caused him much pain as well as a great deformity. He chose the trade of tailoring, as in that he could sit upon a table

with his work around him. James Henderson was a remarkable person, and an example to his fellow-men. He was intelligent and remarkably fond of history, and an excellent adviser, preventing many a petty quarrel from ending at court. He held several borough offices during his life, and at his death was its Treasurer. His grave is typical of his life, a lone one, for he had no relatives here that I ever knew of.

In years that have gone the mode of conducting funerals was somewhat different from that of the present. The nearness of the graveyards rendered carriages unnecessary, and a hearse was seldom used; the coffin was placed upon a bier and the bier carried upon the shoulders of four men, and by them lowered in the grave, and by them the grave was filled up and left a heaping mound. In small places, where neighbors are all well known to each other, a death caused universal sadness, and much sympathy and kindness was shown the afflicted family,—and in this respect we, as a community, are not changed, but the now customary “card of thanks” has made it appear as if there had been a change from duty to praise. There was but little show at a funeral forty years ago, and they seemed to have more solemnity than at the present time. First came the officiating clergy, then the pall-bearers, followed by the near friends and relatives, then the citizens two and two would form a large and sad procession, wending its way to the burying-place of the departed.

I have been unable to find how the plot of ground used for the Episcopal grave-yard was first obtained previous to 1831; but the church records show that on March 18, 1840, the vestry of St. James Church agreed to purchase it from Samuel G. Shoemaker and Samuel Shoemaker, Esq., and that same year a charter was obtained for it.

The first interment made in this burying-place was that of Mrs. Sarah Grange, grandmother of our townsman, Mr. Thomas Grange, and great-grandmother of Rev. Robert Grange, of Pittsburg, Pa. Here her ashes still repose, quietly awaiting the resurrection morn, when all mists will be cleared away, and “she shall receive the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give at that day, and not to her only, but to all them also that love His appearing.”

M. J. LEVAN.

Muncy, December, 1890.

### Aboriginal Agriculture.

What American is not familiar with corn or maize, and what schoolboy does not know that this is its native land. But after knowing that the aborigines were found cultivating this grain, how many persons have ever thought of their methods of agriculture?

Upon a little reflection one will remember that the few vegetables grown by the Indians were raised upon little patches of warm soil, kept clear by burning off the trees and bushes. Their stone axes did not amount to much in cutting down the forest trees until deadened by girdling, then burned around the trunk until little more than charcoal remained. Having no plows or tools made of metal, they fastened a piece of flat stone or bone upon the end of a stick, and thus made a very clumsy hoe. With this implement the women, children and prisoners, managed to scratch up the soil a little for their gardening purposes. But they did raise corn in considerable quantity, and when the soil became impoverished they resorted to an effective means of fertilizing it that would prove quite impracticable at the present day.

Old-fashioned farmers used to say, “It is time to plant corn when the dogwood is in bloom;” but the Indian squaws would say, “It is time to plant corn when the shad come up the river;” for at that time they would take their rude hoes and dig little holes in the ground, then put in a shad and a few grains of corn, cover it up, and await results, as they watched off the birds and beasts that would destroy it. Now, as this story sounds a little fishy, the authorities have been consulted with the following result:

“The James River Indians and North-east Indians used precisely the same methods of planting corn. They dug little holes in the ground and put small fishes in with the seeds.”

An Indian chief named Samoset, who had learned a little English from the fishermen on the coast of Maine, took with him into the Plymouth Village an Indian called Squanto, who had been carried away to England many years before and afterward brought back. Squanto remained with the Pilgrims and taught them how to plant corn as the Indians did, by putting one or two fish into every hill for manure.

At Plymouth in 1625 a writer said, “You may view our township a hundred acres together, set with these small herrings or shads, every acre taking a thousand of them, and an acre thus dressed will produce so much corn as three acres without fish.” J. H. McMINN.

### "Bobby" to His Sweetheart.

On one of those far away islands in the sea, where nature is so lavish with her charms, putting forth the rarest plants, and shrubs, and trees abundantly, Bobby, the subject of this little sketch, was born. With such wondrous surroundings, and in the company of his own species, whose lives were one continuous expression of harmony, no wonder that he should partake of a poetic temperament susceptible of cultivation. When he came to his present home of adoption, his mistress soon discovered that he was of an affectionate disposition and apt in learning cunning little tricks, prominent amongst which was the art of kissing, which he would perform very gracefully through the wires of his cage, or when liberated and perched upon her hand. A friend coming to pay a visit was so charmed by his unusual development that she studiously courted his favor, tempting him with all sorts of dainties, till at last she completely won his heart. Upon her return home he gave expression to his love by sending some of his choicest plumage, accompanied with the following rhythmic effusion:

KATE A. SCROGGY.

Washington, D. C.

There's naught could half so well express  
My love, as these from off my breast;  
Just o'er my heart so warm and true,  
I plucked this plumage dear for you.

And send it with an old time kiss,  
And thoughts of past hours filled with bliss,  
By one whose smile like sunlight beams  
Came in betwixt me and my dreams.

And led me captive by its spell,  
Where myriad witcheries seemed to dwell,  
And taught me, though my lot be small,  
That love makes kingdoms for us all.

No greater thing hath ere been known,  
By King or Emperor on his throne,  
Then I can claim, though bird I be,  
Through love like this 'twixt you and me.

### Fish and Fishing—Then and Now.

Lloyd McCarty remarked to us recently that sixty-six years ago, when he was a lad of twelve, he was sent one day by his parents up the Glade Run to his Uncle Benjamin McCarty's to get some ashes for making soap. Every hole in the run he said he noticed, as he passed along its banks, "was just swimming alive with trout." Now when a trout is taken from the run it is mentioned as a matter of curiosity. And in the

fields along Muncy Creek, just below the old Williamsport road north of the town, he says he caught many a string of fine large fish in ponds on the ground where he now raises corn and wheat. One can hardly realize the many and great changes between Then and Now.

This reminds us of a remark we once heard the late Enos Hawley make. He said that when he was a boy the fish were so abundant in the little stream at Pennsville, where he then lived, that large schools could often be seen sporting about, that it required very little effort to catch enough for a meal, and that he sometimes amused himself catching the largest with his hands when they hid under the grassy banks along the stream. Boys do not go fishing Now with only their hands. With the best of tackle and lots of good bait they often go and come without getting more than a "nibble" or a "bite."

Adam Hart, the centenarian, a year or so before he died told us that about ninety years ago, when he was yet a boy and lived on the Warrior Run, where he was born, fish were quite as plentiful in that stream, and that he had many an hour's sport snaring suckers, pike and other fish with a horse-hair snare. Fortunate was the boy Then who owned a fish-hook. Hart did not remember catching trout, and thought that the Warrior Run could never have been a trout stream.

Fish and game constituted the chief part of the food of the Indians when they occupied this country, and doubtless the streams were all Then well stocked with fish. But we imagine that after the aborigines left this section the fish were little disturbed for some years, and hence multiplied in all the streams prodigiously. The white inhabitants were at first but few in number, and depended more on the soil and domesticated animals for subsistence than the Indians. The natural conditions for increase were Then far more favorable, there being also more streams and water, more springs and ponds, no dams and no saw-mills. A small stream crossed Water Street at an early day, where Now there is not a sign of water. Even Now, under conditions far less favorable, if no fish of any size or kind were caught for a period of ten or fifteen years, the waters would doubtless again be teeming with these prolific creatures in amazing numbers. But Now it sometimes seems as if there were almost—as we have often heard others express it—"as many fishermen as fish."

# THE NOW AND THEN.

ISSUED BI-MONTHLY.

J. M. M. GERNERD, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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## An Acceptable Present.

"What shall I give as a Christmas present?" This will soon be the question that thousands will be called upon to decide. What to give will in some measure depend upon the intellectual taste and appreciation of the person to whom you wish to give. You of course wish to give something that will be valued and preserved. And you may also wish the present to be entertaining and instructive. Before you decide, therefore, please consider if a handsomely bound copy of the *NOW AND THEN*—see the headings of the contents on the second page of the cover of this number—may not be about as acceptable a present as you can select? On receipt of the price a copy will immediately be forwarded to any address. Christmas will soon be here.

## About Subscriptions.

A goodly number of subscribers have frankly expressed the opinion that the subscription price of the *NOW AND THEN* is altogether too low. It is as candidly admitted by the editor that he is of the same opinion. But he announces that he has positively no disposition to advance the price, although the publication has been twice enlarged since the first number appeared, and it now contains proportionately nearly twice as much matter as some of the big magazines. There is another way, however, to get around the difficulty. If each present subscriber will secure one new subscriber—the thing is settled. Not every subscriber can do this we know, but some can perhaps without much inconvenience get two, three or more subscriptions, and in this way the present list may soon be doubled. One subscriber who lives beyond the border of Pennsylvania has sent us eight subscriptions for the present volume, four of which are new, and not one of these eight readers has ever resided in the Muncy Valley. From whom and from where shall we have the pleasure of hearing next?

## How a Pair of Robins Got Revenge.

Jesse Bridinger, of Maple Hill, this county, saw a "rain bird" destroy the eggs of some birds, and kill the young of a pair of robins that had their nests about his house. The parent robins were especially distressed. They felt too weak to punish the plunderer themselves, so they called upon some neighbors to help them. About a dozen robins, said Mr. B., at once came to the scene of trouble, and together fell upon the rain bird. The culprit got one of his legs broken, and to escape from his tormentors flew into the kitchen. Mr. B. caught him, but thinking that he had been a wicked bird, put him out doors again, anxious to see how the affair would terminate. The robins again fell upon the robber and murderer, and did not desist in the chastisement until, as our deponent said, "the last spark of life had fled." Now, if this is not a case of premeditated revenge, what other inference can be drawn from the circumstances? The robins behaved human like. Verily, man and beast have one mind. As the one becometh, so becometh the other. When an officer cannot alone bring an outlaw to punishment, he asks for help, because in union there is strength. And many a bad man has been lynched, like the rain bird, without even the formality of a trial.

## Our Bluebirds.

We say "our" bluebirds, for although we have not caged them, we consider them the same property as "our" chickens or "our" cat.

Nailed to the rear of our home we have a little bird-house, made of a wooden box with a little door-pad. Every spring, for some years past, a pair of bluebirds rent the cottage for the summer, and every spring some little bluebirds first see the light of day and prepare to wing their flight from tree to tree from that little door-sill. The birds have grown very tame since first coming, and regard us in a friendly way. A great many sparrows continually come to our yard and garden, much to our annoyance as well as to the bluebirds. They try their best to drive the bluebirds from the box, and have already succeeded in breaking the eggs and once to kill the young before we were on the scene to prevent it.

Many a time we have shot sparrows on the same tree on which our bluebirds sat, and they seemed to know we are their friends, so they

would sit quite still while their enemies would fall to the ground, dead.

One summer day I thought I saw a good chance to shoot a sparrow that was on the top-most branch of an apple tree, so I took aim and fired. Then the victim fluttered to the grass beneath, and I saw what a dreadful mistake I had made. It was the female bluebird; and I had shot her through the heart. My dear little friend had so much confidence in me that she sat still awaiting death at my hands! The sun had blinded my eyes, and that was the only way I accounted for my blunder.

There was a nest full of young ones, and the male bird was away at the time of the accident, so I put the dead bird on top of the grape-arbor, so her mate could see and know that she was dead. Pretty soon the bird came home and lit on the arbor (which is right beneath the bird-house), and soon saw the dead bird. He sat looking at it for some time. Suddenly he seemed to realize that he alone was left to provide food for the young birds, and flew away and brought worms for them. We buried the dead bird, and when we dug the grave the mate flew down and picked the up-turned worms in the fresh earth and took them to his young.

For two days he worked almost incessantly at feeding the motherless little ones. The reader can imagine my remorse during that time, also my joy when on the third day of his widowerhood he brought a new wife to the box, who helped him bring food to her new charges.

That autumn, when the windows were down and we were all in the house one day, there "came a tapping" at one of the window-panes, and both bluebirds sat on the sill looking in at us. If we went into different rooms they too soon followed, and sat a moment or two on the sill outside. For nearly a week they kept this up, sitting on branches near the windows, and every once in awhile flying on the sill and uttering their soft, gentle notes. Once, only once, they flew into a room and lit on a table for but an instant, and out they flew through the open window, feeling perhaps that was a little too intimate. Were all these demonstrations meant for a farewell? We thought so, for in a day or so afterward they left us, to return again the following spring.

Every summer, after they have had their broods, they fly to the woods for awhile, then come back to their little home under the eaves

for a short time ere they go southward for the winter.

Never again have they tapped on our window-panes before leaving us, although they are just as friendly outside as ever, and talk to us in their bird language.

When the early spring days come, and often before it is at all warm, we hear their soft, sweet notes, and say to one another, "Spring is here; *our* bluebirds have come."

LYDIA SIEGER GERNERD.

### Another Muncy Orator at Gettysburg.

Brevt. Brig. Gen. Robert A. McCoy was raised near Muncy; when a young man he clerked in the store of Jacob Cooke and lived in Muncy; at one time he was an active member of a debating club composed of the boys of Muncy; and we still delight to think of him as in some sense belonging to Muncy. We are all ready to claim him, because he is a good example to our young men of what a young man, with nothing in the world to back him but his own merits, may do in this land of opportunity. We called to see him nearly four years ago at his present home in Tyrone, Pa., and were also gratified to find that he still cherished a lively interest in Muncy and its surroundings.

Our old friend Robert went from Muncy to Cambria County; after there reading law with Judge Robert L. Johnson, he gained admission to the bar in 1860, and soon after he received the appointment of County Commissioners' Clerk and counsel to the Commissioners. He had hardly put out his shingle as a practitioner at the Ebensburg bar, when the Rebellion broke out, and he tore away from a promising field to help save the old flag. He enlisted as Second Lieutenant in the Eleventh Regiment, Pennsylvania Reserves, but rose rapidly in rank until he became Brevt. Brig. General. For more than a year he was Assistant Adjutant General of the famous Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteer Corps, recruited from every section of the State, and commanded at different times by Generals McCall, Reynolds, Meade and Crawford. He was called to Harrisburg and made Assistant Inspector General of the State under Governor Curtin, but the Governor taking a special fancy to him, he soon after made him his private secretary, and retained him until his term of office expired. He was next appointed chief clerk of the land department office. In 1874 we find him located at Tyrone, engaged in the

banking business, and he is there now, the successful manager of the affairs of the Blair County Banking Company. He has also taken prominent part in coal and iron operations. He had four younger brothers in the service, one of whom, Henry, had to give his life to save the Union. His mother is still living, and is regarded as one of the brightest and most interesting old ladies in all this valley. We had the pleasure a short time ago of meeting her and her son, Andrew McCoy, at a farmers' picnic in Fairfield Township, and we were charmed with her sensible conversation.

On the occasion of the dedication of the Pennsylvania Volunteer Reserve Corps monuments at Gettysburg, September 2, 1890, our old Muncy friend, now Brevt. Brig. Gen. Robert A. McCoy, was the orator of the day. We regret that we have not room to reproduce the entire oration; it is full of historic and pathetic interest, and is evidently a carefully prepared history of the First Brigade at Gettysburg. It is throughout as interesting as the following in relation to a charge on the rebels, made on the second day of the battle:

"The Eleventh was armed with smooth bore muskets, and in addition to the usual charge of 'buck and ball,' the men realizing that the engagement would be at close quarters, had added additional charges of 'buck shot.' Never before in the history of its service did the Eleventh deliver a volley with such terrible effect, each musket sending, as it were, a handful of death-dealing balls into the ranks of the exultant enemy, advancing so confidently with shouts of victory. But it was only to receive a volley that sent many of them reeling in the agonies of pain and death, while their comrades, broken and dismayed, had no time to reform before the order was given, 'FORWARD DOUBLE QUICK, CHARGE.' With the furious battle yell peculiar with the Penna. Reserve Corps, and well remembered by 'Stonewall' Jackson's men, against whom they were so often matched, they swept down the declivity, following their gallant leader, Gen. Crawford (who carried the colors of the First Regiment on horseback), over the boulders of granite and swampy ground of Plumb Run, deploying as they went, and hurling back the enemy, drove him back across the plain, over the stone wall, through the woods and wheat field, until the lateness of the hour made it imprudent to push further into the enemy's lines. But it was enough, the tide was turned, a portion of the lost ground regained, many prisoners taken, and the day saved. And by this charge, so daring, effective and decisive, was an inspiration given to the whole line that brightened hope and renewed confidence in the ultimate success that so gloriously crowned the field of Gettysburg."

## Advancement in the Nineteenth Century.

The inventions and discoveries of man in the present century are truly wonderful. The history of the world's recent advancement in astronomy, chemistry, geology, zoology, biology, geography and mechanics would require more volumes than one man could master. We may sometimes wish we could live one hundred or five hundred years hence, and see what civilization can boast Then, but we can be thankful that we live Now. All the centuries of the past combined cannot recount as many wonders as this nineteenth century has brought forth. This is a phenomenal age—an age beyond the comprehension of man; a grand, glorious, progressive, busy and most prophetic age. It would tax the readiest intellect merely to enumerate the inventions and discoveries of this century. In no era of the world's history has man ever had such opportunity.

Railroads, locomotives, air-brakes; refrigerator, parlor and sleeping cars; telegraphs, marine cables, telephones, phonographs and audiphones; electric railways, electric bells and electric lights; steamships, steam rams, steam excavators, propellers, torpedoes and great iron war ships; the spectroscope, spectrum analysis and photography; type-writers, type-setting, sewing, knitting, weaving, drilling, carving and engraving machines; steam fire engines, elevators and cantilever bridges; kerosene oil and natural gas; dynamite and many other wonderful explosives; aluminum and many other remarkable metals; anaesthetics of new and surprising properties; electroplating, artificial ice, breech-loading guns, repeating rifles, reed organs, mowers, sowers, reapers and binders—these are some of the important inventions and discoveries of the century. The man who is not thankful and happy that he lives Now would not appreciate his chance perhaps if he lived five hundred years later.

The combined influence of these wonders of our age on the physical, social, moral, intellectual and political life of man no human being is able to comprehend. They are gradually uniting all nations into brotherhood and making civilization universal. They are annihilating distances, overcoming racial prejudices, undermining superstitions, breaking the chains of slavery, weakening the hand of despotism, stimulating study and research, and preparing man for higher education. They are some of the means by which Providence is now

causing man to work out his own noble destiny. Other things will rapidly follow, but who can tell just what they will be? Few of the present inventions and discoveries had been anticipated, but all in turn have taken the world by surprise. Few, it may be said, found "faith on the earth." When Robert Fulton was at work on his steamboat the world thought him a crank.

A recent announcement of surprising progress in the construction of telescopes recalls to mind the fact that most of the positive knowledge of man regarding other worlds has been acquired during the present century. It likewise brings to mind a little book on the telescope written by Dr. Thomas Dick, perhaps not more than fifty years ago, and published for the use of Sunday Schools, in which is given a short account of the large telescopes of the world. The achromatic telescopes described, as most worthy of notice, had object glasses respectively 5, 6, 7, 9, 11, 12 and 14 inches in diameter. The largest mentioned is "the great Cambridge telescope in Massachusetts, United States," with object glass 15 inches in diameter. Respecting the wonderful and encouraging advancement in telescope making since the day of Dr. Dick a recent writer says:

"The four-inch lens of Dolland in 1800 developed into the nine-inch lens in 1830, and from 1845 to 1861 the fifteen-inch telescopes at Harvard Observatory and at St. Petersburg were the largest and most powerful instruments in the world. From that period till to-day the size and power have constantly increased, first to 18 inches, then to 23, 26, 30, 36, and now the Clarks, of Cambridge, will soon be working upon one 40 inches in diameter. At various stages of the progress of telescope making it was thought that the limit of useful power had been reached; but, after each increase, it was found that with a proper selection of site, the density of the atmosphere did not interfere so much with the observers as was anticipated.

The great progress in telescope making, and the consequent development of astronomy are due in a great measure to the efforts of one house, that of the Clarks, of Cambridge. In 1840 Alvan Clark, Sr., was making seven and eight-inch refractors of great excellence. In 1861 the Clarks made a telescope with an eighteen-inch aperture. The twenty-six-inch refractor of the Naval Observatory at Washington was the masterpiece of its day, and was made by the Clarks in 1873. A duplicate of this was made for the University of Virginia, a twenty-three-inch for Princeton, and then one of thirty inches for the St. Petersburg Observatory. Next the thirty-six-inch Lick telescope was made, and finally they have reached the

forty-inch glass. Most of these telescopes were at the time the largest and most powerful in existence."

Shall it again be insisted that the limit of useful power has been reached, and will any one claim that no more great astronomical discoveries remain to be made? Are the mountains of the Moon, the lunar phases of Venus, the spots of the Sun, the family of little planets between Mars and Jupiter, the belts and satellites of the latter planet, the rings of Saturn, the orbits of Uranus and Neptune, the immense distances and magnitudes of the fixed stars, the real structure of nebulae and the milky way, and the limited general positive knowledge of other worlds now possessed, all that man is to know? True, he knows enough now to have a truer and sublimer idea of the universe, of which his own beautiful heritage forms a very small part; but is he not to have additional proofs of God's omnipotence, and shall he not learn more about the immense house in which there are so many mansions? If it were given to some one to be able to foresee and foretell the achievements of man during the next one hundred years, would the predictions be believed? Would the prophet find faith on the earth? While in France, in 1803, Fulton constructed a little steamboat and experimented with it on the Seine with great success, but he found so little faith Then that he became disgusted, packed up his goods, came to New York and continued his experiments there. When he invented his submarine boat for naval warfare he offered it to the French government, but it was rejected. He next offered it to the British government, and again it was refused. Yet in both cases commissions had been appointed to test the value of the invention. In the war with the United States that soon followed, Fulton's torpedo system was effectively employed against skeptical England. We all believe in steamboats and torpedoes Now.

### Wagons Seventy-five and More Years Ago.

The first "Dearborn" wagon—so far as we have yet been able to learn—was brought to this valley in the year 1817. It belonged to John Stauffer, father of the late Dr. Joseph Stauffer, and the latter once remarked to us that "it was almost as light and neat as a modern truck wagon."

The next "Dearborn" was brought to Muncy in 1819, by Joshua Alder. It was immediately

borrowed on its arrival by some friend to drive in to a wedding, and made more of a sensation than the occasion of the occasion.

The first "Dearborn" in Milton, we have been told, was owned by Adam Gudykunst, the father of the late Joseph Gudykunst, of this neighborhood, but we failed to get the date of its acquisition. Adam was a hatter by trade, and used to drive about the country—and often came to Muncy—with his fancy wagon and sell his hats. It was built in Connecticut, had no springs, and, as his son Joseph once remarked to us, "was nearly as heavy as a field gun carriage."

If John, Joshua and Adam could see the great variety of magnificent vehicles we have now-a-days, what would they say? They would probably wipe their spectacles and make a thorough inspection before making any remarks.

Linn in his "Annals of Buffalo Valley" relates an anecdote that illustrates the kind of an impression that the first pleasure wagons sometimes made. Samuel Maclay, who died in Buffalo Valley in 1811,—and whom Linn doubtless justly esteems "one of Pennsylvania's ablest statesmen,"—on the occasion of a visit to Lancaster brought home "a handsome coach," and the family took it to church the next Sabbath. "Mr. Maclay noticed the impression, and that coach never left the carriage house afterward; it rotted down where it was left that Sunday evening." Just comment would be difficult.

Linn, on page 341 of his valuable work, thus incidentally refers to one of the early wagon-makers of this part of the State: "John Beeber, lately living at Lewisburg, told me he came with his father this year (1804) to get a wagon at Jacob Stahl's, near the Union Church. He was the wagonmaker of the day. People came from Muncy and all around the country to get wagons made by him." And Jacob Stahl would rub his eyes if he were to wake up and see the elegant farm wagons that come into this section now. The world is rushing along at a lively rate. And he would be still more astonished to see an iron horse dragging alone a hundred big wagons in one train.

### The Muncy Pastorate.

This is the title of a new, bright-looking, well printed, four-page, 10½ by 14½ sheet, edited by the Rev. J. A. Koser, A. M. It is to be pub-

lished quarterly at Muncy, Pa., in the "interest of Muncy Charge," and is sent out "gratuitously to members of the Charge." The initial number we did not get to see, but the second number, dated November 1, 1890, is before us. The title indicates the special field to which its space and influence will be devoted, and the contents of No. 2 betoken that it will be wide-awake to the interests of the Charge. Success to the *Pastorate* and its zealous editor. The little paper marks an epoch in the history of the Charge, and as the years roll on it will become more and more valuable as a repertory of its history.

### The English Sparrow.

The English sparrow question may now be considered settled. The Department of Agriculture of the United States has made a thorough investigation of the introduction, spread, disposition and habits of this wonderful bird; the result of which is a treatise that is believed to be the most systematic, comprehensive and important ever published upon the economic relations of any bird that ever existed. It is a large octavo volume of 400 pages, in small type, prepared for publication by Walter B. Barrows, Assistant Ornithologist, under the direction of Dr. C. Hart Merriam, U. S. Ornithologist. The Hon. J. M. Rusk, Secretary of Agriculture, has our thanks for a complimentary copy. If we cannot say that we now know all about the English sparrow, with this exhaustive treatise in hand, we can at least say that we know enough, and are satisfied not to know anything more on the points discussed. The evidence from all parts of the country is absolutely overwhelming that it is everywhere an intolerable nuisance. A few things can be, and are, said in its favor; but it's a mean bird indeed that cannot be allowed to have some good traits. It is a hardy, smart and cunning little vagabond. Ornithologically, it is an interesting and remarkable bird, but in its relations to our sweet songsters and useful insectivorous birds, and to agriculture—to buds, blossoms, foliage, seeds and fruits—it is a pest which we cannot get rid of too soon. "The English sparrow," says this valuable treatise, "is a curse of such virulence that it ought to be systematically attacked and destroyed before it becomes necessary to deplete the public treasury for the purpose, as has been done in other countries." We ought at once to begin a war of extermination. No quarter for the English sparrow.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

Devoted to History, Amusement, Instruction, Advancement.

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## MISSISSIPPI IN THE OLDEN TIME.

It is just forty-three years ago this month of November, 1890, that I, a boy fresh from college, and fired with an ambition to "paddle my own canoe," and doubtless more confident of my ability to do so than at any subsequent period of my life, with seventy-five dollars in my pocket, earned by three months' school teaching in the Heylman School-house, on Pine Street, between the canal and Front Street, "with all the world before me where to choose," left the home of my youth at Williamsport, Pa., to seek the fame and fortune which I had been led, by the representations of some distant relatives, awaited me to pluck in Kemper County, Miss., and I have thought that a sketch of my experience in getting there and of a three years' residence there, might not prove altogether uninteresting to the readers of the NOW AND THEN. And as I turn my thoughts backward to that period of my life, the first thing that impresses me is the marvelous improvement that has been made since then in the means of transportation, for I remember that it took me just forty-eight hours by stage to get from Williamsport to Harrisburg, which was just about as long as it would now take for the entire trip to Mississippi. The Pennsylvania Railroad at that time existed only in the imagination of its sanguine projectors, and I traveled from Harrisburg to Chambersburg by the old Cumberland Valley Railroad, laid with flat rails on wooden stringers, and thence by stage over the Allegheny Mountains to Pittsburg, consuming about three days and nights of continuous travel on that part of my route. Thence by steamboat for two weeks to Vicksburg, a distance of 1,600 miles, paying for fare, food and lodging eighteen dollars, and which led me to wonder why everybody did not travel, as it was cheaper to travel than to stay at home. From Vicksburg to the capital of the State, at Jackson, on a railroad suspended through many miles of swamp on stilts that would make a traveler in our day call loudly

for an accident insurance policy, and thence in a Tray-built coach, drawn by relays of frisky mules, a distance of 120 miles to De Kalb, mostly over corduroy road made of split rails, and myself the only passenger during the entire distance. What I endured in that stage ride no tongue can tell. I bounced about in that stage like a gum elastic ball between the hands of a vigorous school-boy at recess and the wall of a country school-house. I had, as I have said, all the stage to myself, and was not crowded for want of room. Indeed, I had more room than I could pleasantly occupy. One moment I would be thrown, as the front wheels struck a rail, head-foremost to the front end of the stage, and the next I would be hurled backward with a violence that threatened to break every bone in my body, and so I chaszed across, and forward and back, and up and down the middle, and varied the dance with some astonishing acrobatic performances for sixty mortal hours. But all things have an end, though I confess I thought that stage ride the nearest exception to the rule that I had ever met with. I do not now distinctly remember whether I returned thanks to the Lord for whole bones when I reached De Kalb. I hope I did, for otherwise I would certainly furnish a good subject for some enterprising showman to exhibit as a sample of human ingratitude, or worse yet, as a living proof of the doctrine of total depravity. The only *distinct* remembrance of that first visit to De Kalb is of some Goshen butter on the hotel table, which I think I can actually smell yet. My destination was my relatives, twelve miles further on, off from the stage route and some five miles from the little village of Wahalak, and how to reach it was somewhat perplexing. Of course there were plenty chances to go afoot, and that method of locomotion certainly possessed some advantages in both speed and comfort over stage riding. "Get on the keers," said the conductor of a Georgia train to an old negro who was trudging along-side. "Tanks, massa,

tanks," was the reply, "but I'se in a hurry to-day."

I finally concluded to temporarily abandon my supply train, which consisted of two small trunks, one filled with clothing and the other with books, and chartered a pony, under a promise to send him back per negro express the next day; the mention of the name of my relatives, who were well known, being the only guarantee required for the pony's return. I sallied forth alone and unattended, passing, a couple of miles out of town, a country groggery, which I think is the same one that afforded a rendezvous a few years since for the Gullys and their kindred brutes, who murdered the Chisholm family, and thence, for the remainder of the route, through an unbroken wilderness. I remember it rained that day as I then thought it certainly never had rained since the windows of heaven were opened in Father Noah's time, and about midway of the distance I met a native of the class known as poor whites, or Sand-hillers, with a pair of oxen dragging a wagon with a bale of cotton, of whom I made some inquiry about the road, and he told me to go on to the next mud-hole and then turn to the left; and then, seeing I was a stranger to that bourne, inquired of me, "Whar you from, stranger?" "From the state of Pennsylvania," I replied. "Good Gor-amighty," said he, "do you ever expect to get back there?" About midday I arrived at my relative's. He was a bachelor, and, with his sister, whom I had previously met on a visit by her to my father, was keeping house in true Southern fashion. And so the wanderings of Ulysses were ended for the time, and the next day the pony was sent back to De Kalb by a negro, who took along with him a mule on which to pack the trunks for the return march. That evening I got my first glimpse of the peculiar institution. An elder married brother of mine host, who lived on the adjoining plantation, called in, and the conversation between them was of a slave auction which he had attended that day, and at which he had been outbid for a whole family of negroes, consisting of father, mother and six children, and spoke of the good luck of their former owner in not having lost by death a single one of the valuable brood.

I remained in that vicinity for upwards of three years, engaged in the laudable pursuit of teaching the "young ideas how to shoot" paper wads, and studying law during my leisure mo-

ments, and was admitted to practice in the spring of 1850 by the same court at De Kalb which acquitted the murderers of Cornelia Chisholm, by the verdict of "a jury composed of twelve of the best citizens of Kemper County."

There was a rude simplicity of life at that day in Mississippi which possessed a certain fascination for a boy who had been reared amid the scenes of a more advanced civilization. I think we are all naturally savages to a certain degree, and the dream of many a boy's life, who has read Washington Irving's *Tour on the Prairies*, and especially if he has listened to the tales of Kit Carson, or attended the theatrical performances of Buffalo Bill, is to go west and camp out in the Rockies or Sierras and hunt buffaloes, and fight Injuns, and interview the grizzlies, and, next to this, a rude and semi-civilized existence, such as I found in Mississippi, possesses the greatest charms. At least it was so with me. Scouring about the country on horseback, which was the only even moderately satisfactory way of traveling for at least three-fourths of the year, on account of the mud, which was often up to the saddle girth, and occasionally so deep that only the horse's ears were visible; hunting for deer, with which the country abounded, with horse and hounds; riding to church with the girls on a Sunday, and staying always to dinner and often till the next day; hunting quails with the ladies, all on horseback; attending balls and parties and playing cards, constituted the principal amusements. The quails were caught by setting a net fashioned like the hoop net for catching fish, though not so large in diameter, and then driving the whole covey into it. Then we had our debating society in the evening, which was well attended by both sexes, and in which were discussed and permanently settled such momentous questions as "Which is the mother of the chicken, the hen that laid the egg or the hen that hatched it." Sometimes after a successful bird hunt we would have the birds cooked, as only a Southern negro knows how to cook them, and carried to the upper room of the Academy at Wahalak, and, with a barrel of oysters, ordered from Mobile for the occasion, and other "fixins," as they were called in the dialect of the country, we would have a feast such as Apicius never tasted, and then by way of dessert, and for the fun of the thing, we would have a candy-pulling concocted of molasses and pea-nuts, or gouber peas, as they were more generally designated. The

amusements were sometimes like "linked sweetness, long drawn out." On one occasion a large party of both sexes, in response to an invitation from one Captain Jenkins, who lived some five miles in the country, repaired to his house and spent two continuous days and nights in dancing card-playing and feasting. The accommodations furnished his guests were the best the situation permitted, but were neither luxurious nor extensive. The dwelling houses on the plantations were constructed on a pretty uniform style. They were built of rough hewn logs, and the spaces between filled with chinking and daubing. There was no cellar under the building, and the first floor, which was emphatically the ground floor, had nothing above it but the roof, as there was no ceiling nor upper story. The house was constructed on the exact plan of the sheep pens which were common in portions of Pennsylvania at an early day: a space of about sixteen feet square in the centre with an open front, and on either side a room of about the same dimensions, one the family room and the other the drawing-room, as it was somewhat imposingly designated, and at the back end of the middle space the dining room, and the kitchen, some twenty feet or more from the main building. The passage way, as the middle space was called, afforded a pleasant sitting room during the summer evenings. The only room that boasted of a carpet was the drawing-room, and the furniture consisted of a piano, a bedstead and bed, a few wooden chairs and a row of unpainted bookshelves. Under the bed was a pile of pallets, which were spread on the floor for the accommodation of guests when there were more of them than the bed would hold without crowding. In the opposite room was also a bed with a trundle-bed under it, which was run out at night for the use of the younger members of the family, and a similar arrangement of beds in the dining room for the accommodation of other members of the family. The house servants I think must have slept standing, like a goose on one leg, and when they got tired then on the other for variety. The rooms were all provided with stone chimneys and fire-places, and stoves were regarded as a Yankee contrivance that no true Southerner would tolerate. When the house was filled with guests they were readily disposed of for the night by simply putting all the males in one room and all the females in the other, so making ample room for both without any possible danger of collision;

and this was the manner of our accommodation during our stay at Captain Jenkins'. As an extreme instance of the simplicity in the style of living, I may mention that I stayed all night with a family, in one of my jaunts, who had a contrivance in the way of a lamp that certainly entitled it to a patent for its novelty. It consisted of a broken saucer containing some corn meal, in which was an egg shell standing on one end, some fat in the egg shell and a bit of rag hanging over the top, which served for a wick.

This style of living, which seemed to satisfy the desires even of the wealthiest planters, was the result in great part of the peculiar institution. The whole wealth of the country was in slaves, which of course were easily transportable. Indeed, negroes constituted the very currency of the country, though as a circulating medium they did not circulate very extensively. "How much is Mr. So and So worth?" "Oh, some 150 negroes" would be the reply. Land was abundant and cheap, the best cotton plantations selling for only six to ten dollars per acre, and the policy was to take possession of a tract of land and work it year after year without rotation of crops or fertilizers, until it was exhausted, and then move on. Of course no permanent improvement was possible, nor even profitable, under such circumstances.

Their method of doing business was peculiar. Everything was done on credit, and there was no money in circulation except once a year, and the people were uniformly a year in arrears. Their cotton was shipped to Mobile in the winter and the owner followed after with the members, or at least the female members, of his family, and after disposing of his crop he settled his last year's city bills, and, no matter what the surplus, he was sure to run in debt for his next year's supplies. And after reveling for some weeks in the gaities of city life, returned home with the ladies, who had got educated in the latest fashions and furnished with the necessary staples of a whole year's talk. With his surplus cash he settled his home bills and then spent the balance, if any was left, in buying some more negroes. Indeed, so uniform was this method that the business of a planter's life might have well been defined, "To buy more negroes to raise more cotton to buy more negroes to raise more cotton," and so on *ad infinitum*. As an illustration of the universality of the credit system, I may relate that a few days after I had been installed as Principal of the Wahalak Academy,

I stepped into a store to make a small purchase, and on tendering payment was astonished by the merchant remarking, "We don't want the money now." "Why, how is that?" I inquired. "Oh," said he, "we only collect our bills once a year, and would rather you would let us charge it and collect next spring."

So absolutely were they without money during almost the entire year, that if, as sometimes happened, they concluded to take a trip North in the summer, or needed a little money on some special occasion, they were compelled to borrow it from some enterprising Shylock at his own rates. There was an old codger who spent most of his time sitting on a store box and whittling at it with a persistency that might have raised a suspicion that he was a Yankee, and some needy planter would come along occasionally and say: "Tom, can you lend me a hundred or so till next spring?" "Yes," was the reply; "you know my rates, 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ ."

Society was divided into three classes—the planters, the overseers and the poor whites or Sand-hillers. The planters and their families led of course an easy, indolent life, and their idea of a perfect civilization was fully realized in their condition—nothing to do, and a subject race to support them in their idleness. They were much given to visiting, and delighted to gather in the village to get their mail, weekly, if the floods and mules permitted, and discuss politics and religion, on both of which subjects they were unusually well informed. Their hospitality was unbounded, owing doubtless in some measure to their isolation, which made the advent of a stranger something of a sensation in the comparatively dull routine of their existence.

The overseers were as a rule simply a class of unregenerate brutes, whose sole business was to get the most work possible out of a negro with the smallest possible expenditure for food and clothing, and were only so much more brutal than the brutes in that they possessed greater knowledge and power of brutality. I think I recognize an old acquaintance of this class in Mr. Well's history of the Chisholm massacre, whose name is there given and who is described as having whipped a negro boy to death, who was unable to deliver his tale of cotton because he was suffering with the measles.

The Sand-hillers were a class who had squatted on land too poor to make it worth while for anybody to eject them, and on which they contrived to eke out a livelihood, happy, if by some

streak of good luck they could manage to become possessed of a negro or two, by contrast with whom their own vast superiority could be made manifest. This class often contained persons who were quite pious after their fashion, but by no means averse to obeying Paul's injunction to take a little wine for their stomachs' sake, &c., though their version of it apparently was, take a good deal of whiskey, and often, for thy stomach's sake. I remember once getting belated and having to take refuge with one of this class for the night. He was a Cumberland Presbyterian, and after supper told me about a stranger whom he had entertained a short time before, and who in conversation had said that the Episcopalians would go to heaven in the "keers," the Presbyterians in carriages, the Methodists on horseback, the Baptists by water and the poor old Cumberlands on foot. He said he couldn't stand that, and got him by the throat and most choked the life out of him, and felt very bad about it afterwards till some of the brethren told him he did right, and then he felt better. The men of this class never aspired to any high political position, except in the instance perhaps of the one who was a candidate for constable, and who made a speech from a store box in Wahalak, of which my memory recalls a passage. He said: "Feller-citizens, some folks say they don't want Whig votes, and some say they don't want Democratic votes, but I want all your votes, for I want to be elected. All that some fellers need is to get a starter, and if you elect me constable you don't know but I may git to be President some day, and then if I am elected, while Napoleon Bonaparte is devastating the armies of Europe the wolf may descend from the mountains, and I'll be found raking the dimes out of the slow paymasters of Skooba beat."

The negroes were a patient, docile, child-like race, seemingly incapable of anger or resentment, but it was nevertheless a constant wonder to me how their owner could trust himself and family amongst hundreds of slaves, living, as he did, miles away from his nearest neighbor, with such absolute sense of security that he never bolted his doors at night. The negroes were by no means destitute of tact or the sense of humor, as many reported anecdotes of them show; such, for example, as the case of the planter who, at the age of sixty-five, thought of taking a young girl for his second wife and asked his body servant, Sam, what he thought about it, remarking that

he was "just in his prime." "Yes," said Sam, "but, massa, when she gits to her prime whar'll your prime be then?" On one occasion a master was walloping his servant in the exercise of his constitutional right, and the negro, as usual in such cases, was crying, "Pray massa, pray massa," when the latter said, "Oh, pray yourself," to which the negro replied, "Well den lets look to de Lawd an' be dismissed."

It is due to the planters of that day to say that they were mainly a genial, good-natured class, and not chargeable personally with cruelty to their slaves, and they exhibited an almost chivalrous devotion to their wives, and were lavish in their affection to the members of their families, while the ladies were intelligent, accomplished, and possessed of a certain frankness of manner far removed from familiarity that was especially charming. Yet with all the apparent amiability of the men, I have no doubt if I had openly questioned the right of a man to hold property in his fellow man, my most immediate need would have been "a crowner's inquest."

But lest my friends should suspect me of growing old, of which garrulity is said to be a convincing proof, and startled by the thought of it, I drop my pen.

CLINTON LLOYD.

Washington, D. C.

### **Reminiscences of Old Times on the North and West Branches, or Men and Things Previous to 1850.**

No. 8.

#### **POLITICAL AND PERSONAL INCIDENTS.**

The winter of 1833-4 was ushered in much after the fashion of the present. Snow began to fall early in December, and remained on the ground, and by New Year's day everybody who could prepared to enjoy the merry season. In fact, on every road

"Sleigh bells jingled, or that they  
Were each one fitting for the sleigh!"

and consequently the bitterness engendered by the late election and appointment of a new President Judge was for the moment forgotten. Williamsport was then but a small town, polling only about 230 votes, but the war of words which had been going on between the *Gazette* and *Chronicle*, the only two Democratic papers at the time published in the county, made it a point of general observation. A New Year's

address, written by a journeyman printer by the name of William Piatt, a great genius, but an eccentric character, who spent his time alternately between setting type and sky-larking, was issued by the *Gazette*, which created considerable of a sensation because of its *flings* at certain opposing politicians. This address had been revised and corrected by Judge Lewis and Gov. Packer, and was looked upon, not as the simple utterances of the "devil," who ostensibly fathered it, but as being inspired by higher authority, as indeed it was. Nevertheless, it proved only a nine days' wonder, and was soon forgotten, like its author, who deserved a better fate. Alas, poor Piatt! "I knew him well."

But I intended the foregoing remarks as only a prelude to a rash adventure of my own. I was at this time a boy of seventeen. Wishing to visit my parents, living near the Bradford County line, at the head-waters of Loyalsock, north-east of Williamsport, and being accustomed to walking, I determined to set out and make the trip on foot, and accordingly arranged for the purpose. To subtract something from a walk of forty miles, I concluded to take the stage at Joe Hall's hotel and ride to the Muncy Farm, now Hall's Station, a distance of eight miles, and at midnight of January 6, 1834, I boarded it, in the midst of a furious snow storm which had set in a few hours before. On reaching the Pennsville road, four miles north of Muncy, I found, on leaving the stage, that the new snow was about four inches deep, with no abatement of the storm. At the end of the next half hour I was at Wm. Robb's, a mile east of Goosetown, as it was then called, and after awakening some of the family, and requesting an early breakfast, I retired for a short nap. Daylight found the storm as virulent as ever, and the new snow fully a foot deep. A mail was then carried on horseback across the Allegheny Mountain once a week, and back, and I was informed that this was the day for it to go north, which it did whilst I was at breakfast. But on following the trail a short time, I found the continued rapid fall of snow soon obliterated, or at least made it of no avail as a help to a pedestrian. Whilst jogging along at a very moderate rate, about midway between Rabbittown and Joseph Webster's, a *grey wolf* walked into the road just before me. The animal seemed dazed or slow to understand why any human being should be out in such a storm, for it stopped and observed me for several seconds before it trotted

off and left me a free highway. I had expected on leaving Williamsport to reach Hillsgrove for dinner, but I was glad enough to take that meal at Joseph Webster's, near the present Huntersville Post-office. Webster, whose nature was full of the milk of human kindness, strongly dissuaded me from attempting to cross the Allegheny that day, as the storm was not yet over, and the fresh snow already some fifteen inches deep; but learning that a team had just come over from Hillsgrove, and hoping to meet others, I ventured on. The storm ceased during the afternoon, or about the time I had reached the summit of the Allegheny, and fortunately was not followed by wind, but instead the weather grew gradually colder. I reached Hillsgrove about dark and took supper at John C. Hill's, and was considerably encouraged at finding that a number of sleds and sleighs had been moving up and down Elk Creek that day on my route. Mr. Hill also advised me to remain at his house that night, pointing out that I had yet twelve miles of up-hill road to travel, the last two miles of which might be without a track since the snow, and that it would be at the peril of my life to undertake it, but I had resolved to make the trip in a day, and concluded to go on at any risk.

Being refreshed and a little rested, I had not much trouble in disposing of the first seven miles,—from Hillsgrove to Lincoln Falls,—but the eighth was up Lick Hill, confronting at every step an increased depth of snow. On attaining the table-lands, in Elkland Township, I found myself completely used up, and with difficulty accomplished the next two, which brought me, about ten o'clock, to Charles Mullan's, now Eldredville. Going into my old friend's house for a short rest and to obtain some information about the last two miles of road, I was a little disconcerted when told that only the postboy's horse had gone that way since the recent storm, and that the road was previously only partially broken, the snow being fully three feet deep. The good old lady, Mrs. Mullan, offered me some refreshments, of which I gratefully partook, but could not be persuaded by her husband that it was impossible for me to get through the last two miles of road alive. I decided, however, to do it if it took me all winter, and it came very near taking me a much longer time. In fact, it was the longest two miles I ever traveled under any circumstances, for I had not gone one hundred rods from Mr. Mullan's before

I caught myself standing *fast asleep* in the road, and the same thing occurred every few hundred yards afterwards, becoming conscious of my condition only when about to fall prostrate into the snow. The night was very cold, but I experienced no inconvenience from this fact, as the snow seemed a soft couch inviting me to repose, and but for the knowledge that to lie down for a short rest would be fatal, I should have done so with apparent comfort. But knowing it was necessary to keep awake and moving, I persevered to go on, but it seemed an endless task to make a very short distance. I would observe a familiar object ahead, and struggle through the snow to attain it, but would often fall asleep and dream that I had, only to awake by partially falling into the snow, and finding that I had made but little progress. After worrying on in this way for several hours, I at last reached my father's fields overlooking the homestead. This fact gave me new courage, but still I had nearly a hundred rods to go. Working my way slowly down the lane, sometimes for several minutes asleep and standing still, I somehow attracted the attention of my old friend "Rover," the faithful family dog. His familiar voice aroused me from another standing nap, and I essayed to go on, but did not get more than ten rods before I was again fast asleep. This time the old dog's welcome presence aroused me, for he had come to meet me and to render such help as he could. I found him close at my right side, and placing my hand upon his back was conducted by him directly into a broken path and soon after reached the house in safety. It was now about midnight, or twenty-four hours from my leaving Williamsport, which seemed to me, however, at least that many days. I need hardly add that I soon afterwards retired, and for the next three days maintained a horizontal position. However, I suffered no ultimate injury from the adventure, but returned to Williamsport the following week in good condition, but perhaps a wiser, if not a better, youth.

The West Branch Canal was not entirely completed at the close of the winter in 1834, west of Loyalsock Creek. But eastward it was substantially finished, and the officers in charge prepared to celebrate the event in a becoming manner on the then approaching Fourth of July. It was, therefore, ostentatiously announced at an early day that "Mr. Taggart, the enterprising proprietor of the line of packets between Northumberland and Harrisburg, had

made arrangements for a pleasure trip up the West Branch Canal on the Fourth," and that "ladies and gentlemen from Northumberland, Lewisburg, Milton and Muncy" could celebrate the day and the deed that gave it celebrity, by a trip to the mouth of the Loyalsock Creek. Accordingly the packet boat "James Madison" left Northumberland on the day aforesaid with the canal officials, as well as having on board much of the "youth and beauty" of the place, and on its way up received large accessions from the towns and country along the route. At Muncy a concourse of ladies and gentlemen from Williamsport met and joined the party, among whom were William F. Packer, Robert Faries, William E. Morris and William R. Wilson, belonging to the canal brigade; and, Captain Fredericks, with his Muncy Troop, also met and saluted the party by repeated firings of a four-pounder, which had already "done the State some service," and had been procured by Gen. Petrikin for the occasion. On arriving at Montoursville the voyagers were met, greeted and joined by John A. Shultze, late Governor of Pennsylvania, and now a resident of Lycoming County, and his Honor, Judge Hays, of Lancaster. At the Loyalsock Creek the Williamsport Guards, commanded by Captain Joseph Grafius, received and saluted the party, and at the outlet lock the like honor was performed by the Lycoming Cavalry, commanded by Captain John H. Cowden, who soon after escorted the procession in vehicles to Williamsport, where they were again saluted by the Lafayette Rangers, commanded by Captain M. Alden, after which they partook of a "sumptuous repast" at the public house of Thomas Hall. It would be, perhaps, supererogation to add that many fine after-dinner speeches were made on the occasion, or that numerous empty bottles were observed about Hall's house afterwards among the debris. Nevertheless, the captain of the "James Madison," I am told, maintained until the day of his death that the expedition was successful in all respects, and that, too, without the loss of a man.

I do not remember whether Petrikin's cannon was "busted" on this occasion or survived to do the State more service, but I am very sure that it was not the same gun that made John Staub famous in his day and generation. That event happened some years before at another celebration. John was a thrifty citizen of Williamsport, of German descent, having but one failing

—that of being sometimes crippled by the "critter" on public occasions. Having joined a hilarious party for the purpose of firing a salute, it happened that the cannon bursted from an overcharge of powder, and when the smoke had blown away sufficiently to reveal the mishap, and the party had gathered about the fragments with wondering eyes, Staub became suddenly inspired, and exclaimed with animation: "*No wonder she busted. See, she is all worm-eaten, be gad!*" The casting was defective, or "honey-combed," and John could never fully explain away his mistake.

The approaching October election of this year (1834) demonstrated that there were no less than eight good and true men in Lycoming County willing to serve it in the office of sheriff. These were William Harris, backed by the *Gazette's* influence; Thomas W. Lloyd, favored by the *Chronicle* faction, and John Bennett, Jr., Samuel Donnell, Isaac Bruner, James Carskadden, Benjamin S. McCarty and Peter Bastian, all *dark horses*, as the political phrase runs. Harris and Lloyd, from their central position, as well as supposed newspaper support, were generally regarded to be the most prominent. But at this time the law allowed a dual vote for sheriff, and the return of the two highest on the poll, from which the Governor was to select and commission one. Custom, however, had made it a rule to accept the highest in vote, which rule I believe was never violated. The privilege given of voting for two candidates was not generally taken by the voter, as the enthusiastic friend invariably cast a *dead* or single ballot for the man of his choice. Yet, those who had promised three or four candidates were apt to compound by voting for two, which considerably complicated the whole matter. It was, therefore, beyond the ken of even the "oldest inhabitant" to foretell the result of this election so far as the office of sheriff was concerned.

The writer was not at that time a voter, but had contracted a friendship for Harris from his familiar manner and social habits, and gave him all the support a minor could. A few days before the election I was sent by him as a *missionary* to the then north-eastern townships of the county, to carry and distribute tickets and button-hole my old acquaintances in those wilds in his behalf. I did not take this trip, however, as before, on foot, but went on horseback, as I hoped the majority for Harris would be too heavy to carry back in any other way. Well, I was some-

what disappointed, for although the election district at which I spent the day embraced one-fifth of the territory of the county, Mr. Harris' chief opponent, Captain Lloyd, obtained a majority of *four* votes over him. However, on my return the day after the election to Williamsport, and on my rather reluctant production of the returns, I was gratified to find that Mr. Harris expected a much larger majority for Lloyd, and was well pleased with the result of my mission. But, as the returns came in, it became apparent every hour that the vote would be a close one between Lloyd and Harris, and the belief grew stronger each of the three days prior to the official count that the former was elected. As the return judges of the election came in on Friday following it, they were eagerly sought for, and their loose return carefully scrutinized. Finally the result of every district was obtained, tabulated and counted, except that of a new township on the Muncy Creek called Davidson, and the vote so far gave Captain Lloyd a majority of eleven. The ballot in Davidson was therefore of great moment, as it would finally decide the contest. Consequently, excited groups of citizens were seen at almost every corner discussing the chances and waiting for the tardy return judge of the new district. It was fully three o'clock in the afternoon when he reported, and was waylaid in Market Square by the irrepressible politicians. His word, however, settled the matter, when he stated that Harris had *ten* of a majority in his district. This elected Lloyd by *one vote*. Without further investigation the friends of each leading candidate accepted the returns as decisive, and the news soon spread over the town. But there was still a possibility of an error in some of the reported returns that might easily change the result, and consequently when, in the evening, the Court House bell gave the signal for the return judges to meet, a perfect rush was made for the county building. As the work of receiving and counting the returns progressed, it was observed by all present that not a figure was changed by the official of the reported vote up to the last district, and everybody had about concluded that a single vote had determined the contest, when it was announced that Davidson Township had cast eighteen ballots for Harris, and *eight* for Donnel, being ten majority over the latter and eighteen over Lloyd, which elected Harris by *seven* of a majority. This unexpected result astounded equally all present, and before

the fact was fully realized two of Harris' friends, the writer being one, were on their way to his house. They found him in bed, perfectly prostrated by his reported defeat, but the welcome news gave him wonted strength and vigor, and he was soon upon his feet. A rush of friends followed, and the election of a new sheriff was celebrated in the usual way.

I regret to say, however, that Mr. Harris did not live to serve but a fraction of the term for which he was commissioned as sheriff. He died on the first day of August, 1835, the coroner, Major Charles Lowe, acting officially in his stead until after the October election of the same year. At this there were but six candidates for sheriff, namely, Thomas W. Lloyd, John Grafius, Isaac Bruner, John Bennett, Jr., Joseph Hall and Samuel Hoffman, each of whom developed strength in the order above named. Mr. Lloyd's majority over Mr. Grafius was 225.

The division in the Democratic party in 1835 resulted in the choice of the anti-Masonic candidate for Governor, Joseph Ritner, over George Wolf, the incumbent, and Henry A. Muhlenberg, supported by the disaffected of the Jackson party. The Legislature was also anti-Jackson. W. F. Packer, at the time superintendent of the West Branch Canal, was also the Democratic candidate for State Senator in the district composed of Lycoming, Centre, Clearfield, Potter and McKean, and was defeated by Alexander Irvin, of Clearfield, a nondescript of the opposition. Mr. P. published, as editor of the *Lycoming Gazette*, some very imprudent articles reflecting on the Muhlenberg wing of the party, which they resented at the polls. C. D. E.

### A Woman's Tribute.

Volume after volume has been written about the late war, and yet the half has not been told; and those of us that still have the threads of that war tightened about our hearts, are daily reminded of those trying times when woman as well as man was called upon to aid in the struggle for our nation's life. We find in the report of the War Department the names of 20,000 women who took an active part in that war of rebellion, and the names of the enrolled do not embrace all, nor does it record the names of some of the noblest and sweetest workers, who were moved by sympathy to take a part, perhaps unknown outside their home circle and community in which they were dwellers.

On January 1, 1863, the "Emancipation Proclamation" was issued forth, and notwithstanding its suddenness, the whole North was prepared for the emergencies that would ensue, and none better than the Society of Friends,—always the friend of the poor, down-trodden slaves, and who now rejoiced in their freedom,—and unto the end of preparing them for the pursuit of liberty and happiness, immediately organized relief associations, of which William Mitchell, of Massachusetts, was appointed superintendent, and at once sent out appeals for help and teachers to undertake the schooling of the blacks. Some of the appeals reached our little hamlet at the foot of Muncey Hills, and Miss Lizzie, daughter of the late Dr. Henry Shoemaker, with becoming heroism resolved at once she would go, and in a few days two of her lady friends, Mrs. Kate Fribley, widow of the lamented Col. Charles W. Fribley, and Miss Anna Ault, both of Lycoming County, concluded to join her, and they were soon on their way to Philadelphia, where they met Mr. Mitchell and his friends, among others a Miss Plummer, of Massachusetts, a very efficient and refined lady, who acted as chaperon to the ladies of the party, and was by them donned "medicine man," for on the least complaint of weariness or headache, she would produce her chest of homœopathic remedies and prevail on them to take a dose, which to many of the party was as disgusting as if dealt out in pills as big as a gooseberry, for they had no faith in such small doses, even if they were easy to take, and Miss Lizzie was a firm believer in the allopathic faith of her father's, and hence was not a willing convert.

The destination of the party was Tennessee, and at Nashville they met a party of gentlemen and officers who had preceded them, having transported buildings from Cincinnati, and had them put up on confiscated ground near the city of Nashville, and also at Murfreesboro. These buildings were rendered very conspicuous by having painted upon them in large letters, "Freedman's Relief Association," and these were the homes of the volunteers until schools could be established. The buildings were erected comfortably near forts, so in case of rebel invasion they could be protected. It was but a short time until Mr. Mitchell and his efficient corps had schools, camps and asylums in running order; for the wise people of the North had made ample provision for the supplying of the same, and to meet the wants of the refugees in

the way of clothing. Our Lycoming County friends were soon at housekeeping on a very economical scale. As butter was selling there for eighty cents per pound and eggs one dollar a dozen, Miss Shoemaker writes, "Do send us some recipes to make cakes without eggs." And we can imagine how often she sighed for the well-filled larder of her home on Wolf Run, where scarcity was unknown. Old and young soon flocked to this relief association—old men with wives, young men with sweethearts, bare-footed children, cripples, all shades of color and of all sizes, some singing as they came, "De day of jubilee hab cum."

When the school was opened it was called the "William Penn School," and was filled to overflowing with blacks eager to be taught, and sometimes there were three generations present, the grand-parents as anxious for "book larning" as the children, and upon one occasion one old woman said: "I do want to larn, so when I git to heben I can address my Lord and Marster in good language." The great difficulty among this medley was the want of proper names. They nearly all had a nickname and their former owner's names, among which were any number of Witherspoons, so our ladies resolved they would name the unnamed, and new born babies, and very soon they had an Abraham Lincoln, Horace Greeley, John Brown, Jerry Gernerd, Robert Hawley, Asher Bennet, Albra Wadleigh, Joshua Kelley, Sue Shoemaker, Anna Holstein, Thomas Lloyd, Charles Robb, Susan Hall, and one was called Pennsylvania, but given Penny for short, and she became a great favorite among the ladies on account of her aptness and remarkable memory. This school had about one hundred scholars in it, and the quarters becoming too small, a house was procured near by, into which our young housekeepers moved, and gave the name of "Pennsylvania Lodge." These buildings seemed an eye-sore to the secesh and aristocratic inhabitants of the city, and many a fear was entertained by the party lest a stray bullet would find its way in their midst, or a bonfire be made of their quarters. During the war the city of Nashville was termed the "wicked city," the very worst for treason, rebellion and secession, and it was in this city that a Southern lady remarked, during the hot times, that she "hoped to have the pleasure some time of looking down from a corner in heaven and see black feet on white necks."

When Hood and his rebel horde advanced to

Nashville, it gave these Northern teachers a realization that they were really in the war, and would perhaps see bloody war times, and for six days and nights there was a constant firing, and when the nearest fort opened fire the dishes rattled off their table, and their cottage was shaken from centre to circumference. General Thomas sent word to Mr. Mitchell to seek protection in Fort Negley, but the party resolved to stick to their quarters as long as possible, and on the night of December 7th eight Government buildings were burned, to prevent their contents from falling into rebel hands. It looked then as if they would have to go, lest they fall into rebel hands. With blanched faces and beating hearts they awaited results, as the armies were only one and a half miles apart, but with strong intrenchments between them. Through the courtesy of some of our Northern officers passes were obtained for a party of "loyalists" to visit the capitol building, and the ladies of Pennsylvania Lodge were invited to go along, and from the cupola of that building they could distinctly see by the aid of a glass into "the watch fires of a hundred circling camps," and the movements of the rebel soldiers. The cupola was filled with officers taking notes and sending dispatches, and all thought that the impending battle was near, but it was overruled by Providence, that it should be otherwise, and Hood and his hordes were driven from the shores of the Cumberland, and quiet again reigned over the wicked city, now wholly in possession of the Northern army.

Now came the great influx of refugees, without a place to go, so the tents were soon filled to overflowing, and Miss Lizzie writes: "Mr. Mitchell is like a ministering angel; he seems to know just what to do, and he certainly is the right man in the right place. I cannot describe the distress of these poor creatures. In one tent I found three men and two women sick and but one blanket to cover them, and the ground filled with water. One woman lay upon an old coat. We administered wine to them, and Mr. Mitchell gave us each twenty-five dollars to spend as we thought best. I have fitted fifteen pair of bare feet with shoes, and we are trying to make them comfortable. Mr. Mitchell expects two boxes of shoes to-day, but had to spend one hundred and sixty dollars for shoes here, owing to a delay. I visited an old white-headed woman who lived with her daughter and her children in an old stable without a floor. Their furniture was

an old cupboard and two bunks. The husband was in the South and they knew not where. Never will I forget the blessings that good old woman called down upon me for my ministrations of wine and food. Wagon load after wagon load is still brought into camp, and the destitution is very great. Fifteen is the average number of deaths a day. The people of the North are contributing so liberally that we expect to meet all demands. Yesterday some boxes arrived from England, the contents of which we will distribute among the needy. Miss Plummer's appeals to her friends in Massachusetts are answered very liberally. She received fifty dollars last week to be applied to the most needy, and to-day she received more money for orphans, and I assure you we have plenty of them. Mr. Mitchell says he has given out three thousand dollars' worth of clothing alone, and that was scarcely one article apiece. After the excitement of the late flight subsided the people of Philadelphia sent boxes of clothing cut out ready to sew together, so Mrs. Fribley and Miss Lizzie opened a sewing school and soon had a number at work. Some could sew very nicely, and many, especially the older ones, could not sew at all. Miss Shoemaker speaks with regret of the death of little Rosie Bennet, but says Sue Shoemaker is getting better and is a very smart child, but not at all handsome. She seems to have been greatly attached to some of these poor refugees, and says it was the result of their manifested affection for her—Miss *Shoemake*, as they were wont to call her, and Penny says, call me Penny Shoemake, too."

The year 1864 passed rapidly away, all things working together for good with our friends, and Mr. Mitchell had organized a complete system, so when the Relief Association merged into the Freedman's Bureau and became a branch of the War Department, everything was working smoothly, and so continued until 1870, when it was disbanded, as by that time the freedmen were capable of taking care of themselves.

During the year 1865 Mr. Mitchell continued the work he had so arduously undertaken, and with nearly all of the first teachers. Mrs. Mitchell and her daughter and a few others were added, and until after the close of the war, in May, 1865, many new scholars arrived. The schools were graded, and work rendered less laborious, and with less abandonment and squalor to contend with. Mr. Mitchell obtained

a license to marry those who wished to embark for "richer for poorer, for sickness or health," and the consequence was several weddings at the "Lodge." Miss Shoemaker says: "We dressed 'Lizzie' out in style for her wedding last night, but she was disappointed that she could not have a white dress to be married in."

I had another young friend in Nashville who was a nurse in the United States General Hospital, and I quote from one of her letters to me, under date of March 17, 1865: "Yesterday the colored people of Nashville held high festival in celebration of their deliverance from slavery through the ratification by the people of Tennessee of the amendment of the Constitution abolishing and prohibiting slavery. From early morning the streets were thronged with dark and eager faces, and when the procession passed here its extent surprised me. On it passed, rank after rank, in almost interminable line, preceded by marshals on horseback bearing batons; next followed a guard of honor with muskets and bayonets, followed by a military band in an open car, 'The Sons of Relief,' the Barbers' Association bearing the national flag, carriage with the orator of the day (Rev. Daniel Watkins), citizens, Sunday School children, martial bands, and a long line of carriages ended the procession. Just imagine these thousands of 'ebon-dyed faces,' all smiling and dressed in the gayest of colors, but generally with becoming neatness. Among the banners I noticed the following mottoes: 'We can forget and forgive the wrongs of the past,' 'We ask not for social but political equality,' 'We aspire to elevation through industry, economy and Christianity,' 'Will Tennessee be among the first or the last to allow her sable sons the elective franchise?' These were the chattels for whom shackles had been forged to hold them in perpetual bondage. They were of every shade of color from jet black to pale face, the dusky brown and yellow mulatto, the taint of white with ruddy cheeks, and many a one no doubt bearing a striking resemblance to their aristocratic owners. But their side has won, they are out of bondage, and I rejoice with them to-day."

Upon reviewing this part of my friend's letter, written a quarter of a century ago, I am reminded of several instances where the aspirations of the negro have been fully realized. The home of the late Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy is now owned by a negro,

Mr. Frank Rogers, a man of influence and wealth, and perhaps from this aristocratic mansion there may emanate more brilliancy and eloquence than Alexander Stephens ever possessed; and we hope the black man will never embark on so disastrous a sea as the "lost cause" of Stephens' undertaking.

A short time ago one of the highest gifts by a class at Harvard College was given a colored boy, when he was made class-day orator, and at a New England academy another colored boy was elected to a high position, bidding fair and excelling any white boy in the class as an accomplished orator. Thus "one by one the clouds are lifting that so long overshadowed the bright spots for the African race."

My friend at the hospital and the ladies at Pennsylvania Lodge became acquainted, and together made many visits to places of interest around Nashville, notably among others the "Hermitage" and Acklen Park, now the home of the Misses Heron, of this place, who have established a college for young ladies there. The Acklen plantation was one of the richest and most renowned in the state, but during the war was sadly devastated. It was confiscated by the Union troops, and the mansion used as military headquarters, and during a visit of our Northern ladies to this magnificent place, they were escorted through the grounds and house by General Wood, who remained there until the property was given up by the Government. Whilst passing through a room where a splendid piano was standing, some one of the party insisted upon Miss Shoemaker playing, and always compliant, she seated herself and soon the "Secesh" instrument was made to ring forth "The Star Spangled Banner," and before its close the room was peopled with soldier boys, who with an unequalled enthusiasm joined in, and never did the Star Spangled Banner in such triumph wave, "O'er the land of the free and home of the brave."

After the excitement had subsided a gentleman whose head was sprinkled with gray, advanced and requested Miss S. to play "I Wish I Were a Boy Again." For some cause unknown to our party this caused a great deal of mirth, but Captain McEwen's request was complied with, and for a time war and battles were forgotten. When "Home, Sweet Home" was played no one joined in the singing, but all felt with tearful eyes that it would be good to be there, and were reckoning in their hearts the

weeks, days and hours that would pass before they would see home, sweet home.

Miss Lizzie Shoemaker became the wife of Dr. Charles L. Lyon, June 29, 1870, and on June 8, 1871, she passed from "Life's contracted bourne, beyond Time's river," leaving an infant seven weeks old, who has now attained womanhood, and to whom I indite these recollections of the mother she was never permitted to know or to love.

M. J. LEVAN.

Muncy, January, 1891.

### William Winters and His Family—The First Settler of Williamsport.

Visiting last week at the house of my daughter, No. 1248 West Fourth Street, Williamsport, I noticed from the porch some old fruit trees, and it suddenly occurred to me I was on historic ground,—the old farm of William Winters, referred to in *NOW AND THEN*, Vol. 2, No. 10, page 141; Vol. 3, No. 3, page 49, by Mr. McMinn.

On my return I examined some old papers found on Judge Huston's garret and found the "manor survey," as Mr. Meginness calls it (note page 503 *History West Branch Valley*, which embraces the scene of the massacre of June 11, 1778, *ibid.*, page 494), and of other interesting events mentioned by that historian.

The survey commenced at a black oak on the east bank of Lycoming Creek, nearly a mile and a half from its mouth (456 perches), ran eastwardly about one mile (324 perches), then due south to the river, having a front on the river of 199 perches. It was called "Ormeskirk," and contained five hundred and seventy-nine acres.

The Penn proprietors almost invariably reserved for themselves or their friends the lands at the mouths of creeks and rivers, supposing such points the natural sites of future towns: so Lewisburg, Sunbury, Muncy, Northumberland. This manor at the mouth of Lycoming Creek was patented to Richard Peters, long time their secretary of the land office.

Richard Peters sold it to Turbutt Francis, (November 23, 1772,) a cousin of the celebrated Sir Philip Francis, author of the "Junius" letters. In opening the pack I came across a deed plainly endorsed, "Deed from Sir Philip Francis to Jasper Yeates," for a tract of land "Junius" once owned, now in Clinton County; but the bottom fell out of the autographic mine

when I found the signature was "Sir Philip Francis, by his att'y in fact."

Amariah Sutton obtained the west half of this manor tract adjoining Lycoming Creek and the river, and at his house, which stood on the east bank of the creek, on the main road to Jersey Shore, was formed, in 1791, the first Methodist society above Northumberland. (Meginness' edition of 1857, page 472.)

The east half of the survey Turbutt Francis sold to Hawkins Boone, January 19, 1775. William Winters settled upon it as early as 1778. Mr. McMinn says (*NOW AND THEN*, page 49, Vol. 3): "his pioneer cabin stood near the corner of Fourth and Rose streets, Williamsport; the beautiful residence of Dr. H. G. McCormick probably marks the exact spot."

Captain Hawkins Boone was killed near Fort Freeland, July 28, 1779, and the deed to William Winters was made by Boone's administrators, Robert Martin, Robert Arthur and Jean Hardy, July 11, 1791.

William Winters' will was dated June 18, 1794, and he died (according to Mr. McMinn) June 29, 1794. In it he mentions fifteen children. His first wife's name was Annie Boone, and their oldest child, Hannah, married Henry Miller and moved to the state of New York. One of their daughters (he does not give her name) married Thomas Lincoln (Linkhorn, as he spells it), who emigrated from Berks County to Kentucky, and was the grand-uncle of President Lincoln—see *Holland's Life of Lincoln*, page 20, for a notice of this Thomas Lincoln. William Winters, Jr., and John Winters were sons by Annie Boone. They became noted citizens of Steuben County, N. Y., and John L. Sexton, Esq., has written interesting sketches of them.

Miss Ellen Harris, a niece of John and William, who still resides in Bellefonte in the 84th year of her age, told me of one of John's escapades, which came near making a second great runaway from the West Branch, and made the valley too hot for his own safety for awhile.

John once took her, while she was a little girl, with him to Steuben County, N. Y., and on the way up showed her the sugar camp near Ralston, where the incident that gave rise to the fright happened. They were boiling sugar, he said, and had with them a young man "who wanted some staves of being round," as old Dan Billew used to say. John and some of the others went out of camp, disguised themselves as In-

dians, and came down upon the camp whooping and yelling. The young fellow took to his heels. They followed him a mile or two to bring him back, but he out-ran them all, swam the creek several times, and reaching old William Winters', fell down exhausted on the floor, with only strength enough to say "the Injuns are coming."

The whole settlement became alarmed, bread was baked, cattle gathered in and every preparation made for a stampede. Old Tom (Winters' slave) rushed in and swore there was an Indian concealed in the oven; "he saw his eyes." This Indian, however, turned out to be Winters' big black cat, which in the hurly-burly had taken refuge in the oven. Judge Hepburn, who lived just below Winters', a lane between the places, also got ready to leave.

The day the first courts were holden at the widow Eleanor Winters' house some of the gentry brought with them some hounds, coupled by a small chain. The table was set with elegant china service for dinner, when the hounds ran under, and being coupled, upset the table, broke every piece of china except two plates, one of which Miss Ellen still keeps as a souvenir, and exhibited to me.

The Winters place was sold by the heirs to John Rose, Esq., father-in-law of Hon. Robert C. Grier. Of William Winters' children by his second wife, Eleanor Campbell, Sarah married Benjamin Harris, father of Miss Ellen; Mary married Hon. Charles Huston, afterwards Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania; Elias Winters was sheriff of Lycoming County two or three terms; Elizabeth married Thomas Alexander—their daughter was Mrs. Edward C. Humes, of Bellefonte; Eleanor Winters married Hon. Thomas Burnside, also a Justice of the Supreme Court, and Lucy Winters married Hon. William W. Potter, who at one time represented this district in Congress.

JOHN BLAIR LINN.

Bellefonte, Pa.

### The Old Strap Railroad.

By an act of the General Assembly, approved by Governor Wolf June 9, 1832, Thomas Biddle, Archibald McIntyre, Simon Gratz, Joseph B. Anthony, William G. Carpenter, Andrew D. Hepburn, William A. Petrikin, William Wilson, John K. Hays, William Brindle, Ezra Long, Burton Strait, George Kress, John Beecher and Eli McNitt were made commissioners to open books and receive subscriptions to the capital

stock of the "Williamsport and Elmira Railroad." The railroad, beginning at the city of Williamsport, ran north by way of Lycoming Creek to the northern line of the State near Elmira, N. Y.

Such was the beginning of the Williamsport and Elmira Railroad, otherwise the "Old Strap Road," now the Northern Central Railway. This was at the very beginning of railroad building in Pennsylvania, and only four years after the first railroad built in the United States—that at Quincy, Mass. The same act provided for two other roads in different parts of the State; and to read over the provisions of that first railroad act causes one to smile at the primitiveness of the ideas then held about things railroad.

The road was to be run with "due regard to private property," and was not to disturb any grave-yard, church or building of the value of \$500, without the consent of the owner. The road was to be built so as not to interfere with any public road then built, or thereafter to be built; and when it crossed any wagon-road the company were to build causeways either over or under the railroad. All owners of land adjoining the railroad had the right to build such lateral or branch roads as they might see fit to build, and connect with the main line. All persons using the road were to furnish their own "cars, wagons or conveyances, of a pattern satisfactory to the company." The company were allowed to charge tolls as follows: For each thousand feet of lumber, two cents per mile; for each ton of coal or other mineral, two cents per mile; for each 1,500 shingles, two cents per mile; for each empty car, one cent per mile; for each passenger, except those necessary for controlling the cars, two cents per mile. Whenever the dividends exceeded twelve per cent. the tolls were to be reduced. The work was to be begun within five years, and completed within ten years from the passage of the act.

These were the main provisions of that first charter, and show the crude but honest notions of our forefathers on railroad building. What pointers a modern railroad magnate could have given that early legislature!

The Williamsport and Elmira Railroad, better known in its day as the "Old Strap Road," from its rails being made of wood with a strap of iron on the top, was projected for the purpose of connecting the Pennsylvania system of canals with the Erie Railroad, then building through

the southern part of New York, and so connect with the "Great Lakes" and the West.

It was a great scheme *then*; but when the books were opened subscriptions to the stock did not come in as expected. Matthew C. Ralston was added to the committee in 1835, and by his energy and good management got the work under way. The capital stock was increased to 16,000 shares, and the time of completion extended for ten years from 1841. When the United States Bank of Philadelphia was re-chartered, in 1835, they were compelled by the Assembly to subscribe for \$200,000 worth of the stock of the Williamsport and Elmira Railroad.

I have not been able to find just when ground was first broken for the road, but it must have been about 1835 or 1836. The road was run so as to avoid heavy cuts and fills, the consequences of which were that the road ran through the best bottoms, and crossed and recrossed the crooked Lycoming more than twenty times. The railroad crossed many times the great "Sheshequin Indian Path," over which the dusky savages had often descended into the fair "Otzinachson" on their bloody forays, and up which many an unwilling captive had been hurried on his way to the Indian towns of New York or Canada.

The road was to be a great trunk line, with double track, and finished in every respect as a first class railroad. The bridges were all double, with the piers made of the finest dressed stone; and they are still standing under the Northern Central Railway bridges. Ties and rails were laid for only one track while the road-bed was being constructed, and by the time they had reached Ralston, they had builded so much bigger than they knew that they were out of money. So instead of the terminus of the road being Elmira, they were content to have it Ralston for a time, at least.

One can imagine the trials and tribulations of those early railroad builders. Time and time again they had to resort to the Legislature for additional help and privileges. But Ralston and McIntyre were the owners of vast tracts of timber and coal lands up along the Lycoming, and so urged on the good work with unflagging zeal. The farmers *then* as *now* were loath to have their best fields spoiled by the unsightly, though useful, railroad embankment, and discouraged the construction of the road to the full extent of their power. The law allowed them a right of way of five rods, but where the owner

of the land would settle amicably they took but three rods of his land, while of his neighbor, who would not agree to settle but must needs have a lawsuit, they took the full five rods. As the early engines had no "cow-catcher," and the cows had to be kept off the road, the company built fences along the right of way; so in passing over the road one could see by the fences who had favored and who had opposed this great public improvement.

Sometime in 1836 or 1837 an engine and a couple of cars were brought by boat from Philadelphia for use on the road. John McWilliams was the first resident engineer—an engineer from Philadelphia having accompanied the engine to set it up and show them how to run it. Cornelius Sherer, of this city, who is still living, was the first fireman, and Charles Butcher the conductor. The engine was named the "Vermont," and it is easy to imagine the scene in the quiet borough on that gala first day, as they gathered at the "Basin" to see the iron horse start out on that triumphal trip up the Lycoming. The hills and mountains received such an awakening that day as they had not had since the last war party of painted savages had descended the valley fifty years or more before.

As before stated, each customer had to furnish his own cars and build his own switch. The engine made a round trip to Ralston and back each day, the passenger coach being attached next to the engine, and the freight cars were arranged with reference to their destination—those to be dropped first being placed last. The train did no switching, but left the cars on the main track, and the owner had to put them in on his own switch by hand or horse-power. On the return trip cars to go south were run out on the main track after the train had gotten by, and then the cars were pushed up to the train and coupled on, but the train was never backed up to the car. Each owner of a car had to send a man along with his car to attend the brakes and take care of the car. Primitive, indeed, was railroading in the forties.

Contrary to the expectations of the founders and the Legislature, the company did not earn twelve per cent. dividends, but got so poor that they had to abandon the engines and for a number of years the only power on the road was horses. About 1845 they ran a passenger car up and down the road by horses; this was made possible by the road having been graded for double tracks. McKinneys, who had a forge at

bridge 3 for the making of charcoal iron, used the "Old Strap Road" for hauling coal from up toward Ralston and ore from the Basin.

The road became so run down finally, that, about 1848, some of the creditors petitioned the Circuit Court in Philadelphia to appoint a sequestrator to take charge of the receipts of the road; accordingly Robert Faries was appointed. In 1849 he petitioned the Legislature for authority to sell the road and its franchises for payment of debts. The Legislature gave him the desired power—the purchasers to complete the road to Elmira within five years or the road to revert to the stockholders.

It was sold at Philadelphia to Matthew C. Ralston, William Coxe Ellis, Robert Faries, Thomas Alexander and Archibald Robertson, who purchased the entire works and franchise for \$5,000. They reorganized the road as the Northern Central Railway. The stock was increased and a blanket mortgage, guaranteed by the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, which was then building, and the road was completed to Elmira in 1856. Then it took twenty years to build a hundred miles of railroad; now they build hundreds of miles each year.

Let us compare the Williamsport of then with the Williamsport of now. Then Williamsport was a sleepy borough of four or five thousand inhabitants; now she is a bustling city of thirty thousand; then the canal with its packets or the rumbling stage-coach was the only means of communication with the outside world; now we have five lines of railroad, with a score of fast trains a day; then Philadelphia was distant by packet four days or five by stage; now it is only five hours by rail, and we can take a comfortable sleep in a magnificent Pullman on the way; then West Street was the western limits of the city; now the city is built up solid to the creek; then the canal was the great factor in politics as well as in business; now it is a dry ditch with a railroad upon the tow-path; then people drank whiskey, now they drink the water company's fluid; then the solid citizen held vast areas of timber and farm lands, now he has his pet plot of building lots and home sites; then they had pumps, cows, mud streets, tallow-candles, Franklins, spinning-wheels, looms and Democratic presidents, now we have a water supply, milkmen, mud streets still, electric lights, telephones, steam heat, sewing machines, promises of electric street cars and Republican presidents: Now or THEN?

W. W. CHAMPION.

Williamsport, Pa.

## A SHARP REBUKE.

### How a Noted Jour Shoemaker Proposed to Settle His Account with the Lord.

Many years ago the Muncy Valley House, opposite Mr. G. L. I. Painter's book-store, was kept (in connection with a store) by a man whom we will call Brother B——. As a hotel keeper and merchant he was not a success. He failed in business and appointed assignees, and it was thought by most people defrauded his creditors. He was a shining light of one of the churches of the town, could pray louder and longer than any member of the congregation, and was noted for his rendition of gospel hymns. As a revivalist he was a regular "stem-winder," and when wound up never ran down until he broke a cog wheel or slipped an eccentric.

There was a meeting in the church one evening, and everything was moving along pleasantly, when the congregation were surprised on seeing the well-known form of A—— W—— (a noted jour shoemaker of Muncy) enter the church and take a seat in the amen corner. He had been partaking rather freely of the "cup that both cheers and inebriates," and was in a condition ready to answer any question the speaker might propound.

W—— did not share the faith of the church people. His creed was: "Six days shalt thou labor on thy bench and on the seventh cut kit and git." On this occasion Brother B—— was leading the meeting, and admonishing the brethren to seek salvation. After telling how good the Lord had been to him, and how sure he was of being saved, he wound up as follows: "My dear brethren, what will you do when the Angel Gabriel blows his last trumpet, and the Recording Angel opens up the big ledger and displays to your astonished gaze a long row of debits and no credits?" While he paused for a reply, the long, gaunt form of W—— arose in his seat and pointing his long and bony finger at Brother B—— ejaculated: "Brother Elias! I'll tell you what I'll do when the Recording Angel opens up on me. I'll do as you did when you failed in business; I'll appoint assignees."

It is needless to add that Brother B—— sat down there and then, and was silent, while his wrath was momentarily shrouded in bursts of laughter from the non-communicants, and smiles of approval from the faithful. Brother W—— stole out and took another drink, thus adding one more item to the debit side of his own account.

ALFRED HAWLEY.

Northumberland, Pa.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

ISSUED BI-MONTHLY.

J. M. M. GERNERD, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

For terms of subscription and advertising rates, see cover.

Entered at the Muncy Post-Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

MARCH AND APRIL, 1891.

## A Redemptioner Who Had Money.

A lady friend at Bellefonte sent us a clipping from an old newspaper referring to a German Redemptioner who seems to have been a remarkable exception to that class of our early settlers. He sold himself to a family living near Hanover, Pa., with the view of merely learning the English language and quietly making himself acquainted with the customs and opportunities of the country. About the time his term of service expired he bought a fine farm in the neighborhood, having brought from his *faderland* the ready cash for that purpose; and having during his service acquired sufficient knowledge, experience and confidence to drive his stakes for permanent settlement.

## Frances Slocum.

The oft proved verity, "Truth is stranger than fiction," is proven once more, and this time by Mr. John F. Meginness in his latest work, "Frances Slocum, the Lost Sister of Wyoming." No fiction is equal to this romantic episode in our pioneer history. And our industrious historian has put the touching story of the white captive in a most fitting and attractive garb. He has gathered the facts into a complete and connected narrative—which had never been done; although many had written about her—and has presented them in a way that captivates the reader and holds him as tightly as the Miamis held their much esteemed prisoner. The volume is also beautifully printed and bound, and elegantly illustrated.

## Harris Sees the "Razor-Backs."

Mr. B. W. Harris, the successful traveling agent of our widely known manufacturers, Waldron & Sprout, was in Florida not long since, and informed us that among the curiosities that interested him most were the wonderful razor-back hogs that the Hon. H. J. B. Cummings had described in the *NOW AND THEN*. The description he says was perfect in every

respect. He saw them rooting in the light, sandy soil with their great long snouts, and observed that when they suddenly encountered an obstacle, like a root, it would so disturb their equilibrium that their "light and airy hams" would immediately flop up into the air, and make them appear to be trying to stand on their heads.

By the way, the readers of *NOW AND THEN* would like friend Cummings to tell them more about the wonderful things he saw during his long residence in the Land of Flowers.

## "The Far, Far West."

The first known public use of this long popular phrase, it is said, was made by the late eloquent Hon. William Coxe Ellis, of Muncy. While a member of Congress, during the years 1820-22, he addressed the Senate on some question in which he had occasion to refer to the great and then remote and but little known West. With outstretched arm, pointing towards the setting sun, he exclaimed: "*The Far,*"—pausing a moment, and then advancing a step westward, in an attitude that was in itself an expression of eloquence, he cried out—"Far West." He thrilled his audience, and his striking words at once went out over the land and became an American newspaper and household phrase.

## A Qualified Compliment.

No one perhaps enjoys a good joke better than our esteemed contributor, Clinton Lloyd, Esq., and we can imagine how he must have enjoyed the following circumstance, that occurred while he was out making speeches during a political campaign. After addressing a meeting, at which he was the last speaker, he stepped into a saloon to get some oysters, and while he was sitting at the lunch counter two men came in, who did not recognize him, and began a conversation about the meeting as follows:

"How did you like the meeting?"

"Oh! pretty well. *That last speaker was an amusing cuss, but he ain't got no sense.*"

## Not the Last of the Life Guard.

On page 48 we stated that Michael Sechler, who died in Clinton Township, Lycoming County, on the 23d day of April, 1847, at the age of 87 years, was said to have been the last survivor of the Life Guard of General Washington. This statement was given just as we had received it. It was said that Michael Sechler was the last survivor Robert A.

Sechler, of Montgomery, a great-grandson of the old soldier, has since informed us that the paragraph in the NOW AND THEN would have been entirely correct if we had added only one more word and said that he "was *among* the last survivors of the Life Guard," etc. A correspondent living in Indiana has also since written us that by referring to Lossing's *Cyclopedia of United States History*, page 791, Vol. I, we will find it stated that Uzel Knapp (Sergeant) was the last survivor of the Life Guard of Washington. Knapp died at New Windsor, Orange County, N. Y., January 11, 1857, aged upwards of 97 years, or ten years later, and ten years older than Michael Sechler, of Clinton. Again we are reminded that we cannot be too careful when we repeat what we hear. There is generally some one ready to pick a body up, and for the sake of historical accuracy, it is a good thing that such is the case.

### Don't Kiss the Baby.

*The Annals of Hygiene*, the official organ of the State Board of Health of Pennsylvania, and of good authority, very sensibly says:

"It would not be amiss if every mother would attach to her baby a placard with the words in bold relief, '*Don't Kiss the Baby.*' The skin and mucous membranes of infants are exceedingly delicate and susceptible to poisons and diseases which make little or no impression upon adults."

The official organ of the Board of Health is right. This kissing the baby is a bad practice. We have seen the dear little creatures instinctively recoil from kissing as if they were being subjected to some kind of dreaded punishment. If you have the soundest teeth, the purest breath, the cleanest skin, and the healthiest mucous membrane mortal ever had, don't kiss the baby—unless you have a special permit from both baby and mother. Set a good example and help break up a bad fashion. If you must give vent to the kissing propensity, throw baby a kiss or kiss some grown-up baby.

### Tiny Tim.

Tiny Tim is the name of a tiny pet rooster that has all of a sudden become famous, because his kind mistress wrote a little book about him entitled *Tiny Tim*. The graceful writer is Miss Emma Pott, of Pottsville, Pa., a cousin of Mrs. O. A. McCarty and R. F. Shoemaker, of this place. She is well known in Muncy circles, as she has several times visited here. *Tiny Tim's* history is briefly given from the time he was a

tiny peep until he could crow and flop his wings like the big roosters, and could with audacious pluck engage the biggest of them in battle. It is a book designed for little folks, to teach them to be good to dumb animals, or as the writer says,

"To help our lives to make us kind,"  
and that

"The meanest creature God has made  
Is worthy of our thoughtful care."

But the class of amiable big folks who never grow old can enjoy it as much as the little folks. It is a handsome book, published by Sherrard, Philadelphia. The illustrations elucidate *Tim's* life admirably, and are by Ives, of Detroit.

### About "Our" Bluebirds.

MR. J. M. M. GERNERD.

*Dear Sir:* While out in what is here known as "The Rocks" to-day I heard the sweet, liquid notes of the bluebirds, and at once thought of the bird's friend in Muncy, and believing she would be interested in "our bluebirds," I write to say that during the comparatively mild winters of '88, '89 and '90, the bluebirds did not all leave us. I will always remember with pleasure the greeting they gave me one bitter cold day in February, '89, when the mercury stood at six degrees above zero and a strong wind was blowing. I was driving up the Old Bethlehem road in Haycock Township, when suddenly we came upon about a dozen bluebirds and two cedar birds. The sight of these friends on such a cold day cheered me during the remaining ten miles of my journey. I was much interested in the article about "Our Bluebirds," and would be glad to hear more of the feathered beauties.

Respectfully,  
FRANK BALL.  
Quakertown, Pa., Dec. 22, 1890.

### Clashing Instincts.

When a boy I removed the eggs from a pair of tame pigeons that were ready to hatch and gave them a hen's egg. It must have been somewhat uncomfortable for my pets to sit three long weeks on an egg so large that they could not completely cover it, but they patiently persevered and in due time brought forth a chick. Then followed an amusing exhibition of clashing instincts. The faithful pigeons wanted to feed their singular charge, but the chick could not understand their gentle motions, coaxings and cooings, and would not submit to being fed in their peculiar way. It could eat, if they would only show it something to eat. It soon

became very restless, left the nest and ran after its willing parents, which it was plain to see astonished them greatly. About the third day I observed that it sometimes pecked at the little feathers on their legs, and then it was rare sport for me to see them run and kick as if they had been tickled. Very much to their annoyance it ran around them, sometimes under them or between their legs. I doubt if a boy ever got more fun out of a pair of pet pigeons than I did. It was not until after four or five days that the old birds entirely gave up the wayward youngling as a hopeless case, but gradually they seemed to lose the promptings of parental instinct, and finally gave it no more attention. They seemed to have their own thoughts about the matter, but I could not understand, nor could they express in words what they thought. Sometimes for a moment or two they appeared to be what in common parlance is called a "brown study." Or is it true that it was only "instinct," and that birds are only unconscious automata? Will any one who has ever taken much interest in pet birds favor such a conclusion?

### Fought for Peace.

Muncy Post, No. 66, G. A. R., has a member of the Society of Friends on its muster roll, and can therefore claim to have a "Fighting Quaker." Levi H. Priest, of Muncy Creek Township, twice volunteered to defend the old flag. He did so because it was not unfurled in a venal war of conquest, nor carried forth for selfish national aggrandizement, as were the flags of so many former nations, but because he believed, that under the approval of Providence, it was raised to protect the most sacred rights of man, to save the best government on the earth from dismemberment, to prevent the triumph of Satan and all his villainies, and to promote the advancement of man. He went into the war for the sake of Society, Law, Order and Liberty. He fought for Peace. He is an advocate of the principles of permanent and universal peace, yet he believes this faith is perfectly compatible with righteous indignation against wrong, with a patriotic zeal for human freedom, and even with the use of force when there is absolutely no other way, as in the case of this most wicked rebellion. He thinks the precepts of Christianity breathe the spirit of love and peace, and that we should therefore "Live in Peace." But when Christ, the Prince of Peace, in high indignation violently drove the

degenerate Jews out of the Temple, He showed by example that a tame acquiescence in evil should not always be our rule of conduct. Our esteemed comrade, Mr. Priest, first went out with the 132d Regiment P. V., and afterwards enlisted in the 210th Regiment P. V. His first initiation in the madness and horrors of war was at the battle of Antietam. He was in many succeeding engagements, but was never so unfortunate as to be either wounded or taken prisoner. Just before Lee's surrender he came very near being captured in a fight on Gravelly Run, but he said he managed to save himself for further service in the cause of liberty by having a very willing pair of legs at liberty. The very best thing he thought he could do was to run. And he says it is just wonderful how a man at liberty can run at such a critical time for liberty.

### Canal Riots Sixty Years Ago.

Our respected citizen, Mr. George Gowers, was a little boy when the canal was built nearly sixty years ago, and says he distinctly remembers several ugly fights among the workmen,—one near the aqueduct, at the mouth of Muncy Creek, and another at the stone wall along the river a short distance above,—but he says he does not recollect enough to give us a history of the affairs.

At the suggestion of some readers we recently wrote to Esquire Joseph Parsons, of Lock Haven, and requested him to write for *NOW AND THEN* his recollections of the great riot at Muncy Dam in 1831. Our now venerable School Teacher kindly informed us that he remembers well that there was a "bloody riot" at Muncy Dam, at which several lives were lost, but that he is likewise unable to furnish the desired particulars.

Riots, Parsons writes, frequently took place during the building of the Pennsylvania canals. He remembers, among the many outbreaks, a "very bloody affair" that took place at Duncan's Island. [Query: Had whiskey anything to do with these frequent riots? An old friend, who was "Jigger Boss" for one of the contractors, informed us that "jiggers" were liberally furnished to the workmen. Those who think that the people of this country are growing worse every day should look backward, and remember that such violent outbreaks were once even more common than Now, notwithstanding the immense increase of population since Then.] But he best remembers the riot that occurred in

August, 1832, when the dam at "Great Island" (now Lock Haven) was being built, and—as his letter was not especially written us for publication—we give the following synopsis of what he says:

Two Irishmen, who were working at the outlet lock at "Great Island," went into Mrs. Jane Hunt's orchard and took some apples. Jesse Hunt, her son, shot one of the intruders with fine shot, wounding him slightly. This aroused the Irish, who at once prepared for battle. They concluded that the boatmen—who were boating stone to the dam and had shanties close to their own—had sided with and encouraged the Hunts, and they accordingly threatened to punish them. The boatmen armed themselves and stood ready for battle. The Irish attacked them with spades and picks. One of the boatmen had his chin split with a spade, and one of the Irishmen was shot and stabbed. A few casualties ended the battle, but did not close the war.

The next morning the Irish returned to their work, as if they preferred to indulge in the pastime of fighting after work hours. The boatmen, however, bent on having prompt revenge, organized for battle, raised a flag, marched boldly to the ditch, and drove out all who were at work in it. They then marched down to the dam to drive the Irish from there. But the contractors took a decided and courageous stand, and prevented an engagement.

All was quiet now until evening. About dark the hands of Miles & Parker's job gathered near the shanty of the chute contractors, and while Colt, Shriner and about ten or twelve men were at supper, a furious attack was made on them by about fifty Irishmen. They beat Colt and another man severely, and chased Shriner over the steep bank into the canal and finally into the river. They then indiscriminately attacked all the Americans they met.

The people became alarmed, and consternation rapidly spread. Rumors of carnage and bloodshed filled the air. A messenger was sent to call the militia to hasten to the seat of war. Col. Maffet, of Jersey Shore, put on his military uniform, hastened to a camp-meeting near the town where many people had assembled, quickly ascended the pulpit, and, with his sword in hand, announced that the military should meet with all possible dispatch at Jersey Shore, with guns and ammunition, and prepared to march at once to the "Great Island." The congrega-

tion was thrown into the greatest excitement, and immediately dispersed.

At the break of day next morning the military were in line, and marched, with flags flying and the beating of drums, to the scene of strife. When the insurgents saw them coming they turned their faces to the hills and fled like foxes. They could not with only their spades and picks face the formidable militia. The effect of the appearance of the well equipped column can easily be imagined.

One of the militiamen from Wayne Township, who had just taken unto himself a wife, manifested his zeal and patriotism, as he shouted: "Boys, don't fire a shot until you can see the white of their eyes. Show up your courage to the sticking point. There is Revolutionary blood in my veins. I would sooner suffer ten Spanish inquisitions than show the white feather in this emergency. Show to the country that we are not degenerated sons of illustrious sires." It was perhaps well for the Irish pick and spade brigade that it skedaddled. Somebody might have been hurt.

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### MUST AGREE TO DISAGREE.

#### Where was Eden and the Garden of Eden?

One of our valued exchanges is *The Microcosm*, a sixteen-page monthly, about the size of *Now AND THEN*, edited by Dr. Wilford Hall, Ph. D., LL. D., of New York City, now widely known as the author of a certain "Health Pamphlet," which no one can obtain without first signing a "Pledge of Honor" not to divulge the treatment it explains, and which, by the way, we do not hesitate to endorse as being a positive boon to suffering humanity.

But we cannot endorse all that *The Microcosm* says. It contends that heat, light, magnetism, electricity, and even sound, are all substantial entities—"immaterial substances"—and that Tyndall, Grove, Hemholtz, Mayer, Faraday, Liebig, Carpenter, Laycock, Hinton, Rumford, Youmans, and the whole caravan of scientists who agree with them, are all wrong regarding the nature of these so-called "immaterial substances." It has no patience with the motion-theories of science, and sometimes speaks even harshly of the motion-theorists. It does not, however, confine itself to combating what the text-books of science teach, but discusses a variety of topics. It is an interesting magazine, nevertheless, and is widely read.

One of the most valued contributors to *The Microcosm* is Prof. I. N. Vail, who is furnishing a series of interesting but rather dreamy papers under the caption of "The Annular Theory." The Professor says many things that we suspect many of his readers will not believe. Here is an example—and a *bad one* for his theory. In a late number he says: "A glance at man's primitive Eden, as portrayed in Genesis \* \* shows that it was *not a local garden*, but *world-wide* in extent."

Now, if both Eden and the Garden of Eden were not local affairs, then the word local is not rightly defined in the dictionaries. The question of locality is proven by the fact that Eden was a country *from* which four great rivers took their rise. It was probably somewhat diversified with hills, and abounded with springs. The "garden" did not fill the whole earth; it was not as broad and wide even as the land of Eden; it was not northward, nor westward, nor southward in Eden, but, according to Genesis, it was "eastward in Eden."

The garden was a certain locality in the eastward section of a certain locality. If the garden was world-wide, and not local, where on earth did Adam go when God *drove him out* of the garden? Prof. Vail should take another "glance" at man's primitive Eden, but ought not to be in such haste. Eden, though a land of pleasure and delight, as the word in its primary acceptation is said to signify, was not "the garden." The Garden of Eden was a Garden *in* Eden—"eastward in Eden." God sent man "forth from the garden," not to till "the garden"—man was no longer allowed the honor "to dress it, and to keep it," but to till the ground from whence he was taken. It may be inferred from the unpleasantness that followed that "the garden" was destroyed. That is the way we think it was—at least, that is the way it is portrayed in Genesis.

### Mercy and Justice to Man and Beast.

The American Humane Education Society was incorporated as a national association just two years ago this March. Its object is indicated on the official seal in these words: "Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature." Its aim, elsewhere stated, is to carry humane education into all schools and homes, over the whole American continent, and throughout the world, and by means of proper education finally to

abolish all forms of oppression and cruelty to the lower races and dumb brutes, and also thereby to elevate the higher races.

We have for some years had Peace Societies, and Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but this is believed to be really the first society of its kind in the history of the world. No society on earth, it is claimed, has ever been organized on so wide a basis, or with greater care, or with more safeguards for the effective expenditure of money in the cause of humane education, and for human advancement. All persons who love mercy, justice and fair play for both man and beast, and who take a hopeful view of the future of the human family, will be pleased to look upon this as still another proof that the world, taken all in all, is moving in the right direction, and that a far better day is coming.

To show one of the methods of the Society to promote humane education, we state that not long since a remarkable little book of 260 pages appeared in England, from the pen of the late Miss Anna Sewell, entitled "Black Beauty." It is a singularly fascinating and touching story of the life and experiences of a high-bred horse. More than 100,000 copies were soon sold in London. The American Humane Education Society saw with lively satisfaction how it touched the best cords of the human heart, and, believing that it would do for dumb animals what "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did for the slave, at once decided to reprint the book with the view of securing for it the widest possible diffusion. Up to this time 200,000 copies have already been printed, and the President now announces that the Society expects to print *more than a million copies*.

A bound copy of this delightful book may be had at the office of the Society for only twelve cents, or if ordered by mail twenty cents. Or for ten cents a copy bound in "old gold" paper will be forwarded by mail. For twenty-five cents a copy of the half-price edition, and a whole handful of other interesting and valuable humane publications thrown in, will be sent post-paid to any part of the United States. This is evidence enough of the philanthropic purpose of the Society.

After reading "Black Beauty"—truly a most charming and masterly book—we can say with all our heart and mind, God bless the American Humane Education Society in all such efforts for man and beast. We hope that every reader of the NOW AND THEN who owns a horse, or who hopes to own one sometime, or who now and then drives one, or rides behind one, will send for this book. If you do you will not be sorry. Do not forget to loan it to your friends. Address, George T. Angell, President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

Devoted to History, Amusement, Instruction, Advancement.

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VOL. 3.

MUNCY, PA., MAY AND JUNE, 1891.

No. 6.

## A PIONEER INCIDENT.

Forty-one years after the first recorded visit of a white man to the West Branch Valley (March 22, 1737), its fertile plains were dotted, at wide intervals to be sure, with the rude cabins of the adventurous pioneers. They had settled upon the land even faster than the purchases from the aboriginal owners were consummated. This led to a desultory sort of warfare that began October 15, 1755, and continued of this character until the trouble with the mother country led to the English securing the natives as allies, when, as William Maclay wrote, "Death came to the defenders of the valley, and hell followed soon after." He believed "the whole force of the Six Nations was being poured down upon the West Branch Valley. Slaughter, fire and torture followed to complete the extermination of the white settlers."

August 8, 1778, James Brady was mortally wounded on Turkey Run (about two miles below Williamsport). April 11, 1779, Col. John Brady was killed near Muncy, and the valley was soon after strewn with the mangled remains of men, women and children, whose humble lives were blotted out and not even their names preserved upon the annals of our early days.

In the spring of 1778 the settlers along the upper valley became satisfied that to remain would end in heartless butchery; but yet they lingered upon their little patches in the wilderness, where a rude cabin home had been purchased with so many hardships and days of toil and suffering, until the 10th day of June, when the enemy was almost at their doors, and then they fled in a body, in canoes, upon hastily constructed rafts, and on foot, leaving all their substance behind, taking only their sad, weary lives to places of safety below. Thus the "Big Runaway" completely abandoned the valley to the merciless savages, until after peace was declared and the "new purchase" settled all disputes, so that in 1785 the settlers began to return to their homes along the river.

As far back as the year 1773 settlers had made improvements at the mouth of Lycoming Creek, on the west side, and also on the opposite side of the river. The New Jersey emigrants came up in 1770, when it is probable that Amariah Sutton built a cabin on the east side of the creek. The next settlement below, at that time, was the cabin of the Thomsons, near Miller's Run, at the foot of the hills. The next settlement was at the Loyalsock, where Samuel Harris settled, and where a sort of block-house is said to have existed on the west side of the creek, but between that and Antes' Fort, at the mouth of Antes' Creek, Nippenose Bottom, there was no protection for the settlers. Some brave spirits, among whom were William King, Robert Covenhoven and James Armstrong, were engaged in building a stockade enclosure, a sort of shelter formed by cutting trees into sections eight or ten feet long and planting them in the ground side by side, with the top leaning outward, so as not to be easily scaled. It covered perhaps half an acre, and was located near what is now known as the north-east corner of Fourth and Stevens streets, Williamsport. The evacuation of the valley occurred before the completion of this structure, and nothing but tradition remains to tell us of the last feeble effort put forth to save our first citizens from destruction.

William King had served as lieutenant in the war with the Connecticut settlers on the North Branch, and also as ensign in his cousin's (Captain Cool) company, March 13, 1776. His home at that time was in Northumberland, where he had a wife (Elizabeth Tharp King), one child buried, and two living, named Sarah and Ruth. He had been up the river before the war,—indeed it is claimed that he settled on the present site of Jaysburg in 1774, which is quite possible,—but at this time he had left his family behind, with instructions that they should remain until he came down for them.

The rumors of a descent of the Tories and Indians down the North Branch had aroused a

fear of the safety of Northumberland, and some of the settlers thought their families would be safer in the new stockade than below, so they went down, loaded up their "flittin," and started for the new refuge. They wanted Mrs. King to accompany them, but she did not wish to disobey her husband, and so refused until they overcame her scruples by showing her that he would have to come all the way down in a canoe for them and take them up alone, which would expose them to much more danger than would come to a party traveling together. The long, tedious, rough ride passed drearily enough until toward evening, when the man in charge of the teams said: "Here is the last stream we will cross before reaching the 'fort,' and we will stop and water." The horses had no sooner halted than unerring rifles cracked and the utmost confusion ensued.

[Pennsylvania Archives, Vol. VI., fol. 589.]

"MUNSEY FARM, 10th of June, 1778.

"Col. Hosterman, with Capt. Reynolds and a party of thirteen men, set off for Antes' Mill with ammunition for that place and Big Island. \* \* \* This same day Peter Smith, his wife and six children, Wm. King's, wife and two children, Michael Smith, (Michael Campbell and David Chambers, belonging to Capt. Reynolds' company), and — Snodgrass and — Hammond, being six men, two women and eight children, were going with a wagon to Lycoming. When they were near to Loyalsock, John Harris (son of old Samuel Harris), who had heard the whole firing (up the Loyalsock about 2 o'clock), met them and told them of it, and desired them to return, as to go forward was dangerous; but Peter Smith said that firing would not stop them. Harris came here and Smith went on. Upon Harris' information a party of fifteen pushed to the place the firing was heard. When Smith with his wagon and party had got within three-fourths of a mile of Lycoming the Indians fired at them. At the first fire Snodgrass fell dead, being shot through the temple. The Indians fired on them at first two guns, then immediately they set up the shout and advanced running to the wagon. Our men, as soon as they saw them (for they did not see them until they received the two fires), treed and returned the fire. A little boy and girl made off about this time. The Indians closed in very fast and endeavored to surround them. This occasioned our men to flee as fast as they could—all but Campbell, who was seen fighting at close quarters with his rifle, and the Indian's gun was found broken to pieces. Before they were out of sight of the wagon they saw the Indians attacking the women and children with their tomahawks. The number of Indians Chambers thinks to be about twenty. This affair began just before sundown. The boy that escaped pushed to Lycoming and informed the men there of what had happened. They started

immediately, but mistaking the intelligence the boy gave they went to the river, to the place the men lived, as they imagined it was the canoe that was attacked. In the meantime Capt. Hepburn, with the party that left this place, came across the dead bodies of Snodgrass and another, but it being dark they could not distinguish who they were. They went to Lycoming, where they met the other party. They waited to the next day, as it was too late to do anything that night. June 11th the parties went down and found the bodies of the following persons, viz.: Peter Smith's wife, shot through, stabbed and a knife left by her, and scalped; Wm. King's wife, tomahawked and scalped. She was sitting up this morning, but leaned on her husband when he came to her and expired immediately. She appeared sensible, but could not speak. A little girl killed and scalped; a boy the same; Snodgrass, shot through the head, tomahawked and stabbed &c.; Campbell, shot in the back, tomahawked, stabbed, scalped and a knife left in him. They took off his rifle, but took nothing but trifles out of the wagon." \* \* \*

The above is a portion of a copy of the account sent to Col. Winter from Col. Hosterman.

This occurrence took place at the point where West Fourth Street crosses the little stream that flows down Cemetery Street. It was a natural thicket of wild plum trees, that yielded fruit of remarkable size and flavor for nearly a century after this time, as testified to by those born and raised near by and now living beyond the age of eighty years. The road was merely a widening out of the old Indian trail and was cut through this thicket. The boughs, having the leaves dried upon them, were thrown into the bushes, and formed a safe place for concealing a lurking, savage foe.

It is said that the searching party were about to leave the spot, but the boy insisted that he knew Mrs. King was about somewhere, as he had heard her scream and say she would not go along with them when they tried to drag her away, as she fought them with a "piggin;" so they made another detour through the bushes and found her, about nine o'clock in the morning, near the stream, where she had dragged herself and rested with her hand under her head, with her brains oozing out over her fingers, soon after which she died, as related in the official narrative.

It is not possible for one of this day and generation to realize or understand the melancholy sadness of this scene. In the midst of a dense wilderness, almost alone, and bereft of his entire family by an enemy more cruel than the wild beasts of the forest, sorrowfully indeed did Wil-

liam King prepare to join the fleeing host to seek a place of safety beyond the dangers of such a merciless enemy. He returned to Northumberland and married Martha Reeder, May 25, 1779.

About two years after the massacre, William King, Simon Cool, his cousin, and James McSweeney (called McSwine), pushed up the river in a canoe to hunt for their winter's meat. They went to an old cabin that stood by a spring near the mouth of "Dry Run" (Fessler's mill). A light snow had fallen and they discovered Indian tracks, but boded no danger and started out on a detour up Dougherty's Run and down Bottle Run toward Lycoming Creek, one man taking each side of the ravine, while the third walked down the bottom. After going some distance King heard McSwine call, "Simon Cool," three times, and soon after he heard the report of a gun. He proceeded warily, but lost track of his companions and went back to the cabin, where he remained all night. As they did not return, he became alarmed and, taking his canoe, returned home alone. The recital of his story was received with discredit, and it was insinuated that some foul play was involved in the adventure. It was suggested that he had shot one of them accidentally and killed the other to cover up his guilt, and so uncharitably did the gossip spread that he felt very miserable indeed. This situation continued for about seven years, during which time he had settled on Vincent's Island, Milton. One day, when King was standing in a tavern at Northumberland, McSwine suddenly appeared before him. He clasped him in his arms in an ecstasy of joy, for now the great cloud of suspicion would be cleared away. But still further joy awaited him, as will be seen by the recital of McSwine's wanderings after their separation.

He stated that on Bottle Run, after they had parted, three Indians came up behind Simon Cool, whom McSwine saw from the hill-side and called in warning, as he had heard, whereupon Cool ran for his life, as well as McSwine; but in crossing the stream, which was high, while McSwine sprang clear across, Cool, being a heavy man, fell short and dropped into the water. After gaining the bank he found that he could not run with his wet clothing, and they all took to trees for a desperate, savage fight. Cool had a dog with him noted for hunting Indians, which he now scented, and worried Cool, from whom he tried to escape, until finally

he bit him upon the hand, which caused Cool to lean forward, when an Indian shot him through the breast. He raised up and said, "McSwine, give up; I am a dead man," and sank down in death. McSwine turned his gun up end down and bared his breast for them to fire, but they came up and would seize one article after another, exclaiming in broken English, "My gun," "My coat," &c., until they had him almost naked. They picked up Cool's rifle and threw down an old musket in its place, stripped his body and left it, with the old gun, to lie and rot until a few years ago, when the rusty irons of an old musket were plowed up by a farmer. McSwine was hurried along northward, and as day by day his buckskin breeches would get wet, then hard, he would cut them off piece by piece, until his bare feet and legs were exposed to the frosty weather, so that they would stop now and then to rub and smack them to warm up, then tramp on again, until finally they reached Canada, where he was selected to run a gantlet. Being a very active man, he passed between the two lines of clubs and other weapons comparatively unharmed, whereupon, as was the custom, an old squaw grabbed him around the neck and exclaimed, "My son, my son!" and forthwith adopted him in the place of a real son she had lost in the wars.

He made constant effort to effect his escape, but she kept him so close under watch that he found it impossible to slip away. Then he persuaded some of the French to try and buy his freedom, but she would partly agree, take the money and look at it, then soliloquize, "My son no horse, my son no cow, my son no dog; me no sell my son," then throw the money to them and go away laughing.

After the lapse of two years they got her drunk and then bought him for thirty dollars. Upon sobering up she cried bitterly and endeavored to recover him, but he went away and worked at the carpenter trade to redeem his ransom. After this he made his way down the St. Lawrence to Quebec, where he took shipping for New York, and from there walked home to Northumberland.

During his imprisonment he would accompany the old Indian squaw to the towns to sell trinkets and pelts, and while there he heard of a young girl who was also a prisoner, and whom he discovered to be Sarah King, and that she knew the whereabouts of her sister, about 300 miles down the river.

Upon King receiving this information he at once determined upon recovering them. Peace had been declared and he could travel with safety, so he started on his terrible journey to hunt up the long lost children. An Indian named Jake Orby lived near Milton Island and knew all the paths, and King persuaded him to accompany him as a guide to Niagara. His course was by the old Indian path up Lycoming Creek and across the state of New York. Along the march they fell in with another Indian, who kept them company for a day and a night. The animated conversation between the two Indians so worried King that he could not sleep that night, and at one time had a notion to kill them both and go on alone, but about noon the following day the stranger left them and went off to a village. After the parting, his guide said to him: "Bill, yot injun kill yu wife," King replied: "Why didn't you tell me that before?" His guide replied, "Yu kill um," which was true. They journeyed on to the Niagara River, which King crossed alone to the fort, where he sought his long lost children.

Sarah King and other prisoners were held there waiting to be claimed. When her father came to the gate, accompanied by two soldiers, she saw and recognized him, and told the others it was her father, but they laughed at her, and when he was told to pick out his daughter he could not do it. Her name was then called, and she stepped forward.

Sarah had managed to keep track of her sister, and after hasty preparations her father traveled down the great river, and in the course of time arrived at the new home of little Ruth. Upon making his business known at the dwelling of the people with whom she lived, the woman denied all knowledge of a captive child, but the neighbors reassured him, and when he returned with asserted knowledge and authority of law, she finally became frightened into admitting that she had a captive child, but denied its being his, and as she had bought it she would not give it up. Even in the presence of an officer of the law she refused to relinquish possession of the child until he could prove beyond all question that it was his own daughter. So it was finally agreed that if he could identify her by some natural mark he could take her away. The anxious father was only too glad for an opportunity to refer to a strange, natural phenomenon in the form of pierces in the lobe of each ear. The woman confidently produced

little "Rosanna," when her ears were found to have the tiny holes which mother's hand had never made. The woman raised her hands in anguish and exclaimed: "My God! how often have I washed and dressed that child and never saw those marks before." The child was then taken away, and they returned to Fort Niagara, where another Pennsylvania girl, about 14 years of age, who had been taken prisoner, and who wanted to get home again, joined them on their long, toilsome journey back to the Susquehanna.

Before they had gone very far their little store of provisions gave out and they became so near famished that one day when they found a dead polecat, that had been killed by the Indians, they dressed and ate it, which supported them until they came to an Indian village, where they obtained enough jerked venison to last them until they reached the North Branch, where they procured a canoe and paddled down the river to Northumberland and thence up to Milton Island. The children were respectively about two and four years of age when the massacre occurred. They were hastily wrapped together and put upon one of the horses and hurried along through the woods, over what is now Cemetery Street, coming into the Sheshequin path in Bloomingrove, and farther on in the main trail up Lycoming Creek. At one time little Ruth began to cry, when a young Indian seized her by the legs to dash her brains out against a tree, when an old squaw claimed her for her child, and thus by one of their customs saved the child's life. Upon reaching Canada she sold her to the wife of an English officer, under whom Mr. King had served when he came to America, and before the soldiers fraternized with the colonists and were sent home. At that time Mr. King's term of enlistment had not expired, and as he wanted to remain, he exercised his privilege of sending a substitute home. This officer had treated him badly on account of it, and when he found that his child was in his custody his Scotch blood boiled and his desperation was aroused; but the wife was a well-bred and reasonable woman, and the affair was finally settled amicably.

In after years Ruth went back to the home of her mother's people in New Jersey, where she married a retired mariner, who removed to Genesee, N. Y., where they settled.

Sarah accompanied her father when he returned to Jaysburg in 1789, and resided with him until he died (1802), and afterward with

her half-brother, Joseph King, when he lived on the Sutton farm in 1832. At this time she would frequently take her nephew, Charles King, and others down to the Methodist church, that then stood on Cemetery Street, above Fourth, or they would go down to gather the wild plums that grew so abundantly there, when she would point out the spot and relate the incidents of that dreadful day. She afterward removed to the home of John Kelly King, in Tioga County, where she died, September 19, 1850, at the age of 76 years. She often spoke of one of the prisoners as being a very stout woman, who could not stand the hardships of the march and when she gave out the Indians, to terrify the others and warn them of the fate that awaited them in case they tried to escape, formed a ring of other prisoners they had taken, and in the midst of them massacred her by tying her to a tree, sticking pitch-pine splinters into her flesh and burning her for the amusement of the young Indians.

William King was a silk weaver by trade, in Edinboro, Scotland, where he was born December 29, 1745. His father died possessed of considerable estate in the shape of a valuable mill property, but Robert, the eldest son, inherited all; he was crippled with white swelling. When William found that he would get nothing, he went to England and enlisted in the British army, then recruiting for America. His regiment was sent to New Jersey to guard the colonists. At the breaking out of the Revolution it was feared that they would fraternize with the people, having been among them for nine years, so they were recalled and new recruits sent out in their place. When Mr. King bought a substitute to serve out his unexpired term, so that he could remain, it took all his savings, so he went to work on a farm and afterward married his employer's daughter, Elizabeth Tharp, and moved out to Northumberland County, Pennsylvania.

He served in various capacities in the defense of the frontier, and on May 21, 1777, was commissioned second-lieutenant of a company of foot in the Fourth Battalion of militia in the county of Northumberland. Before the war he went up the river to where Jaysburg now stands and built a cabin, intending to settle, but the Fair Play men drove him away, when he returned to Vincent's Island (Milton) and afterward to Lycoming Creek with his family as before stated.

In March, 1787, they landed at the mouth of Dry Run and took temporary possession of an old unoccupied cabin there, at the spot where he had landed seven years before. The air was balmy and clear. The next morning they found the snow two feet deep. The neighbors had been apprised of their coming, and hurried to them with little jags of hay for their stock and provisions for the family.

Soon afterward he removed to the site of his original cabin, if not the very same, where he lived the remainder of his life. After he became paralyzed from falling into the icy water of Mosquito Run, when returning from Northumberland post-office by way of the Culbertson path, he would sit in his chair and sing old Scotch songs while he knit seines for the settlers far up and down the river, until the summons came to follow those already gone to join the innumerable caravan, when he was laid to rest in the old Lycoming burying-ground in Newberry.

His family consisted of the following members:

William King, born December 29, 1745; died October 2, 1802.

Elizabeth Tharp, first wife, died June 9, 1778.

Martha Reeder, second wife, born February 24, 1763; died May 16, 1817.

Sarah, daughter by Elizabeth Tharp, born August 22, 1774; died September 19, 1850.

Ruth, daughter by Elizabeth Tharp, born May 23, 1776.

Mary, first child by Martha Reeder, born February 6, 1781; died June 13, 1782.

William King, Jr., born August 29, 1783.

Joseph, born September 3, 1786, on Milton Island; died July 16, 1870, in Mosquito Valley.

Martha, born January 13, 1792; died August 1, 1827.

George Washington, born July 14, 1794; died at Dunnstown.

John, born June 15, 1797; died at Chest Ridge, Clearfield County, Pa.

Simon Cool had been ensign in Captain Henry Antes' company of the Second Battalion, Northumberland County, January 24, 1776; also captain in Colonel William Plunket's regiment, March 13, 1776. He settled at the mouth of Larry's Creek in 1772.

Lieutenant Sweeney had charge of the rear guard of thirty men under Colonel Hartley in his expedition against Tioga, and was noticed

in his report as "a valuable officer." We find that John Sweeney bought of Jacob Latcha lot No. 63 on Market Street, Jaysburg, January 12, 1796. He afterward removed West, where he died.

JOSEPH H. MCINN.

### Reminiscences of Old Times on the North and West Branches, or Men and Things Previous to 1850.

No. 9.

#### WILD GAME SIXTY YEARS AGO.

A truce with political memoirs—at least for the present, as I have already trespassed, perhaps, on modern times. I will now return again to *auld lang-syne*, and occurrences when the *wild game* of Lycoming was one of its staple commodities, and hunting and fishing a common occupation. Having passed the first seventeen years of my life in a "back woods" settlement, and thereby acquired a *sporting habit*, which has clung to me ever since, is my sufficient excuse, I trust, for what I shall hereafter say about the "varmints" which did abound at that day, but are now few and far between. But in order to observe some sort of system, I propose to speak of the birds, fish and quadrupeds separately—that is, such as would come under the general head of game. And first of

#### BIRDS.

Professor Warren's late work on the feathered tribes of Pennsylvania is perhaps more scientific than useful. We can recognize by his plates and names those birds which inhabit this northern section, but their characteristics are not fully shown. Many species which abounded years ago have almost entirely disappeared. The *quail*, which used to cheer the long summer days with his shrill "Bob White," is seldom seen or heard at this day. The *blue jay* is also becoming scarce. This noisy, pretty bird is also a great thief. But he was, nevertheless, a sentinel to the hunter. The alarm given by blue jays denoted a hawk, an owl, a wild-cat, a deer or a bear's presence, and could always be relied on. I have killed several deer pointed out to me by the jays.

The *wild pigeon*, too, has almost disappeared. These birds were formerly an annual spring visitant by millions. They subsisted chiefly on the beech nut, which is an irregular crop. Though it never entirely fails, yet it may be profuse in one section, whilst, in like timber, ten or fifteen miles in another, there may be a poor crop. To get the required information, it is generally supposed that flyers are sent out

from the main flocks late in the summer, which remain in locations where the fruit promises well until it is filled and ripe, when they leave only to return the next spring with countless numbers of others. At all events, they must have some way of knowing where to go, as they migrate together and settle down to roost in the midst of a beech nut region, where the nuts are the most plenty. These birds have also the singular habit of dividing the labor of hatching out their eggs between the male and female. In approaching their nesting ground in the forenoon, the sportsman will kill all of one gender, whilst in the afternoon, all of the other. They also, the male and female, share the labor of feeding the young. On one of these beech nut years, perhaps in the spring of 1820 or 1821, the pigeons roosted near my home, and for a month or more thereafter there was no hour of the day which did not present flocks of them flying in every direction. In the latter part of March, 1829, I remember to have been at a sugar-bush, when during one afternoon the pigeons began to fly, coming from the west, the number increasing every minute, until at about three o'clock the intermission ceased, and for nearly one hour the sky overhead presented one continuous stream of flitting birds. The same phenomenon was never before nor since seen by me. Gradually the elevation of the living cloud lessened, and a short time before it subsided the birds began to perch upon the trees in every direction. The woods was soon vocal with their calls, and for the next six weeks or more I could almost kill them with a club. They appeared again in vast numbers in the springs of 1836 and in 1840, but since then have gradually subsided. It is now a rare thing to see a wild pigeon, and we may safely say their age and generation is over.

The *ruffed grouse*, or pheasant, which are not a migratory bird, are still with us in greater or less numbers, owing to circumstances. Whilst the clearing up of timber lands has reduced the area of their *habitat*, the decrease of foxes, their natural enemies, makes their increase possible in certain locations. Although the wildest of all game birds, and utterly incapable of domestication, yet at certain seasons of the year, particularly in autumn, about the time the first leaves fall, the pheasant may be seen strutting along the unfrequented roads, and apparently gives way to a horse and buggy with reluctance. The well-known habit of drumming, in the spring and fall, is popularly attributed to

the males, but is not so confined, as I have killed both sexes on the drumming logs, and beside there could be no reason for the males to drum in autumn, when the nesting season is over. The female makes her nest by the root of a tree, near or under a log, or sometimes in a hollow stump. She lays and hatches out from one to two dozen of eggs, and her young, from one day old and upwards, are the cutest, shyest and quickest little creatures imaginable. If a supposed enemy appears, the mother gives the alarm and in an instant the brood scatter and hide themselves under leaves, brush, bushes or logs. And then to see the skill which the maternal guardian displays to draw off and baffle the enemy. She flutters about, making a noise as if half dead, and the fox or man goes for her only to find their inability to reach her, and after a pursuit of ten or fifteen yards, she apparently recovers her energies and "springs exulting on triumphant wings," at the expense of the boasted *cunning* of her pursuer. But if the intrusion is sudden and without allowing time for the young to hide themselves away, the parent bird will rush directly at the offender with such apparent violence as to cause a temporary panic, and in that way to divert attention from her helpless brood. I remember, some thirty years ago, to have arranged for a day of trout fishing on main Loyalsock, above Forksville. It happened that I had no artificial rod with me, and was obliged to cut a temporary substitute from the brush which grew near the road. It took me a full hour to make a selection, and after I had done so, and trimmed the pole to its extremity, and was walking along the road towards "The World's End," where I proposed to begin my sport, with it on my shoulder, I unluckily surprised a pugnacious grouse with a brood of young, which she hovered at the upper side of the road. My first evidence of intrusion was her flying almost into my face with such a flutter and shriek as made "each particular hair to stand on end," and before I could regain composure, I involuntarily struck at her with my rod with such force as to make a half dozen pieces of it, and render another hour's work necessary before I could take from the water a single speckled beauty. It is well known that for culinary purposes the breast of a pheasant is nearly equal to two of our common fowl, and also superior in quality, and it is much to be regretted that no method has as yet been devised to domesticate so fine a bird.

I will now reverse the old adage by saying, that every boy whose fortune it was to have been raised in the woods, has been, more than once, *scared* by an owl—at least by a big one. There are two kinds which inhabit this part of Pennsylvania. The smaller sort is not much larger than a robin, and is commonly called the *screech-owl*, which, by the way, is a misnomer. It is often heard even about Muncy, in the summer season, complaining in a melancholy tone, as if in trouble or freezing to death. But it has another and very different way of expression when perfectly satisfied with itself. I have known one of those little fellows to perch itself on a limb near an open window of my bed-room and sing for several minutes most musically. In fact no canary could equal it either in voice or style. Some forty years ago, in company with P. T. Wright, now one of the editors of the *Philadelphia Record*, I proposed watching a deer path on the mountain, a short distance south of the sulphur spring, opposite Williamsport. We had attained our position on a board running from the limb of one pine tree to that of another, some thirty feet from *terra firma*, and perhaps three feet apart, or from each other, and had sobered down to dead quiet, which was required for success, when one of those diminutive owls decided to interview us at twilight. Perching itself on a limb which ran nearly parallel with the board we sat on, and but some two feet in front of our faces, it proceeded to perform a number of comical capers. First, venturing one eye, then turning itself about to have a fair view with the other, it inspected one, then trotted along the limb to opposite the other, and went through with a like performance. But yet not satisfied, it repeated again and again the same antics, until we could no longer keep silent, but scared it away, as well as the deer, with insuppressible laughter.

The large *hooting* or *laughing owl* has also the ability to scream so much like a panther that it is often mistaken for that animal by those unfamiliar with the yell of each. On a still night its screech may be heard the greater part of a mile, and when it calls its companion, double that distance. I have great sympathy for those who have been frightened with the scream of an owl, as I have been *there* myself. It happened when I was a boy some ten years old, that I undertook, with a younger brother, to attend the boiling down of maple sap into

syrup, at a sugar-bush some short mile from home. We had only to keep up the fire, the wood being cut and at hand. The afternoon passed swimmingly away, but when night approached, and the prospect of remaining in the woods until ten o'clock and going home through the dark hemlocks alone, was not so pleasant. However, we concluded to do it, and prepared a torch to guide our steps along the ill-defined path. Darkness made us hug the fire and to keep it up, but every wood mouse which stirred in the dry leaves near us seemed to be an elephant. We had just filled up the kettles with maple sap and had taken seats before the glowing fire, to wait for the evaporation which would end our day's work, when such a *scream* pierced our ears, from a short distance back of us, as might have excused a black man for turning white. Both were on our feet in an instant, with our backs to the fire. Another and another screech followed, and from these it was manifest that the animal which made them was on a tree. Our opinions coincided that it could be nothing else than a panther, and that the sooner we were on the way home the better it would be for us. Allowing the kettles and syrup to take care of themselves, and snatching up a half dried torch which lay before the fire, I soon had it lighted, and two pair of young legs were as soon making time for home. The panther did not follow, but if it had it would have been impossible to have overtaken the runaways.

"Indeed so swift their pace no eye could find  
The tracks their flying heels had left behind!"

But unluckily for us, there was a small creek to cross, and this by a log, and we were into it before we expected it, and the torch too, which was quite extinguished. Fortunately the worst part of the way was over, and the fields near by, and the house was reached safely. I need hardly say we were incredulous when told by elder members of the family that what we had heard was only an owl! Yet this lesson was of use to me soon afterwards. The then ensuing autumn, myself and younger brother, with one some five years older, planned a chestnutting expedition to the Millstone Mountain, about seven miles in the wilderness, but on the old Genesee road. The arrangement was that the elder brother, who was going on business to the North Branch, should stop on his way at the said mountain and help fix up a camp, provide wood, cut down some of the chestnut trees in case the burs were not yet open, and then to go

on his trip, calling for us (who were to encamp out) on his way home the next day. This was all done, so far as the afternoon's business was concerned, according to programme; and, being now comfortably provided for, with sufficient provender, a rifle, and ammunition enough to sustain a bear or panther siege of twenty-four hours, the younger two of the trio felt no uneasiness at seeing the elder one depart on his journey. But as night came on we began to realize our situation—alone, on a barren mountain, seven miles from anywhere. Being the elder of the two, but only ten years of age myself, I of course had charge of the camp, and was looked to for consolation. Our brush shelter was against a large chestnut tree which overlooked our fire. When darkness had fully set in, the woods about us seemed to be alive with *screeching owls*, which were annoyed perhaps by the fire, or else vexed that we had molested "their ancient solitary reign!" I had been warned of their probable annoyance and assumed a nonchalance at their noise, whilst at the same time I doubted whether all the voices we heard around us were really owls. However, as they did not seem to approach us we gradually settled down with the conviction that we should not be molested. It was, perhaps, eleven o'clock when we stretched ourselves in a horizontal position on some improvised hemlock boughs and tried to sink "into the soft arms of sleep," when of a sudden there came from the tree, immediately above our camp, a tremendous scream. I was at the time half asleep, but my young brother was on his feet in an instant, and looking up, excitedly exclaimed that there was a panther on the chestnut above us, which he could see plainly. His earnest manner caused me to snatch up my gun, and standing by him and looking into the tree, asked where it was. He answered, There! there! pointing up the tree, when a large owl, not wishing to be shot at, flew leisurely away. This circumstance satisfied us both that we had no greater enemy than noisy birds about, and we soon after fell asleep, and were not again disturbed. A few years later, accompanied by the same younger brother, I was watching a deer lick, fighting the gnats and mosquitoes in a quiet way, and listening intently for the cautious tread of deer, when a large owl stationed itself on a tree near us and seemed inclined to watch us in turn. About sun-down, hearing nothing coming to the lick, I decided to shoot the owl, and did so. My brother ran to pick it up, but as I had only in-

jured a wing, the fellow threw himself on his back and would not be captured. In fact it was the task of both of us to overcome his obstinacy, and that at the expense of cut and bleeding fingers. But we finally got him home, and fed him like a prince until he got well of his wound, when we set him at liberty. He would eat any kind of flesh, but seemed to prefer mice and ground squirrels. During the day he pretended generally to be asleep, but when a squirrel was brought near, it was amusing to see him grab it with one of his great talons, after which he would hold it on his perch and again pretend to be asleep. If, however, the giver would withdraw and observe him through an aperture or from behind a screen, he would soon open both eyes, stretch his neck and look in all directions, and when satisfied that no one was observing him, would put the head of the squirrel in his mouth, and then with one or two contortions of the neck, would swallow it, without either crushing or tearing it to pieces.

The *wild turkey*, although never abundant in this region, was yet more plenty at an early day than now. This king of game birds is a native of America, and was introduced into Europe soon after the discovery of this continent by Columbus. At that time the finest and most approved articles of all kinds came from Turkey, and hence the latter word was prefixed to everything *nobby*. The *Turkey fowl*, which meant the aristocratic fowl, gradually ran into the name of turkey, by which it has been known ever since. My own experience in the way of *gobbling* up wild turkeys has not been extensive. Some sixty years ago I fell in with a flock which inhabited an old farm abandoned by its first owner, but at the time worked and cropped by a neighbor living some distance from it. There must have been at least twenty in the brood, which were not disturbed until about the first of October. Going one day to this place, I noticed from a rising ground overlooking a ripe but uncut field of buckwheat, this flock of turkeys in the act of passing from the meadow through a stake and ridered fence into the buckwheat, and after giving them time to do so, I crept stealthily along the fence in the meadow until opposite the unsuspecting birds, which were regaling themselves on the ripe grain. With my gun at my shoulder I gradually raised myself to an erect position, expecting to see the turkeys some distance in the field, but to my astonishment some twenty

heads popped up within two rods of me. The buckwheat concealed their bodies, and I had to shoot by guess and without aim at anything. The report of the rifle caused the flock to rise and fly into the adjacent woods, but by a fluttering among the buckwheat I was satisfied that I had at least disabled one. Without crossing the fence, however, I pursued my game to the woods, but as they had alighted on the topmost branches of the trees, I could not spy a single one, and was obliged to await their further movements with patience. It was not long, however, before they began to call each other and fly down, yet none happened to be within sight, and I was about returning to the field when I heard the call of one apparently approaching me. I was near to and took a position behind a large fallen tree, and seeing the turkey coming up the hill, I pointed my gun towards it, and this slight motion being noticed, it turned about in an instant and started back, but deeming it the last chance, I fired at it on the run, and had the satisfaction to see it roll over. On picking it up I found I had nearly cut off its neck just below the head. I then returned to the buckwheat field, and after some search found a turkey with a broken wing among some elder bushes. On seeing me it took for the woods and I after it, but its legs were too long for mine, and soon outran me and got away. However, I afterwards got three or four other turkeys from this same flock and finally the old *gobbler*, which weighed, I remember, twenty-four pounds. My race after the one with a broken wing was not in all respects as tragic as the adventure of the Cumberland County Dutchman, described to me by the late J. B. Beck. That individual, on seeing a flock of wild turkeys in the woods, near his residence, went to the house for his gun, informing his wife of the purpose for which it was taken. Coming to the flock he fired into it, breaking the wing of one of the number. A race then ensued, but the brush soon robbed John of his hat—further on the gun was dropped, but the race continued, and finally the turkey itself disappeared. It was now of no use to look for either gun or hat, as John found to his sorrow that he himself was also *lost*. After rambling about in the brush for some time he struck a road and got home safely, but rather forlorn, and was met by his wife with, "Well, John, where is the hat?" John answered: "Oh! dunder, the hat is all *falora!*" Wife—"And

where is the flint-lock?" John—"The flint-lock is all *falora*, too!" Wife—"And where is the gobble?" John—"By dunder and blitzen, the gobble is all *falora*, too!" Moral—Never abandon a certainty for an uncertainty, or drop a substance to grab the shadow.

C. D. E.

#### Fourth of July Celebrations in the Olden Time.

"Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur illis."

On a certain Fourth of July some years ago I strolled out of my office in the Capitol to take a survey of our colored brothers and sisters who had assembled in the East Park to enjoy the day. An old negro, whose head was whitened with the frosts of many winters, was leaning with his hands on the fence, and his chin on his hands, contemplating the spectacle and thinking aloud. Curious to know what it meant, I crept up quietly behind him, and when I got within ear-shot heard him say in soliloquy: "Good God, how times is changed!" "What is the matter with the times?" I inquired. "Why," said he, "I kin recollect when dey wouldnt let no culled pussons go into dat yard and now dem chairs is just full of em." The changes that have occurred within the period of my life are hard to realize. It seems as if mankind did not know very much from the time of the decline of Egyptian civilization down to about half a century ago. Many of your contributors have depicted, in an interesting manner, some of the more important of these changes, but there is one which occurs to me as perhaps worthy of note—the change in the method of observing our national birthday. There is nothing more indelibly impressed on my memory than the Fourth of July celebrations in my early youth. They have gone out of fashion in these prosaic modern days, but I doubt if the world ever saw their like as I remember them. The elements that entered into them were of a character to stir the blood in a wooden leg. They were "chock full" and running over with patriotic fervor. The military element was always predominant, and though there was not a great deal of it, what there was was simply intense. Perhaps a single military company, such as the Lycoming Cavalry, often miscalled calvary; the uniformed militia, not infrequently designated as the uninformed militia, constituted the military strength of the occasion. The generals, colonels, majors cavort-

ing on their high-stepping steeds, brilliant in glittering epaulets and waving plumes, with drawn swords that caught and reflected back the rays of the sun, if it was not raining, as however it generally was; the shrill fife and rattling drum; the concourse of citizens; the small boys, who felt as big as any of their seniors; the cake and beer booths; the grand dinner in some grove, with tables loaded

"With every dings on earth to eat  
And twice as much to drink;"

the reading of the Declaration of Independence; the toasts, regular and volunteered, and the oration, which was mainly devoted to self-glorification and to proving to the satisfaction of everybody that we were the almightiest nation on the face of the earth, and that we could lick any other nation "quick as a cat could wink her eye;" that we had the largest rivers, the deepest cataracts, the highest hills, the biggest lakes, the broadest prairies, the brightest skies, the stiffest beards, the loudest thunder, the forkedest lightning, the bravest men, and the prettiest women on the Almighty's footstool.

The toasts were simply *immense*, and the man who couldn't fire one off was regarded as a poor shoat.

I append a few samples taken at random from a report of a celebration by citizens who assembled at the tavern of John Sheets, in Fairfield Township, on the Fourth of July, 1840, and after organizing, repaired to the grove below Loyalsock canal bridge. The report appears in *The Freeman*, published by John R. Eck. The officers of the meeting were: President, Col. C. Seiler, Williamsport; Vice-Presidents, Thomas Maxwell, Muncy; Thomas Taggart, Moreland; Capt. Joseph Grafius and John Bennett, Williamsport; Secretaries, C. D. Eldred and R. R. McMeans. The Muncy Guards, commanded by Capt. Everingham, constituted the military feature of the occasion. The Declaration of Independence was read "in a loud, distinct and eloquent manner by A. D. Wilson, Esq."

#### REGULAR TOASTS.

1. The day we celebrate; justly dear to every American.
2. The American people; able to govern themselves.
3. George Washington, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.
4. The memory of the soldiers of the Revolution. May a blest immortality reward them for trials and sufferings contending for the rights of man.

5. The Declaration of Independence. An able document; may the spirit that gave it birth ever cherish it.

6. The memory of the good and great Lafayette. Nations are his mourners.

7. The civil power and an impartial administration of justice.

8. The military ever ready to sustain the cause of Freedom.

9. The First Independent Lycoming Volunteer Battalion. The worthy sons of patriotic sires; they will defend with life the flag of "Virtue, Liberty and Independence."

The military seemed to come in for ample recognition in the volunteer toasts.

I quote one as a fair sample, by Simon Zeader:

"The military, the sons of veterans, in whose bosom are implanted the valor and heroism of their ancestors, and who manifest their readiness to bare the blade and sacrifice their blood at the altar of Freedom."

It seems this celebration was a sort of double-headed arrangement, for we are informed that after the anniversary had been duly celebrated by the military and citizens in the grove, "a large number of the friends of Van Buren, Johnson and Porter assembled without previous notice at the house of John Sheets, aforesaid," and after the meeting was duly organized, it was "ably and eloquently addressed by C. D. Eldred, Wm. F. Packer and Col. A. V. Parsons, Esqs., who frequently elicited much applause from the multitude of hard-handed Democrats present."

Among the toasts volunteered the following are good samples:

By Samuel Carothers: Wm. H. Harrison. The candidate of the Federal party for the Presidency—he has utterly refused to make known the principles that will govern him if elected, and stands before the people of these United States with sealed lips, tied hands, and conscience held in trust at the same time that he is asking an intelligent people to elevate him to the highest office in the gift of any people. He will find, to his sorrow, that the people do their own voting, and a candidate, to merit and receive their votes, must do his own thinking and his own writing.

By W. F. Packer: Log cabin and hard cider humbug. Democracy repudiates all odious distinctions between the poor and the rich.

By C. D. Eldred: Principles—not cider.

By Gershom Biddle: The great political Whig humbug, log cabins and hard cider. The bug can't hum enough, the cabin ha'n't logs enough, the cider isn't hard enough, the Whigs haven't got men enough to elect old General Harrison President "by a jug full."

By H. T. Beardsly: Van Buren, Johnson and Porter. Standing upon the eternal rock of their own self-wrought greatness, they are bright examples of true magnanimity and real glory; their fame will bid defiance alike to the fangs of calumny, or the tooth of time.

The following regular toast, which finds a place in the celebration of 1841, when there were rumors of war with England, growing out of the arrest of McLeod on the northern lakes, is a sample specimen of the toasts that were common on these occasions:

The militia of the United States. The bone and sinew of the country. Come on, England.

We can imagine how the British lion must have lowered his tail between his legs and slunk away when he heard that challenge.

CLINTON LLOYD.

Washington, D. C.

### Our Mary Jane's Letter.

EDITOR OF NOW AND THEN:

Seeing that some new and quite young contributors had been added to your list, I thought, perhaps, it would not be out of place to give them a little of my experience in writing for the public. I will not begin at the very beginning, or heap the measure full to overflowing, but there occur to me so many instances where I failed to please everybody, that I cannot resist telling of some; and a newspaper clipping, that I keep constantly before me, has been of great help to me while writing. It says: "Ideas should never be withheld for fear they will be sneered at, for the man who waits to hear of them from others will be too far behind."

A few years ago some eighteen or twenty ladies of this place resolved to be "independents" for once, and hence we made arrangements to take a sleigh-ride, leaving our liege lords at home to look after the children, &c. Had any of our party been able to handle a "four-in-hand," we would have even dispensed with the driver; but as it was we were very glad, for he put on lots of "Ayers," and of course helped appearances.

We had not proceeded very far until your humble servant was given to understand that she was expected to write up the "day's proceedings" for the *Luminary* (our town paper). Now, just why I was selected out of so many as reporter I was at a loss to determine, but when I found it was the editor's request, and that space would be kept in that week's paper either to record the "pleasant affair," a dreadful acci-

dent, or some hair-breadth escape, and as neither of the latter occurred, I concluded to fill the space, more out of sympathy for my young friend, the editor, than anything else, for we all know a seven days' paper is a weakly indeed, after the reading of a fresh one every twenty-four hours, and hence even a ladies' sleighing party would be news. Within twenty-four hours my article was set up and in due time the paper distributed. Next morning after its issue a young gentleman, a frequent visitor at our house, called to say my article was quite a surprise to the "club" that met at Dr. L.'s office, as they were not aware that there had been a sleighing party (neither could it be expected, as the members were all widowers and bachelors). I was well aware I had fallen into hands of critics, so of course I put the question: "How did you like my description?" "Well," he replied, "we found a very grave grammatical error where you used a verb and participle where only one was required." However, either hang, hung, hanging or hanged, I consider I was let down pretty easy by Mr. M—— and that crowd. That same evening I met on the street one of the elder ladies of our "party," who took me very cordially by the hand, at the same time saying: "Mary Jane, *I have saw* your piece in the paper, and I am real mad that you did not put in all I told you to, just as I wanted it." A few hours after this second reproof I met, at the house of a friend, several visitors; some had been with our sleighing party and some had not, and of course the trip was discussed, and my part quite fully. One lady thought I used entirely too many superfluous sentences, and was hardly dignified enough in my expressions, just as if dignity had any business at a ladies' sleighing party got up for fun, and knowing me all my life she was aware I had not received a very large supply of that article at my birth, and now that I was advancing in years I had none to waste. The pros and cons were fully discussed by all present. One of my friends said: "Well, Mary Jane, *that was a good article*. I could not have done better myself!" I can assure you that was a balm to the sore spots, when I considered what a number of alphabets she uses in her spelling—always two l's in control, three r's in career, and so on, and pumpkin pun-ken, just as our old mother always spelled it, and contended it was the right way.

"I had now entered the race which was for the swift, and found time and chance cometh to

all," as was the case of a lady, a comparative stranger "within our gates," and to whom, nor with whom, I never went to school, who upon hearing I was the author of a series of articles that had been published some time before, remarked: "Oh! she never wrote them. She is not bright enough for that." It was not long until a *spirited medium* conveyed to her the message that rubs were making Mary Jane brighter, and her's was not exactly necessary, but a great help. This was wholly original on the part of the *medium*, but I merely record it to its credit.

Sometime ago I had a delightful visit from a friend, who in course of conversation remarked: "I think you choose such queer subjects to write about—'Old Mills,' 'Old Graveyards,' 'Biographical Sketches of Old Men.'" It set me thinking and wondering why I did not write upon newer subjects, as "The Seasons," "Beautiful Snow," "Death," or something similar. I turned to my "old-fashioned album" and read over her original "Lines to a Friend"—sweet, smooth and sentimental,—and then the prayer arose in my heart, "from envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness, good Lord deliver us."

I have a country cousin whom I delight to visit, and I am almost ashamed to say that when there, it is about the only time in my life that I see the sun rise in all its splendor, for like her, I go to bed "with the chickens and rise with the sun." My relative is quite a reader in her line, and I never suspected until lately that she ever skipped one word when reading her Bible, which she does daily. One day this lady quite startled me by saying: "Mary Jane, you use entirely too many big words in your *writings*;" and before I had time to apologize sufficiently, she asked: "Has Mr. and Mrs. Smith returned from their wedding *tower* yet?" This question was the safety valve that let off the big-word-steam, and caused the mirth to ripple underneath, and then, I did think of the very biggest word in the dictionary, which I believe is incomprehensible. Had I been Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland I would have conjugated a Greek verb, as that is what she always does when perplexed, but I, plain Mary Jane, could not even attempt it, so I contented myself with Mrs. Partington's sympathetic feeling for those that strain at "gates and swallow saw-mills."

When I seated myself to write this article I had no idea of making it so long, but, like corn

in the popper, when held over hot coals pops and expands, so recollections came popping to the surface, and I hand them to you for NOW AND THEN, and methinks I hear you say, yes, and as light as pop-corn, too. But I am just egotistical enough to feel they are founded on a solid basis; and now I need "music, medicine and rest" to enable me to meet the shadows of the future and the criticisms of this article without fear.

Your obedient servant,

MARY JANE.

Muncy, March, 1891.

### Oysters, Trees and Fish in Florida.

WINTERSET, IOWA, March 6, 1891.

MY DEAR GERNERD:

You want more of Florida. Well, there may be something of that country that you did not see. Here are a few things that may have escaped your observation in that wonderful country:

- 1st. Oysters grow on trees.
- 2d. Trees walk.
- 3d. Lighted lanterns are used for fish-bait.

Now, you may think that a pretty big story, but it is a fact.

Indian and Halifax rivers are really part of the Atlantic Ocean, and so are salt water. Trees growing on their banks throw out long limbs and they droop down to the water's edge, and at high tide they are partially under water. The young oysters floating around in the water attach themselves to the limbs and grow there, being under water enough of the time to keep them alive and, so to speak, kicking. You can go out and cut off a limb and take it to the house and shuck it.

The mangrove tree grows on the same banks. When they have attained some height the wind blows them over, so that their limbs touch the soil and each one takes root and becomes a feeder to the tree. After awhile the tree rots off at the ground, but the limbs keep on feeding it and it grows on, throwing down more limbs and still rotting away at the butt, and thus moves quite a ways from where it originally stood.

Indian River is very full of excellent fish. It is no labor to catch all and more than you want. Go out at night and take a lighted lantern in your boat and the fish will jump into your boat, especially lively if a few sharks are after a school of fish. They will sometimes swamp a boat.

You may not, out of regard for old times, call these fish stories, but if your readers do not believe them, I will write no more for their edification. What I have written is true, all the same.

Very truly ever yours,

HENRY J. B. CUMMINGS.

### Old Court Records.

Many curious and interesting matters comparatively unknown to this generation remain of record in the courts of Northumberland County. The reader will recollect the county was erected in March, 1772, and it was the tenth in order of the State, and it comprised a vast territory, out of which several of the adjoining counties were subsequently formed, either in whole or in part.

The writer having very frequent access to the musty old papers and volumes, is prompted to transcribe a few of the cases *verbatim et literatim*, wherein are found prominent local names and places.

After the erection of the county, the first court of which we have any record was held in Fort Augusta, in May of the same year, and amongst the proceedings of the sessions of that term I find the following, being the petition for the road from and to the points named, which road is to this day erroneously called the "State Road." The facts are it was laid out and paid for by Northumberland County. Following is the petition:

"At a Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace held at Fort Augusta For the County of Northumberland on the Twenty Sixth day of, or fourth Tuesday in May in the Twelfth year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George the third By the Grace of God of Great Britain, France and Ireland King Defender of the Faith &c. Before William Plunket, Esquire and his Associate Justices, Assigned to said County of Northumberland, viz:

The Petition of Sundry the Inhabitants of the West Branch of Susquehanna and places adjacent to this Court, setting Forth the Great Inconvenience they labor under for want of Publick Highways &c and pray that proper persons may be appointed "to view and locate a Road from the End of the Road lately opened from the head of Schuylkill to Fort Augusta across the North Branch of the River Susquehanna to Main Point opposite Fort Augusta thence up the Easterly Side of the West Branch of said River to the line of the late indian purchase at Lycoming" was read in Court, whereupon Richard Malone, Marcus Huling Junr. John Robb, Alexander Stephens, Daniel Layton and Amaria Sutton were appointed viewers to view the proposed road and make report to the next term of the Court."

The report of the viewers was made as directed, and it appeared to be satisfactory to both the court and the petitioners, and the road was opened accordingly. The "Main Point" referred to was Northumberland, and the "indian purchase at Lycoming" was the purchase made in 1768, four years before the sitting of the court.

The following record of a proceeding had at the August sessions, 1774, suggests the name of a man justly celebrated and well known in history, while the transaction will relate the very peculiar, although equitable, requirements of the law of that day. "Samuel Hunter, Esq., and his associate justices," presided at this court, when the following was acknowledged and approved:

"Samuel Wallis, Tenet'r in Thirty Pounds. Cornelius Lowe, Tenet'r in Thirty Pounds. Money of Pennsylvania on this condition that they indemnify and secure the Township of Muncy From any charge or Incumbrance That the said Township may be liable to by means of Two Negroes now residing in the same, viz. Zell a Negro Man and Cleo his Wife, who have been set at Liberty by their Master, becoming unable to support themselves thro' age Sickness or Accident, agreeable to an Act of Assembly of this Province.

Acknowledged in Court.

WM MACLAY Clk."

Zell and Cleo probably became good, thrifty folks, and doubtless earned a sufficient competency, at least so long as they lived in Muncy Township, for, after careful search, I am unable to find that the obligation for their care in case of "age, sickness or accident" was ever made operative.

A case from the criminal side of the sessions will be interesting, more so, perhaps, to those who with the writer have seen the whipping-post of Delaware, and the lashes of the "cat well laid on." Compare the punishment for crime *Now* with *Then*.

This case was tried at the sessions of August, 1784. John Buyers, Esq., was on the bench, as were his associate justices. Henry Antis was the sheriff, and the case in question is docketed as follows:

"Republic a Joseph Disberry	} Indictment for Felony.

The defendant being arraigned plead "not guilty." He was tried and convicted, and following was the sentence as passed upon him by the Court:

"Judgment that the said Joseph Disberry receive thirty-nine lashes between the hours of

8 & 9 o'clock to-morrow, to stand in the pillory one hour, to have his ears cut off & nailed to the post, to return the property stolen or the value thereof, remain in prison three months, pay a Fine of Thirty pounds to the Honorable the President of the State for the support of the Government and stand committed untill Fines, Fees &c are paid."

There is no doubt this sentence was fully executed by Sheriff Antis, as directed by the court. All the old records of the court are in excellent state of preservation, and many of the entries are made in that beautiful style of penmanship peculiar to that day, and they are well worthy the attention of either the historian or antiquarian.

WM. FIELD SHAY.

Watsonstown.

### Sunshine as a Remedial Agent.

The relation of sunshine to all organic life is so all-important that some philosophers have imagined it to be the actual source or true parent of life. Without assenting to this atheistic belief, we may, however, ask how long would plants and animals exist without its warming, invigorating influence? What a dire calamity to all life if the sun were taken away, or blotted out! The earth would soon be a vast, silent death-world, dark and gloomy beyond all human conception. Such is the relation between sunshine and vitality, established by creative wisdom.

Argument is therefore needless to prove the value of sunshine as a remedial agent. Very little thinking and but little observation should satisfy every one of its inestimable importance as a promoter and conservator of life. And yet, palpable as this fact is, how often we fail to avail ourselves of its full benefits, especially in times of sickness. How much more unmanageable nearly all forms of disease are in gloomy, dark, sunless apartments, and yet how little the influence of sunshine is often regarded. The recovery of many a patient is retarded, and in many cases prevented by a neglect to make proper use of sunshine as a prophylactic and therapeutic agent.

A notable instance we here have in mind of the very decided and immediate remedial benefit of sunshine is thus stated by Mrs. Anna M. Holstein, in her pleasing (and sad) story of hospital scenes. When speaking of the many thousands of the wounded and sick of both the Union and rebel armies who were left on the battle-field of Gettysburg, she says:

"While the hospitals remained in the woods, the number of deaths daily was *very large*; as soon as the removal to the clover-field was accomplished, where *all were in the sun*, the change for the better was *very decided*; the night after *only two deaths occurred*."

The logical conclusion from this is that many lives were lost from the want of sunshine, and that many others would have perished if its revivifying influence had been disregarded. The circumstance proves that it is a powerful remedial agent. If it were something rare, and could be sold in pint and quart bottles with fancy labels, and some hard Latin words on them, it would command a high price, and medical and sanitary journals would devote much space to its wonderful merits. But it is common and cheap, and most deplorably neglected. What was true on the battle-field is now always and everywhere true. Sunshine is one of the best therapeutic as well as hygienic agents known to man. Why is its importance so little appreciated? Give us less medicine and more sunshine.

#### "Council No. 145."

An aged and respected citizen recently very quietly slipped into our hands a package of papers and a book of minutes, with the request that we "hold on tight" thereto, and to be sure to hand the same back to him after we have examined the contents. It was something of a surprise as well as a treat to find, on retiring to our sanctum, that we had thus come into possession of the charter, records and papers of "Council No. 145" of the secret and mysterious order of Know-Nothings. The charter is dated October 14, 1854, and is headed with the significant historic motto, which in part indicated the object of the order, "PLACE NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD." Of the thirteen first or charter members, eight are still in the land of the living, and are doubtless still holding fast to the mysteries and traditions, though not all the principles, perhaps, of the organization. Five have joined a much older and larger order, no member of which has ever revealed any of its secrets, viz.: Noble Parker, Dr. E. H. Russel, Philip Shay, Jacob Sheridan and Henry Crow.

The list of the members of No. 145 embraces some three hundred names, of whom probably one-half or more are not now alive. We counted upwards of one hundred that we know to be deceased, and many of the names we never knew

or have forgotten. Among the names of those we know have fallen are David Lloyd, Dr. Thomas Wood, Dr. B. S. Langdon, Alfred G. Levan, Daniel Robins, John Beeber, Michael S. Rissel, Dr. A. H. Rankin, Daniel Clapp, Franklin B. Fahnestock, George F. Boal, Dr. William M. Rankin, George Rooker, Joseph Gudykunst, William Spangler, Jesse Willits, Peter D. Beeber, Joshua Bowman, Lewis P. Reeder, George N. Swope, Dr. Sam. U. Pott, John Poust, Robert Montgomery, Dr. Joseph Stauffer, John Snowden, Jacob Cooke, William Cooke, Thomas Wood (Far.), Nathan Mohr, Michael Good, Enos Hawley, Dr. William Musser, George Fague, John S. Dykins, William L. Plotts, Justin A. Ward, David Hill, William Lowmiller, Robert Barr, Sam. G. Shoemaker, Benj. Johnson, Couden S. Wallis, Martin D. Mackey, James Henderson, George McCarty, Samuel Edwards (Shoemaker), R. F. Edwards and Rev. John Smalley.

We had not yet reached the age required for membership, and can therefore say that we are really a Know-Nothing in all that relates to the work and secrets of the order. We have, however, heard that the movement produced some singular and unexpected political changes. The following sequence is an illustration: Jacob Whitmoyer and James Risk, two of our most worthy and esteemed citizens, were both foreign born, and, therefore, ineligible to membership. Whitmoyer, a German by birth, had acted with the Whigs, but now turned, and always remained a Democrat. James Risk, an Englishman by birth, on due reflection concluded that the object of the order was just, proper and patriotic, a wise and necessary step for the protection of free government, and although not admitted as a member, voted the Know-Nothing ticket, and afterwards became an ardent Republican.

The Know-Nothings were a short lived society that was soon eclipsed and superseded by the anti-slavery agitation. Most of the members united with the Republicans in 1856 and voted for John C. Fremont for President. A society known as Know-Somethings was started to neutralize the Know-Nothing tidal wave, but I believe did not live long enough to have a council in Muncy. But we often heard the fact mentioned that some of our local opponents who knew nothing frequently pretended that they did "Know Something," and that along with the most determined vigilance they assumed an air of greater mystery than even the Know-Nothings.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

ISSUED BI-MONTHLY.

J. M. M. GERNERD, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

For terms of subscription and advertising rates, see cover.

Entered at the Muncy Post-Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

MAY AND JUNE, 1891.

## Pay Up.

This number completes the third year of the revived NOW AND THEN. The next issue will begin the fourth year. Never have years seemed so short to us. This is common experience, we know, as the years seem shorter to all as we grow older. But time always seems to move faster when things shift along pleasantly.

The repeated expressions of welcome and appreciation with which the new NOW AND THEN has been greeted from first to last has been a source of no little pleasure to the editor. To have the kindly sympathy and forbearance of so many warm-hearted and intelligent readers—so many prompt paying subscribers—is something to which no one can be indifferent.

Each number, after the first was sent out, has in turn been pronounced "the best." Exchanges and correspondents, and friends as we meet them, have frequently assured us that the magazine has been constantly improving. This makes us feel uneasy as well as glad. But we hope the interest will continue until the present volume is finished. At present it is not proposed to undertake a fourth volume.

Now, here, at the close of the third year, is a good time for us to remind a number of subscribers who are delinquent that they ought to pay up. Some owe us for one year, others for two years, and a few do not seem to know that they actually owe us for three years. We Now need the money. Please help us keep up our credit with the printer. Pay up.

## Notes on Former Notes.

On page 96 we have the late Hon. William Coxe Ellis in the United States Senate. On this page we beg to correct ourself by putting him in the House of Representatives. Of course everybody knows that even editors of magazines are not infallible.

A lady reader remarked to us that there was good advice and much truth in the article in the

last number, "Don't Kiss the Baby." She thought we might—and we think she is right—have added that the thoughtless practice was also dangerous to grown people, and reminded us of the fact that a daughter of Queen Victoria died of diphtheria from kissing her own sick child.

Since the publication of the brief sketch (page 77) of our former townsman, General Robert A. McCoy, the Tyrone papers have announced that sickness and death have sadly broken his once happy little family circle. In December last his son Robert, and only living child, a bright and promising young man of twenty-three, who had been assisting him in the Tyrone Bank, was stricken down with pneumonia, and after a distressing struggle of several weeks was taken from him. Not many weeks later his most amiable consort, who had been a much afflicted invalid for several years, was also taken from him and laid to rest in the City of the Silent beside her lamented son. No home so blest but the pangs of affliction and separation are some day felt.

If any of the inhabitants of this or any other part of the world desire to see a truly grand, natural panorama of beautiful scenery, of woodland and cultivated fields, of curiously scalloped hills and great mountains, of romantic valleys and expansive table-lands, of earth under civilization in impressive contrast with unsubdued wilderness—of a great scope of some 6,000 or more square miles of one of the fairest portions of the earth—we suggest that they can enjoy all this, and see vastly more than they can on one visit fairly "take in," by visiting the knobs of the North Mountain mentioned in the November and December number of the NOW AND THEN. Do not go to the Rocky Mountains, or to Switzerland, or to the Andes of South America, for grand views, before you have seen and thoughtfully contemplated the superb spectacle so near your own doors. Mr. Charles W. Robb, of Pittsburg, last summer saw many of the most famous of the grand vistas of "The Far, Far West," and was more than delighted, but when soon after his return he made a short visit to his old home here, he declared he was now satisfied that some of the most charming and magnificent views on the continent are to be had within a few hours' drive from Muncy and Hughesville. Mr. John Waldron was one of the excursionists referred to in our article who spent "Three Days on the North Mountain" in July last, and although

he had seen and become familiar with some of the fairest portions of beauteous Colorado, there was not one of the party more delighted and surprised by the magnitude and magnificence of the sight we have so imperfectly described.

### Change of Mind Feared.

A friend in Williamsport recently informed us that when the great freshet of June, 1889, was threatening the city with destruction, an Irish servant girl was frightened almost out of her senses, and told her mistress that she believed God intended again to destroy all the people and every living creature with water. Her mistress could not persuade her otherwise, and so she refused to be comforted. When reminded of the covenant that there shall not be any more a flood to destroy the earth and smite every thing living, she exclaimed: "Yes, I know, but God has changed his mind."

### A Happy Couple in Paradise.

*Adam and Eve* lived in *Paradise*. We do not mean the Adam that gave names to all the cattle, the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, nor the Eve that was made of her husband's rib, and was beguiled by the subtle serpent in the wonderful garden eastward in Eden. We mean the late Mr. Adam Schuyler, and Eve, his good wife, that lived in the beautiful and fertile earthly Paradise, not far from Turbottville, Northumberland County, in the state of Pennsylvania, a spot that we can much more definitely locate than the land of Eden. Our Adam and Eve raised ten children, but they never "raised Cain." Mrs. Thomas J. Opp, of Muncy Creek Township, was one of their children.

### An Old Monthly.

*The Golden Era* is the title of a handsome illustrated monthly (\$3 a year) magazine, devoted to the Progress of the West, established about forty years ago (the oldest journal in California with the exception of the *Alta*), and published at San Diego, California. Our accomplished friend and recent good and near neighbor of Muncy, Mrs. Laura G. Riddell, but now of San Diego, is conducting one of its several very attractive departments. In the programme given in *The Era* of the San Diego County Teachers' Institute, held in March last, her name also appears as Institute Conductor, and Instructor of Reading and Elocution.

### A New Monthly.

*Children of the Brave* is the name of a new fifty-cents-a-year, sixteen-page monthly magazine, recently founded at Watsontown by J. Ward Diehl, editor and proprietor of *The Blade*. It is designed to be a medium through which the sons and daughters of the veterans, the children of the brave—a suitable title, by the way—may converse and become acquainted with one another, and in which, as the editor says, the more ambitious among them "may find a ready market for their early efforts." The enterprise we are assured has already had so much encouragement as to make the founder confident of success. May our little cotemporary have a prosperous future, beyond the proprietor's highest hopes, and do good work in fostering and promoting the principles of patriotism, honest and righteous government, for which the fathers fought and suffered. It seems to us that there is a large field and a splendid opportunity to do good for a journal of this kind, and we are glad to see Mr. Diehl now devote himself to the pleasing task of conducting such an organ.

### What Are Dogs Worth?

The dogs of the county helped to eat \$2,000 worth of sheep in 1890. That is \$1,999 more than all the dogs in the county are worth.—*Williamsport Sun*.

Our esteemed cotemporary does not figure right. The hides alone are worth more than one dollar. And then how much valuable compost the carcasses of the sheep-killers would make. There are a few good dogs—dogs that stay at home and mind their business, that have thoughtful masters who will not allow them to harm their neighbors; but *The Sun* should not shine another day on the rest of the dogs. The great majority *sien nix nutes*.

### A Thoughtful Dog.

Capt. John M. Bowman says he is convinced that the famous old dog, Dash, that he owned some years ago, actually committed suicide. The sagacious canine seemed to realize that his days of enjoyment and usefulness were nearly gone, and was to all appearance in a melancholic state of mind. He went about the house as if he were taking leave of everything and everybody, then proceeded directly to the canal and drowned himself. The Captain still fondly speaks of him as a noble old dog, that had endeared himself to all the household by many acts of thoughtfulness and fidelity. For instance, one

sultry summer night the family had retired, and thoughtlessly left all the outer doors of the house standing wide open. Dash knew that this was not right, so he went about the house barking and making a great fuss until some one got up and closed the doors, then he was satisfied and retired likewise. But what a commendable precedent to all worthless dogs when he drowned himself. What a public blessing if about three-fourths of all the dogs in the county were thoughtful enough to follow the example.

### Brodhead—Johnson.

1776—1861.

*Maghinqua Keeshock* was the name that the Delaware Indians gave to Col. Daniel Brodhead, of the Eighth Pennsylvania, a regiment raised by authority of Congress during the Revolution for the defense of the Western frontier. He had command of Fort Pitt, and it was under his mandate that the noted Capt. Sam Brady, of the Rangers, performed some of his most celebrated exploits. In July, 1778, Brodhead made a detour to the West Branch Valley to check the savages who were ravaging this section and Wyoming, and for a short time had command also of Fort Muncy. At a later date he was appointed a Brigadier General. After the war he held the office of Surveyor General of the State for eleven years, and also served in the General Assembly. The meaning of *Maghinqua Keeshock* is The Great Moon, and indicates the great respect that the Indians had for him. A memento of rare artistic beauty and priceless value is a painted miniature portrait of Brodhead in the possession of his great-grandson, the Hon. Henry Johnson, now of Williamsport, but for half a century a resident of Muncy.

Few of our public men, by the way, have taken a deeper interest in their country during its later struggles, and in the men who bravely fought its battles, than the Hon. Henry Johnson. He it was who, when he had a seat in the Senate, proposed and actively championed the amendment to the constitution of the State extending to soldiers the right of suffrage while in the field, and afterward the bill to regulate their elections. Had not the Johnson amendment passed—what Then? Had not the soldiers been allowed to vote as well as shoot, and as they shot so also to ballot, Pennsylvania would have been lost. Johnson was also at the front once at another critical period, with a musket in his hand and a knapsack on his shoulders, as a

"high private." He is now high private of Col. Musser Post, No. 66, G. A. R., and takes as much interest in the now gray-headed "boys" as he did when they were fighting for their country.

### "Within Three Feet" a Prisoner.

Comrade Henry J. Angle, of Post No. 66, G. A. R., saw more than the average share of service during the Rebellion. He went into the army sometime in July, 1861, and came out in the fall of 1866. He enlisted in the Fifth Pennsylvania Reserves, was transferred to the artillery service, then launched and served for three years in the navy.

The hottest time he ever saw, Angle says, was when the rebels under Pickett made their famous charge at the battle of Gettysburg, on the 3d day of July, 1863. Three times Battery C of the Fifth U. S. Artillery, to which he then belonged, was taken by the men in gray, and three times it was retaken by the men in blue. All the officers were disabled, and most of the men were either killed or wounded. He saw the rebels mowed down like grain before a reaper, yet the frequent gaps made in their ranks were instantly closed up, and the defiant host came on as coolly as if only a sham battle were being fought.

The next hottest place in Angle's experience was Antietam. He would hardly have supposed that there could be a still hotter place, if he had not been in the hottest of the fight at Gettysburg. He had a hand also in "Farragut's Ball," in Mobile Bay, and thought it exciting work—not sport—when his vessel, the *Monongahela*, ran down and captured the rebel ram *Tennessee*. He participated in many other engagements, where men fought without gloves on, and with more in their guns than powder and wads, yet he never sustained an injury, and was never taken prisoner. Strange and partial seems to be the fate of war.

At the battle of Charles City Cross Roads, Angle says, he, however, made a narrow escape, as he came "within three feet" of being captured. He dropped behind a log when the rebels charged through his part of the Union line and passed within three feet of him. It required several strategic movements to get back to his regiment, but within half an hour he succeeded.

Comrade Angle takes a lively interest in, and is a useful member of, Post 66. He has for the past seven years been the polite and attentive janitor in charge of our public school building. The war prevented him from learning a trade. He had just commenced serving an apprenticeship at Northumberland when the Republic was threatened with overthrow, and like many an-

other patriotic boy he sacrificed his trade to serve his country. The sacrifices and services of the men who saved the Union ought to be remembered.

### ABOUT THE O. S. R. R.

#### A Slight Error Corrected—A Reader Who Rode on the Engine at the Opening of the Road.

The railroad is one of the prime factors by which God and evolution will in time bring about the civilization and unification of the human races. The rate at which railroads are now being built throughout the world, like the putting forth of buds and blossoms in spring-time, are among the signs that indicate the coming of a glorious era of world-wide development. Until the construction of railroads commenced man, it may be said, was still in the period of his infancy, but now he is just rightly beginning to grow and to realize what his future stature may and ought to be. When several millions of miles of road are in operation, everywhere spanning the great continents, instead of the few hundred thousand Now built, who can estimate the influence that they will Then exercise—in conjunction with the many other growing factors of social evolution—upon human societies? Nations in the past had on some lines of growth made great advancement, but they were separated from the rest of the world by more or less insurmountable natural barriers, and the social principle on which they were founded soon became fixed, or was paralyzed by isolation, or enfeebled by some inherent weakness and unfavorable environment. In the future a common life will animate the nations of the earth, and incite them on in an onward and upward career. They will share their riches, productions, arts, sciences, inventions, books, papers, ideas, schools, knowledge, religion and culture as never before, and will stimulate each other to growth along every line of development. On the principle of "the survival of the fittest," and that "truth is mighty and will prevail," a grand consummation of complete development will ultimately fulfill the will of the God of Nations.

It is interesting and instructive, therefore, to look back a few years and consider how rapidly we have advanced in the construction of railroads. Champion's article on the "Old Strap Railroad," in the last NOW AND THEN, leads the mind back more than half a century, and by presenting striking contrasts with the improvements of the present time, shows how really wonderful is the progress that has already in this brief era been made. To look back to 1832-38, and from then trace the advancement made from year to year, one can begin to realize that the building of railroads is even Now but in the period of infancy. The year 1900 will begin another century of progress with about 400,000 miles of railroad on the earth. In the year 2000 there will be millions of miles. Who can imagine, we repeat, what the political,

moral and social condition of the human family will be Then? But we will not try to look so far into the future. It is much easier to look a life-time backwards, when the world had no railroads. The following correction of a slight error in, and additional facts of interest to, Champion's interesting history of "The Old Strap Railroad," appeared in the Williamsport *Gazette and Bulletin*:

"An old resident of the city, who was much interested in reading the article on the 'Old Strap Railroad,' taken from *Gernerd's Now AND THEN*, says that the writer erred in one thing. The first engine was not named 'Vermont,' as stated, but 'Robert Ralston.' It had but two driving wheels, one on each side, and was afterwards called 'Lady Washington.' The 'Vermont' engine was of a later pattern, and was used in hauling the construction train when the new road was built. It had four driving wheels, and the engineer's name was James Long. This engine was afterwards rebuilt, when it was known as 'Catawissa No. 1,' and finally blew up while standing on the track at the east end of the old freight house, in this city, killing James Rook, fireman, and injuring one or two others. So far as he is able to tell, the article, with the above exception, is substantially correct. Cornelius Shearer, who now resides at No. 953 Vine Street, this city, and who was one of the early engineers on the 'Old Strap Road,' will remember the name of the first engine, as he was acting fireman for John McWilliams, and was on the engine when it crossed Lycoming Creek the first time, nearly fifty-four years ago."

Our esteemed correspondent, Mr. W. W. Hays, of Washington, D. C., after writing us how much he was delighted with all the articles in the last NOW AND THEN, says:

"Mr. Champion's article on the 'Old Strap Railroad' likewise interested me very much, as I was in Williamsport at the time the road was opened, and was an invited guest on the first trip of the engine and cars to Ralston. In October, 1838, I went to Williamsport to visit with my uncle, Thomas Hays, who then kept a hotel near the Court House, and I was there more than a month. Among the boarders was a Mr. Black, who was superintending the building of the road. He was a sufferer from curvature of the spine, and I think used a crutch in walking. He went every day up along the road in his buggy and often took me with him. He was a very pleasant companion. When the new engine came on he invited me to go with the excursion on the opening of the road. On the way up I counted twenty-one bridges over Lycoming Creek. I well remember that the engine was built on a wooden frame, placed on the wheels or trucks, and there was no house or cab to protect the engineer. The latter I remember well, as I rode with him on the engine coming down. A heavy shower came on and wet us completely. I think this was in the fall of 1838, though I may possibly be mistaken, as Champion says 'Sometime in 1836 or '37 an engine and cars were brought up.'"

"Among the boarders at uncle's at that time were Oliver Watson, a young lawyer, and Dr. Pollock, both now dead. In 1878 or '79, when in Williamsport on a visit, I noticed a sign, 'Dr. Pollock's Office.' I walked in and greeted the Dr. as an old friend, but he did not know me. When I told him I knew him well about forty years before, he was quite surprised, and when I made myself known we had a good long talk about those old times, and the opening of the 'Old Strap Railroad,' when he went with us."

### Animals May Have Diseased Minds.

If the lower animals have Mind—and nearly all are now ready to admit that they have—then will not the mental pathology of animals become a subject of some interest and importance? That the condition and development of the body must affect the will, affection, judgment and disposition of an animal, much the same as in a human being, may be regarded as a self-evident truth. As a proof of this fact the well-known mental aberrations of a mad dog may be mentioned. The most faithful, affectionate and intelligent dog is utterly transformed in his mental nature when he becomes rabid.

Idiocy in human beings is the inevitable consequence of defective anatomical structure. Certain structural defects of brain and skull are so sure to make the body a defective mind-machine, that we intuitively know an idiot at sight. And why may not the same imperfection produce the same result—though less apparent because of inferiority—in the lower animals? We had an ill-shaped rooster several years ago that was a complete idiot. He just knew about enough to eat, but hardly enough to crow. He was as defective in organization as he was in mind, and was despised, shunned and abused by all his poultry-yard companions. We were often reminded of the idiotic actions of some higher animals when we observed his antics and lack of understanding. In pity we one day decapitated him, and buried his carcass in the compost heap.

Animals no doubt may become silly or feeble-minded from structural defects, disease or injury, of which there may be little or no outward visible indication, the same as man. A well-known dealer in horses once remarked to us that he had known horses that were quite weak-minded, and even idiotic. Ill usage, over-work and neglect may in time make the brightest and most sensible horse stupid and listless, or imbecile, the same as deformity or disease. Our neighbor, Colonel John Quinn, declared to us sometime ago that he knew a dog in this community that is positively "only half balanced." He says that he has seen him do things that "a level-headed dog never thinks of doing." That the Colonel's observations are correct we have not the slightest doubt.

It is abnormal physical condition that causes mental derangement and insanity. Insanity is not so common among the lower animals—nervous disorders are not so frequent among

them as among human beings. This is because their nervous organizations are, as a rule, more imperfect and far less delicate; but it is no doubt true that they also sometimes become insane the same as the noblest of all the terrestrial creatures. This is a subject worthy of the best thinkers. It is closely correlated to the great question of human mind, nature and disease. Its importance will be better understood as the world advances. Man has yet much to learn before he can comprehend his affinities, character and rank, as the head of the Animal Kingdom.

### Superstition About Dying Young.

"*Whom the gods love die young.*" We do not believe any such thing. This sentiment about dying young has been handed down from heathens who lived in ages past, and is nothing but an old deceptive heathen vagary. No greater falsehood was ever uttered. Why do we still cling to so many of these old, foolish heathen superstitions about dying? Why do not the gods—is there not but one living, true God?—love the good whose whole lives are spent in doing good? Have not the gods loved that pure and noble man, who has attained to so ripe an age, the poet John G. Whittier? Did they not love that good old man, William Cullen Bryant? Nor love such cheerful givers and human benefactors as John Howard and John Hopkins? And how many thousands as good as these among the aged divines, the poets, the statesmen, the authors, the aged in every useful and honest calling, both among the living and the multitudes now dead? And there are the hundreds of thousands of aged women who have lived the purest of lives, whose days were all faithfully and lovingly devoted to their families, to their needy fellow beings, and to God. We can name scores of venerable ladies now living right here in our own midst whose white locks are beautiful crowns upon well-spent years. Do they whom the gods love die young? Whom the gods do not love, do they get old? Nonsense! Away with such senseless gods. And yet how often we see and hear this false heathen proverb quoted, and even by those who profess to believe in the only true and living God, the God of Abraham. And was not the beloved old Apostle John loved by the gods? And were Abraham, Isaac and Jacob really hated by them? And how they must then also have disliked those long-lived patriarchs, Jared, Enoch, Methuselah and Lamech. Again we say, nonsense. Those who have good constitutions, who live purely, obediently and temperately, they have the best chance to live long, hale and happy lives. In place of these absurd heathen superstitions, we had better adopt the far more sensible proverbs, of which the following is a sample:

"My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments: For length of days, and long life, and peace shall they add to thee."

# THE NOW AND THEN.

Devoted to History, Amusement, Instruction, Advancement.

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No. 7.

## Reminiscences of Old Times on the North and West Branches, or Men and Things Previous to 1850.

No. 10.

### PENNSYLVANIA FISH.

I suppose if the age of *heathen* mythology had been extended some two thousand years, or far enough to have covered the present generation, the disciples of Sir Isaak Walton would have worshiped him as a demi-god, and offered on his shrine a shad, a bass, or a trout to propitiate his favor, before venturing to cast a line each season. But time has changed the character of our religious superstition without suppressing it. Sir Isaak, however, is more famous for what he wrote than for what he did. Even Dr. Samuel Johnson, perhaps, could outdo him in persistency at piscatory sports. It is related that a friend of his once passed him in the morning, on a trip to a neighboring town, seated on a rock overlooking a stream of water, with a fishing pole in one hand and a book in the other, calmly awaiting a bite. On his return, the same evening, he found the Doctor in like position, and saluted him with "Good evening—what luck?" Johnson replied, "Haven't caught a fish, but have had several glorious nibbles!" A wag once defined fishing to be "a rod and line, with an angle worm at one end and a fool at the other," which is perhaps a more true than flattering definition, and we respectfully ask those enterprising gentlemen, who have chartered streams and employ watchmen to patrol them, at an expense of about two dollars *per capita* for each trout *three inches long*, whether the wag's remark is really a slander. But let this suffice for a preface.

Before the Pennsylvania Canal was constructed, and the Susquehanna River *dammed* by artificial dams, it abounded with shad, salmon and other edible fish, which have since either totally or partially disappeared. The canal from the first was a *wild goose* enterprise, undertaken as a rival to the Erie Canal, which had for its object the

connection of the Hudson River with the lakes, and was championed by the far-sighted De Witt Clinton, at that time Governor of the Empire State. The Pennsylvania project was to make a canal along a mighty river, subject to all the casualties from floods, instead of improving and making navigable that river. When forty millions of dollars were expended, through a series of years, without a hope of corresponding advantage, the *politicians* who had engineered the project and who had reaped the chief benefit from the outlay of the money, conceived the *patriotic* idea of selling the State's interest in the work to a private corporation for *one-fourth* its first cost, and by some occult method known only to *trading statesmen*, the sale was accomplished in 1858. But, although a *robbery* at the time, a *compensating* law of Nature has turned the *booty* into a white elephant for the purchaser, and the canal is being gradually abandoned. Like the darkey who cut off the dog's tail by inches so as to relieve the animal of as much pain as possible, the canal is abandoned by divisions, whilst really it would be much better to do the whole thing at once. Let us again have an unobstructed river and a free passage for shad and other migratory fish from its mouth to its sources. I believe that a *plebiscite* on the subject would show an almost unanimous vote in its favor.

The mountain streams of Pennsylvania were once famous for the production of that king of game fish—the trout. These speckled beauties require fresh and cool water. They breed in the smaller streams, and the fry, by instinct, work upward into shoal water where their larger, voracious relations cannot devour them. They subsist chiefly on insects, which in the summer season swarm along the water channels, but when freshets occur, keep on the lookout for angle worms which are carried from the banks into the stream. Under favorable circumstances it is remarkable how fast they grow. A French savant asserts that in feeding trout fresh beef *ninety per cent.* of it is gained or converted into

fish. This statement seems incredible, but it is certain that whilst a trout will live without food a very long time with no apparent diminution, a full supply changes a small one into a monster of his kind. This has been and can be tested by the curious with a pet fish kept separate in a cool spring and fed as much congenial diet as it can assimilate. Some thirty years ago, I caught and put into a shallow well three small trout, of unequal sizes, as scavengers, and soon after found but two, and ultimately but one, therein. That one, however, had acquired the size of the three, and by continual feeding with angle worms, soon grew to a *three-pounder*! It was amusing to witness its rapacity. When fed, for awhile, every worm that struck the water was instantly caught and devoured, but when surfeited it could not bear to see the bait lying loosely about, but would pick the worms up, one after another, until it had a dozen or more in its mouth, squirming about its head, which it could not swallow. I have also caught with a fly a trout weighing a pound, which had in its mouth, when landed, another fish it was unable to dispose of, more than two inches long!

As evidence for or against the theory of evolution—as you are a mind to consider it—the fact is well authenticated, that many fine trout streams in Pennsylvania, abounding in the species below steep and prominent cascades, had no fish of any kind above them until supplied by human hands. The East Branch of Elk Creek, for instance, above Lincoln Falls, was in this condition, until the providence of one of the first settlers of Elkland Township, Thomas King, transplanted a colony above those falls, which soon possessed that fine stream by millions, to its utmost sources. The West Branch of Plunkett's Creek was also a barren stream previous to about 1854, when Gov. W. F. Packer and myself transferred some four dozen of small trout from below the cascade, at Proctorville, to the creek above it. For several years afterwards we looked in vain for the effects of our work, but finally we began to observe myriads of small fry in each branch, and later, thousands of fine fish have been taken from that stream by the angler. Now it seems to follow as a natural result, that when at some remote age of the world the crust of the earth now covered by the ocean, sank in so as to form a basin and to gather together the surface water by the law of gravitation, and the washing out of valleys and forming of channels and cascades as a consequence, that the

adaptation of the several species of fishes to the peculiar condition of the streams, was the work of thousands of years and a gradual process; otherwise all kinds of aquatic animals would be found in every stream adapted to their existence, both above and below cascades, whereas we find this is not the case.

My first experience in catching trout, was hardly in accord with the rules of Sir Isaak Walton. Any kind of a string answered the purpose; no snood was necessary, and a pole cut from the nearest brush was quite sufficient. An angle worm served as bait. The creek was a mere spring run, but full of small trout. It ran through my father's meadows and a plentiful supply of grasshoppers fed the trout and enticed them to the fields. It was only necessary to follow the run through the clearing to catch all the trout needed for one or two messes, and like most boys of eight or ten years old, I did not care to go far into the woods alone. But oh! what excitement and juvenile sport! As soon as the hook reached the water three or four trout would often rush for it, and the successful competitor did no sooner seize the bait than it would find itself flung into the air perhaps thirty or more feet, unless hooked beyond the possibility of tearing loose, when it would come to the ground with a slap sufficient to stun a porpoise. Three or four trout from each well remembered harbor would be taken generally, and if occasion required a like excursion the next day about the same number would be obtained, so readily were supplies furnished from above and below the meadow. But occasionally, for the sake of variety, we (that is, a younger brother and myself) would change from one stream to another, for it is a well-known fact that the color and form of the fish partake of the character of the water. A dark stream always produces dark trout with very red spots thereon, whilst a clear creek with sandy bottoms contains those of a light color, with dull red spots. There is also, perhaps, a slight difference in the flavor, but this, in my opinion, is more imaginary than real. When a boy I have often caught in an afternoon, and without an effort, from one to two dozen of these speckled beauties, varying in size from four to eight inches long.

There existed an invariable rule with my senior brothers to celebrate "harvest home," by an excursion to some large creek, which abounded with trout, and by it spend a day or two at catching the larger ones. I was perhaps

eight or nine years old, when I was allowed to accompany them on one of these excursions to the Shrader Branch of Towanda Creek, at a point on it called the Big Eddy. It was from five to ten miles from any settlement and but little frequented, and of course we had to provide for camping out. On reaching the eddy, we found a pool of water covering about an acre of ground, formed by the creek running abruptly against the mountain and reacting to get away from it. It was now four o'clock in the afternoon, and before preparing a camp, my brother, William J., decided to test the disposition of the trout, and accordingly cast a baited hook into the pond. The response was instantaneous, and for the next five minutes he drew out, one after another, at least two dozen fish, averaging, perhaps, a pound apiece. The eddy seemed to be full of them, and having taken more than we could consume for supper and breakfast, the sport was postponed until the next day, in order to make preparations for a night's encampment in the woods. The next day, however, was rainy, and the trout in the eddy apparently left it in a body to seek food in the main creek above and below it. After getting wet and experiencing the usual "fisherman's luck," we returned home, not entirely empty, it is true, but with less success than the catch of the preceding evening promised us.

The next year, and in fact for several years subsequent to this, I made it a rule to go to and spend at least one day at this Big Eddy, either alone or in company with others, in quest of trout, and generally met with good success. On one occasion I remember an elder brother caught one measuring about twenty inches in length and weighing some three pounds. Barrels of the larger class could be seen lying at ease in the deep, clear water, but these as a rule would not touch a baited hook. They seemed blind or surfeited, and did not wish to be disturbed, and the angler could not do otherwise than respect their will. Nevertheless, the hungry ones would go into the channels of the stream and could be caught.

Another remarkable rendezvous for this game fish, was the Trout Hole, on Elk Creek, about one mile above its junction with the Loyalsock. Having occasion to ride past it, some sixty-five years ago, I was induced by its fame to dismount and take a look at it. I approached the bank on the eastern side, being enabled by a leaning tree which overhung the "Hole" to

obtain a good view, and I confess that I never before nor since saw the like of it. The water was clear and deep, and as far as I could see in every direction it swarmed with trout of all sizes. I think it would be no exaggeration to say, that if they could have been taken out, twenty barrels would not have contained them. I had never the pleasure, however, to capture a single one of those I saw, unless they migrated to other streams later on, which I frequented.

The east branch of Loyalsock Creek, above Forksville, was formerly a noted trout stream. It is, however, full of rocks and rapids, and can only be fished at low water. About the first of June, 1850, finding myself at Laporte, the county seat of Sullivan, I proposed, in company with a brother, William J., to fish down Loyalsock to the Forks, estimating it to be a day's sport, the distance being about ten miles. Providing ourselves with a lunch for dinner, but forgetting to take matches, we left our hotel after breakfast and followed the public road towards Eagle's Mere as far as the first run, on which the sacred city of Celestia is now located, and finding plenty of trout in that stream, we leisurely followed it to the Loyalsock. By this time we had as many fish as we could well carry, and as the day was far spent, we moved on at a more brisk rate, crossing and recrossing the creek to avoid the bluffs, very often, and getting wet to our waists in doing so. But night surprised us before we had gone much over half way. Neither of us liked the idea of lying down without a fire, on account of snakes, and we resolved to move on as long as we could without crossing the creek. Coming to a bluff, and being in the lead, I felt my way up and along a steep side-hill, the creek roaring madly below us, until I came to a huge fallen hemlock, which seemed to stand almost upright with its top toward the creek. This was a barrier. I could neither get over it nor around it, nor was it certain how near the edge of a precipice we might be. There was no alternative but to stop just where we were, and after adjusting some of the loose stones, moss and rubbish about us, so as in some degree to level the surface, we covered our faces with our pocket handkerchiefs, and burying our hands in our pantaloons pockets, to avoid being eat up by gnats and mosquitoes, we in this way passed the remainder of the night without further incident. With morning came a heavy shower, but the weather was warm and it did not much disturb us. Climbing down to the

creek, we found we had been in less danger than we feared might be the case, and renewing our tortuous course in and out of the stream, we finally reached the hospitable mansion of Moses Rogers, at Forksville, for dinner.

But adventures of this kind are apt to be remembered without prejudice and with a desire for others of a like nature, for the next season the same brother and myself were ready to join Gen. Petrikin, of Muncy, in making a like trip, but experience made us more provident. The General employed Francis Boyles, of Elkland Township, to go with us to carry provisions, and we were this time careful not to forget a full supply of matches. On reaching the mouth of Shaneburg Run, night overtook us, but as all hands were engaged in casting flies to, and hauling in the trout, which were slow to indict us for "false pretences," it was quite dark before we lighted a fire or prepared our camp. To Gen. Petrikin, who was a small and delicate man, it was a new thing to sleep in the open air, on a sand bank. He, however, met and endured the discomfort bravely, but felt rather safest to select his position for the night near the "Big Indian," as he facetiously called the writer. The next day we all reached the "World's End" safely, and with as many trout as we could comfortably carry, where we met our teams according to previous arrangement.

I will now conclude this number by recounting the remarkable *good* and *bad* luck which attended my last trouting excursion on Bear Creek, as I fully believe that many of the readers of NOW AND THEN have had in their time somewhat similar experiences, and can therefore appreciate what I shall relate. It happened some twenty years ago that I had some work to do on the Loyalsock near Barbour's Mill, and arranging for a horse and buggy to meet me near Rogers' Factory, on the ensuing Saturday afternoon, I took the stage for the mouth of Bear Creek, provided with a full outfit for trouting. Stopping at Mr. Wells' hotel, I proceeded to do up the work I had in hand, but on Friday morning, observing Bob Rodgers, with his stage going to Muncy, by some unaccountable *lapsus* of memory I gave him my valise with all my fishing apparatus to take with him, and without further reflection resumed my work. It was not until I had returned for supper and began to think of going home next morning that my mistake was noticed and appreciated. Seated with a half

dozen of friends on the porch of the hotel, I began to lament my want of the means to catch some trout, when Mr. Enos Hawley remarked that he could furnish me with a rod. Mr. Wells then added that he could give me a basket, and some young man present offered me a half dozen snoods and hooks. Still I wanted a line, but remarked that I could make one before going to bed if I only had some horse hair. A boy who stood by offered to get me some hair in a few minutes, but I was still minus a pair of quills to twist the line with. Henry Casselbury, who sat near me, at once put his hand into his vest pocket, and taking therefrom a pair of quills, presented them, with the remark, "Will these do?" They were just what I wanted, and after giving directions for an early breakfast and engaging a boy to furnish me a box of angle worms, I retired and made my line before going to bed. The next morning I was up by daylight and breakfasted before sunrise, and immediately thereafter went directly to Bear Creek and began to try my luck. For a time I could wish for no better, as I hauled in trout after trout at every fling of the line. I had captured fully two dozen, and was in great expectation of filling my basket by noon, when on approaching a promising harbor, indicated by a huge pile of drift-wood, and casting my hook into the water just above it, a trout took it and darted under the drift. I essayed to hook him, but found I had instead caught a stick. Every effort to unloose the hook proved abortive, and I had no alternative but to climb upon the loose slabs and refuse lumber, and by lying down and reaching under an arm's length, to come at and release my hook. This was no sooner done than, in an effort to rise, I saw my book of "field notes" drop from my coat pocket into the stream and disappear under the drift-wood. This was a serious and provoking mishap. If lost, it destroyed the record of my work for a season and could not be replaced. I therefore set about removing all obstructions in the channel, but without finding my book, and then followed down the creek some twenty yards, looking for it with no better success. Being too much aggravated by its loss to enjoy further sport, I crossed the creek to the east side, and was making for the road, when the rays of the sun upon the water revealed my book, near where I had lost it, held fast to the bottom of the creek by a continuous pour of water over a log above it. I need hardly say it was soon released, and on exposing it to the sun, by the

time I was ready to go on, it was dry. This was incident number one.

Following up the stream, I had gone but a little distance until an abortive effort to catch a trout landed my hook upon a small limb overhanging the creek, some fifteen feet above my reach, and in a position I could not climb to so as to disentangle it. In this dilemma I thought of the expedient of twisting off the limb to which the hook was attached by a forked pole, and I cut one and succeeded, after some trouble, in doing so, but as the bough fell into the creek and floated down, I supposed it was carrying my tackle with it, and carelessly throwing the forked pole up the stream on the gravel bar, I followed the floating limb which had held my hook until I caught it, but was surprised to find that there was no hook, line or rod attached to it. I therefore concluded it had become detached and was still below me floating down the stream. Following the current to the next pile of drift-wood, I found no trace of it, and walked leisurely back up the stream to where I had broken the limb, with no better success. It seemed that my rod had miraculously disappeared, and I had now no alternative but to forego further sport. I again crossed the creek, and following a fisherman's path as it led towards the road, at a point several rods above where this mishap had occurred, in casting a "longing, lingering look behind," I noticed my *truant*, floating in the channel of the creek. It was an agreeable surprise, but until I had solved the mystery, could not account for the rod floating several rods up stream. The fact was, in twisting off the bough to which the hook was attached, I had released it, and wound it about my forked pole, with which I had, without noticing the connection, carried up the stream and thrown upon the bank. Thus ended incident number two.

Of course I was satisfied with the denouement, and proceeded on, catching every few rods one or more fine trout, until I came to another pile of drift, which promised the capture of a half dozen at least. Selecting a proper position, I threw my hook near the inviting covert, when it was at once seized and carried among the drift. On pulling for the thief, I found to my chagrin, that I had again missed the trout, but had an immovable slab instead fast to my hook. All efforts to release it failed, and I was forced to climb the treacherous rubbish and lie down upon it before I could reach under far enough to get at the hook. But this time I laid

aside my coat to save my book, as it was well I did, for I had no sooner loosened the line than in an effort to get up I broke the scantling under me, and was pitched head first into the pool, and before I could regain an upright position, I had not a dry thread in my clothes. But this rather amused than provoked me, and may be set down as incident number three.

Pursuing my vocation, I had not gone more than a hundred yards before I found again my hook suspended by a limb over the creek. It was necessary to cut another forked pole to get it down, and I lost no time in selecting one for the purpose. But in applying a little extra strength in doing so, I broke my knife, and had to finish the job with sharp stones, bruising rather than cutting the sprout. It reminded me of the old adage, "The more haste the less speed." This was incident number four.

By this time I began to consider whether the good or bad luck was the greater; but I had a desire to fill my basket, and proceeded. For some rods farther everything promised well, and I began to think the worst had happened, when, observing a fine "hole" that could only be come at from the opposite side of the creek, I looked for an eligible place to cross, and finding that the current ran swift and deep against the bank just above me, I thought by an extra leap I could clear it, and so reach the pool below without alarming the fish. I made the jump successfully, but in doing so broke the strap of my fish basket, which latter dropped into the rapid current half way across, and the lid sprung open at the same time, emptying all my trout promiscuously into the stream. At first sight it looked as if the whole day's work was lost, but a few rods below there was no current, and thither I repaired, gathering up my fish as they came floating down, none of which, I think, escaped a recapture. Thus ended incident number five.

As every mishap had so far proved to be no real misfortune, I ventured on, asking myself, "What next?" That question was, however, sooner answered than I expected, and before I had gone a hundred yards. Wishing to reach a supposed rendezvous with my line, I ventured out on a log overhanging the creek, to the extreme end of it, but finding it too small to stand upon in an upright position, I essayed to sit astride it, but in coming to anchor abruptly it broke square off, plunging me a second time into the creek *sans ceremonie*. I crawled out, not in the best

humor, as may be supposed, but without the loss of a trout. This was incident number six.

By this time my basket was about full, and from the appearance of the sun, "high twelve" was not far ahead. Nevertheless, an enticing eddy and promising shelter ahead invited to try again. I baited my hook and walked on about three rods to it, and after taking three or four of the inhabitants in succession, I noticed that my hook was bare. Feeling for my bait box, I found it was missing, and going back to where I last used it, and looking over every foot of ground between it and where I missed it, I gave it up as lost. But it was now time to quit, and I wrapped up my line and walked to the road, when, feeling some obstruction in my boot, I pulled it off, and out dropped my *anathematized* box. At finding it I had half a notion to try my luck again, but just then my horse and buggy came in sight and I went home, ruminating all the way upon the mixture of good and bad luck I had experienced.

C. D. E.

### The Culinary Art, as Applied to Tickle the Aboriginal Palate.

It has become a generally accepted fact that "the shortest road to a man's heart lies by way of his stomach," and the blunt assertion that "the Lord sent the food but the devil sent the cooks," only expresses the bitter anguish of a victim of misplaced confidence, but does not in the least weaken the force of the old saw. Hence, in view of the *vital* bearing of this subject, we may feel justified in collecting the testimony of credible witnesses, relating to the articles used for food and the art of preservation and preparation, as practiced in our land before the advent of the white race.

The domestic condition of the aborigines most familiar through popular historians was that of complete improvidence, and, consequently, one might suppose that a state of feast or famine continually existed in spite of the presence of unlimited means of sustenance. But this was not the case previous to the demoralizing conflicts which occurred after the settlement by the early colonies of Europeans, and their petty tribal quarrels were made suicidal by an allegiance to a common enemy.

A very large variety of articles were gathered for food, and skillfully prepared for use in winter and on long journeys. Immense quantities were stored for future emergencies, and the recorded instances are many where individuals

and communities, were saved from starvation by relief carried in hospitable savage hands from the secret fastnesses of the wilderness: and in due time both the seed for planting and methods adapted for its success were cheerfully taught the stranger.

The principal food among these people was the flesh of animals, then the flesh of birds and fowls, fish, vegetables, nuts, roots, berries, barks, fruits, etc., etc.

The common method of preparing meat was by drying it in the sun, which was so thoroughly done that without salt or smoke it would remain good at all seasons, and in any climate. It was known among the whites as "jerked meat," from its method of preparation. Being cut across the grain, strips half an inch in thickness were jerked loose and hung upon poles in the sun for several days, and until completely dried. Fish were preserved by drying and smoking. Wild turkeys were dressed in a similar way. No salt was used at any time in the eating or preservation of their food.

Maize, or Indian corn, was raised in immense quantities, but the greater part was eaten in the "green" state, at the festivals held during that season; the "green corn dance" being an occasion of peculiar celebration. The remaining corn was dried before ripe and stored away for future use. Squashes were cut into thin slices and dried. Berries and small fruits were preserved by drying.

The traditions and recorded use of the so-called "bread-root" occupied a conspicuous place in the list of food substances, and has recently become the subject of thorough investigation. It is supposed to have been our common Indian turnip. (Known also as three-leaved arum, wake robin, dragon root, dragon turnip, wild turnip, pepper turnip, marsh turnip, meadow turnip, swamp turnip, bog-onion, starch-worth, Jack-in-the-pulpit, priest's pintle, lord-and-ladies, etc.) When dried and pulverized it produces a beautiful snow-white meal, that, when properly prepared, can be employed as a substitute for flour in making bread. Besides the acrid principles, which are entirely expelled by heat, this plant contains from ten to seventeen per cent. of starch, albumen, gum, sugar, extractive matter, lignin and salts of potassa and lime.

The Indians either boiled this root or roasted it in hot ashes. "Sometimes they gathered large heaps of the bulbs, dug a great hole two

or three fathoms and upward in length, into which they put the roots and covered them with the earth that had been taken out of the hole; they then made a great fire above it, which burned until they thought proper to remove it; they then dug up the roots and consumed them with avidity." Researches made by Mr. George H. Harris, of Rochester, N. Y., indicate that this Indian turnip is the cas-ous-haw, loc-ka-whough, tuc-ka-hoo, taw-hoo and ook-te-haw, one and the same plant, known botanically as *Arum triphyllum*.

The favorite method of storing food was by placing it in holes dug in the ground six or seven feet deep, (called *caches* by the early French). Otherwise it was placed in gourds, skins or earthen vessels and suspended from trees or the frame-work of their cabins and wigwams. The fragments of earthen and soap-stone vessels that have been picked up from time to time since the Indians left this valley would indicate a very large capacity in many instances.

Reliable travelers in the far West sixty years ago inform us that "*pemican* is made of buffalo meat dried very hard and afterward pounded in a large wooden mortar until it is nearly as fine as sawdust, then it is packed in a dry state in bladders or sacks of skin. *Marrow-fat* is collected from buffalo bones, which are broken to pieces, yielding a prodigious quantity of marrow, which is boiled out and put in bladders which have been distended. After cooling it becomes hard like tallow, and has the appearance and nearly the flavor of butter. At a feast, chunks of marrow-fat and pemican are eaten together, and form a very acceptable substitute for bread and butter."

Flesh meat was eaten smoked, dried, roasted, broiled, boiled, etc.; or it was used in soup, a very common article of food, which also contained corn, beans, turnip meal, marrow fat, etc., and is said to have been very palatable, after one got accustomed to doing without salt. Among many western tribes, perhaps among all tribes, the pot was always kept hanging over the fire, so that any one coming in hungry could help himself, which he had a perfect right to do.

Probably the rudest method of boiling was that practiced by the Assinnebains, who obtained their name from the peculiar method they had for boiling meat. "When they killed an animal a hole was dug in the ground, about the size of a common pot, and a piece of raw-

hide, as taken from the back of the carcass, was put over the hole and pressed down with the hands close around the sides, and filled with water. The meat to be boiled was then put into the hole or pot of water. In a fire built near by, several large stones were heated to redness, and successively dipped or held in the water until the meat was boiled, for which singular custom the Ojibbeways have given them the appellation of Assinnebains, or Stone-boilers."

Gastronomic delicacies among the Indians comprised almost any article of food that was prepared for a special occasion. While they were not large eaters, as is generally supposed, the men eating but twice, and frequently but once a day as a regular habit, yet at their feasts they would gormandize to an enormous extent. The men always ate first; the women, children and dogs came after, and these latter were addicted to notorious gluttony.

Cannibalism has been practiced by all barbarous people, but by the American Indians to a very limited extent. Yet in Dr. Colden's history of the five Indian nations dependent upon the government of New York, it is shown that "the ferocious and vindictive spirit of the conqueror led him occasionally to feast upon his captive. Ottawas having taken an Iroquois prisoner, made soup of his flesh. The like has been repeatedly done since on select occasions by other tribes. Governor Cass, of Michigan, informed me that among the Miamis there was a standing committee consisting of seven warriors, whose business it was to perform the man-eating required by public authority. Alexander Henry, Esq., in his book of travels through Canada and the Indian territories, stated that man-eating was then (1760), and always had been, practiced among the Indian nations on returning from war, or on overcoming their enemies, for the purpose of giving them courage to attack and resolution to die."

In modern years about the most luscious morsel to an Indian is a fat dog. A recent visitor among the Sioux has related his experience in the following substance. The occasion was the gathering of a multitude of the tribe at one of the agencies. He was walking with observant manner in the midst of the crowd, when his attention was attracted by a commotion, which he found to be caused by a group of six or more squaws walking hurriedly along. One of them had a rope over her shoulder, with one end grasped in both hands

and the other end around the neck of a fat dog, dragged along with unwilling steps, apparently shrinking from his impending fate. At a convenient spot they stopped, and without hesitation or ceremony, another squaw struck the dog upon the head with a stone, another cut his throat with a knife, while the rest collected wood and built a fire. In an incredibly short space of time the feast was prepared, for the animal was neither skinned nor disemboweled. The flames soon singed the hair off, and the heat quickly spitted him to a turn. The meat was then sliced up and passed, first to the braves, then to the white strangers, and finally to the squaws and children. To refuse the proffered viand would be a mortal insult, but in spite of the revolting spectacle in the preparation, the flesh tasted good, and was compared to that of a rabbit.

The early Moravian missionaries speak of coming upon a camp of Indians at the Great Island, (near Lock Haven, Clinton County, Pa.) and finding them cooking grass in a pot, "which they ate with avidity." John Hagen, a Moravian missionary at Fort Augusta, (Sunbury, Pa.) states in his journal of June 9, 1747: "Food scarce. The Indians hunt *wurzel-grass*, etc., for food—a plant which if uncooked is a deadly poison, but if cooked with fern is good eating." This was doubtless some succulent variety of grass indigenous to the West Branch Valley, but its identity has been lost.

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE,  
EASTON, PA., May 14, 1891.

Dear Sir: I have your letter of the 12th, in regard to a plant called "wurzel-grass." There is a grass-like sedge (*Cyperus esculentus*) which grows along our sandy river banks and produces tubers that are sometimes cooked and eaten as the specific name implies, and this may be the thing in question, but it is only a guess.

Another plant (*sagittaria variabilis*), arrow-head, which grows in wet places and on muddy banks, though not quite so grass-like, produces sometimes an abundance of similar tubers or tuberous roots, as I have proved by collecting one day more than a quart of them, some as large as the first joint of the thumb, on an island below Harrisburg. These, according to the testimony of Kalm, who traveled as a collector for Linnaeus in the Eastern United States, in the last century, were used as an article of food by the Indians.

These are the only native plants I can think of likely to suit the name "wurzel-grass," which is evidently German.

Yours respectfully,

THOS. C. PORTER.

"The Shoshokoes, or Root-diggers, is a tribe of Indians who dwell amid the rugged and inhospitable regions of the great Rocky Mountains. They are considered the most destitute and miserable portion of the North American tribes."

It is said that a favorite method of roasting a bird or fowl among the Indians is to smear the body with soft clay until the feathers are thoroughly imbedded, after which the lump is deposited in a heap of hot ashes, where it is allowed to remain until done. The entrails are not taken out until afterward, when they are found to be shriveled up into a small bunch. The clay and feathers peel off together, leaving the flesh clean and inviting. The flavor is said to be delicious. The entrails of a wild turkey are esteemed a delicacy among some Indian tribes.

In William Penn's description of the Indians he says: "Their diet is maize or Indian corn, divers ways prepared, sometimes roasted in ashes, sometimes beaten and boiled with water, which they call *hominie*. They also make cakes not unpleasant to eat. They have likewise several sorts of beans and peas that are good nourishment, and the woods and rivers owe their larder."

Schoolcraft first pointed out a peculiar series of ancient works in Michigan and Wisconsin and denominated *garden beds*. Mr. Canfield states that the garden beds of Sauk County occupy fields of from ten to a hundred acres, and have different directions, as though each family had had a separate patch for cultivation.

In the officers' journals of General John Sullivan's expedition against the Indians, in 1779, we find the following:

Lieut. William Barton says:

Shamong, August 12th.—An Indian town, lying on the north of the creek, consisting of about thirty huts covered with bark. The Indians who inhabit it raise large fields of corn, beans, squashes, potatoes and pumpkins in abundance, which they subsist on in the winter season, with what deer and bears they kill, with other beasts of the woods. Our troops, after destroying their huts and fields of corn (which we suppose contain about a thousand bushels), returned unmolested to Tioga.

September 5th.—Kendai (Seneca Lake, N. Y.), appeared to be the oldest town we have yet passed, here being considerable orchard—trees very old.

Monday, September 6th.—Here a great plenty of pea vines.

Lieut. Erkuries Beatty says:

July 30, 1779, (Chemung and Tioga).—Nearly

half of the army out to-day cutting up corn, which is in great abundance. Our brigade destroyed 150 acres of the best corn that I ever saw, (some of the stalks grew sixteen feet high), besides great quantities of beans, potatoes, pumpkins, cucumbers, squashes and watermelons.

August 5th, Seneca Lake.—The apple trees, which is a good number and very old, was either cut down or killed, likewise the peach trees, but there was not many of them.

Major John Burrows says:

Shemung, August 27, 1779.—The field contains about 100 acres. Beans, cucumbers, simblens, watermelons and pumpkins in such quantities, were it represented in the manner it should be, would be almost incredible to a civilized people. The corn grows such as cannot be equalled in Jersey.

Middletown, August 3d.—The army don't march this day, but are employed in cutting down the corn at this place, which being about 150 acres and superior to any I ever saw. Some corn stalks measure eighteen feet, and one cob a foot and a half long.

French Catharines, September 3d.—There is a number of peach, apple and plum trees at this place.

Six miles from Chemung, September 15th.—It is judged that we have burnt and destroyed about 60,000 bushels of corn, and two or three thousand bushels of beans on this expedition.

Surgeon Jabes Campfield says:

September 13, 1779.—Black walnuts are very large and well shaped. The quantity of corn in the town is far beyond what anybody has imagined. I fear the method taken will be ineffectual for its destruction. Some of their houses are full of it hanging up to-dry.

Major Jeremiah Fogg says:

September 1st, Seneca Lake.—Night coming on we were obliged again to encamp without forage, excepting wild beans, of which our horses were very fond, and kind nature has been very bountiful in dispensing them throughout this country. The village has twenty houses and eighty large apple trees.

September 6th.—Encamped amidst a great plenty of pea vines.

Ensign Daniel Gookin says:

September 5, 1779.—Marched to T. This is an old settled place. A number of 200 old apple trees and peach trees plenty.

Sergeant-Major George Grant says:

September 24, 1779, near Cauga.—This morning went to destroying corn, beans and orchards. Destroyed about 1,500 peach trees, beside apple trees and other fruit trees.

Rev. David Craft says in his historical address:

In this expedition the army destroyed 200,000 bushels of corn, besides thousands of fruit trees and great quantities of beans and potatoes.

JOS. H. McMINN.

### A Pioneer's Letters, and His Favorite Theme Later in Life.

One of the most active, intelligent, trusted and prominent of the early settlers of this section of Pennsylvania was the soldier, farmer, surveyor, land speculator, commissioner, judge and author, John Adlum. He was born at York, Pa., April 29, 1759. At the early age of seventeen he joined the army of the Revolution and took part in the struggle for independence. Under the administration of Adams he was a major in the Provisional Army. Later he was appointed a brigadier general in the Pennsylvania militia. In 1789 he was sent by Surveyor General Lukens to survey some of the reserved lands in the north-western part of the State. April 9, 1790, he was appointed a commissioner, along with Samuel Maclay and Timothy Matlack, to examine and survey the West Branch and its head-waters, to determine the practicability of navigation, and if possible to find a route for a road to connect the Susquehanna and Allegheny rivers—a grand project of that day, when railroads were not yet thought of, to draw trade to the growing and already ambitious metropolis of Pennsylvania. Maclay's Journal, annotated and published by Mr. John F. Meginess, is an interesting account of this survey, and to it we are indebted for some of the facts here presented. Adlum was also afterwards chosen in the same capacity, and for the same purpose, with Benjamin Rittenhouse, to examine the Schuylkill River. On several occasions he was likewise sent as commissioner to conciliate and make treaties with the ever restless, suspicious and (no wonder) jealous Indians. He was a useful, busy and enterprising man, who has left a good name that will live as long as the local annals of his day are read. Not much is known of his early life, but it is believed that he was a fine specimen of what is usually termed a self-taught and a self-made man.

During the year 1790, or perhaps in the spring of '91, Mr. Adlum came to Muncy Valley and bought and settled on the farm now owned by John F. Ort, adjoining the William Ellis place, now owned by Sarah and Rebecca Haines, near Pennsdale, and we are told that he built the stone house in which Mr. Ort at present resides. He brought with him his aged parents, and his three younger brothers and six sisters. Richard, a fourth (and youngest) brother, perished at sea while on his way to visit with relatives in England. Catharine married Joseph Whitacre,

and lived on the farm on which James Ecroyd now resides. Adlum had also owned this farm, but sold it to Whitacre in 1802 for \$1,000. Margaret, the youngest of the girls, married Major General Abbot Greene, of Lewisburg, and was the mother of the late well-known Joseph Greene. Joseph and Mary Adlum were twins. Joseph lived many years on Wolf Run, on the farm now owned by the heirs of George Long, deceased; and Mary married John Huckel—the parents of the esteemed teacher and our now venerable neighbor, Miss Mary Huckel. Elizabeth, Ellen and Ann Adlum remained single. The parents, and we believe several others of the family, were buried in the Friend's grave-yard at Pennsdale.

The county of Lycoming was formed April 13, 1795, and on the day following John Adlum was appointed one of the associate judges. The other appointees were Samuel Wallis, James Davidson and William Hepburn. The last mentioned was made President Judge when they met and organized. (See Joseph H. Mc-Minn's article, "Early Courts," on page 49.) After serving three years, Adlum resigned, for the reason that he was then making preparations to locate near Havre de Grace, Maryland, intending to devote himself more closely to his favorite pursuit of agriculture. He was considered a successful scientific farmer, as well as an able surveyor and a fortunate land speculator.

Miss Mary Huckel says she saw her esteemed uncle, John Adlum, when she was quite young, and that she very distinctly remembers him. She met him when he came to visit his sisters, who remained on the farm after the death of the parents. She describes him as a large, stout, erect, handsome man, having blue eyes, light hair, a florid complexion, the most pleasing manners, and that he was regarded as a highly entertaining talker. He was a good observer, fond of reading, possessed a very retentive memory, had made the acquaintance of many of the leading and most cultured families of that day, and hence had the capacity and opportunity to acquire a great fund of information. Miss Mary's mother often mentioned him, and repeated many things that he had said to her.

One of the noted persons with whom Mr. Adlum was on terms of friendly intimacy, and for whom he cherished great admiration, was Joseph Priestley, of Northumberland. He took a deep interest in the great discoverer's chemical researches and experiments, especially in what

ever applied to agriculture; but being himself an orthodox Episcopalian, he could not adopt the materialistic and Unitarian ideas of the famous dissenter. He admired him not for the views he held, but for the life he led, and the signal character that he was.

Another of Adlum's most intimate friends was his Quaker neighbor,—a near neighbor as regarded in those days,—the wealthy merchant, the large farmer, the chief of land speculators, and finally his fellow associate judge, Samuel Wallis, with whom he also had close business relations. Among the papers of Wallis already mentioned,—*NOW AND THEN*, Vol. 2, p. 16, and Vol. 3, p. 62,—a number of letters written to him by Adlum have been found that aid to bring some things of that remote era to light, and that serve to show the energetic and trustworthy character of the man who penned them, and that will therefore be of no little interest to lovers of local history. In connection with his vast private landed operations, Wallis was also for many years agent of the Holland Land Company,—a great land syndicate composed of a number of citizens of Amsterdam,—and Adlum at the time of writing these letters was employed by him in making surveys of some of the syndicate lands. We are kindly permitted to lay the hastily written missives before the public, though never intended for publication, because they are now too old, and contain too much of general concern to be longer regarded as private. Without further remark by way of preface, they are respectfully submitted in the order in which they were written:

HARTSLOG, June 21st, 1794.

SAMUEL WALLIS, ESQUIRE,

*Dear Sir:* From appearances I begin to think there will be very little business in the surveying line done this season. I met Mr James Hunter yesterday returning from his district as he did not think it safe to proceed to business. He says that the persons that kept Mr Grant's Camp saw five Indians come to their camp, blackened and dressed only with their britch clothes & leggins as they lay at a distance in a Laurel thicket, the cause of their concealing themselves in the thicket proceeded from the appearance of some person being there before while they were absent from Camp. Mr Hunter says it will be impossible to keep out hands as they are so much intimidated. Mr McDowel who went out to French Creek I hear is returned to his home without doing any business. We will

proceed to Greensburg and probably to Fort Pitt, and if any scouts should be going to Fort Franklin I will be apt to go along to make some arrangements about the disposal of my stores, and Mr John Brodhead and Mr John Wallis will return home from there.

I am Dear Sir

Yours Sincerely

JOHN ADLUM

FORT FRANKLIN July 27th 1794.

SAMUEL WALLIS ESQ

*Dear Sir:* I arrived at this place on tuesday last after a very disagreeable tour, after Mr John Wallis & Mr Brodhead left me. They no doubt informed you of a number of hands mutinying at Greensburg—after which I went into Washington County and had a number of hands engaged there—but the country people discouraged them so much that they returned home before they reached Fort Pitt. Col. Campbell had not forwarded my provisions and I was obliged to employ Mr Naymaker with his boat to carry my stores up the River. Part of Mr. Rees hands that I had engaged at Fort Pitt with a couple of surveyors I directed to go with the boat to assist as the River was low, but when they arrived at the Kittanning where I went by land Mr Stewart who was in your service last year and who I employed at Fort Pitt mutinied with the hands and refused to go further or do anything without I would pay them double wages but after some persuasion some quarreling and threatening I got part of them to proceed with the boat upon paying them additional wages for I did not like to risk the boat with so few hands. My Provisions are all safe at this place, and this morning I set the surveyors to work in Mr Brodhead's district above the mouth of French Creek and I hope to finish it in ten or twelve days with what you had done last fall.

I agreed with Col. Craig to employ Anderson & Irwin who did Daniel William's business to go & finish or survey it over again and furnished him with such Drafts as I had, an account of which I sent with Mr. Thomas Rees. Irwin & Anderson would not go out without promising them two dollars per Tract which I expect Col. Craig has agreed with them for.—You wish information concerning the Indians. Everything wears an unpleasing aspect here. I inclose the Cornplanter's last Speech. But I think all will yet be quiet for a fortnight and am making arrangements accordingly. I had information this morning of two Delaware

Indians being on their way to the frontier and from the course they were steering were supposed to strike about the Kishemanetas. The Indian that gave me this information I have great confidence in, and he informed me that he had it from a young Indian who was out a hunting and who had seen them.

To-morrow morning I go up to the Cornplanter's Town to inform him I intend going out to survey some lands and to demand of him and the other Chiefs to furnish me with a guard while on business—and I expect to be able from his answers to know how to proceed. There is about a dozen Indians going with me from this place up to his Town and expect to return in nine or ten days & I wish you to have some person here by that time with information of what you intend further to do and to know where I may write to you so that you may get what information I will be possessed of as quick as possible. Mr Benj Harris had best stay with the hands where he is until I return from the Cornplanters, then I hope to be able to decide what is best to be done.

Capt. Heath the commanding officer at this post gives his compliments to Mr Jos. Ellicott and desired me to inform him that he cannot give him any satisfactory information on the subject of the Indians, that he may in a manner judge for himself by the Cornplanters speech which is inclosed. He forwarded his letters to Le Bouef immediately and wrote a line to Mr Andrew Ellicott and his answers will be forwarded by the persons that will be sent in when I return from the Cornplanters

I am building a house under protection of the garrison for my stores and if business cannot be gone on with for the present I will send in my hands and most of my people and wait here until I see whether we shall have war or peace.

The boundary line alluded to in the Cornplanters speech begins at the Mouth of the Muskegonum River and runs up it to the head and from thence to the head of Gyahoga River then a straight line to French Creek a little below Cussawaga that is where Mead lives and from thence to the Cornplanter's Town and then along the Pennsylvania line to the line of Gorham & Phelps purchase which Country between said line & Lake Erie and Lake Ontario they claim as their own.

I shall be glad to hear from you at all times and if circumstances should so turn up that our

immediate correspondence should be stopt—you can write to Fort Pitt by the Post to the care of General John Wilkins who will forward letters to me by such opportunities that may happen.

I am Sir With sentiments of esteem

Yours sincerely

JOHN ADLUM

FORT FRANKLIN August 8th 1794

*Dear Sir:* You will see by the letter I have inclosed to the Governor my opinion of Indian affairs and which after you have read I wish you to seal and forward with all expedition to Philadelphia. On the day after my return to this place Mr McDowel arrived with one surveyor and nine hands and this morning they are gone out to finish surveying his District, and Mr. Stewart, Miles & McMahan are all going out, and Smith and Jones I send to Traverse the Allegheny River and hope soon to have a good deal of business done, and have some hopes of completing the whole this season. I expect that by this time your business is nearly completed if not quite. I expect to have the Northern part of Mr Brodhead's Dis't with what you have done last year cut to Pieces in about ten or twelve days more in bodies of ten thousand acres and some less and if the Indians keep peaceable I will send out and have new lines run through the tracts so as to have all the corners to each Tract.

I wrote for Benj Harris and my hands at his Camp and my Pack Horses as there is some hands with me I wish to discharge. I have employed six Indians to attend the parties that are out surveying and from the precautions I have taken as well as the friendship of the Indians I cannot think that they will disturb my People but give me time or at least I will have such notice that I can send for and get them in before any mischief can be done them. If nothing happens Mr McDowels district will be done in twenty days, besides Mr Brodhead's District and a considerable quantity of other business.

Judge Wilson bought the last locations I had entered in the Land Office and is to forward the Warrants to me—if they are not yet forwarded I write to him to forward them to Muncy & wish you to send them to me by express as quick as possible as a Mr Denniston has got about 100 Warrants out that are younger than mine and for the same land and I wish to have the War-

rants to present them to the Deputy on his first appearance in the District.

Give my compliments to your family

I am Dear Sir

Your most Obedient Servent

JOHN ADLUM.

FORT FRANKLIN August 12th 1794

*Dear Sir:* I wrote you fully on the 8th inst and Received your favours of the same date yesterday. There is several Indians arrived here yesterday and brought in a Deserter from this Garrison, and appear very friendly, and there is ten Canoes of Indians from the Upper Towns to be here to day and to morrow, so that from these Circumstances I think there is nothing to fear. I received a message from the Cornplanter by an Indian that he wished me to be ready and go with him to a Treaty at Buffalo Creek. He said he wished me to attend particularly, for he expected General Washington's answers—and yesterday I saw a young Indian from Buffalo Creek who informed me that they are all a going out to hunt again and that he thought they would not get an answer as soon as they expected—so that I think they are a coming too, and that I will complete all my business this season yet. I am glad to hear that you made such large strides towards finishing your business. I gave Col. Craig directions to take hold of the old surveys that are inside of my last years work and wish it may be done. He has my drafts and knows where to look for the old surveys for besides laying all that I have to lay there I think it will be a very good place to accomodate the Governors Warrants, as the lands are in general good. If King & Harris have perseverance there will be no fear as to them for they will be in a quarter where they will not meet with any Indians, at least I think so, so I do not send after them for it is at least seventy miles from this place and there would be considerable difficulty to find the line to start from without some person had been there before. I expect to have all the lands North of Toby's Creek cut up in ten or twelve days from this time.

If Benj Harris is gone in it will not be worth while to send after him. Mr McAdams thinks the hands will be so much scattered that Mr McGrady will not be able to get a set of hands or so many as I wrote for. I have therefore engaged one set at Cussawaga and if you can forward one other set it will be all I think necessary. My pack horses I cannot do with-

out for in some Instances I will have to pack seventy miles and they are not to be had here. As to Mr Brodhead I don't thank him for the liberty he has taken with my horses for there is no replacing them here, and he had the insolence to want me to engage him that all the work North of Toby's Creek should be done without him allowing any compensation for it, when at the same time he was afraid to go and do it himself. Though these things are scarcely worth Notice.

As Mr John Wallis is a going to Philadelphia I will thank you to let him deliver the Governors and Judge Wilsons letters with his own hands, that is if it can be sent after him in time for Mr McAdams thinks he is at Muncy by this time. I wish him to call at the Judges particularly and bring all the Warrants I am concerned in with him that I may not give the Deputy Surveyor any excuse whatever. I send both the Runners back and wish you to send one of them back to me again if anything occurs worth Notice, or when you intend to leave Camp.

I am Dear Sir

With every sentiment of Respect

JOHN ADLUM.

P. S.—I write a line to the Judge for some Money. I leave the letter open & I will thank you to seal it after you have read it. I hear there is four Indians out who intend to make a stroke on the Kishemanetas.

HUSKUSKEE NARROWS 25 Miles above  
Fort Franklin, August 20th 1794

*Dear Sir:* I received yours of the 14th & 16th Inst by Capt. McGrady, and by sending Mr Adams & Boatman back have come near to your own Ideas. I am glad my letters came in time to go by Mr John Wallis to Philadelphia for I expected they would have had to have gone by express after him as Mr Adams had informed me that him & Benj Harris had started and gone home.

One of the soldiers of the Garrison was scalped & found about one mile and a half from it. It was supposed he had deserted and was missing 10 or 12 days before he was found. On Saturday last the Cornplanter sent three long strings of Wampum after me inviting me to Buffalo Creek to hear General Washington's answer which they have received. The Messenger to me was Capt. Crow his son in law, and he thought the answer somewhat in their favour and my attendance was wished as I know something of their transactions with us. I thought

it most prudent to accept of the Invitation as it will answer the safety of my people for three weeks about which time I expect to return, and I have some hopes that I may be further useful as the Indians who know me have generally the greatest confidence in me, and if any thing serious turns up I will have it in my power to send in and give notice of it, though I am in great hopes every thing will be accomodated to the satisfaction of the Indians, at least for this season.

The words of the Cornplanter in the message to me were these: "I send for you and take you by the hand and lead you to where we will hear General Washington's answers that you may see that I have acted right, and will keep you by the hand untill I return you back again to Fort Franklin if it pleases the Great Spirit to keep you in health."

I have given the direction of my business to Capt. McGrady untill I return, and have cut out business enough for him for that time. And if I can keep on business in three weeks after I will be done the whole of my business. If Benj Harris and one set of hands come on it will be enough but if two sets should come it will be better.

I am Dear Sir

With respect & esteem

Your most Obed't Servent

JOHN ADLUM

STURGEONHOLE ALLEGANY RIVER  
August 22nd 1794

*Dear Sir:* When I wrote you the day before yesterday I forgot to mention to have four or five hundred of Pork sent me by the pack horses for fear I might get scant of meat, and be obliged to buy cattle from the Contractors. Mr Stewart who is in the upper end of Mr Brodheads District will finish in two or three days. I wish my business in Brodheads District finished. Col. Craig has directions how to do it, & I expect he will be urged to do it should he show any backwardness.

I am Dear Sir with esteem, etc

JOHN ADLUM

FORT FRANKLIN Aug. 31st 1794

*Dear Sir:* I now begin to think war inevitable from a number of Circumstances, and have wrote the Governor and General Wilson of Northumberland on the subject. I wrote you by Mr Grady since I received yours by him. There has been very great Waste made

among my provisions, especially with my bacon and I write to Mr Hollingsworth for some pork. As soon as the hands that are out come in I will discharge them, for if war takes place it will be before the middle of next month, and possibly by the 25th of the month therefore I shall send in my hands surveyors (and all and leave my provisions here) by the middle of this month, and any papers warrants or any thing I wish to be kept at Muncy until you hear further from me. There will be so much of my business done that in three weeks afterwards if it is peaceable I can have all done with two surveyors, and if war takes place the Garrison can make use of my stores and I receive pay for them from the Contractors. I think it will be prudent to take every measure to cover our frontiers by the 20th or 25th next month for if nothing happens no evil can arise from it, and if the times should be difficult we ought to be prepared.

The Cornplanter sent me three long strings of wampum inviting me to the treaty at Buffalo Creek and I went to his Town for that purpose but on my arrival there information was received that it would not be until about the 10th or 12th of next month, so I returned to this place for a few days, and intend setting out again on Friday or Saturday next. If peace is established I will return to this place and finish my business, if not I will take the nearest route home. I write to Mr Hollingsworth and think it will be as well to make a retreat by the 25th September. I got your horse Calico at the Cornplanter Town and brought him to this place, but was obliged to pay eleven dollars for him. I suppose all your business nearly done and think it will be prudent to move the hands and provisions.

I am Respectfully Yours

JOHN ADLUM.

Mr. Adlum wrote other letters to Wallis during this exciting period that would be of much interest now, but they appear to have been among the papers (p. 62) that were carried off or destroyed. The war cloud that seemed so ominous to the enterprising surveyor and his men did not long darken the national sky, however, as the Pennsylvania and New York Indians soon got news from the West that probably did as much as anything that transpired to break their war fever. It was on the 20th day of August, 1794, that "Mad Anthony" Wayne won his brilliant victory at Maumee Rapids, and

that enabled him the year after to bring about his famous treaty with the North-western tribes at Greenville. When Adlum wrote his letters and prepared for retreat he had not yet heard the good news of Wayne's great triumph.

Mr. Adlum resigned his seat on the judicial bench, as already stated, in February, 1798, and soon afterwards settled on the farm he owned near Havre de Grace. We are possessed of no information respecting him during this period of his life. About fourteen years later, when a bachelor of fifty-four, he married his cousin, Miss Margaret Adlum, of Frederick, Maryland. Soon after their alliance they settled near Georgetown, D. C., at a place long known as "The Vineyard," where Mr. Adlum died, in 1836, at the age of seventy-seven. Mrs. Adlum died in 1852, aged eighty-six. They had two children, Margaret and Anna Maria. The former has been dead several years; the latter, a widow, Mrs. Margaret C. Barber, is now a resident of Georgetown.

Every man of any consequence has some hobby, some favorite and oft-recurring theme of thought, of effort and aspiration, and John Adlum was not an exception. No man of his decided mental and physical energy can in safety settle down to a life of inactivity and aimlessness. He will and must be doing something, if he desires to be useful to, and be respected by, his fellow men. What would the world be without such characters? They are often called "dreamers," but they are the dreamers who keep the world moving. John Adlum's great hobby, after he settled in the District of Columbia, was raising grapes and making wine. He engaged in the pastime with energy and enthusiasm. It was this occupation that gave to his place its name, "The Vineyard."

His favorite day-dream was that this great country abounded with many species of indigenous grape that were capable, by proper cultivation, of yielding the very best of wine, and that they ought to be collected, cultivated and improved, before so many of them become altogether extinct by the rapid march of improvement and increase of population. He believed and urged that this ought and ultimately would become a great grape and wine producing country, and that it would be a shame and a mistake to neglect so promising a source of national wealth. He was so enthusiastic as even to declare, "that it will eventually be *the most profitable article of agriculture in the United States.*"

This thought was for many years a stimulus to all his exertions.

He applied to the Government for a portion of the public ground in Washington to establish an experimental vineyard, and hoped to have assistance to secure cuttings and roots of all the native species of grape found in the United States, but his application was rejected, and his fond dream was never to any important extent realized. Without assistance and patronage, therefore, he continued his experiments at "The Vineyard," and had the satisfaction of at least demonstrating that, as he claimed, wine can be made in this country which, to use his own confident words, "will rival the world in quality." In 1823 he wrote and published a small book entitled, "A Memoir on the Cultivation of the Vine in America, and the Best Mode of Making Wine," in which he gives his accumulated knowledge and experience, and for which he had such a continued demand that in 1828 he was induced to publish a second and enlarged edition of 180 pages. In the introductory part of the later edition he says:

"I have succeeded in making good wine from the grapes indigenous to our country, and have eventually reduced the making of it to a science, so that the operator can make it as good as it is possible for the materials operated upon to produce, hitherto unknown, or if known, was never communicated to the world. \* \* \* I am very sure we will make more wine off the same space of ground than any other country; and that we will rival the world as to the quality of it, when the cultivation of the grape becomes general; and if my instructions are followed, we will make little or none so bad as the common wines of other countries. \* \* \* We have all the latitudes and climates of the best wine countries of Europe."

Among the weighty testimonials he cites in proof of the superior quality of his wine made from native grapes, he published extracts from letters that he had received from Mr. Thomas Jefferson. These letters indicate a measure of success that it must be conceded gave him good reason for the bright dream he indulged of wine-making in America. The ex-President, who in familiar terms assured him of his great esteem and respect, said: "The quality of the bottle you sent me before satisfies me that we have at length found one native grape inured to all the accidents of our climate, which will give us a wine worthy the best vineyards of France. When you did me the favor of sending me the former bottle I placed it on the table with some of the best Burgundy of Chamberlin, which I had

imported myself from the maker of it, and desiring the company to point out which was the American bottle, it was acknowledged *they could perceive no difference.*"

That Mr. Adlum did not cherish an idle dream has since been confirmed by many horticultural writers. We need give only one instance. The last sentence of the able "Contribution to the Classification of the Species and Varieties of the Grape Vine," by the late J. M. McMinn, of Williamsport, (and father of our esteemed contributor, Joseph H. McMinn,) is as follows: "I confidently anticipate the complete success of the American grape, both as a table fruit and for wine, and I think nothing now remains but to clear away the rubbish, and adopt the best varieties; reject the inferior ones, and give the best attention and care that the grape of the old world has received since the primitive days of our venerable ancestors."

Mr. Adlum closes his interesting volume with a catalogue of the grapes under cultivation at "The Vineyard." The first on the list is the *Catawba*, which he pronounces "the very best" wine grape in the United States. The second named is *The Schuylkill Muscadell*, of which he says: "An excellent wine grape, and a sure bearer. \* \* \* Mr. William Bartram informed me that this grape was found growing near Schuylkill River by a Mr. Alexander, the gardener to one of the Mr. Penns, while Governor of Pennsylvania, before the American Revolution; and his description of it in Dr. J. Mease's edition of Willick's Domestic Encyclopedia is as follows: 'It is a large grape, black or blue, the size of the fruit of the *Vitis Vinifera* of the old continent. The grapes approach to an elliptical figure. They are, when fully ripe, perfectly black, and as sweet as any grape. Many persons think them too luscious. Before they are quite ripe some think they possess a little of the stingy taste of the fox-grape; but my taste could never discover it.' I have made a wine of this grape that Mr. Jefferson pronounced '*worthy the best vineyard of France.*'" The seventh in the catalogue is described as follows:

"*Muncy Grape.*—A purple or pale red; this is very like the *Catawba* in appearance, so much so that if I myself had not cut it from the original vine, which is growing on a limestone hill, on a farm I have near the West Branch of Susquehanna, in Lycoming County, Pennsylvania, I would have taken them for the same grape; but the taste is different, somewhat like our wild plums."

We will now conclude this lengthy paper by quoting the last sentence of the preface to the second edition of Mr. Adlum's book. The somewhat diverting remark is in strict conformity to all that is known of the author, and indicates an honesty and singleness of purpose that all must admire. "Finally, says he, 'I have not put down anything that I do not myself believe, and which I could not prove if necessary.'"

# THE NOW AND THEN.

ISSUED BI-MONTHLY.

J. M. M. GERNERD, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

For terms of subscription and advertising rates, see cover.

Entered at the Muncy Post-Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

JULY AND AUGUST, 1891.

## A Relic of 1778.

The following item, marked on the back "Appraisement of Calves," was found among the Wallis papers. It is a sad little historical memento of the dark and bloody summer of 1778, when the sorrowful "Pioneer Incident," related by McMinn on page 101, occurred. How changed things in this fair land are Now!

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Sept. 6th, 1778.

WHEREAS four Calves was left in the pasture of Samuel Wallis in the month of July last by the Inhabitants of Muncy Township who were flying from their homes on account of the Indian War all of which were at that time not able to be drove away & as the said Sam'l Wallis has since Returned back & no person returned to Claim or take care of the said Calves the said Sam'l Wallis has requested that we the subscribers would appraise them, in pursuance of which we have Valued them as undernoted, viz—

1 Small Brindle Heffer Calf with a white face marked with a swallow fork in Each Ear, Valued at 10 shillings.

1 Small Black Heffer Calf without any Ear Mark a White Spot on the tail & a little white on the Belley—Valued at 10 Shillings.

1 Small Red Bull Calf marked with a slit in the Near Ear & a half cross in the Off Ear—Valued at 22 s 6 p.

1 Small Red Heffer Calf marked with a slit in each Ear—Valued at 15 shillings.

Witness our hands the day and year above written

DAVID BERRY  
RALPH SLACK.

## Another New Magazine.

And now Montgomery has one. *Railroad Topics* is a handsome sixteen-page illustrated monthly, established by the energetic proprietors

of the *Montgomery Mirror*, Messrs. Smith & Grady. The initial number appeared in April. The title indicates the field entered and the work undertaken. It will discuss all questions pertaining to the business of railroading, which are very numerous. It solicits the patronage of the railroad fraternity, but will interest and instruct every other brotherhood. Who is not interested in railroads, on which the future advancement of humanity now so much depends? The price is only 50 cents a year. Success to *Railroad Topics*.

## Falling Into Line.

The April number of *The Microcosm*, Dr. A. Willford Hall's monthly, contains an excellent editorial entitled "Cremation versus Burial," in which the names of a number of prominent persons are cited who have recently avowed themselves in favor of cremation as a better method of disposing of our loved ones when dead than to consign them to the disgusting association of slowly devouring worms. Among the names of the new converts mentioned are the following: The Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, Bishop of the Episcopal Church of New York; the Rev. C. C. Tiffany, D. D., New York; the Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, New York; Hon. Charles A. Dana, editor of the *New York Sun*, and Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, the sister of the ex-President, and for several years teacher in the Muncy Seminary. Is it possible that long before the year 2000 arrives grave-yards will become unpopular?

## The Body for the Lord.

*The Annals of Hygiene* for September last contains a most excellent paper on "The Relations of the Church to Sanitation," that was read before the State Sanitary Convention at Norristown, by our old-time Muncy friend and once near neighbor, the Rev. Thomas R. Beeber, now pastor First Presbyterian Church, Norristown, Pa. The following excerpt not only borders closely on what has been termed Christian Materialism, but is a fair specimen of the good sense that characterizes the entire paper:

"While one school of contemporary philosophy was teaching that the body had no value, was to be pinched by voluntary fastings, bruised by whips and macerated by self-inflicted penances, and that the best men treated these things with indifference; and while another held that the body was to be put in the first

place, and its needs to be met at all hazards, and its motto, "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die;" Christianity was teaching that the body was to be *held in honor and reverence*, that men were to provide things needful for the body, not neglecting it with the Colossians, nor dishonoring it with the Romans; that *the body was for the Lord*, and the Lord for the body; that the body was *the temple of the Holy Ghost*; that men were to glorify God *in their bodies*, were to present them a *living sacrifice*; that the body of man was *a holy and a sacred thing*, and made *forever hallowed* by this: That God Himself condescended to take upon Him the form of a servant and to be *made in the likeness of men.*"

The application made of the solid premise of which this forms a part is admirable. It is clearly shown, on the strongest kind of Bible ground, that it is the Christian's duty to study and practice sanitation, and to keep the "temple" in the best possible order. The italics are ours, and merely emphasize words that were already emphatic.

### Bodily Resurrection.

The following aphorisms were reported in the *Luminary* as the utterances of Dr. Dean, on the occasion of the recent Easter Services at the Presbyterian Church. The Rev. Howard Macquary, in his book, "The Evolution of Man and Christianity," for parts of which he was recently tried and condemned for heresy, says that "No intelligent person believes in a literal resurrection of the body." This seems like a thoughtless affirmation for a minister to make who cannot help but know that not only the great mass of intelligent Christians throughout the world, but also the great majority of the most intelligent people of his own church (Episcopal) believe and daily teach the doctrine of a material resurrection. Dr. Dean's idea of Christ's *bodily* resurrection appears evident by the words we have put in italics, and he being an "intelligent person," is therefore one of the great mass of intelligent witnesses who are against Macquary:

"It is a curious and noteworthy thing, that the most essential fact to the establishment of Christ's religion is *His resurrection.*"

"It was not enough that He suffered, and died upon the cross. His death did not remove the sins of the world. It was all of no avail, if *He did not rise again.*"

"When death came to relieve His sufferings,

*His body was lain in the sepulchre. During the days of His burial, the Christian religion was practically dead.*"

"This is the point I wish to bring before you to-day, that the fact that Christianity exists to-day is proof positive of *Christ's resurrection.* It never could have started if *He had not risen.*"

"When *His resurrection* was announced to His disciples, they were incredulous, as many skeptics to-day. But they afterwards saw and walked with Him, talked with Him, and were given messages as to the performance of His mission *here upon earth.*"

"His resurrection was not a matter of faith with His disciples, it was a matter of fact, for they were with Him, communed with Him, and witnessed His ascension."

"The facts of the *resurrection of Christ* and His immortality find this testimony in the birth and existence of the Christian religion."

"A living religion could never have been founded by a *dead Christ.*"

"Nor can a religion that rests upon a *living Christ* be ever suppressed or destroyed."

### Ripe Sheaves Not Gathered.

SAMUEL GORTNER—father of Isaac, and of Samuel Gortner, Jr., carpenter,—since the death of Abigail Edwards, is the oldest person living in the borough of Muncy. He was born on the 25th day of May, 1802, and is therefore now in his ninetieth year. His birthplace was on the north bank of Muncy Creek, near the Shoemaker bridge, where his parents settled when they came from Berks County, near the close of the last century. He had two brothers and two sisters older than himself, and one younger brother, all born in Muncy Valley, and all have preceded him to the dark and silent valley into which the tide of human existence is ever moving. He is still able to be about and help himself, and his mind is usually clear, but he says he is about done with this life, and is ready at any time to let some one else have the honor of being the oldest inhabitant. We called upon him recently and congratulated him on being the oldest person in the neighborhood, when he good naturedly remarked that no one need envy him the honor, as it was coupled with so many infirmities. Our esteemed patriarch can now count one hundred and thirty-five descendants, children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grand children; and few, we may add, are permitted to live to see their blood coursing in the veins of so great an assemblage.

JACOB SHOOK, who resides on the Glade Run, just below the reservoir of the Muncy Water Company, is not quite three months younger

than Samuel Gortner, his birthday being on the 22d day of August, 1802. We called to see him recently and were very agreeably entertained by his relations of the times and customs of the long past. He is certainly a vigorous and a vivacious man for his age. He had a few days before our visit walked to Muncy, a distance of about three miles, but the effort he said made him very tired, and he was quite thankful that he had an opportunity to be driven home by a neighbor. He stated that he had been sick a few times in his life, and had taken some medicine, but doubtfully remarked, "I don't believe it ever did me much good." He is truly a patriarch, as well as Mr. Gortner, and is surrounded on all sides by numerous descendants, consisting of four generations besides himself and wife. His daughter, the widow of the late Jacob Whitmoyer, is a great-grandmother. When conversing with him about the wonderful advancements since he was a young man, we asked the question: "Mr. Shook, what do you think the world is coming to?" His quick reply was: "In ten years from now those who are alive will see wonders." The conversation here was changed to another topic, and we cannot say just what wonders the venerable gentleman had in mind. But many wonderful things are certainly now in progress, and many more are in contemplation. The world never moved so fast. Shook is of German parentage, and reads German as well as English. He is a Lutheran and a Democrat, and was born in Northampton County, but he had never heard—and was exceedingly amused when we told him—of the Northampton County Dutchman who declared that there should be only two parties in this country, the Lutherans and the Democrats.

WILLIAM TAYLOR, whose farm adjoins the premises of Jacob Shook, is but thirteen days younger than his near neighbor. He was born on the 4th day of September, 1802, near Jerseytown, Pa. His parents—who had migrated from Essex, New Jersey,—several years later moved to Moreland Township, this county, where he grew to manhood. He was the youngest, and is the only survivor, of eleven children, not one of whom attained a greater age than himself. His mother, however, died in her ninety-second year. He appears about as well preserved physically and mentally as his aged neighbor, can see to read without glasses, and is still able to do more or less work about

the farm. Like all persons advanced in life whom we have conversed with, he delights to look backward and contrast the things of Then with the things of Now. When a boy he thought it nothing surprising on going out in the morning to bring in the cows to be milked to find several deer lying with them, but such an occurrence on the Muncy Hills he thought would cause a commotion now. He never took any pleasure in hunting. He was the father of thirteen children, only five of whom are living. He has thirty-one grandchildren, and eleven great-grandchildren. Four of his sons were in the Union army during the rebellion, one of whom (Ovid) died while in the service, and his body was among the first to be brought home. His wife died less than one year ago. We asked him whether he would like to live his life over again. "No," said he in a very positive manner, "I have lived long enough, and am ready to go as soon as the good Lord will be pleased to take me." Both Taylor and Gortner were pupils under the famous Irish pedagogue, Thomas Royrk, who, years before they were born, had taught the first school in the first school house erected in Lycoming County.

BAKER LANGCAKE is the next in the order of longevity in this neighborhood, so far as we have information. He was born at Frankford, near Philadelphia, on the 23d day of January, 1803, and is therefore now well on in his eighty-ninth year. He settled in Muncy and commenced the mercantile business in 1839, in a building that was destroyed by fire some years ago, on the lot on which he at present resides. He had previously for several years been engaged in business in Williamsport, and at Mill Hall, in Clinton County. Before he located in Muncy he had made a number of excursions through the territory of the West Branch to buy furs, as the country was in those days still largely covered with the primitive forest and thickly populated with wild animals. When a young man he belonged to a company of Philadelphia troop, and in 1824, when the Marquis De LaFayette made his last visit to the United States, he took part with his company in the ceremony of receiving and escorting the distinguished guest at Philadelphia. He is able yet to get about and look after some of his business affairs, but he is not the active man he was but a few years ago, when he was still regarded as one of the surest wing shots among our best sportsmen. When a mere boy he delighted in

attending shooting matches, and seldom failed to carry off one or more of the prizes. Once he won a carriage. An elder sister used to furnish him the money required on such occasions, as she herself once related to a friend, from whom we obtained this information. Mr. Langeake was always full of reminiscence and anecdote of the early days of his life, in both city and backwoods, but he has of late become so extremely deaf that it is almost impossible to converse with him.

JOHN F. MANVILLE belongs to the group of ripe sheaves, as he was born on the 1st day of February, 1807, and is therefore now in his eighty-fifth year. His birthplace is twelve miles south of Towanda, Bradford County, Pa. When he was in his fourth year his parents moved down the North Branch of the Susquehanna to Esputown, in an immense canoe that was seventy feet long and four feet wide, and he says that he retains a vivid recollection of the romantic journey. In passing over the Nescopeck Falls the canoe dipped water and so frightened him that he sprang towards his mother and clasped his arms around her neck. When speaking to us of the many wonderful changes in the ways and things of life in his time, he remarked that he remembered when it took eight dozen eggs to pay for one pound of loaf sugar; and that it now seems that some of us may see the day when it will take eight pounds of sugar, or the equivalent, to pay for one dozen eggs. Four of his grandmother's brothers, by the name of Galer, were among the killed at the massacre of Wyoming. Two other brothers, Major Galer and Ambrose Galer, were among the few fortunate who escaped. Mr. Manville came to Muncy in 1830. He seems rugged and hearty enough to live to be one hundred years old.

#### A Case of Hunger Cre, and the Tragedy that Followed.

Daniel B. Dykins, Past Commander of Col. John D. Musser Post, No. 66, had a prison experience while in the service of his country that most of our soldiers who were captured did not have the good fortune to share. While later during the war thousands were starved to death, he was starved from a state of disease and suffering to a condition of health and physical enjoyment. An account of his experience, as we have heard him relate it to comrades, may prove valuable as well as interesting to persons who may be suffering the tortures of indigestion.

He enlisted July 23, 1861, in Company B of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and served in the same company and regiment until July 24, 1865, a long term of four years and one day, and was never absent from duty except on short furlough and while a prisoner of war. The Eighth Cavalry performed such valuable service, and was so often distinguished for bravery and efficiency, that it is no slight credit to our comrade and townsman to say that he was so long connected with it, and that from the rank of private he was from time to time promoted until he had the distinction of being the captain of his company. The Eighth was the first cavalry regiment to cross the Potomac in 1861, and was in the last charge made at Appomattox before Lee's surrender. When Grant ordered that the cavalry regiment that had fought the greatest number of battles should be detailed to serve as his escort, the Eighth Pennsylvania and the First Maine were found to be tie, and the latter was chosen merely because a choice of the two had to be made, but the selection resulted in giving the Eighth Pennsylvania the opportunity and final honor of being in more battles than any other cavalry regiment of the Union army.

During the autumn of 1862 Comrade Dykins was a great sufferer from dyspepsia. All the distressing accompaniments of indigestion began to harass him, so that his health became very much impaired. Those who have had experience know that there are few symptoms of physical derangement that do not occur during the progress of this disease. His distress was at last so great that it was thought he must be discharged or go to a hospital, and it is probable that he would soon have left the ranks if the fate of war had not in an unlooked for way very suddenly and unceremoniously compelled him to leave, and to go to a rather inhospitable kind of a hospital.

On the night of December 2, 1862, companies B and L of the Eighth Cavalry, while on special duty at Leeds, on the north side of the Rappahannock, were surrounded and captured by a regiment of Confederate infantry who had quietly crossed the river for that purpose. The strategy of the enemy was so well planned and executed that our cavalymen found themselves helpless prisoners of war before they could make any effective resistance. They were then hurried "On to Richmond" in a way and for a purpose that was not at all agreeable, and were soon quartered for the rest of the winter in the famous Libby Prison. This was perhaps more fortunate for Dykins than if he had gone to a hospital.

All have heard of the "Hunger Cure," the "Diet Cure," the "Grape Cure," the "Milk Cure," and perhaps recently of the "Orange Cure." That entire and prolonged abstinence from all food is in many cases wonderfully efficacious, and that persistent living for weeks, in some instances for months, on the lightest kinds of food, as grapes, oranges, milk or soups, has substantially the same advantage, while more agreeable to practice, are facts too well established to be denied.

The principles on which these cures operate are readily explained by physiology. Nature requires that all effete matter be removed from the system. When the digestive function is impaired, every function suffers and elimination becomes imperfect. The result is disease. Dyspepsia means that some organs are overworked, that they need rest; and that others are overloaded with impurities and require relief. Now, in all these so-called *cures* there is more or less of fasting, or starving. They are all in some sense Hunger Cure. When little or no food is taken, the effete matter is more readily cast off. Instead of the vital force being wasted by imperfect digestion, in fasting it is expended in the work of repair and purification. Nature does not absolutely rest, but works to better advantage. Most animals seem to know this much by instinct, and abstain from all food until the vital machinery is again in good working order. If man were as prudent much sickness would be avoided.

Comrade Dykins says that he never had the comfort of a "square meal" during his more than four months imprisonment. He never had a symptom warning him that he had eaten too much, and was never in any way admonished that the food was too rich. The rations, consisting of bread and soups, were sufficient to sustain life, but were so economically provided that he was never satisfied. He says that he was always hungry. Once a week each man got a small piece of meat. The soup, usually of rice or beans, was so thin that it was a common saying of the prisoners that their share was dipped from the top of the kettle, and that the Johnnies got the settlements at the bottom. The result was a practical and protracted test of Hunger Cure. And the result of the test was that Comrade Dykins left Libby Prison entirely cured of his dyspepsia.

Another result of this enforced fast probably was that Dykins was restored to share with his regiment the honor of one of the most daring and splendid achievements of the war. The tragedy in question occurred at Chancellorsville but a few days after he had rejoined his company. When Howard's Eleventh Corps retreated and became panic-stricken, a great disaster for some moments threatened the Union army. Jackson and his 20,000 victorious Confederates were sweeping furiously onward in the pursuit and there were no troops at hand to oppose—save five batteries and three hundred cavalry (the Eighth Pennsylvania), in all about six hundred men. What was to be done? An

eye-witness thus described the scene in a communication to the *Detroit Free Press*:

"Suddenly out in front of our guns rode the familiar form of General Pleasanton. Above the din rose the shrill voice: 'Align those pieces!' It was the work of many minutes, and Stonewall was now just upon us. Time! Oh, for ten minutes time! How to get it?

"There sat Major Keenan with his three hundred horsemen. There was a sacrifice which, if every man was a patriot like Arnold Winklereid, would give us those precious minutes. General Pleasanton said to Keenan: 'Major, you must charge into those woods with your men, and hold the enemy in check until I get these guns into position. You must do it at all cost.' Keenan says: 'It is just the same as saying you must be killed!' but with a smile he said, 'General, I will do it.'

"Oh, what a sight was that! Would to God some American Tennyson might see that sight and lift those humble names to immortality! Three hundred troopers with deep-set spurs and flashing sabers rushed at the throats of twenty thousand armed men. Nobody had blundered, but somebody must die for the army—that was all.

"So mad a blow did they strike in Jackson's very teeth, that he stopped his onward rush to reform his lines. Surely there must be more coming—no single regiment would be charging his army single-handed; and when no other bold riders came, then it was the brave Keenan died at the head of his regiment, and the whole platoon died with their feet in the stirrups. But they did not die in vain. Ten minutes purchased at this fearful price was costlier still to Jackson. When he came on again, flesh and blood could not stand up before our canister fire. His veterans quailed before the sirocco of death; he was mistaken in the gathering darkness for one of our officers, and was shot by his own men.

"Our 'three times three' had hardly ceased to ring when Sickles, who had rushed ahead to our support, rode up among our guns, and called out: 'Stand firm, and in ten minutes I'll have ten thousand men who know nothing but fight.' He was as good as his word, and quickly the old Third Corps filed in behind our guns, and Jackson's famous corps had received its first defeat.

"Three hundred men made Thermopylæ live through centuries; six hundred men at Balaklava rode to fame in sight of the whole world; but the people of America have left to slumber in unknown graves, beneath the pine groves of Chancellorsville, a band of men whose deed was as great and worthy of a name as those which poets have sung for ages."

In a few minutes one hundred and fifty of these gallant troopers were either dead or made prisoners, but their mad rush held the enemy in check until our forces came up and turned the tide of battle, and was indeed a great and noble deed.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

Devoted to History, Amusement, Instruction, Advancement.

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VOL. 3.

MUNCY, PA., SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1891.

No. 8.

## Reminiscences of Old Times on the North and West Branches, or Men and Things Previous to 1850.

No. 11.

### THE SMALLER NATIVE QUADRUPEDS.

Under the above head I do not mean to treat of the class or genus, for "their name is legion," but simply of certain species, with which I am familiar and have had opportunity to note their peculiar habits and instincts. Nor do I propose to speak of them by their classical names. Their Latin cognomens are, at most, of but yesterday, comparatively speaking, and by no means original, or that given by Father Adam, when they were brought to him "to see what he would call them." Now, at this time, when names were distributed, we are told that our worthy great-grandsire was domiciled in Eden, but in what particular part of that famous garden even tradition does not inform us. The *one* great river that "went out of" and watered it, "from thence," contrary to usual habit of streams, became parted "into four heads," which are respectively known as the Ganges, Tigris, Euphrates and Nile. These heads have since become distinct rivers, having so changed their positions as to arise hundreds of miles apart and to flow in opposite directions, draining, with their tributaries, vast portions of both Asia and Africa, and affording no clue whatever to the local habitation of Adam. Nor are we any wiser as to when the old fence about this garden was removed and the guard at the east of it relieved of duty, although it is certain that all the region watered by those rivers has swarmed with inhabitants time out of mind. For want of this information it remains uncertain whether the Chaldean, Phœnician, Assyrian, Egyptian or Hindoostan language is the original and the one used on the occasion referred to, or whether each of these, with many other oriental dialects, originated at the building of the Tower of Babel, which superseded the primitive and afforded the birds and beasts an excuse for forgetting their

own proper names. However this may be, it is still a painful reflection that the father of mankind should have been put to so much trouble for no corresponding advantage. But it may be suggested, that until the flood the birds and quadrupeds did respond to their names when called by him who was given "dominion over them," for if otherwise how could they have come by pairs into the ark in order to perpetuate their species? Yet our common opinion of the flood and ark may also be preposterous, for this ark was only three hundred cubits long, or five hundred and forty-seven feet; fifty cubits broad, or ninety-one feet, and thirty cubits high, or fifty-five feet—dimensions hardly equal to a first-class river steamboat of to-day. We are further told that said ark had three stories, and supposing it to have been built in the form of a rectangle, it would afford about one and three-fourths acres of standing space, an area insufficient to accommodate a very inconsiderable portion of the birds and quadrupeds of the Eastern Continent, to say nothing of those peculiar to the Western, with no room at all for Provender. Its only window, being a cubit or about twenty-two inches square, could hardly have afforded ventilation sufficient for Noah and his family alone, and but little sunlight to any creature within. Accommodations being therefore limited, to avoid the unnatural alternative of *compressing* each animal, like a box of figs, into a smaller space, I am inclined to think, at the risk of being called a heretic, that the birds, beasts and reptiles indigenous to North and South America were allowed by dispensation to remain at home, and were not compelled to travel ten thousand miles to get into this Ark, or swim four thousand for the same purpose. Besides, in either case, it would take some creatures many years to swim or even travel the distance required, to say nothing of taking provisions for support on the road or ocean. Such dispensation, then, being accepted as the probable fact, the remaining difficulties, I think, may be readily solved. We

have but to suppose that the dual pairs, as they arrived at the ark, were graded and stationed in such order, that beginning at the least, the next larger swallowed it continuously, until the elephant gulped down the rhinoceros, and so packed away—*multum in parvo*—what could not be done in any other way. But it may be said, This could not be; how could these creatures live? My answer is, we have good authority for believing they could. Was not Jonah swallowed up by a great fish, and remained in the belly of the same three whole days and nights? All sensible persons know that by the laws of nature, death would follow such a condition in *three minutes*, but as this whole flood business, together with Jonah's adventure, must be relegated to the order of miracles, it follows that if nature's laws were ever suspended, even for a minute, the same authority could, in like manner, suspend them indefinitely, and whoever can remove mountains by having faith equal to a grain of mustard seed, will not hesitate to accept my theory of the packing away process in Noah's Ark.

But I have wandered from my subject and will now return to it. Pennsylvania, and especially the northern portion of it, was originally the happy home of many species of both birds and quadrupeds. The dense forests of beech, chestnut, hickory, walnut and oak, with their prolific crop of fruit, afforded food for the herbaceous, whilst they in turn supplied the carnivorous animals. The next season after a good crop of beech-nuts, the ground in the same section, for months at least, swarmed with the diminutive wood-mouse. These were always an annoyance to the hunter, as their manner of transition through the dry leaves often denoted a larger animal. I remember a party of five persons who, in quest of game, encamped one November night on the summit of Burnett's Ridge, and after making the usual preparations, were seated near a blazing fire engaged in story-telling, when at a short distance from the cabin the footsteps of some *varmint* were heard approaching it. The hunters seized their guns and assumed a position of defense. The intruder steadily approached, when one of the party exclaimed, "I see it," and instantly bang went his gun. "You missed it," exclaimed a companion, "it comes on," and another shot disturbed the stillness of the night. Soon after two more followed, when to the surprise and disgust of the "squad," a mouse passed near the fire and "kept

the even tenor of his way" regardless of the four bullets which had so fruitlessly passed over him.

The striped or ground-squirrel, commonly known as the chipmunk, is alike a pest to the farmer living in or near beech woods, the year subsequent to a crop of nuts. Stimulated by the famine, and learning, perhaps, that there is still food in Egypt, they rush in a body to the nearest inhabitant and spoil his premises. Some thirty years ago I had the misfortune to have a corn-field near Proctorville, adjoining the woods, which was in this manner beset by ground-squirrels, and I could neither scare nor drive them away, when a young man in my employ proposed that if I would find the gun and ammunition he would squelch the squirrels. I accepted the offer and he undertook the job, but after killing near a bushel of the little animals, and finding no apparent diminution of the number, he gave it up in disgust. It was about like bailing the ocean out through the vessel. This variety live through the winter by supplies laid up for the purpose, in a provident way.

The red or pine squirrel is perhaps the most intelligent as well as active of his species. It has, however, no sort of respect for its larger half-brothers, the black and gray, and cannot tolerate their company. Everybody knows that it is a frolicsome little rascal. I have observed its antics on more than one occasion and always with pleasure. Whilst at a watch for deer near the "mud pot," on the Loyalsock, some thirty years ago, I heard something splash into the water near me, which I mistook for a deer, and after straining my eyes for a glimpse of it, heard the same sound repeated. To know what caused it, I shifted my position to a point from whence it seemed to come, and soon after observed a red squirrel on a limb of a walnut tree which overhung the creek, slyly cutting off the walnuts merely for the fun of hearing them drop into the water. On going to the place I found that although fully two-thirds of the nuts would fall on dry land, the mischievous rogue only cut those that would fall into the water, and it had so disposed of at least a bushel.

The black and gray squirrels are undoubtedly migratory, and come and go as their food may be plenty or scarce. They may be aptly termed nature's chestnut, hickory-nut and walnut planters, as they do not lay up *en masse* their food for the winter, but bury each nut separate and apart from the rest. By instinct or through a remarkable memory, they will penetrate several

feet of snow when in want of food, and seldom, if ever, fail to find the desired hidden treasure. Of course, they do not need or use the one-tenth part of the provender they have hidden away in the ground, and what they do not consume germinates the following spring, and in this way we have our uniform young forests, which would otherwise grow up in clusters under the parent tree, which all know is not the case. On one occasion I was watching a chestnut ridge for deer, the while observing, too, the methods of those squirrels, when I became annoyed by the barking of three or four I had disturbed on trees near me, and concluded to shoot one in order to silence the others. Taking the head of a black one for a target, I discharged my rifle at him, and he fell to the root of the tree as dead as Hector. The report, for a time, was followed by perfect silence, but another unlucky fellow soon came running to a spot near me and stationed himself upon a log as if to take a view of his surroundings. The temptation to shoot was irresistible and I discharged another load at him, who at once disappeared behind the log. After reloading, I went to pick up the game, when to my surprise I found the unhurt squirrel engaged in burying a nut, and not in the least concerned about what had happened. The other fellow I had killed without a mark on his body, I suppose by a concussion of the brain from the passage of the ball near the head.

The mink and musk-rat are each amphibious animals, living chiefly on fish and burrowing for their habitation into the banks of streams. The first is but little larger than a black squirrel, but more supple, and valued chiefly for its fur. The latter is somewhat larger and produces the musk perfume of commerce. Neither of these species were ever very abundant in this section of the state, and the mink is gradually disappearing with the fish.

The martin was another fur-bearing animal, at one time quite numerous on the waters of the Susquehanna, but now almost extinct. It approaches the size of a gray rabbit, but is an expert climber, and is often found on large trees. The hunters captured it by wooden traps more frequently than with a gun, owing partly, perhaps, to the fact that its rambles were chiefly made by night. But as I never saw but one or two of them in all my travels, this brief reference must suffice.

The white and the gray rabbit are natives to the manor born. The latter is the smaller, and

never changes the color of its dress. The former doffs its gray suit on the approach of winter and puts on a robe of pure white. But for this it would be an easy prey to every carnivorous enemy, as it is not much of a runner. It inhabits the laurel thickets, whilst its half-brother, the gray, prefers to disport itself among the underbrush of the plain. The last named are becoming more numerous of late years, on account of the thickets made by the operations of the lumbermen.

The skunk or polecat is a little black and white animal detested by everybody, and yet, perhaps, more sinned against than sinning. The unpleasant odor it emits when disturbed is its proper weapon of defense, and is thrown with its bushy tail, in a fluid state, at the object which intrudes. When unmolested it is harmless and quiet, and, unless recently engaged in warfare, has no perceptible scent. It may be taken up and handled with impunity. I was once called by a young woman to see "the pretty little creature" which had crawled into an empty bucket near by, and over which she had thrown her shawl. I found it to be a half grown polecat, but it had behaved so nicely that I could hardly bear to see it killed. An amusing incident happened with one of these animals when I was a boy. On going one spring morning to a stack of hay which had been built on some logs to avoid the moisture of the ground, and whilst engaged in pitching off by forforks the hay, the big farm dog, "Rover," joined me and began to snuff something under the stack. With some effort I opened a way for him to get in, which he did, but immediately came out again with a yell. His nose was completely saturated with a yellow substance, which nearly choked him, and which was soon after conveyed to my olfactory nerves with stunning effect. The dog first tried to run away from it, by racing around the field at the top of his speed, then to wipe it off by running his nose in the ground, and lastly to expel it by vomiting, but all to no purpose. Like the famous poisoned shirt, it would only come off with the flesh. Finding all efforts to get rid of the stench vain, the dog suddenly wheeled about and made a bee-line for me and the stack, which made me scabble up in double quick time to the highest rail on the fence to avoid his threatened familiarity, but my fears were dissipated by his plunging again into the stack, from which he soon emerged with the offensive cat in his

mouth, and seemed to enjoy shaking it to pieces, as affording some atonement for the mischief it had done him.

The porcupine or hedgehog is one of the few species of animals which have increased with the march of civilization. This fact is, perhaps, due to the practical extermination of its natural enemy, the panther. Although armed cap-a-pie, and bristling with spears, it became an easy prey when thrown upon its back, and its feline antagonist possessed a peculiar talent for doing this, which was followed up by disemboweling and eating from the inside until little except the skin and quills were left. The vulgar opinion that this animal can throw its quills is fallacious, as it is only when they come in contact with and penetrate some object that they are loosened from the skin and become a pest to whatever creature may retain them. Being barbed, they not only resist extraction, but are constantly working their way inward, and often prove fatal to the unfortunate animal possessor. I was once diverted from a hunting route in Cascade Valley by the continued barking of a dog on a ridge I was crossing, and curious to know what he had found, I went to him. A porcupine had been keeping him at bay until my arrival, when he could resist attacking it no longer, but began to shake it in the most cruel manner. I separated the combatants as soon as I could, but the dog's muzzle was a complete hedge of bristling quills. He was a stranger to me and I did not like to meddle with him, but seated myself upon a log to think over what I should do to relieve him. I was no sooner down, however, than the dog approached me, and laying his head upon my knee, seemed to invite my assistance. I began cautiously to extract the quills, and finding he made no resistance, went on doing so until I had every one in sight removed. But I was satisfied his mouth was still full, and not feeling safe to risk my fingers between his jaws, I took him to the settlement and found his master, who at once relieved him of the remaining quills, and remarked that I need not have hesitated to do so, as "*the dog was used to it.*"

The ground-hog, so called from its habit of burrowing into the ground for a residence, is a small inoffensive animal, subsisting on herbs and doing but little injury to anybody. It feeds generally at night, but is sometimes seen in dull, rainy weather, in the day-time, but never very far from its burrow. On the approach of cold

weather it retires for the winter and is not again seen until spring, unless a warm spell induces it to take an airing. Although tradition endows it with prophetic knowledge and calls it to the entrance of its abode annually on the second day of February to foretell the state of the weather for the next six weeks, it never responds, but keeps its snug bed until warm weather actually comes. But such as believe in ghosts and witches, old wives' fables, miracles and all such nonsense, will still have a veneration for the unconscious woodchuck. Well, let the blind still lead the blind.

The coon is another improvident and much belied animal, but unlike the ground-hog, it seeks its winter quarters in the hollow of some sufficiently large standing tree. It sleeps in a semi-torpid state during cold weather, but comes out in search of food on warm days, and is often tracked and caught in winter by the hunter. Its habitation is generally convenient to a stream, for it is particularly fond of fish, lizards and crabs. It searches for these at night, and depends entirely on *feeling*. Wherever it can find an apple orchard or a corn-field, it is fond of a change of diet, and returns whilst the provender lasts. When a youth, after the apple crop had been gathered in November, I found a coon path leading from the woods to the orchard, and near a fence dividing one from the other I deposited a peck of apples on this path, which were all consumed in one night. The next day I did the same, but also set a musket loaded with buck-shot, pointing from a blind to the apples. When night came I placed myself near the gun and awaited developments. I had not long to remain, however, for I soon after heard the coons scratching down the trees near by, and a little after the sound of their munching the apples. I do not know how many collected at the repast, but more I suppose than could be accommodated, for they began to quarrel and fight for the prey in a human fashion, when I discharged the gun upon them. I need hardly say the surprised coons took to the trees, such as could climb, "without standing upon the order of their going," for the report brought to my aid the big farm dog, who gobbled up the wounded in short meter. Nor were those that had climbed the trees much safer, for a torch soon after exposed them, and they were picked off one by one with a rifle. On another occasion, some thirty years ago, I was following a tract-line up the Allegheny Mountain, just below Proctorville, when

one of my party, Mr. Geo. W. Day, remarked that he saw a coon, and pointed in the direction of a large rock oak tree near by. There was a knot-hole in it some thirty feet from the ground, and from this some three or four coons in succession peeped out and then passed on up in the tree out of sight. None of us had fire-arms, and the only way to capture the game was by falling the tree. One of the party agreed to cut it down and the others, providing themselves with shillalahs, were stationed at a safe distance beyond where the top would probably reach. The tree fell, but did not break to pieces as we expected it would, and no coons were to be seen. The knot-hole was then closed with stones, and upon cutting into the tree above it, the game was found, a little stunned, perhaps, by the fall, but all alive. One of the lot was taken out and examined, but returned to the tree at my request. Stones and logs being used to close up the aperture we had made so as to prevent escape, our party went on their way. The next day Geo. W. returned to the fallen tree to bag the coons, but *nary one* could be found. They had all escaped. The late J. V. Woodward, of Williamsport, had many years ago a pet coon, of which he was very proud notwithstanding its vagaries, but his good wife had abundant reason to dislike it. The sly rascal would ransack every closet and cupboard in the house, and she once caught it with both feet in a crock of apple-butter, fishing about for a trout, and all the while looking another way. Repeated trespasses of a like nature at last brought upon his coonship the penalty of the law, and a pardon was out of the question. But his fate did not change the habit of his species a whit for the better.

Another amusing incident happened in which the coon was a factor, whilst the writer was a denizen of Williamsport, away back in ante bellum times, and before the first bridge connected the then borough with the south side. The Bald Eagle Mountain at the time was the range of many deer, and several natural licks were scattered about its base. Some half mile up a small run which empties itself into the Mosquito Creek, a short distance below the old Fousel saw-mill, on the left hand going towards the valley, is situated what the hunters used to call the Black Lick, which at the time referred to was much used by the deer. Having noticed this and made preparations to watch it, I went there one fine summer afternoon in company with Gen. W. F. Packer, who was as fond of

such adventures as myself. The lick was at the foot of the hill, but the run passed within a half rod of our blind, over which we had to shoot at the game, if any came. We had provided ourselves with a pine torch, and arranged that any shooting before dark was to be done by myself, as my weapon was a rifle, but as the General had a double-barreled shot-gun, well loaded with buckshot, he was to take all after dark chances, whilst I was to light and hold the torch. The woods about the lick and our blind were composed chiefly of small hemlock and pine, which made it gloomy even in day-time, but at sundown the use of a rifle was over, and as no deer reported whilst I could see to shoot, I stood my rifle up against a hemlock at my right and took the torch to carry out our programme. Soon after, between sun down and dark, I noticed a small deer moving like a shadow near the lick, and mentioned the fact in a whisper to my companion. A breathless silence was now maintained, as we knew the habit of this timid animal was to stand and reconnoiter several minutes near by before passing into the lick. Whilst maintaining this profound stillness, at some distance up the run, and on the side occupied by Gen. Packer, a curious and gradually increasing noise attracted our attention, and both our faces were turned in that direction, but for a minute neither said a word. The sound, however, becoming more distinct, the General asked me in a whisper whether I heard it, and what I supposed it was that made it. I answered more positively than I felt, that it was simply the clatter of a brood of young owls. This reply was satisfactory for a minute longer, but the increasing commotion up the stream created a manifest uneasiness in my fellow-hunter, who again broke the vigils of the night by saying, "Well, if these are owls they must be coming to us afoot and down the run, for they are moving the stones." I could no longer maintain my hypothesis, but advanced no other as the rampage in the run was then very near us and baffled all description. The animals were all squealing something like fretful pigs—the stones were being turned over, and the water in the run splashed about

"Like unto a trundle mop, or wild goose at play."

Something had to be done, and I directed the General to cock both barrels of his shot-gun and be ready, for I would raise the light as soon as the intruders were opposite our blind. He did so and I laid the torch upon my knee, and with a box of matches in one hand and a single one

in the other, had but a moment to wait, when scratching the match on the sanded box, it cracked like a percussion cap, but on applying it to the torch it went out. This was notice to our visitors that mischief was intended, and near them, and before I could pick out and light another match, I became aware of the disagreeable presence of some surly animal between me and my rifle, manifested by a growl, and within three feet. I had no alternative but to resort to my knife, which I whipped out of my pocket and opened in short order. Being then prepared for a fight, "if come it must," I again snapped off and applied several matches to the torch, and was this time successful in producing a bright light. Holding the flambeau above my head, the presence of two old and several young coons were noticed in the water, and I exclaimed, "There they are—shoot!" But the General, who looked for some animal as large as an elephant, did not see them. I then caught my rifle in my left hand and ran after them, for they were moving away, and upon overtaking them I essayed to shoot several times, but found that upon bringing my gun to my face each time the torch would always intervene and obscure the game. After a chase of some twenty rods in this manner, I was compelled to give it up, and upon returning to the blind, learned that my companion was fully persuaded that a bear and her cubs had just been interviewing us in a modest way.

C. D. E.

### The Big Muster.

The amusements of fifty years ago were few and simple in comparison with the many attractive entertainments of the present day. Not that the inclination was wanting, or the ability to appreciate then as well as now the best productions of human skill, either to instruct or amuse the great body politic when assembled together for that purpose, but the wants of the age demanded the closest application to industrial pursuits in order to procure a reasonable subsistence for the family, and the comforts of a well regulated home. Little time was given to pleasure or social entertainments. Of one pleasure, however, they were not to be deprived, and that was the "Big Muster." Once a year, about the middle of May, as we are informed, this great event was certain to transpire. Through timely notice, published for the special purpose of calling the military forces together on that eventful day, the people were apprised of what they might expect, and gladly left their

quiet homes for the more stirring scenes of the tented field. Scarcely had the dawn of day come stealing over the hill-tops ere many anxious faces were turned towards the place of action. Everybody went, or nearly so, and no doubt with beneficial results, for it is said, and I believe it, that bringing the community together, all sorts and conditions of men, and not a few women in the midst of them, touching elbows and exchanging views with one another, is almost always attended with beneficial results, and eventually will make us all a more happy and contented people. The small boy was also an important factor on occasions of this kind, and was never known to be marked tardy in his attendance. He was there to see and do, if occasion required, and often rendered active service unsolicited, to the great delight of some, who wished for nothing better, and the great annoyance of others, who were not in a proper frame of mind to appreciate his kindly action or enjoy a joke.

At ten o'clock the bugle sound was heard, and all were prompt in action as they were brave in deeds. "The war-horse snuffed the battle from afar" and scarce would yield to curb or rein. Major generals, captains of companies and subaltern officers all vied with each other in military attire, and in giving the word of command, while the brave and true formed in line ready for action at their country's call. This was not all, for men, if they were soldiers, could not endure hard service and fatiguing marches without suitable provision for their comfort. For this purpose a commissary department of long standing was brought into requisition. It consisted of cakes and beer. None of your small cakes, such as are placed on exhibition at the present time for sale and profit, and can only have the effect of intensifying the craving appetite of a hungry child, but great sections of ginger-bread, large enough to sustain a whole family for a week, with so much left over that it became a serious matter then, as it is with politicians of the present day, how they should get away with or reduce the surplus.

All things now being ready for action, the bass drum was vigorously beaten, (not that it had done anything radically wrong requiring chastisement), but as a signal for every able-bodied soldier to form in line. This was done with alacrity. But as many appeared to prefer curved lines to straight, each man formed a line of his own. This was done

for uniformity, though it was manifest to any close observer that no two uniforms were exactly alike, but in mixing them up in this way the effect was very properly considered warlike in appearance, and to avoid all unjust criticism, was called, I believe, by the oldest inhabitants, who knew their rights and dared maintain them (*E Pluribus Unum*), which meant at that time, as we were informed, and it is to be hoped no man will dispute it at this late day, that from one man came all the nations of the earth, some to occupy and till the soil and others to fight them off, whenever they became sufficiently numerous to conquer the weaker party, and divide the spoils among the brave and noble conquerors.

But to return. The formation of the lines was a Herculean task, requiring great skill on the part of the officers and quiet submission on the part of the men. What made it more difficult, perhaps, was the complex nature of the forces to be arranged in their proper order. First came the militia, the main-stay of the country, then the volunteers, arrayed in a great variety of colors, most of which were somewhat antiquated and differing from one another to such an extent that it would be very difficult to determine what man belonged to a particular company, or what company belonged to the individual man. Then came what they called the "troops" or "light horse"—not that the horses were all light in color, for they were not, and as a historical fact the people ought to know it to avoid wrong impressions, which may be easily given, but very hard to correct if not taken in time. You can readily imagine how difficult it would be to separate this unorganized mass of men, horses and volunteers, (for the volunteer had a rank far above the ordinary man), and bring them into fraternal feeling and marching order. It reminds me of what occurred in this section of country several years ago. An old Scotch divine of immense avoirdupois was called upon to marry six men to six different spouses, or six women to six men, we scarce remember which, but the company consisted of twelve persons, and they all met at a given time in one house for the purpose of being united, for the present at least. After considerable skirmishing the reverend commanding general in matrimonial affairs succeeded in forming a circle, or as near a circle as possible, out of the contending parties, and taking his position in the midst of them, ordered them all to shoulder arms, or

rather to join hands. On their doing so, he proceeded with the usual ceremony. After the benediction had been pronounced, and they were about to separate, a great uproar broke out among the women. They discovered that during the ceremony each one had been holding the wrong man's hand. Here was trouble. Wild with excitement, they rushed like flying artillery at the old man, crying out, Father West! Father West! you have married each of us to the wrong man. What will we do? What will we do? Whereupon he merely turned to them and said, "I married the whole of you. Sort yourselves, sort yourselves." Now you see how a competent general or commander can bring perfect order out of the greatest confusion.

Thus it was in Muncy on occasions of the "Big Muster." Whether in circles or straight lines, the commanding officers generally succeeded in getting the military pageant through the main street two or three times before going into the tented field, and the people followed them. The Brigade Inspector, of warlike appearance, judging from his florid complexion, (produced, as some malicious persons would stoutly maintain, by his many hard struggles with Gen. Barleycorn and his followers), took his position on the extreme limits of the field. The General with his staff officers occupied the centre, while the militia, volunteers and light horse formed on three sides of a hollow square—not that the square hollowed, for the officers did that in giving the commands. The horses, being unaccustomed to fire-arms, were backed up against the fence, as we suppose to keep them in position. They were very singular looking quadrupeds, varying in size as much as in color, while each one appeared to have a spirit of its own, and unwilling to stand on four feet if two would answer the purpose as well, and of this the horse generally undertook to be the sole judge, while a few of them, more accustomed to these stirring scenes, did not manifest any disposition or willingness to move in the matter one way or the other, and, therefore, occupied a neutral position until vigorously spurred into action.

It would occupy too much time and space to fully describe the different evolutions before settling down for inspection, but you may judge of what was necessary to be done when, according to recollection, about two hours were occupied in carrying very important dispatches from the General to the Inspector and back again before commencing active operations;

the couriers using the fleetest horses for this purpose, and all pressed to their utmost speed, greatly to the admiration and wonder of large crowds of men, women and children looking on, but not altogether familiar with military affairs. When all things were put in order the Inspector with his aids moved slowly and solemnly down to the post occupied by the General, and after the usual salutation and courtesies befitting the occasion, the bugleman in front sounded the advance alarm. The Inspector and General, decorated in brilliant uniforms, rode side by side, while their aids followed in the rear. Grand sight, but now forever lost to view.

The lowest in rank were the first to be inspected. They all passed muster, with the usual admonition, in a mild way, that on the next occasion of the kind it would meet the approbation of those in command more fully if fire-arms could be substituted for the worn-out broom-sticks which had been in active service for a great number of years. The volunteers were more rigidly examined. About three guns with locks on them were considered sufficient for a whole company. It required some sleight-of-hand to get through on this scale, but they did it generally very well, without attracting the attention of the officer. He was there for the purpose of making a close and careful inspection,—not to act as a common watchman,—consequently he went about his business as an official should do, looking only to the work before him, and not to that which was going on in the rear. The first gun presented passed inspection with approval, and while the second was undergoing the same ordeal, the first, by a flank movement, was passed to the fourth man, and so on to the end of the column. All went well until they came to the horse brigade. The fence in the rear of the dragoons was overgrown with brush and brambles. It was an excellent place for a concealed enemy to lie in ambush. Here the small boy, very numerous in those days, and innocent at that, finding it convenient for his best efforts, in the way of a practical joke, had located for his part in the entertainment. Each one, armed with an old horse pistol, and well charged at that, awaited his opportunity, and when the Inspector had fairly commenced his work, at a given signal their weapons were discharged, accidentally of course, along the whole line, to the great consternation of all peaceable citizens, soldiers not excepted, but more especially striking terror into the fractious

horses, sending them in all directions over the field, so scared that few if any of them could be brought back to the place of danger again. At this juncture, or about this time, a calathumpian band from Williamsport, or some other small village in the neighborhood, entered the field with drawn swords, about fifteen feet long, made of wood, but of the similitude of iron or steel. They were formidable looking weapons, but not more so than the parties wielding them. To hold a council of war with such men, and under such circumstances, was beneath the dignity of veteran soldiers, consequently the field was surrendered to overpowering numbers without a contest, and the work of inspection was speedily terminated.

How such things could occur, or be tolerated in a civilized community when they did occur, was surprising to every lover of his country. But according to the rules of war, to the victors belong the spoils. Acting upon this principle, the intruders made active search for what they might lawfully possess, and in a short time cleaned out the commissary department of every thing found there to eat or drink, all pronouncing the cakes and beer to have been of excellent quality, and the most in quantity they had ever found in the camp of an enemy since the organization of their noble band.

This was the death blow to military trainings in that section of country. Thus the life was hushed, and the drum was muffled, after beating this last funeral march to the grave of the Big Muster.

C. W. ROBB.

Pittsburg, May 9, 1891.

### Orange Growing.

WINTERSSET, IOWA, April 30, 1891.

You have asked several times, my dear Gerner, for something from me about Florida. I am at a loss to imagine what place these letters of mine have in a magazine "devoted to history and amusement," but you must see some appropriateness. The *Luminary* discouraged me considerably by calling my effusions "stunning stories," and were it not for a little taffy they gave at the same time, I should have desisted entirely. But I really do not know what to write. Would an article on orange raising be either historical or amusing? I have had some experience in that line.

Well, first you get say an acre of sand about fifteen feet deep, which a hundred northerners

would make affidavit and say would not grow anything. Then you get fifty young trees, either sweet seedlings or budded, about three years old, and plant them on your acre, about twenty-five feet apart. The ground must be fertilized. You can use cotton seed, blood and bones, or any of the commercial fertilizers. About a pound for each year the tree is old, from the seed. This is done say in the spring. Then you must keep the ground clean from weeds, for they will grow, and in the fall you must fertilize again as you did in the spring. The trees must be pruned as they may need it. They must be washed and kept free from scale. This you will keep up for five years if they are budded trees, and seven if seedlings, and then you may have a dozen oranges to the tree. Each year the number will increase quite rapidly. If well tended, in ten or twelve years from the seed you may have from 500 to 800 to the tree. It takes as long to make an orange orchard as an apple orchard, and the expense for care and fertilizer is much greater. You gather fruit at pleasure from November to March or April. A great drawback is the having to market through commission merchants. In the orange region they have the reputation of having a good many thieves among them.

You ought to get three-fourths of a cent for an orange on the tree. Suppose you get a half cent, and your fifty trees average 500 to the tree, then you realize for your crop \$125 an acre, less interest on your investment and the cost of labor and fertilizer year by year. But don't make the venture unless you have enough to live on for five to seven years, and to buy what fertilizer you need. Don't count on raising many more vegetables than your family will consume. You will need one horse, wagon, plow, cultivator, hoe, etc., and the horse will eat hay at \$20 a ton and corn at seventy-five cents a bushel. Hay and grass don't grow there. Take enough along to pay for that. You may make or earn something as you go, but don't count much on that, not very much if you want to be safe.

There is an impression that orange trees raised from the seed must be budded to bear. That is a mistake. They are longer in coming into bearing than the budded, but they make larger, finer and healthier trees, and live longer; but either will live and bear over 100 years and that is long enough for most of us.

The sweet and sour orange, lemon, lime, grape fruit, citron, all belong to the citrus family. You may take the root of a sour orange and when it has grown say a foot, bud it with grape fruit, then after another foot with lime, then with citron, then with lemon, then with sweet orange, and on limbs from each section you will have each kind of fruit named at the same time.

Orange trees grow quite large. I had one thirty feet high, a seedling, fourteen years old, from which I gathered 4,000 oranges and sold them at a cent apiece. But such trees are not common.

Respectfully,  
HENRY J. B. CUMMINGS.

### Random Notes of a Country Lawyer.

#### No. 1.

Although Clearfield County was erected as early as 1804, it was not organized for judicial purposes until 1822, and up to that time suitors, jurors and witnesses congregated from its territory at Bellefonte. After 1822 the Bellefonte bar in a body attended the courts of Clearfield County, forming a considerable troop of cavalry as they entered the county town.

Practical jokers, like James M. Petriken, Bond Valentine and Gov. Curtin, made the early courts there very lively. On the way over, along the Philadelphia and Erie Turnpike, as then called, there were noted taverns. At the foot of the Allegheny Mountain was Archy Moore's, and in the heart of the mountains was the "Rattlesnake" tavern, close by the Rush Township line, kept by Benjamin Lucas. Old Ben. and his wife were noted characters, not only among the regular travelers on the road, but with the people of the county; for their house was chosen by common consent as a place of local popular resort, towards which the steps of many turned for a jolly time or a brief enjoyment of "*mountain atmosphere*." Ben. had a miniature pond made in which he kept numerous trout for table supply, and his wife was an excellent cook. They were kind-hearted, clever people; their manners were, however, brusque and conversation somewhat tinged with profanity.

Rev. Geo. W. Natt, first rector of St. John's in Bellefonte (1838), after spending a night there sent them the tract called "The Swearer's Prayer," Ben. having promised faithfully to read it. On Mr. Natt's next visit to the "Rattlesnake" he inquired of Ben. at the dinner table

whether he had read the tract. Ben. assured him he had and was much edified thereby, when Mrs. Lucas broke in: "Mr. Natt, Ben. is lying; he never read a word of it."

Judge Burnside, the elder, always made the "Rattlesnake" a stopping place going to and returning from Clearfield courts. On his way out once he expressed a desire for a venison supper on his return homeward. Venison was then out of season, but "the court knew no law;" and Mrs. Lucas was at her wits' end. James Macmanus, Esq., suggested privately to her that she should kill their old ram, and by boiling long enough to make tender and then roasting, her cuisine with jellies would make detection impossible. Following the lawyer's advice, which her culinary art made good, Judge Burnside had a royal "venison" supper on his return voyage from Clearfield. The Judge praised the "venison" highly, and the bar had such a "holy terror" of him that no one ever dared intimate the meat was anything else than venison.

The early courts in Clearfield were largely attended by the country people, and they were hard to keep in respectful conduct. The folks stood around, as Judge George W. Woodward was wont to say, "like people in an auction room." When Judge James Burnside held his first court there, the people crowded in among the lawyers and in front of the bench. An indictment was found against one Pennington. The Judge called out: "Is Pennington in court?" A stalwart man standing in front of the crowd said: "Jedge, you better call out the whole damn grist of the Penningtons." The Judge put on a severe look, and commenced a lecture to the man for disturbing the court. After he had proceeded awhile, the man said: "Hush up, Jedge; you are making a sight more disturbance than I did."

The late Judge Samuel Linn was loaded with Clearfield reminiscences. In those days oysters were wagoned over the Alleghenies, and would become somewhat soft and tainted. Some traveler arrived at the tavern where the Judge was stopping long after supper time, and the landlord, wishing to save his wife the trouble of cooking supper for him at so late an hour, invited the stranger over to a restaurant, kept by a Yankee, to take some oysters. After their return the landlord became very sick, and was "spewing" dreadfully in the bar-room. Mrs. Emig hearing in her bed-room the incessant

"New Yorking" of her husband, hallooed down stairs the inquiry, "what was the matter?" Emig interrupted the vomit long enough to reply, "he had been over at the Yankee's getting a dozen of oysters, and he was afraid the Yankee had cheated him in the count and he was counting them over."

David Watts, Esq., who was a noted lawyer in his day, from Carlisle, usually traveled the "circuit." His fame had gone before him, and some countryman, who had emigrated up into the mountains at an early day from Cumberland County, came some distance to hear Mr. Watts argue a cause. Mr. Watts met him with the inquiry, "what he had come to court for." He replied he had heard a great deal about him and was anxious to hear him try a case. "Well," said Mr. Watts, "I do not do things very nice, but good and strong, as the devil said when he sewed up a hole with a log-chain."

JOHN BLAIR LINN.

### Our First Sunday Schools.

MR. GERNERD: Rev. Jacob Miller has asked me many times for information about the first Sunday Schools that were started near Muncy. He is one of our oldest inhabitants, certainly one of the oldest missionaries, and his memory goes back of mine. He thinks Mrs. Elizabeth Hall started the idea, but he cannot remember the date. Now, the date is about all that I can furnish. Mrs. Hall removed from Sunbury to the Muncy farms in April, 1821, her husband having died about three months previous. Mrs. Hall had then three grown daughters, under twenty years of age, named Ann, Catharine and Margaret, and they felt prompted to give some instruction to the children of the neighboring families who were growing up without much chance. I was myself one of the scholars, not being quite seven years old. At that time there was no church edifice in or near Muncy, except the old brick church on the road to Hughesville, and the Friends' Meeting House, in what was then called Goosetown. An Episcopal clergyman named Hopkins, and afterwards Mr. Eldred, held service occasionally at the brick church. I was frequently taken to these services with the elder members of the family, and I remember thinking how much more fun it was (that was my word for it) to hear people on their knees say, Good Lord deliver us, than other modes of worship that I was made acquainted with.

Mrs. Hall remained on the farms until 1826, when her father died in Lancaster, and it was thought best by her brother that she should remove to that town to take care of her mother, who was left a widow at seventy years of age. She went there and did not return to Muncy until 1847. Meanwhile her eldest son, Coleman Hall, attended to her business. His five children were all born at the old family mansion. He was a zealous churchman, and he, with Dr. Kittoe, a relative of the celebrated English writer of the same name, was principally instrumental in building an Episcopal church, which was named St. James', after the old church in Lancaster, which his grandfather, Mr. Coleman, helped to build. He felt a great interest in Sunday Schools, but his work of that kind was done in Muncy, to which place he walked every Sunday to teach, always taking with him his daughter Julia, now Mrs. Brock, who remembers these walks with her father as among the happy times of her life.

I know nothing about any efforts outside of the Episcopal Church during all those years, except that the Rev. Mr. Parsons, a Lutheran minister, was a most devoted, earnest Christian man, and had the confidence of all the country people around. He was the father of the celebrated teacher to Japan.

Mrs. Hall had with her, upon her return to her old place, her only remaining son, James Hall, and an unmarried daughter, Susan. Miss Hall found her time hang heavy on her hands, having always been accustomed to church and Sunday School, and in imitation of her elder sisters, invited a few little girls to come to her every Sunday to be taught. She began with nine little girls, who took great delight in their Bible lessons, and were a source of great pleasure to their teacher. After a few months the number increased so that it was thought best to get permission to use the district school house, at what was then called The Forks, where the road turns off to Goosetown. Miss Hall was not familiar with the routine of Sunday Schools, and did not know what books to use, but after a variety of efforts, settled down upon simple Bible readings and explanations. We had any minister we could get to preach from time to time—Mr. Parsons at first, and afterwards several other ministers, whose names I cannot recall. Finally Mr. Drake, Episcopal clergyman at Muncy, came at regular intervals, and as he always used a prayer-book, a quantity of prayer-

books were gotten to familiarize the pupils with its use. Miss Hall's object in combining the prayer-book with the Bible instruction was to enforce the truth, that nothing was important but the word of God, and that every line in our book of worship was in full accordance with the Holy Scriptures; if not it was of little worth.

It was not long before the neighboring families, who had no church to go to, began to come to the little school house to hear what their children were taught, until the room became quite crowded. One old man used to say, "It is far different from other schools, but I like it." He never said why he liked it, but probably because it was different. Some of the half-grown boys and girls learned with incredible quickness. It was dreadfully embarrassing at first to come out in the midst of all those men; but eels, they say, get used to skinning, and Miss Hall soon lost all her embarrassment in the sense of personal friendship for each one.

Many interesting little incidents might be related if one were merely writing a religious tract, but it was not for years that there was any perceptible effect, for what was commenced more as a personal amusement. But there is a certain kind of seed sown by whatever unworthy hand, in the field, or on the way-side, which will in course of time spring up and bear fruit. God be thanked for it! Afterwards, when Mr. Dickinson and Mr. Blodgett came into the neighborhood and took an interest in the religion of the people, Miss Hall resigned into abler hands, and afterwards removed from the neighborhood.

Now there are churches and schools everywhere, and all have a chance of being instructed according to their preferences.

SUSAN E. HALL.

### More "Ripe Sheaves Not Gathered."

EDITOR NOW AND THEN: While reading your interesting article in the last number on "Ripe Sheaves Not Gathered," I was reminded of two others who have reached greater ages than those you described.

Mrs. Mary Riddell, living with her son at Larry's Creek, this county, is probably the oldest woman in this portion of the West Branch Valley. She was born in Harrisburg, April 23, 1800, and is now in her 92d year. She came to Lycoming County in the winter of 1819 to visit an aunt who lived in the house now occupied by her at Larry's Creek. In 1827 she

married William Riddell, and here she has lived until the present day.

Her father, Samuel Berryhill, was an early settler in Harrisburg, and she claims that he erected the third house in that town. Her mother, Mary Brunson, came from New Jersey. Mrs. Riddell's grandfather was the celebrated "Barefoot" Brunson, a conspicuous Revolutionary patriot.

Simon Cameron, afterwards distinguished as a politician and statesman, was a poor boy learning the trade of a printer when she left Harrisburg; and to-day she owns a souvenir of the printer boy in the form of a poem printed on white satin, which he presented to her. It is neatly framed and bears his name in plain letters. It is needless to add that she fondly cherishes this relic of the great man, and delights in exhibiting it to her friends.

She also owns half a dozen teaspoons made from the silver knee and shoe buckles of her maternal grandfather, "Barefoot" Brunson, which were worn by him during the Revolutionary period. Perhaps there are no other relics of such antiquity, on account of their associations, to be found in the county.

This venerable lady remembers many of the prominent settlers of Harrisburg when she was a child. Among them she refers to the famous William Maclay, who was one of the first United States Senators from Pennsylvania in 1789. He lived for a long time at Sunbury, and was the first Prothonotary of Northumberland County. In 1772 he assisted in laying out the town, and in the following year he erected a stone dwelling house on the river bank, which is still standing. It is now owned and occupied by Hon. S. P. Wolverton. He was the elder brother of Samuel Maclay, who, in 1790, assisted John Adlum and Timothy Matlack in surveying the West Branch of the Susquehanna River.

William Riddell, the husband of this remarkable lady, was elected Sheriff of Lycoming County in 1844, and served his full term. In 1867 he was one of the Commissioners of the county, and the present jail was erected during his administration. Mr. Riddell, who died April 8, 1879, only lacked two days of being 84 years old.

The writer visited Mrs. Riddell a few days ago and found her reading the daily newspapers. She keeps well posted in current events, and is always ready to discuss the topics of the times.

Although barely able to walk about her room, she enjoys fair health for one who is as old as the century, and is always glad to meet her friends and acquaintances. She was the mother of three sons and three daughters, all of whom are deceased but two sons, John and Charles. She was married in the house where she now lives sixty-three years ago, and there she expects to end her days.

The second ripe sheaf is William King, father-in-law of John F. Meginness, of Williamsport. He comes of an ancestry noted for longevity. His father, Robert King, was born in Ireland in 1754 and died March 29, 1848, in Level Corner, aged 94 years, 7 months and 29 days. He was buried in the old cemetery on West Fourth Street, Williamsport, which was started by the interment of the bodies of those killed by the Indians near that spot June 10, 1778.

Robert King had three sons, John, Benjamin and William. The first reached the great age of 93 years, 5 months and 5 days. He died September 10, 1887. Benjamin did not live so long. William, the youngest, was born March 21, 1802, and is now in his 90th year. He lives with his son-in-law, in Williamsport, and enjoys good health. He is able to go about the streets and meet and converse with his friends. Unlike Mrs. Riddell, he is not able to read the newspapers, on account of failing eyesight, but physically he is much stronger than her. Mrs. Riddell, however, is nearly two years his senior, which makes considerable difference when wrestling with age in the closing years of a century. Mr. King's wife died at the age of nearly 70 years. They had two daughters and two sons, all of whom are deceased but the wife of Mr. Meginness.

Here we have two of the oldest citizens of the county. Possibly there may be others living within the confines of Lycoming who are older, but they are unknown to the writer. Both of these venerable people have lived remarkably quiet and abstemious lives. Both have lived on farms, and both have always enjoyed good health. Mr. King never traveled further than Elmira and Washington City, whilst Mrs. Riddell only visited Philadelphia and Harrisburg. He first voted for John Quincy Adams in 1824, at Jersey Shore, and has voted for every President from that time down to Harrison, as well as for every Governor from Wolf to Pattison.

JOHN OF LANCASTER.

### A Fifty Years' Hodge-Podge.

It will be an utter impossibility to ever make man understand fully the trials and troubles of a housekeeper during house-cleaning time, when cabinets are to be overhauled, closets to be searched for the moth that doth corrupt, cupboards to be looked through, holes to be closed to keep out the rats and mice that will break through and steal, and corners to be examined for the insects that love darkness better than light, because their deeds are evil. But of all these troubles the greatest comes when moving from one house to another, after an undisturbed residence of half a century, where the garret alone has become a regular museum of relics, a depository of all kinds of odds and ends, old clothes and broken furniture, the removal of which creates a dust, forcibly reminding one of our mortality, for "*dust we are, and unto dust we must return.*" A visit to our garret always awakened pleasant recollections of my childhood days, for it was there we had our play-room, where we kept our family of dolls, together with a pewter tea-set and bits of broken china, saved from the fragments of some careless hand. Here, too, we had access to an old spinet, where we learned to play, "Days of absence, sad and dreary," long before we knew the meaning of those beautiful lines. Our brothers found out that the wire of this old musical instrument made capital snares for catching fish, and we girls learned to use it for stringing beads, and soon our old spinet became wireless and tuneless, but the blessed memory of our childhood still hears its echoes. Of our babyhood we are reminded by the old cradle and high-chair that have been banished long ago, after doing service for seven children and as many grandchildren.

Hanging to the rafters we find bunches of field and garden herbs, gathered and tied so carefully by our sainted mother, who never needed a label to distinguish them, as her memory never failed to know the medicinal properties of each when needed. There, too, hangs the bunch of eel-skins, the supply of which was kept up by kind friends for father's rheumatism. In another place we find a collection of old lamps, undoubtedly kept to show the different stages of illumination during the past sixty years, for here we have an old toad-lamp which did service in a chimney corner, by being suspended by a wire stuck in the crevice of the stones, and from which dangled another wire,

used to push up the cotton flannel wick embedded in lard. We find, too, a lamp yet half filled with sperm-oil—another illuminator, and said to be an improvement on "tallow dips." An antique parlor lamp, used for burning lard, was discarded for one for burning fluid. This one has six burners, and when not in use had to be capped to prevent evaporation. This burning fluid had but a short existence until coal oil was discovered, and which has been the popular light for the last forty years. In this collection we find old brass candle-sticks, snuffers and snuffer trays, which once did service, as well as decorate the high old mantels of the days of the past.

We find, too, a dipping outfit, consisting of a bundle of round sticks, used in dipping candles, which was a slow and tedious way. But many hundred pounds were made in that way for the use of both our store and house, when there was no other modes of lighting up, and well can I remember the dipping of extra candles when Gen. William Henry Harrison was elected President in 1840, and our town was to be illuminated; and if I am not mistaken, it was the first illumination that took place in Muncy.

Among the very conspicuous things in this medley of relics and trash is a pair of old fire-buckets, containing enough leather to make the editor of NOW AND THEN and our mutual friend, Charles W. Robb, Esq., a pair of party boots. At one time every householder was compelled by law to have a pair of these buckets hung in some handy place, to be always ready in time of a fire.

These buckets, I think, held at least three gallons of water, and were made in the most substantial manner, so they could be thrown from the roof of a house without injuring them in the least. They all had their owner's name painted on the outside. My father's had J. Cooke, and our neighbor across the way was J. Pott, and invariably after a fire the Potts got the Cookes and the Cookes got the Potts. The members of our town council frequently visited the houses to see the borough law enforced regarding the fire-buckets, and at one house found the good housewife using hers for a sewing receptacle, so it could be hung out of the reach of mischievous children. At another place the woman had made hers a repository for storing garden-seeds. Gen. W. A. Petrikin, then one of the councilmen, (and my informer), soon threw the seeds in the garden, where they be-

longed, and read the lady a lecture besides. A few such instances made a great scare, and the fire-buckets became objects of watchful care.

Muncy at this time had a fire-engine which was quite an institution in its way, and once a month was brought out on trial and *swelled* up, for our town was not subject to fires, and consequently its services were seldom needed, and it became very dry and leaky. This engine looked like a peddler's wagon, and had handles on each side, which the firemen had to work up and down with "main strength and awkwardness," in order to throw the water a given height.

Although Muncy had an organized fire company, everybody made it their business to assist at fires, and none were more eager workers than the women, who seemed always ready with a big bucket or little bucket, slop bucket or milk pail, for service, and while the men were running through town calling fire and tearing down fences to get at the pumps in the backyards, the women were forming ranks to pass buckets of water to fill the old engine. Once upon a time I recollect that the women, by presence of mind, saved a very valuable property. It was during the summer of 1854; a drought prevailed for several weeks, and rain was looked and hoped for every day. When the harvest was ready for the reaper, every man in our town that could work in the field was summoned to assist, as owing to the intense heat and dryness, hands were compelled to change off quite often. One day during this remarkable dry spell a fire broke out in our neighborhood, and we all fully realized the danger and went to work. In those days, as well as the present, we had quite a number of "never to tire" fishermen, who, of course, were away fishing, leaving but few men in town, but those few gentlemen were soon on duty, and took the engine to the town pump to fill with water, which ran out as fast as it ran in, and, of course, made a great delay. But the women worked at the fire, and when the "Red Rover" arrived, had it subdued but not quenched entirely, and we give the old engine the credit of putting it out entirely. It leaked out afterwards, however, that the delay in getting the engine to the fire was owing to a dispute between two gentlemen as to what they should do with two motherly hens that were so comfortably setting on nests of eggs in the inside of the old engine, which was pretty well filled with hay and straw, making very pleasant quarters for setting hens.

What a digression those old leather buckets have caused, and I again resume my research in the old attic. The first thing to attract my attention is a huge green chest, with hinges large enough for a barn door, and strong enough to be the identical chest sung about in the "Mistletoe Bough." A century ago nearly every bride, whose parents were well-to-do, received as part of her outfit one of these chests filled with family linen and linsey-woolsey clothing, often of the bride's own spinning and weaving, for girls of that period were early taught these arts; and could the old spinning-wheel, standing in the corner of this garret, but tell the tale of the work it has performed and of the many "busy bees" it has assisted at and, perhaps, love tales listened to, it would be interesting, but there it has stood "long untouched by human hands," and now an object of veneration.

This old green chest is used to store away bed-clothes, and what a delight to unfold and gaze upon some of the old-fashioned patch-work quilts, made up of pieces of chintz and calico of gowns worn by friends and relatives, and pieces in the four and nine-patch pattern of our grandmother's time, and the saw-teeth, compass, butter-dasher, and Irish chain of later date, all quilted with such precision in waves, diamonds, chains and circles! How it brings up the memories of a life-time while gazing on some familiar patch!

Among the piles of trunks and boxes I find one that was once a "hair trunk," and which the moth have feasted off of for more than a century, reducing its cover to parchment. Time has kept bright the brass-headed tacks used on it for ornament as well as use, and in bold relief stand out the letters W. C., meaning undoubtedly those of my ancestor, William Cooke, Colonel of the First Pennsylvania Line of the Revolution, and hence I revere this old relic as much as if it were a musket used in the Revolution, as out of its contents I was enabled to save from the "deluge of time" some very valuable papers for the use of Hon. J. B. Linn, the noted historian, as well as relics and family history for myself.

Days and days have I spent among the rubbish of this old garret, and among the many bundles of letters and papers darkened and stained, none do I find more interesting than my own from friends and soldier boys. There are relics of my girlhood, womanhood and widowhood—some tied with the orthodox blue ribbon, some black-

bordered messengers of sorrow, and some with all kinds of designs on the envelopes, used by our boys in the late rebellion, of which I had many correspondents, as I acted as amanuensis for at least five mothers who could not write, besides having several friends and relatives among the "brave boys in blue."

Of books—day-books, ledgers, school-books—many are precious relics of the past, and none more so than my own old school-books, that recall so vividly to mind my desk-mate, Lucretia M. Hawley, now of the "high school above." Among the very interesting of these is my old, well-thumbed Kirkham's Grammar, with leaf turned down at the conjugation of the verb "love." My father's old Butler's Geography and American Speller of 1808, with their letters all made like our f's, must have been interesting studies; and their publick and musick and all words of the kind ending in c must have a k stuck on, and the word burg was always written with an unnecessary h, as Harrisburgh, &c. A portion of my grandfather's library I find worth overhauling, which consists of books on law, religion, music and several volumes of plays, both of tragedy and comedy, written by Sir Richard Steele, Ben Johnson and other noted writers, and dated 1791. Several volumes of "Institutes of Natural and Unrevealed Religion" I find were written by Joseph Priestly, LL. D., F. R. S.

"Masonick Melodies Set to Musick" is the title of another book, but none do I find more entertaining than an old-fashioned magazine of 1799, that belonged to my grandmother, and contains several fashion plates of the quaint styles of that day.

Many of the books have autographs in them, Enoch Smith's, J. Lukens Wallis', and many others of public note, but none so valuable to me as my great-grandfather's (William Cooke), inscribed on the fly-leaf of his "Shorter Catechism of Questions and Answers as to what man is to believe concerning God, and the duty of man to God." This book is of the first American edition and in a good state of preservation, although printed in 1788.

I will here close this incomplete list by waving over it an "Olive Branch," which touches up the faults of both sides, Federal and Democratic.

M. J. LEVAN.

Muncy, 1891.

### The Sparrow Nuisance.

The English sparrow question has been settled, having been thoroughly investigated by the Department of Agriculture, but the hardy and wonderful little bird still keeps on multiplying and spreading. A war of extermination has been declared, but it does not appear to be prosecuted with much energy. Mr. Jacob Rickolt and the editor have shot thousands here on Shuttle Hill, but to-day we have more of the little marauders than ever. We put up a number of boxes for the wrens and blue-birds, yet with all our vigilance and shooting the sparrows have this season kept them from taking possession.

It is not enough that the law protecting English sparrows has been repealed. There should be a liberal bounty law in every state to encourage their destruction. And if that will not suffice, an act should be passed to make it a finable offense to allow them to nest and breed on one's premises. And even then, like that outlaw among plants, the Canada thistle, the sparrow nuisance may wax worse and worse. What shall we do about it? Some say "eat them." That will do for those who can take the time to trap, kill and prepare them for the table. Mr. Daniel Fiester says that "they make a splendid pot-pie, but the trouble is to find them when in the pie."

The rate at which these unwelcome birds increase is something wonderful. The Bulletin issued by the Department of Agriculture contains a table by which it is shown that the progeny of a single pair, in successive seasons for ten years, assuming that all live to multiply, would reach the amazing number of 275,716,983,698. Considering its remarkable fecundity it is not surprising, therefore, that it has spread so rapidly over the continent. In all sections of the country it raises from four to six broods yearly. Jacob Rickolt destroyed one nest that contained seven eggs. Mr. Jonathan Colley informed us that he found a nest on his premises this season in which there were four young birds not yet able to fly and at the same time four fresh laid eggs. Such enterprise in a bird so pernicious is alarming. Occasionally we hear the remark that it is decreasing in numbers, but this is a very great mistake.

### Money and Wood Plenty.

Money in the form of Continental dollars must have had an extensive circulation at one time in this neighborhood, judging from a receipt found among the Wallis papers, worded as follows:

"Received January 1, 1780, of Samuel Wallis three Thousand Continental Dollars in full for five cord of Hickory Wood.

WM. JACKWAY."

# THE NOW AND THEN.

ISSUED BI-MONTHLY.

J. M. M. GERNERD, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

For terms of subscription and advertising rates, see cover.

Entered at the Muncy Post-Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1891.

## A Cheap Wedding Suit.

The late Hon. Tunison Coryell, of Williamsport, was married in 1816. He has left the fact on record that James Hutchinson, a fashionable tailor then doing business in Milton, made his wedding suit, and that the entire cost was "five dollars for coat, pants and vest." We would just like to see the wedding suit that a fashionable tailor would furnish for \$5 Now.

## First Big Window Lights.

It is not yet quite forty years since Judge W. P. I. Painter erected the brick building in which he has ever since kept drug store, and in which he placed the first four-light windows seen in this end of the county. The lights were 24 by 36 inches, and we still remember the wonder and admiration that they for some time excited. And to Judge Painter also belongs the credit of having been the first person in Muncy to put in a large front, single-pane window. Look upon the many magnificent windows we have now, and then again read what McMinn says in *NOW AND THEN*, Vol. 2, page 78, about "Window Glass in the West Branch Valley" in the days of the pioneers.

## Strange Freak of Lightning.

Lightning plays strange freaks. When the recent fire in Muncy from lightning occurred, Jacob Rickolt's barn was struck by the same electric discharge. A pigeon sitting on her nest within a few feet of the boards that were splintered by the current in its downward passage had the feathers of one wing and leg almost entirely burnt off, and her tail feathers so scorched and curled up that they looked as if they had been in a fire, yet the bird was not otherwise harmed, and with seeming unconcern kept right on hatching until she brought out a squab. The other egg, perhaps, got too much of the electric fluid.

## Now Serving to be Retired.

Ben. F. Remsnyder—see *N. & T.*, Vol. 2, page 59—when his last term of enlistment expired re-enlisted in Co. "C" of the Engineer Corps, and is now on duty at Willits Point, New York Harbor. Twenty-three years of service are now standing to his credit, and as soldiers are put on the retired list when they have served thirty years, he has, perhaps, judiciously resolved to stick to his rich Uncle Sam and be provided for during the remainder of his days. If the twenty-five-year retirement law now talked of is adopted, he may have only two more years to serve. He wrote just before cherry time to renew his subscription to *NOW AND THEN*, and said:

"I have had frontier service to my entire satisfaction. I am glad to be in the East once more, and in the East I intend to remain. If any of my Muncy friends come to New York I should be pleased to see them, and will do my best to entertain them if they visit Willits Point. Our duties as engineers consist of building pontoon bridges, loading and planting torpedoes, sinking explosive mines, doing guard duty, and in fact almost anything that is to be done and we can do. We thought for awhile that we would be sent out to show the Italian men-of-war what we can do, but I guess they don't want to see us. I enlisted here just in time to attend the funeral of General Sherman. Our battalion rested just in front of his residence. The city papers said that for soldierly bearing and an altogether fine martial appearance, it was the finest body of men that marched in the funeral cortege, so you see I need not be ashamed of the boys I am associated with. By the way, there are plenty of cherries on Long Island, and I hope to get outside of several quarts of them as soon as they are ripe."

## A Normal Enterprise.

*The Normal*—a new Muncy periodical, the first number of the first volume of which appeared in June—is to be published as a quarterly, under the auspices and as the organ of the Lycoming County Normal School. It is a handsome little sheet of four pages, of four thirteen-inch long columns to the page. The initial number indicates that it will also be handsomely conducted—ably, conscientiously and chastely—in the interest of education, and of the Lycoming Normal. Its editors, Messrs. W. W. Champion, D. L. Hower and E. M. Heim, are all active young men, who have undertaken the editorial work as a labor of love, and from a laudable desire to bring into close bonds of interest and sympathy all who have been, who are, and who hereafter will be in any way identified with

the school. It is hoped that the establishment of this organ will mark a new and still brighter era in the history of this flourishing school, and that the gratuitous labors of the editors will be rewarded by the most gratifying results.

There is one feature of the enterprise to which we are disposed to object. We refer to the announcement that it is to be "sent gratuitously to teachers, students, alumni and friends." It strikes us that teachers, students, alumni and friends will appreciate its value and object too well to accept it gratuitously, and that they will prefer to pay for it, enough at least to make it self-supporting. A subscription price of say only ten or fifteen cents per annum would probably make it self-sustaining, and would permit every teacher, student, alumni and friend to share with the editors in extending and enlarging its usefulness. The aim is to make it of particular interest and value to teachers, students and alumni, and hence we imagine that each one will feel like contributing his or her mite yearly to make it a permanent thing. What say the teachers, students, alumni and friends?

### In God We Trust.

The sacred motto, "In God We Trust," appears on all the gold and silver coins of the United States coined since 1866, that are large enough to display it. It was placed on them at the suggestion of an honored citizen who was born, and who spent the greater part of his long and useful life in the West Branch Valley—the late ex-Governor James Pollock. He not only suggested the motto, it is claimed, but he urged upon the Government the propriety of its adoption, and himself prepared the bill that passed both Senate and House unanimously and authorized it. And it was done under his direction while he was the Director of the United States Mint. To those who knew James Pollock, and who know these facts, this motto on our coin has a special significance, and no one thus favored can see it without being agreeably reminded of the good and upright man who placed it there. But it also has its intrinsic interest. Mr. Pollock, writing on the subject to a friend, said, "that the recognition of our nation's God on our national coin was a national as well as a personal religious duty—particularly as we were then in the midst of a fearful war and struggle for national unity and life." God may not regard such recognition as a personal compliment; and He may not have been, and never

may be, influenced to show the nation any favor on this account; but He may regard the coin bearing this motto as a promise that the nation shall trust in Him. Trust—and not the coin—is legal tender with God.

### Good Name and Good Springs.

Shikellimy was the vice-king of the Six Nations, who reigned as emperor over all the Indian tribes of this section, when the Moravians came to ancient Shamokin and founded their mission there, and he became a convert to their faith. The testimony of the authorities of his day that he was "a good Indian" is so unanimous and positive that we are obliged to believe that he deserved the good opinion in which he was then held. He was noted for his temperance, dignity and honor as a man, and for his ability, influence and rectitude as a ruler. He was also the father of Logan, the famous orator.

Considering how many streams, mountains, valleys and towns have received and now commemorate Indian names, is it not a strange neglect that the name of the noble old chief has not long since been thus honored? His name and virtues will be forever perpetuated by our local histories, it is true, but no Indian name more eminently deserved to be brought into every-day use. The Drumbheller Brothers, of Sunbury,—and Sunbury, by the way, is built upon the site of the ancient Shamokin,—therefore deserve the thanks of all lovers of history for christening their magnificent new summer resort, on the famous Blue Hill, opposite the town of Northumberland, as Hotel Shikellimy. The name is especially appropriate, too, as the hotel is a conspicuous and commanding structure, overlooking the scene of the chief's life and death, the spot on which his wigwam stood, and the grave in which he rests, as well as a large area—one thousand square miles it is estimated—of the beautiful country over the inhabitants of which he was once ruler.

Hotel Shikellimy will have many attractive features besides a good name and a grand view. The building—145 by 125 feet in size—is large, beautiful and imposing, and tastefully ornamented with gables, domes, balconies and observatories. It is arranged and furnished with due regard to comfort, and without regard to expense. The proprietors are experienced hotel keepers, and understand just what is required to please the most refined visitors. It is

in every respect, inside and outside, a modern hotel. An artesian well 502 feet in depth supplies the house with abundance of pure water, while near by, on the declivity of the hill, are several fine springs. In fact the very best of springs are right in the house, as nearly one hundred of the sleeping rooms are furnished with "*Gernerd's Spiral-Spring, Chain-Coil Bed-Bottoms.*"

### Muddy, Foul and Offensive.

Dr. G. G. Groff, now President of the Pennsylvania State Board of Health, two years ago (September 14, 1889,) made a careful sanitary survey of Glade Run and the basin from which it was proposed to "supply the borough of Muncy," as the contract entered into with the Water Company provides, "at all seasons of the year with good, pure, wholesome water, ample and sufficient for domestic, manufacturing and sanitary purposes." He reported among other things: *First*, that it would require a dam fifty feet high to hold enough water to supply the town; *second*, that the twelve sets of farm buildings (houses, barn-yards, pig-sties, hen-houses, privies, etc.), the drainage from which was direct and rapid from the steep hill-sides into the rivulets which formed the run, were dangerously close to the pool; *third*, that all the conditions were present to produce just such an epidemic as decimated Plymouth a few years ago, all that is needed being a case of typhoid fever at one of the farm houses in the basin. For saying these and other like things, in the performance of his duty as Public Health Officer, Dr. Groff has been freely ridiculed and called "a crank." But now, after the experience of two summers, and since the company has been compelled to pump its water from the canal and river, it is quite evident that the Doctor spoke with clear, practical foresight when he declared that a dam fifty feet high would be required to store water ample and sufficient in a dry time for a town of the size of Muncy. And as to the "good, pure and wholesome water," what little there is of water in the pool has for months been so muddy, foul and offensive that if the people were compelled to drink it there is no telling how soon there might be another epidemic like Plymouth had. Although the river water, receiving the filthy drainage from many towns, does not deserve to be called "pure," and sometimes gets very muddy, it never has such a foul and sickening

complexion as the water in the pool has had for months past, and is really to be preferred. We do not personally know Dr. Groff, but if he is a crank because he has the sagacity and courage to say such things as these for the public good, we can only say that he is the right man in the right place, and that there will probably soon come a time when about 2,000 individuals in Muncy will be just as cranky.

### Salt.

Mr. McMinn, in his interesting article in the last number of NOW AND THEN on "The Culinary Art" as practiced by the Indians, mentions the fact that they were ignorant of the use of salt. They did not seem to know *how necessary* its use was. They certainly did not know what so many of the highest medical authorities say. Says Dr. Jonathan Pereira, for instance: "It is a *necessary article* of food, being *essential for the preservation of life* and the maintenance of health." The poor Indians! And millions upon millions of savages have existed and even now exist on the earth *without salt*. The poor ignorant creatures! Perhaps we might call this "blissful ignorance"!

Salt is a mineral. It is wholly indigestible and innutritious. It is not assimilated, does not contribute to the formation of any of the tissues, but always remains just what it is—salt. It is dissolved, but in a state of solution it still is—salt. It goes the rounds of the circulation, but continues to be—salt. It is finally cast off by the depurating organs, the skin, lungs, bowels and kidneys, and still it is—salt. These are well-known facts, and admitted even by those who advocate its use. Dr. Sylvester Graham, in his great work, "Science of Human Life," says that he carefully investigated all the arguments in its favor only to be "fully convinced that salt is *not a necessary* nor a proper article for the dietetic use of man." Graham vs. Pereira; which is right? If this question were settled by a vote—as questions of religious doctrine are often settled for the world—salt would surely win.

But there are many wide-awake physicians who think with Graham. Dr. J. H. Kellogg, editor of *Good Health*, said recently:

"As to the bad effect upon cattle of withholding salt, I have tried the experiment personally of keeping cows without salt, and never saw any bad results whatever. On the plains of Wyoming and other Western states there are thousands and thousands of cattle *which have never tasted salt*. In England the finest cattle are

raised *without salt*. It is nothing remarkable that horses and cattle in crossing the continent of South America should give out when near its centre. Many horses and cattle became weak in trying to cross the plains to California, and it was *not for want of salt either*. In the very centre of the South American continent there are thousands and thousands of cattle living in the very best of health, strong, vigorous animals, *which have never tasted salt.*"

The poor dumb cattle, that do not know how essential salt is for *the preservation of their lives!* Pereira, perhaps, did not, when he was writing about salt, just happen to think of them and of the Indians. We think a vote on the salt question had better not be taken just yet. Some things seem to have been overlooked, and some other things seem to have been misunderstood.

### The Now and Then of Evolution.

What will be the attitude of the general mind in relation to the doctrine of evolution fifty years from Now? Fifty years ago there were very few adherents to the development theory, as this creed of modern science was then called. Darwinism was a term not yet invented. Charles Darwin had at that time in fact hardly more than commenced his remarkable investigations. Perhaps in fifty years after this date the readers of NOW AND THEN—this little serial is published for Then as well as for Now—will look back and be interested in what is said of the past and present position of the people in this section, as well as the common feeling throughout the enlightened world, in regard to this great mystery.

The first citizen of this neighborhood who unhesitatingly avowed belief in the theory of man's evolution from a lower animal form, it has often been said, was Mr. Hubley D. Albright, who upwards of a quarter of a century ago began to teach in the Old Central School House, what with pride we then called the "Muncy High School." He was certainly an early Darwinian, if not the first of the new faith in this section, as it is barely thirty-two years since Darwin published the first edition of his great work on the "Origin of Species." When we first heard of Mr. Albright defending evolution as the best explanation of the mystery of the origin of species, to the utter dismay of even his best personal friends, there were certainly few persons in the neighborhood who were disposed to agree with him. We can still recall some of the not very complimentary remarks that were made about his odd ideas, and his

strange belief that man was "developed from a monkey." Among the first in sympathy with the speculations of Darwin, and to discuss the value and results of his researches, we may also mention the name of the late Dr. William Musser, a man who was well prepared by a scientific habit of mind to understand the evidences of evolution.

The works of Darwin and his co-workers soon won the serious attention and respect of the scientific world; they also gradually began to infect even the religious world, and make converts of such representative religious minds as Dr. James McCosh, Prof. Asa Gray, Rev. Charles Kingsley and the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and of course everybody of intelligence in this part of the world likewise commenced to read, think and talk of evolution. Like many other things in the world, it seems to be of a contagious nature, and therefore "catching." The religious world is still divided, and probably the great majority of the people are still opposed to evolution, but among active scientific workers, and persons of real scientific tastes, there are Now very few opponents in Europe or America. Among the efficient toilers in science it is now even declared to be a waste of time to argue the truth of the doctrine, because, say they, the battle has been fought and decided in favor of evolution.

Louis Agassiz was one of the last and, perhaps, the most profound and feared of the recognized scientific opponents, and yet it is a remarkable fact that all who had the good fortune to receive instruction under him, and who have since acquired distinction as investigators,—not excepting even his own gifted son, Alexander,—have accepted the theory of evolution. They claim that their great and beloved teacher did almost as much to lay the foundation of the science of evolution as Darwin, but that he was strangely unconscious of the fact. Now, if such a revolution as this indicates has occurred during the last thirty years, what, it may well be asked, will be the general attitude towards the doctrine, even of the religious societies, before the middle of the next century? We do not pretend to prophesy, but we cannot help asking the question. We have stated the facts, have recorded them as matters of history, and will leave the question for the future to decide.

Of one thing we may say that Christians are everywhere becoming satisfied. They need not fear to investigate the claims and arguments of evolution. If the doctrine is not true, they will the better and the sooner be prepared to refute it. If it is true, they will find it to be in strict harmony with every other truth. The late James S. Lippincott, in his "Critics of Evolution," [see NOW AND THEN, Vol. 2, page 118,] says:

"I know of no more happy mode of turning

the truths of evolution against the Bible than that pursued by some perverse theologians of boldly asserting that they are antagonistic to the Scriptures. The truths of science, as we have seen in former discussions respecting geology, were regarded as antagonistic to the Bible, and anti-scientists were forced to admit the Bible in error or resort to the only avenue of escape, by considering it wrongly translated or improperly understood. Would it not be wise to admit this may again be the case, rather than provoke opposition and the damaging criticism of evolutionary science? \* \* \* We have occasionally heard the remark, that it is degrading to the self-respect of man to consider himself descended from a long line of animals, beginning with the polyp or ascidian. Let us consider that in evolution we have no new truth, but an old truth in a new form, the evolution of the individual by a slow process from a microscopic germ. Everybody knows that this is the process of development through which every one of us has passed. Yet it has never interfered with our belief in an intelligent Creator. When asked who made us, we say "God made us." But how were we made? The only true answer must be, by a process of evolution, a slow process of evolution from a microscopic sphere of unorganized protoplasm, the germ cell. This knowledge does not lessen our respect for the dignity of man; why then should it be different in the case of the origin of our species and of all species by evolution?"

The real purpose of this article was to consider evolution as a question of local history. But the digression shows that local history is in fact a part of general history, and that a part of anything can only be properly understood by considering its relations to the whole of which it is a part. General history grows out of local history. All great events of national interest are matters of local occurrence. And all questions of general interest have their local beginnings. A few interrogatories concerning evolution in the past in this locality were recently addressed to our former citizen, Mr. Albright, who is now a resident of Laurelton, Pa., and in response a long and interesting letter was received, but we must regret that we are not allowed to publish it entire. The liberty we take of giving our readers a few extracts will, perhaps, be excused, as they have a strictly historic interest, and will not be liable to misconstruction. Mr. Albright says:

"There was a time when I discussed evolution with people, and even tried to convert them to it, but that time has gone by, and I no more try to convince a man that his ancestors were monkeys, or fish, or even protoplasm, than I try to argue with the ignorant individual who believes in the 'coon day' that there is nothing in the coon seeing his shadow on the second day of February; for I know the one believes in the coon from ignorance, and the other does not believe in his descent from a lower, and from even the lowest form of life, from the same cause. \* \* \* \* Whether I was the first

citizen of Muncy who espoused the theory of evolution I do not know, nor do I remember just when it was; but I do recollect getting some advanced ideas on both evolution and religion from Mr. Enos Hawley, and I would suppose he was a convert to Darwin's theory before I was. But I do not know if he advocated it as publicly as I did. I was always a little loud, and made myself heard, and people probably found out my sentiments before they did those of others who had more advanced ideas than I had. I believed in evolution just as soon as I heard it stated, and really was a believer in it, in an undefined way, ever since I read, as a boy, that the gradations between the mineral and vegetable, and between the vegetable and animal forms were so small that it is impossible to tell where one ends and the other begins; and as soon as I read a newspaper review of Darwin's book I was an expressed and outspoken convert. \* \* I would have been a very unworthy teacher of the youth of Muncy if I had not been an early believer and advocate of evolution, for the teacher should, of all things, be a lover of the truth, and a disciple of it. Though I was an early believer and advocate of evolution, I did not teach it in my school, for the reason I did not suppose the parents of my pupils wanted it taught; and I always believed that the parent was the proper person to decide as to what his children should be taught, and until such a time as I knew they wanted it taught my mouth was sealed in their presence. Besides, I always found enough to teach without going upon disputed ground."

The earnestness, frankness and fairness of this letter is characteristic of the man who, as a teacher, a scholar and gentleman, commanded the respect of the community, notwithstanding the general antipathy towards the doctrine he had the courage to defend. The general disposition then was to ridicule, and the objections first thought of were seldom anything more than hasty expressions of unbelief, horror and disdain. But Darwinism kept right on spreading, gaining converts, gathering facts, multiplying generalizations, writing books, and showing constantly increasing vigor, in consequence of which the general feeling has become considerably modified, people are not so easily shocked now as then, and one hears less and less in the way of opposition. Now nearly everybody who reads and thinks desires to know what evolution is, what the evidences are upon which it is based, if there are really positive laws of progressive change, and if the origin of species can in this way be explained. Now nearly everybody is beginning to think as Dr. McCosh, when he said, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, Vol. X: "It appears to me that the whole doctrine of vegetable and animal species needs to be reviewed and re-adjusted, and religion need not fear for the result. I have been convinced of this ever since I learned, when I was ardently studying botany, that the number of species of plants had risen to two millions. I was sure that all these were the works of God, but I was not sure that each was a special creation."

# THE NOW AND THEN.

Devoted to History, Amusement, Instruction, Advancement.

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No. 9.

## Random Notes of a Country Lawyer.

### No. 2.

Gen. Philip Benner had considerable litigation in his day, notably with his neighbor, Jacob Houser, who, as his tombstone says, "came to Spring Creek in 1788, and died February 14, 1832, aged 72." The General died at "Rock Works," close by, July 27, 1832, aged 70.

The latter took great pride in Centre County, and no doubt deemed it his duty to keep the legal mill supplied with grist. Mr. Houser's grandson told me that on one occasion the suits between Houser and Benner were about ending because his grandfather could not raise the cash to fee his lawyer and pay costs, whereupon General Benner promptly loaned him the money.

The General was a Quaker by descent and used the Friends' language; however, he contributed liberally to the support of the Presbyterian Church in Bellefonte. There came a day in the latter church when the use of Watts' Hymns was called for by the "new lights." William Petrikin, Esq., (father of the late Gen. William A. Petrikin, of Muncy,) a native of Scotland and an ardent Presbyterian, was strongly for David's "varision" of the Psalms, and drew up a protest against a change and circulated it among the people. Meeting General Benner one day, he asked him to sign the paper. General Benner's forensic experience had made him well acquainted with the abilities of David Watts, the lawyer, and had taught him to be wary of signing a paper he had not read. "Yes, William, I will do anything for the good of the church; but, William, what is this paper about?" Esquire Petrikin replied that some "irreverent people" in the congregation wished to change the Psalms of David in use for Watts' "varision." "Well! well!" said General Benner. "Now, William, of course thee knows more about this matter than I do; but I know Mr. Watts to be a very great man, but who is this man David?"

The same congregation was largely in arrears with the minister's salary. Eight hundred

dollars salary was due, and an "emergency" meeting of the congregation was called. Hamilton Humes was made chairman, and Mr. Linn sent a paper to the meeting offering to forgive \$300 of the debt. Governor Curtin, then a young man, arose in great indignation and said it was an outrage to accept Mr. Linn's proposal; that the whole sum should be made up and paid him at once, and followed with an offer to subscribe fifty dollars. Hamilton Humes said, "I will give one hundred dollars." After some further subscriptions an old farmer of the neighborhood, of well known ability, arose and said he would subscribe five dollars. After a canvass of the people in attendance it was found there was not enough subscribed, whereupon the same old farmer arose and said it would be a good thing to double our subscriptions; "for my part I am ready to do so." Then the chairman, Hamilton Humes, took the floor. "How liberal some men are getting to be!" said Mr. Humes. "Double our subscriptions! yes! Did it not make you cry, Jamie, to subscribe five dollars? You always want to pay in trade. You will give the minister a hog so poor that it can hardly walk, when he would have to buy a fat one to fry it in. You will bring a load of wood to town, and after hawking it through the streets, and nobody will buy, you take it down and give it to the minister on your stipends," etc., etc. After these concluding remarks the subscriptions proceeded satisfactorily.

While prepared to honor the coming requisition for Governor in the person of Gen. Daniel H. Hastings, Bellefonte's share of Governors has thus far been only half a dozen; though I may have missed some in the count, not being a very old resident myself. Taken in the order of residence, Robert J. Walker (1806 to 1814) became Governor of Kansas in 1857; A. G. Curtin, Governor of Pennsylvania, 1861; William F. Packer (1822 to 1825), Governor of Pennsylvania, 1858; John Bigler (1830 to 1834), Governor of California, 1852; William Bigler (1830

to 1833), Governor of Pennsylvania, 1852; James A. Beaver, Governor of Pennsylvania, 1887. Three of them were graduates of printing offices. Packer served his apprenticeship in the office of the *Bellefonte Patriot*, Henry Petrikin, editor and proprietor; William Bigler in the office of the *Centre Democrat*, John Bigler, editor and proprietor. Times then were hard with printers as well as preachers, but William Bigler had pluck. He managed to get possession of a second-hand press and some half worn type and employed a man to wagon them over the mountains to Clearfield, himself walking the whole way behind the wagon. When they arrived he lacked five dollars to pay the wagoner, so he pulled off the plush vest he wore and gave it for pay, and in a few days the *Clearfield Democrat* made its appearance.

In olden times there was no town clock in Bellefonte, but the hour of 11 A. M. was publicly known from the fact that William Fisher, who lived some miles up Bald Eagle Valley, invariably made his appearance in Bellefonte at that hour on his way to Quaker meeting. He died July 2, 1845, aged ninety-three years, and of course Bond Valentine, Governor Curtin and Benjamin Bennett went to the funeral up Bald Eagle Valley. Ben. Bennett was a noted hotel keeper and stage proprietor, running a line of stages which ran over the Allegheny Mountains to Erie, &c. William Underwood built wagons and stages, many of which succumbed to the fierce driving of Bennett's Jehu-like drivers. In consequence there were some lawsuits between Ben. and William Underwood based on the alleged imperfection of William's workmanship. In the absence of any one else to conduct the burial services at the grave, Friend Underwood made an address, deploring the loss and enumerating the sterling qualities of the "deceas-sed," adding in closing, "the dead do rest from their labors and their works do follow them." "If that is so," said Ben. Bennett to Bond Valentine, *sotto voce*, "Bond, you will hear the danglest rattling of old stages down this turnpike after Billy's coffin when he is buried ever you heard."

Another noted tavern keeper in Bellefonte was Henry Furey. He was fond of a game of euchre, and was eager to bet when he supposed he held a good hand. They were playing in the back room and the cards had been dealt, when Henry was called to the bar by some thirsty traveler. He laid down his cards, telling

them to await his return. The party concluded to give him a good hand, and fixed up his cards accordingly. Henry came back, scanned his cards and was eager to bet very high. After some demur his bet was taken and one of them led a card which caused the loss of Henry's ace (his other cards were all trump). The game proceeded and they took all Henry's trumps with higher suit. Henry in amazement at the loss of his heavy wager, put both hands to his head and cried, "Gentlemen! gentlemen! have pity; I am not in my right mind."

JOHN BLAIR LINN.

Bellefonte, Pa.

### Recollections of Fairfield.

J. M. M. GERNERD,

*Respected Friend:*—Having been solicited to contribute some recollections to the columns of NOW AND THEN, I would say that we returned from the State of New York to Pennsylvania in 1829 and settled in what was then called "Fairfield Township," on a farm of my maternal grandfather, who had settled there some forty years before, and that I remember a number of the *then* old people of the neighborhood, who had seen or heard of the first white inhabitants of that country.

It may interest some of the present generation to know who resided in these parts Then. Our neighbors within a radius of about two miles were William Casselberry on the north-west, John Casselberry on the north-east, William Crozier and Isaiah Casselberry on the east, Geo. Barger, Samuel Ault, Joel Lester and Adam Knittle on the south-east, Henry Knittle on the south and on the south-west Thomas Green, John Tallman, Jacob, Adam and Peter Konkle, and a few others. Nearly all of these had large families, many of whom have passed to the unknown world, and their bones are mouldering in the dust, and some are in distant lands. When I stand on some of those hills and view the country I feel a kind of melancholy sorrow and loneliness.

Fishing was one of the most interesting pastimes that boys had then, and we looked forward to the time when the snow should melt and spring return and the buds open and the leaves become about the size of a mouse's ear, for then father would say, "Boys, work away; and when we get done peeling bark and our corn planted, you may go a-fishing." Our nearest fishing streams were "Big Mill Creek," "North Mill

Creek" and "Crozier's Run." Sometimes John and Robert Crozier were our companions. We would be at the height of our ambition when on our way to one of those streams, when perhaps some one would stub his toe against a stone or a stump and knock off the skin, and he would go hop-step-and-jump for some time; but he had to go all the same, for we were going trout fishing, and there was no turning back. The bark had to be peeled to buy leather to make our shoes. We only got one pair each in a year, and they were worn out by spring, so we had to go barefooted and stub our toes. But then boys were quick to see a rattlesnake or copperhead, and it was wonderful how we escaped being bitten, for we killed numbers of them. Getting the fish was not the only charm of these excursions. All nature was awaking from her long winter's sleep; the opening leaves, the aroma of the pine leaves, the trickling rivulets, the winter-green berries, the peculiar haze in the air that made the mountains look blue, all contributed to our enjoyment. When father would say "we" will go a-fishing it meant that he would go with "us" to Loyalsock, to Bear Creek or Ogdonian, and that was a thing to look forward to with pleasure. I remember once the hour was fixed for starting over the mountain, when word came that a committee of "Friends" would visit us, one or two from Philadelphia, with others from near Muncy. To give up the fishing trip was a severe disappointment, and I had the audacity to say to father, "Let us go notwithstanding they have sent word they are coming," but he said that would never do. They came, and we had a meeting, and after sitting in silence for some time, the door being open, the old rooster came into the house and crowed two or three times. We thought that was very funny and it nearly upset our gravity. However, after the meeting, I noticed my mother, who was a religious woman, and "Regina Shober," a meek, good minister from Philadelphia, were in tears, and I heard them say something about the awful condition our lot would have been if the "evil one" had got the mastery when there was war in heaven.

In a few days after this visit we started on foot, father and William Crozier and a brother and myself, both barefooted, for a walk of some fifteen miles to Big Bear Creek and Ogdonia; got there a little before night, started in to fish and the trout bit well, but the gnats bit worse on my hands, in my head through my straw hat and in my eyes, so that I could hardly bait my hook.

However, we got more trout than we needed for supper, so we built a fire against a large log, cut hemlock brush for a bed, cleaned some trout, put salt and butter in them and stuck them on forked sticks and held them over the hot coals. After supper we laid down to sleep. We had two large, ferocious dogs with us called "Brock" and "Mingo." Our camp was near the road on the north bank of Ogdonian Creek, and while at breakfast next morning Francis or John Bull, I forget which, and wife, passed with an ox team in the direction of Muncy. His wife was some distance ahead of the team, when our dogs sprang out towards her with such fury that it required haste on our part to keep them from biting her. She was terribly scared, and we were not a little alarmed for her safety. After spending several hours fishing, and getting as many trout as we cared to carry such a distance, we started for home. As I had been in the water a good deal, I never found harder gravel stones than my bare feet came in contact with that day. I presume it would Now be hard to find boys eleven years old that would undertake a trip of thirty miles under such circumstances. Shoes are not as scarce Now as they were Then.

We lived from the time I was seven until I was twelve years old near our grandfather's, and from his house we had a fair view of the River Mountain, on the north side of which there was a large spot that was bare of timber, it being too rocky for trees to grow. Most of the mountain was heavily timbered. Grandfather about 1830 owned a shoat pig, weighing some 125 pounds, that would follow him like a dog. He called him "Sneak." At one time he went to William Casselberry's, some two miles, with Sneak following close behind him. Grandfather got on a high log to cross Mill Creek, and Sneak attempted to follow him, but fell into the stream. He then swam across and continued with grandfather until he returned home.

Mill Creek was Then a much larger stream than it is Now. The saw mill nearest its head was called Jones's Mill, the next lower down Collins's, then came Straub's, then Herrington's, then Scott's grist mill. After this time William Casselberry's sons built a saw mill above Herrington's, and Adam Konkle's sons another above that. Above Straub's (now Fairfield Centre) David Die built one with a large overshot wheel. Father had this mill rented when mother died and our family was broken up and scattered.

Thy friend,

CHARLES L. WARNER.

West Chester, Pa.

### The Polecat's Tail and Pouch.

Sometimes a theory is handed down from one generation to another until it becomes an accepted fact, without the support of scientific or intelligent research. Thus is it with the weapon of defence of the skunk. The speculation of "throwing with its bushy tail," as advanced by your interesting contributor, C. D. E., in *NOW AND THEN*, No. 8, will admit of correction.

For the enlightenment of your readers let me give the true theory. On both sides of the anus, and free from hair, is a gland surrounded by strong muscles; at the approach of danger the animal will point these glands towards the intruder, throw its tail over its back and contract the muscles, thus emitting streams of offensive fluid to the distance of ten to fifteen feet. After one of these emissions the animal is as free from scent as before, which would not be the case if the tail were the motive power for throwing the fluid. There is no connection between the fluid and urine, each being a separate secretion, alike both in male and female.

It was my good fortune last spring to see a female skunk with her young, which had been captured with a poisoned egg. The animal is provided with a pouch, similar to that of a kangaroo, into which the tiny young are placed as soon as born; each one then fastens itself to a teat and is thereby nourished and carried about. In this case there were eleven young ones, resembling in size and appearance young mice.

J. S. BALL.

Quakertown, Pa.

### The Right Remedy.

Out from a dark ravine in a certain county in Northern Pennsylvania there issues a stream which, flowing eastward, empties into a certain river. I am told that years ago upon the north side of this stream rattlesnakes could be met with in considerable numbers, while on the south side none could be found. The stream is quite narrow, and in times past, as now in many places, uprooted trees, driftwood and trash of various sorts formed temporary bridges, making transit from one side to the other not in the least difficult.

The supposed reason is this: That there grew in great quantities a plant or shrub (name unknown to me) the presence and perfume of which were displeasing if not destructive to his snakeship, and because of the existence of this botanical St. Patrick on the south side of the

stream he made the north side his permanent habitat.

I have never given this legend the test of examination. The flavor of it has been so interesting that it seemed to me to be in a sense unkind and unpoetic to destroy it in the crucible of scientific investigation. In its present legendary nature it answers a purpose in that it reminds me of a story that I read of, or heard about, many years ago.

Upon a beautiful day in the leafy month of June a traveler on horseback was slowly wending his way along an unfrequented bridle-path through a defile of the mountains. The settlement was already far to the rear and the sounds of civilization were exchanged for the singing of the wild birds, the chattering of the squirrels, the drumming of the pheasants and the thousands of voices peculiar to the wakeful forests. Suddenly his attention was arrested by a sound peculiar, even amid these many peculiar sounds. It issued from up the mountain side and seemed to him to be the voice of birds, indicating fear and distress. Resolved to investigate this matter, he tied his horse to the limb of a tree and made his way through the underbrush as best he could in the direction indicated. He soon found the object of his search. Upon a small tree, four fifths the distance between root and top-most branch, he saw a nest—a bird's nest. Around this nest fluttered and screamed the parent birds, full of distress and fear. Below the nest, winding around the trunk of the tree, he saw a huge black snake slowly approaching the nest. Unable to render assistance in this unequal conflict, he proposed to be a deeply interested observer and await the result. Presently one of the birds flew away a little distance, and soon returned carrying in its beak a green leaf which it laid carefully upon the nest. This act was immediately imitated by its mate. Then both flew rapidly thither and back again, bringing the green leaves and covering the nest carefully and completely, so that the birdlings beneath ceased their chirpings and went to sleep. In the meantime the serpent, adding coil to coil around the trunk of the tree, shortened the distance between himself and his prey until at length, proudly arching his glistening neck over the limb upon which the nest was built, he thrust out his forked tongue and moved forward to do his work of death; when lo! there is magic power in the leaves, a shudder is observable throughout his entire length, his coils loosen, he drops

from branch to branch down upon the rocky ground, then glides away to his hated den.

That nest is home! That serpent intemperance! The parent birds correct public sentiment and legal power. That covering of leaves, State Constitutional Prohibitory Amendment.

H. C. MOYER.

Moravia, N. Y.

### Some Old Receipts.

Among the papers of Samuel Wallis have been found a number of business receipts, nearly all one hundred years and upwards old, that will doubtless be read Now with considerable interest. The territory of the West Branch was Then so new and wild, the settlers were so few in number, the comforts and conveniences of civilization so scant, and so much relating to that era has been forever lost, that even the few preserved records of ordinary business transactions have become invested with a peculiar interest, and have assumed importance as historical data.

Here, for instance, is a bill and receipt for flour bought at the first grist mill erected in the county (see page 93, Vol. 2), and which was doubtless regarded as a good day's business by the enterprising proprietor, son of Henry Shoemaker, the successor of John Alward:

MUNCY MILLS, June 16, 1773.

Mr. Samuel Wallis

Bo't of Jacob Shoemaker

7 Bbls of Flour @ 32 S. per Bbl. £11.4-0.

Rec'd contents

JACOB SHOEMAKER.

The next item presented throws a ray of light on the ways and trials of domestic life in our valley in the trying days of the Revolution, a few months before the savages descended upon and perpetrated their most terrible outrages on the almost unprotected inhabitants:

This is to Certify that I have sold my Negro woman named Mary to Samuel Wallis who left me & went to Philadelphia with the British Army in September last for the sum of One Hundred & twenty pounds current money of Maryland. Witness my hand this 23 day of April 1778.

Witness

GEO. CATTO.

Isabella Alexander.

Mary probably thought that the blacks had the same inalienable right to freedom that the white folks had, and that *flight* was better than to *fight* for the inestimable blessing, but she evidently soon found that the question of *Right* was often eclipsed by the circumstance of *Might*.

The following suggests that salt was regarded

as "essential to life," though the Indians and wild animals had for centuries enjoyed life and health without it:

"Jany 23, 1778

Sir: Please to let the bearer Jas. Hepburn have half a bushel of salt and charge it to my account.

HENRY ANTIS.

To Mr Samuel Wallis

Rec'd the above half Bushel of salt by me  
JAS HEPBURN."

The cost of traveling and transportation in the days of our first settlers may be inferred from the following:

"Rec'd Aug. 2nd 1775 of Samuel Wallis thirteen pounds fifteen shillings in full for bringing up his family from Philadelphia to Muncy  
JACOB MING."

The next receipt in the order of time shows that Amariah Sutton was one of the first collectors of taxes in Muncy Township. And if 10 pounds 3 shillings was the sum total of Samuel Wallis' taxes on the many thousand acres in Muncy Township for which he held patents, it also exhibits that taxes were nowhere *then* in comparison to what they are *now*:

"Rec'd Sept 4th 1773 of Samuel Wallis the sum of Nine pounds thirteen shillings for Provincial Tax & 10 shillings county Levy in Muncy Township Northumberland County.

AMARIAH SUTTON."

The first public road up the West Branch from Fort Augusta was reported by viewers in October, 1772. [See article by William Field Shay on page 113.] It entered Muncy Valley through the gap in the Muncy Hills, thence "at four miles crossed Muncy Creek," at "two hundred and seven rods, Wolf's Run," and at "four hundred and forty-two rods, crossed the run above Samuel Wallis' house." The "Indian line," at what is now Newberry, was specified as the western terminus. Shay says it is erroneously called the "State Road," as the facts are it was laid out and paid for by Northumberland County. The road from the head of the Schuylkill to Fort Augusta seems to have been opened but a short time before, and, as the following receipt indicates, was paid for by private subscriptions:

"Rec'd Jany 15th 1772 of Samuel Wallis ten pounds current money of Pennsylvania it being in full for his subscription for Opening a Road from the heads of Schoolkill to Fort Augusta.  
£10.0.0.  
ELLIS HUGHES."

Another receipt, dated ten years later, indicates that many of the early roads were made by private funds, and also how much the devel-

opment of the country was due to the activity and liberality of Samuel Wallis:

"Received June 28th 1782 of Samuel Wallis Ten Pounds Specie for his subscription for the Purpose of opening the Road through Tulpehocken to Samuel Wiser's and to Sunbury.  
£10. EUNISON WILLIAMS."

In this connection it may also be of interest to mention that Amariah Sutton and John Alward were appointed the first Overseers of Roads in Muncy Township. And also that our esteemed contributor, William Field Shay, is a great-grandson of the enterprising pioneer, Samuel Wallis.

The first settler in the Manor of Muncy who brought his family with him was John Scudder, son of a prosperous New Jersey farmer. He came here in April, 1770, located on the south side of Glade Run, and erected his cabin on the high terrace a few rods from the Susquehanna, near where the canal now crosses the run. He had been in the valley during the previous autumn and selected the site. He was born January 29, 1738, and was therefore 32 years old when he came here. Susannah, his wife, was 24 years old. They had a son, William, whose age was four years. Their daughter Mary, born May 21, 1771, was the first white child born west of the Muncy Hills, in what was then still known as Berks County. Their third and youngest child, Hannah, who became the wife of Stephen Bell, and some eighty or more years ago moved to Xenia, Ohio, was born February 1, 1776. Scudder bought the land on which he settled of Samuel Wallis, though he some years afterwards lost it, because the title was not recognized as valid by the Proprietaries of the Manor, and was repudiated by the Provincial Court—notwithstanding that Wallis had bought and held a deed for it from Boyer Brooks, who had duly located it by virtue of a warrant and order of survey regularly issued by the Land Office; and that he, Wallis, had applied for, paid for and received a patent for it from the Proprietary Government. This patent is now in the possession of his great-grandson, Howard R. Wallis.

The following order on Wallis affords another glimmer of light on the means of transportation in that remote day:

"July 5th, 1770.

"Dear Sir:

Please to pay Mr King for helping me up with the Boat and You'l oblige your friend and humble servant. JOHN SCUDDER."

That Wallis had recently been down east and brought something with him for Scudder, an article that was very needful even in the backwoods where his wife could not go out shopping, is evident from this:

"Rec'd Aug 14th 1770 of Samuel Wallis the sum of six pounds being money which was sent me by my father  
£6.0.0. JOHN SCUDDER."

From several letters written by Robert L. Hooper to Samuel Wallis and still preserved, we learn that a Mr. Stockton, of New Jersey, was in Muncy Valley with John Scudder prospecting in 1769, but that it was not certain that he would locate here, as his wife dreaded the Indians very much, and he had "many small children." The following receipt and other papers since found indicate, however, that Stockton had risked the Indians and located somewhere in the valley:

"Rec'd Dec 28th 1771 of Richard Stockton (by the hands of Samuel Wallis) eighteen shillings in full for hire of a wagon at Muncy  
JOHN SCUDDER."

A natural query now is, of what use was a wagon here then, when Indian trails and the Susquehanna and its tributaries were the only thoroughfares of travel? But, it is evident that John Scudder had a wagon, and that Richard Stockton had use for it and hired it. And, unless some one can prove that some one else brought a wagon here before John Scudder, it may also set be down as a historical fact that Scudder brought and owned (if he did not himself make) the first wagon that was ever owned, used and hired in Lycoming County. There would be some satisfaction in having a good photograph of this primitive wagon. It would no doubt be an interesting specimen to illustrate the evolution in wagon making.

### The Water We Drink.

Comrade Samuel Stead, Post 66, G. A. R., relates that the Colonel of the 209th P. V., to which he belonged, one hot day while marching in Virginia, said to him, "Sam, you're no doubt as dry as I am; suppose you take my canteen and go out front with several of the boys and see if you can't find some good fresh water; I am almost famishing for a drink." Sam and several of the boys were off in an instant. Although very dry, the mention of a drink of good fresh water made their parched mouths crave the cooling draught still more. Other regiments were in advance, therefore the contingency of

finding Johnnies did not collide with the chance of finding water. After some eager searching the longed for beverage was found in a lightly wooded ravine near the line of march, and their eyes were gladdened by the sight of a little rivulet as clear and sparkling as ever cheered a thirsty soldier. Every soldier who has gone through an active summer campaign, and experienced the discomfort of thirst for hours, will remember the wonderful revivifying effect of a drink of fresh cold water.

"It was nice and cool," said Sam, "and we all took a good, hearty drink, and then filled our canteens." "By Jove, boys!" said one of the refreshed prospectors just as they were about to leave the ravine and rejoin the regiment, "look up there where this water comes from, and see that dead horse." All eyes were raised to the place indicated, and, too true, only a few feet from where they had laved their thirst was a half buried army horse, with a great rent through the abdomen, perhaps made by a shell, through which every drop of the little stream was directly pouring. "Yes, and another glance," said Sam, when we heard him relate the incident, "showed us that the ravine was full of dead horses, with their legs here and there sticking out of the ground." Disgusting sight, surely! But it was discovered too late. Their burning thirst had been quenched; they had unanimously agreed that the water was perfectly delicious; it was cool and as clear as crystal; and their canteens were filled and already hung suspended from their shoulders. "Well, if the Colonel don't know where the water came from," said one, "he'll take it down just as slick and easy as we did; so suppose we return his canteen without saying a word about it." This was promptly agreed to, and within twenty minutes the Colonel thankfully received his canteen and refreshed himself with a copious potion of its sparkling contents.

Sam was on the best of terms with the Colonel, and a few days afterwards ventured to interrogate him. "Well, Colonel," said he, "how did you like the water I brought you the other day?" "Oh! it was excellent! I can't remember when I enjoyed a drink more," the Colonel replied, looking at Sam as if he wanted to know why he asked the question so long after the event. "Colonel, that water came out of a dead horse just about five seconds, as near as I can figure the thing out, before it ran into your canteen." The Colonel smiled and evidently thought Sam

was perpetrating a joke, but when he was assured that it was no jest, and heard an explanation of all the circumstances, as we have related them, he felt perhaps nearly as uncomfortable for a moment about the epigastrium as his men did at the time of the discovery. But, like a true soldier, accustomed to disagreeable sights, he was quick to decide how to act in the matter, and promptly responded, "Well, Sam, I thought I never drank more delicious water, and as it did not seem to hurt any of us we will unanimously resolve that it was good anyhow."

Sickening as the spectacle may have been, it is probable that water more impure, and perhaps more dangerous, is daily supplied to many of the cities and towns throughout the United States. New York, for instance, has long boasted of having a better and purer supply than most of our large cities, yet persons who have visited Croton Lake and the water-shed from which the water is drawn cannot drink it without a shudder. We have known persons to use a cloth filter attached to the faucet from which they drank, who declared that in a few days in some seasons the filter would be almost full of living, wriggling creatures, of varying sizes, from some that could not be seen without a microscope to monsters half an inch in length. We remember seeing a man on Broadway some years ago, when on a visit to the city, who was selling a small, cheap stone filter, and who, to demonstrate to his customers their utility and value, run the delectable fluid called Croton water direct from the faucet through his filters; and how amazed every one seemed to be to see the great amount of impurity, the countless dead and living little (microscopic) animals and plants that it was thus shown to contain. Great concern, it is well known, was recently felt by the New York City officials on account of the horrible contamination of the water. There were a great many cases of typhoid fever and other similar complaints the past summer, that were attributed to the impurities it contained.

In many of our cities and towns cautious and cleanly housekeepers do not think of making tea or coffee without first carefully straining the water they use. And for drinking, few who know what foul ingredients are washed from the thousands of barn-yards, hog-pens, manufactories, towns and villages, privies, etc., all along the rivers, will put a drop to their lips without having it doubly filtered and boiled. The notion long held, and still sometimes advanced by per-

sons who ought to know better, that water need only run over a few pebbles to completely purify itself, has been exploded by sanitary science. Disease and death lurking in impurities may glide over stones for ten, twenty or more miles—indeed it has not yet been proven that it may not in some cases be thus transported a hundred miles—without being arrested. Water intermingled with farm and town drainage is not to be trusted. The dangerous microbes or germs of disease may be so infinitesimal as to evade microscopic observation, and to defy all ordinary chemical analysis. The water may be either so foul and loathsome as to be offensive to sight, smell and taste, or it may be as clear, sparkling and alluring as the little rivulet that Sam Stead and his soldier comrades found flowing through the dead horse. And some experiments have shown that even stone and sand filters may be worthless to prevent the transmission of dangerous micro-organisms. Not all microbes and foreign substances contained in water are at all times positively dangerous, but to be on the clean and safe side all impurities derived from surface drainage should be feared and avoided as we fear and avoid pestilence.

Our leading railroads have issued circulars in which they sensibly and fully recognize the great importance of pure water. The great progress of sanitation should, and it is presumed sooner or later will, stimulate these corporations to enforce their advanced ideas into rigid practice. The circular of the Reading Railroad says:

“Great care must be exercised to prevent the pollution of water which is used for drinking and household purposes. Privies, stables and sewers must never be so located that the drainage from them finds its way into the water supply. If it becomes necessary to use water which is suspected of being dangerously impure, it should be boiled and allowed to cool and settle before it is used.”

The same caution and advice is thus formulated in the circular of the Pennsylvania Railroad:

“Too great care cannot be exercised in keeping the water supply used for drinking and household purposes free from contamination, impure water being one of the most effective means of spreading disease. \* \* \* Privies and stables, and outlets of drains and sewers, are frequently so located that the drainage therefrom finds its way readily into the water supply. This should never be. As a rule it is better to take water supply from rapidly running streams than from any other source, and always some distance above the nearest contamination. Springs when the high land surrounding them is free from drainage, are excellent sources of water supply.”

This is common sense. It is the view taken by every candid and intelligent sanitarian. It is the opinion held by every competent Board of Health in the world. It is the sentiment of every honest physician. There can be no other correct view, based on the first principles of sanitary science. It is the lesson taught by every epidemic, by every sanitary investigation, and by every-day experience. It should also be the sentiment and rule of action of every water company, and of every official who is responsible for the health and lives of the people whom he represents. Before us is the Fifth Annual Report of the State Board of Health and Vital Statistics of Pennsylvania, a large volume of 734 pages, issued during the present year. It contains the strongest kind of corroborative proofs of the position taken in the railroad circulars. The following are among its illustrations:

There were a large number of cases of dysentery at the Danville Insane Asylum. The water was analyzed and found to be contaminated. The fact could not be accounted for unless the suction-pipe supplying the drinking water which passed beneath the bed of the canal had a leak, and was thus contaminated by the filthy canal water. Dr. Schultz, the Superintendent, forthwith provided means to boil all the drinking water, and forthwith the disease began to abate. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the water was rendered dangerous by contamination in some way. The experience shows that, as the Pennsylvania Railroad circular says, “too great care cannot be exercised” in guarding the water we drink.

Six hundred and fifty cases of typhoid fever and fifty deaths, in Wilkes-Barre, were found on investigation by the Luzerne County Medical Society to be due to contamination of the water furnished by one water company. “Wherever the pipes of the Wilkes-Barre Water Company extend there the disease was found; where they stopped there stopped the scourge.” Lewis H. Taylor, M. D., medical inspector, in his reports adds: “Two such serious epidemics in the Wyoming Valley as the one at Plymouth in 1885 and the one at Wilkes-Barre in 1889 should show us conclusively the danger of relying upon mountain streams for water supply of cities unless such streams can be absolutely owned and fully protected by the corporation making use of them.” And this is a warning to every town that relies upon a stream it neither owns nor can fully protect, into which there is a drainage

from barns, privies, cow fields, etc., etc. As the Pennsylvania Railroad circular says, "This should never be!"

Early in January, 1889, Dr. Chas. M. Cresson, of Philadelphia, discovered organisms in the Schuylkill like those found in the evacuations of typhoid fever patients, and was able to trace them up the river as far as Norristown. "Within a few days after this discovery," said he in his communication to the State Board of Health, "the reports to the Board of Health showed a great increase in the number of cases of typhoid fever; soon afterwards the number of deaths of typhoid fever were also greatly increased." "The fatal results of the epidemic of typhoid fever commencing in January last," he says in the same paper, "show the absolute necessity for the selection and adoption of a new source of water supply as soon as possible." This proves four things: *First*, that the germs of typhoid fever may be transported a long distance in running water; *second*, that the danger may exist in midwinter as well as in midsummer; *third*, that water liable to pollution of this kind should never be used for drinking and household purposes when water not thus liable can be had; *fourth*, that if it becomes necessary to use water thus contaminated "it should be *boiled* and allowed to cool and *settle* before it is used."

The report of the State Board of Health also points out the fearful danger there is in polluted well water. How can it be otherwise? Take for illustration an old town of say about 2,000 inhabitants, laid out perhaps one hundred years or longer, in which there are from two hundred to nearly one thousand privy vaults, new and old, in use or covered from sight with a little earth and forgotten, each from 6 to 12 feet deep. Besides there are rows of stables, hen-houses, pig-pens, manure heaps, cess-pools, as well as constantly accumulating kitchen slops and decaying vegetation, dead mice and rats, buried cats and dogs, to say nothing of human graveyards, all contributing more or less to the filth and danger of the privy vaults. Here and there among these horrible holes-in-the-ground, and usually but a few yards from them, are the wells—other holes from 12 to 25 or more feet deep—into which the polluted soil is perpetually being drained. Think of it! "A competent chemist," says this admirable and instructive report, "was ordered to make twenty-seven quantitative analyses of the wells of nine towns, and every specimen examined proved to be polluted by animal

and vegetable excreta, and in consequence unfit for use." Why are we so oblivious and indifferent to these unsanitary surroundings? Though as pleasing to the eye and taste as that which streamed through the dead army horse, the water in the wells near our homes is often more disgusting and dangerous.

### Our Animal Prototypes.

"And man became a living soul." According to Moses, and the record of geology, the four great classes of vertebrate animals were created "before man. They are the prototypes or patterns after which man was made. Besides being first made, they embody the whole plan of man's organization, from the crown of his head to the ends of his toes. Every bone of his body, every tissue, every muscle, every organ, every tooth, his eyes, his ears, his nose, his lungs, his nervous system, apparatus of circulation, each and all have their analogues in the structures of the lower animals. Man is an epitome of the vertebrate department of the animal creation. In some respects, especially in the development of the brain, his structure is the most perfect and complex, and places him at the head and far above all the rest of the animal kingdom. But, however unlike in organization man and his prototypes may in some respects seem, he and they are developed from precisely similar ova, are built on one and the same plan, and there are many things in which he has no pre-eminence.

When man "became a living soul" he simply became what all animals before him became, and what all living animals are now. The Hebrew words rendered living soul in Genesis are applied to the lower animals the same as to man—four times before man is mentioned—and, to follow the Westminster Confession of Faith, which says, "The infallible rule of interpretation of Scripture is Scripture itself," it must be conceded that all animals are living souls, and that all living souls are animals. Moses frequently calls all living animals *nephesh chayah*, and this is what he declared that "man became." And man *also* became a living soul!

"No pre-eminence above a beast." Taken in an unqualified sense, this affirmation cannot fairly be sustained. But qualified as the ancient Preacher himself has stated it, the declaration that man has no pre-eminence above animals cannot reasonably be questioned. It is a self-evident truth, as clear as the fact "that all men

are created equal." All men are certainly not in all respects created equal, but as Jefferson and the signers to his declaration regarded men as equal, they are alike endowed. Man's immense superiority to animals in many things is never denied in Ecclesiastes, nor is it ever disclaimed that he is also in many respects as greatly their inferior.

The power of vision, for instance, is far more perfect in many birds. The senses of smell, touch and hearing have a far more remarkable development in many animals. Man cannot navigate through the air, like birds and insects. He has not the power of locomotion in water, like fish and many aquatic animals. He cannot creep, run, jump and climb, like many other species. He cannot, like some, pass the winter in a state of hibernation. He cannot as readily help himself in infancy. He is not as long lived as some of them. And with all his boasted superiority of mind, he often goes wrong when animals, by following their perceptions, instincts and experiences, go right. Hunters, trappers and naturalists are often foiled by the superior cunning of animals. In a qualified sense it would be as correct to say, therefore, that animals have pre-eminence above man. But the equality of man and beast is so clearly indicated by the sacred writers that there need be no embarrassment—if we set aside traditional views—to determine in what it consists. It is not equality of organization, of intelligence, of rank and opportunity; in which respects man, all things considered, is justly entitled to the high title of "Lord of Creation"; but it is equality in relation to the laws of nature, of birth and growth, of life and death, that is meant and is distinctly expressed.

"They themselves are beasts." Here the Preacher reminds man of his animal nature, and that he belongs, body and mind, to the animal kingdom. The sense in which he has no pre-eminence is now broadly declared. He is not merely in some respects like an animal. In the most positive sense *he is an animal*, although a very superior animal. In his natural relation to reproduction, birth, life, growth, disease, decay, death and corruption he has no supremacy. He has the same breath. The Hebrew word translated breath is also rendered spirit, hence he has the same spirit. If *ruach* is properly wind or breath, as 123 times translated, wind or breath is properly the spirit that returns to God who gave it. And so, too, it is affirmed. That

which befalleth men befalleth beasts. They die alike. They have one *ruach*. They go unto one place. All are dust. Men themselves "are beasts." Can language be more positive? These divine asseverations of equality may be painful for some to hear, but the Preacher hints that it is "vanity" that makes them so.

"Even one thing befalleth them." Man cannot advance himself by ignoring his humble companions. They are his equals. He cannot acquire immortality without a Mediator and without a resurrection after death. If Christ taught anything by His resurrection, He taught the positive necessity of the resurrection of man. Without Christ no creature is more helpless with respect to the future, and none more vain. "One thing befalleth them." That one thing is *death*. No fact is more distinctly affirmed than that man is in organization and endowment but a higher species of animal; that he will "turn to dust again," and go "unto one place," the same as all the animals below him. Man must respect animals as his equals; they have their divinely-given rights, their pleasures and pains, their desires and necessities, their attributes and feelings, their place and purpose in nature, as well as man. Flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God. One thing befalleth all alike. If man in his flesh will ever see the Kingdom, it will not be by a natural inheritance; he has no such birthright by nature. He must become an heir through Christ. He must win the crown of life offered him by the proper treatment and development of his own animal nature. His future life does not depend on his pre-eminence in having an indestructible psychological nature that is altogether wanting in animals, but it is made contingent upon the use of his superior mind, his conduct towards God and towards his fellow-creatures. The condition and source of immortality is plainly indicated, and to man alone is the inestimable gift proffered. Flesh and blood is not by nature deathless. The secret of future life is apparent in this—"If ye have not the spirit of Christ ye are none of His." If the dead are not raised, then even they who are "fallen asleep in Christ" have no pre-eminence, and never will have, above the lower animals. "As natural brute beasts, made to be taken and destroyed—shall utterly perish," is according to the Scriptures and according to nature. Eternal life will be a supernatural gift. No man hath it, unless Christ hath it for him. All will be of no avail if man does not rise again.

An immense gap appears at first sight to exist between man and his nearest prototypes, intellectually and morally; but if we look along the border line between him and them the difference diminishes, and the gap is found much smaller than it at first seems. The dumb beasts are without language—at least a language of articulate words—and have neither idea of a God nor hope of a future life, so far as has been ascertained. But what must be said of the lowest of the uncivilized tribes of man? Do they not also appear to be without these conceptions? The word-language of some is so very imperfect that they are to a great extent dependent upon sign-language. The language of the Fuegians, Darwin, in his "Voyage Round the World," says, "scarcely deserves to be called articulate." Sir John Lubbock, in Chapter V. of his "Origin of Civilization," cites a number of authorities in proof of the fact that some human tribes are nearly as low in spiritual development as their speechless prototypes, notwithstanding the advantage of even an imperfect word-language. Father Baegert, who lived seventeen years among the Indians of the Californian Peninsula, (see Smithsonian Report for 1864, page 390,) says: "Neither government nor religion existed among them. They had no magistrates, no police and no laws; idols, temples, religious worship or ceremonies were unknown to them, and they neither believed in the true God nor adored false deities. They were all equals, and every one did as he pleased without asking his neighbor or caring for his opinion, and thus all vices and misdeeds remained unpunished. \* \* The different tribes represented by no means communities of rational beings . . . but resembled far more *herds of wild swine*, which run about according to their own liking, being together to-day and scattered to-morrow, till they meet again by accident at some future time. \* \* I made diligent inquiries among those among whom I lived, to ascertain whether they had any conception of God, a future life, and their own souls, *but I never could discover the slightest trace of such a knowledge. Their language has no word for 'God.'*"

The wonderful intellectual and spiritual capabilities of man depend upon his superior organization. If his physical structure is defective (page 120), he may be weak-minded, idiotic and incapable of any great degree of improvement, even less than some animals; but if normally developed he seems capable, under favorable surroundings, of indefinite advancement. But he

must be educated. Language must be acquired. If born a Fuegian or a Hottentot, he must not be raised and educated as such. Our prototypes are restricted by barriers of physical imperfection, or rather by the want of development in the same direction, and hence are incapable of the same degree of education—though the unbiased witness of the extraordinary performances of Bartholomew's horses may well wonder what generations of patient teaching may not do for even our equine friends. The great superiority of man is partly due to the structure of his vocal apparatus, especially to that part called the larynx. This organ in man is the most perfect vocal and musical instrument in the world, and enables him, under proper cultivation, to produce an almost infinite variety of combinations of elementary sounds. Without this advantage, how far would man have advanced in the grand march of civilization? And with this advantage, how much nearer to man some of his prototypes might in time advance by education!

Another great advantage of man is the perfection of his hand. Although some of the higher animals have hands corresponding most significantly in pattern, none possess a palm with fingers so perfectly and beautifully adapted for the innumerable uses to which it is applied. Without his hands, could man have maintained his place at the head of the animal creation? If he had nothing better than the flipper of a whale or the paw of a cat, what could he do? "The hand," says Sir Charles Bell, "supplies all instruments, and by its correspondence with the intellect gives him universal dominion."

But more important still is the great structural advantage of man in his cerebro-spinal nervous system. It is this more than any one thing that constitutes the basis of his superior mind, and that enables him to use his hands so effectively, and to employ articulate sounds as expressions of his ideas and desires. The reason that there is no other creature on earth with so great an amount of intelligence and capacity, is because God has created no other animal with such a development of the cerebrum, larynx and hand. The quality of the brain is of great consequence as well as size and form, and much must also depend upon the state, development and vigor of the general system. The rest depends upon education and environment. Man is of all creatures on earth the most perfect mind-machine. And all the lower animals are more or less inferior machines of the same kind.

It is profitable to study animal nature, therefore, as we thus acquire a knowledge of the rudiments of human nature. It is a common but serious error to regard animals as scarcely more than automata, and to think that they are understood and disposed of when we call them "beasts." They have far more than a merely scientific and utilitarian interest. They are not only to be regarded and classified as specimens of natural history, and as so many objects of geographical distribution. Although made to be taken and destroyed, they were not merely intended to furnish flesh for food, and to serve a thousand other economic and domestic purposes. They cannot be properly understood unless they are esteemed and studied as kindred beings, who have at least rudimental intellectual and moral faculties. They cannot be duly appreciated unless, like man, they are admitted to have perceptions, sympathies, feelings, emotions, thoughts, affections, fears, likes, dislikes, prejudices, memories and experiences. And whoever will take the pains to become thoroughly acquainted with them will often be surprised at what he will discover in them. He will often be led to exclaim, as he discerns the unmistakable outline of his own intellectual and moral nature, "how very human-like." But they must not be despised and superficially studied. The noblest qualities of their nature can be learned only by unbiased and patient observation, and in many cases only by making friends and confidants of them, as Bartholomew does of his trained horses.

Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, speaking to the children of his Sunday school, once said (as reported in the *Christian Union*) that in all of us there is an animal nature, and thus impressed the idea on their young imaginations: "The liar," said he, "is a *serpent*, that creeps in secret and sinuous ways to strike with his fangs and poison with his virus. The frivolous boy is a *monkey*, giving himself up to antics and grimaces. The vain child is a *peacock*, spreading himself to be admired by others. The angry child is a *tiger*, passionate and untamed." Then he gave out a hymn. The children did not make ready promptly, and began to sing it in confusion and disorder. Instantly his face flushed. He rapped sharply on the desk with his book, and gave vent to some expression of impatience. A little girl in the rear of the room, standing on the seat, who had been swept away into forgetfulness of self by the vehemence of the preacher's

eloquence, pointed her finger at him and called out in a childish voice, but loud enough to be heard all over the room, "*Tiger*." Instantly a hush fell upon the room. Dr. Tyng laid down his book, walked down the aisle, took the little girl, shrinking and frightened, in his arms, quieted her fears with his benign smile, walked back to the platform, and, caressing her, said to the children: "Yes, she has told the truth. My enemy all my life has been the *tiger* in me. I have hard battle to keep him caged. Every now and then he breaks loose in spite of me; and it is because I have had such a hard battle that I want you children to tame the *tiger* that is in you while you are young."

This may be regarded, though perhaps not intended, as an illustration of the divinely declared fact that men "are beasts"; that pre-eminence above animals is to be attained only by, and as the result and reward of, the proper treatment and right development of his animal nature; and no child that was present will be likely to forget the beautiful lesson thus impressively taught; but it is a one-sided interpretation and falls far short of doing justice to the better nature and to the finer emotions and sympathies of animals. Though pre-eminently favored, man is not part animal; he is all animal. Dissimulation, deception, treachery, jealousy, frivolity, pride, irritability and ferocity are not the only qualities of animal nature, and it is not just to draw only such illustrations as inculcate contempt or disparage our animal prototypes. There is also some good in them; they, as well as man, have their noble and beautiful traits. They are mental as well as organic prototypes. They also exhibit reason, thoughtfulness, sympathy, generosity, grief, gratitude, shame, affection, patience, constancy, docility and cheerfulness. They may be the truest of friends, as well as enemies. They often deserve and command our highest respect. They are not only examples of depravity, but are often patterns worthy of imitation. They are sometimes even less depraved and "bestly" than man. He is often vainer than a peacock, wilier than a serpent, sillier than a monkey, fiercer than a tiger, viler than a dog, filthier than a pig, slyer than a fox, duller than an ox, wilder than a colt and more stubborn than a mule. What is there in animal nature that is not in human nature? Solomon said truly of men, "They themselves are beasts."

The serpent is very low in the scale of verte-

brate development. The brain is small and on a level with the spine. As we ascend the rank of animal forms the brain gradually changes its relative position, and finally in man constitutes the very summit of and completely covers the spinal column. In the lowest rudimentary structures we have only the lowest rudimentary mental and moral endowments. Fish and reptiles, of all vertebrates, are the lowest, and as a rule are the dullest prototypes of man. Possessing the smallest quantity of brain, mere rudimentary skeletons of a larynx, in many species not even a trace of anterior and posterior extremities, the former of which in man is terminated with a hand, they cannot be expected to rank high in mental powers. And yet, in even the lowly and despised serpent there are two sides of character, and there is something more and better than creeping "in secret and sinuous ways to strike with his fangs and poison with his virus." There is *some good* in them. When everything that creepeth was made, "God saw it was good," and there is still some good left. Not all serpents are to be dreaded; only a small proportion are poisonous and dangerous to man. Of twenty species found by Davy in Ceylon, says Dr. Holder, "only four were really poisonous." Of the 1,500 or more species distributed throughout the world, the great majority are non-poisonous, and few even of the poisonous ever attack man without provocation. They are nearly all shy and fearful, and are glad to be let alone. To man many of them are as harmless as doves. They have many enemies, but of them all man is perhaps the most unsparing, and they have good reason to dread his presence. He is their great Apollyon. Yet serpents have been domesticated, and by the power of kindness have been made very tame, gentle and confiding. The beautiful coral snake of Florida, for instance, says Dr. Holder, has been "allowed by the women to entwine itself round their necks as a necklace."

As some persons handle hive bees without fear of being stung, so some handle even poisonous snakes without dread of being bitten. Dr. Davy, in his "Interior of Ceylon," speaking of the cobra de capello, says: "Frequent exhibitions are made of this snake by men called snake charmers. The exhibition is rather a curious one, and not a little amusing to those who can calmly contemplate it. The charmer irritates the snake by striking it, and by rapid threatening motions of his hand, and appeases it by his

voice, by gentle circular movements of his hand, and by stroking it gently. He avoids with great agility the attacks of the animal when enraged, and plays with it and handles it only when pacified, when he will bring the mouth of the animal in contact with his forehead, and draw it over his face. The ignorant and vulgar believe that these men really possess a charm by which they thus play without dread and with immunity from danger. The more enlightened, laughing at this idea, consider the men impostors, and that in playing their tricks there is no danger to be avoided, it being removed by the abstraction of the poison fangs. The enlightened in this instance are mistaken, and the vulgar are nearer the truth. I have examined the snakes I have seen exhibited, and have found their poison fangs in and uninjured. These men do possess a charm, though not a supernatural one—viz., that of confidence and courage. Acquainted with the habits and disposition of the snake, they know how averse it is to use the fatal weapon nature has given it for its defense in extreme danger, and that it never bites without much preparatory threatening. Any one possessing the confidence and agility of these men may imitate them, and I have made the trial more than once."

The naturalist, J. G. Wood, thus cites an instance related to him by a cotemporary: "Mr. Waterton tells me, in connection with these reptiles: 'I never feared the bite of a snake, relying entirely on my own movements. Thus, in the presence of several professional gentlemen, I once transferred twenty-seven rattlesnakes from one apartment to another, with my hand alone. They hissed and rattled when I meddled with them, but they did not offer to bite me.'" In this connection we may mention that the apostles of Jesus had the secret and power of handling serpents with impunity,—see Mark XVI. 18, and Luke X. 19,—but as it is declared they could also drink deadly beverages without being harmed and do other wonderful things, the secret may have been more in their case than mere tact, confidence and courage.

Speaking of snakes, Charles Darwin says: "Their intellectual powers are higher than might have been anticipated. An excellent observer in Ceylon, Mr. E. Layard, saw a cobra thrust its head through a narrow hole and swallow a toad. With this encumbrance he could not withdraw himself; finding this, he reluctantly disgorged the precious morsel, which

began to move off; this was too much for snake philosophy to bear, and the toad was again seized, and again was the snake, after violent efforts to escape, compelled to part with its prey. This time, however, a lesson had been learned, and the toad was seized by one leg, withdrawn, and then swallowed in triumph." Thus we see that not only the brain, spinal cord, vertebræ, ribs and digestive apparatus of man have their rude analogues in the structures of the serpent, but even some of his mental powers have their similitudes in the perceptions and actions of this lowly prototype. A snake even can learn some things as well as man, and learns them very much in the same way.

For the want of space the more remarkable mental traits of the higher animals will be reserved for future discussion, and we conclude this article by giving several additional illustrations relating to our very humble prototypes, the snakes. A volume of anecdotes might be collected in proof of their cunning, and of their timidity and docility, as well as their ire and courage when enraged. The following incident, related to us by Mr. David W. Buffington, shows that a snake has quick perceptions and when irritated can see its opportunity. When Mr. B. was a boy living in Nippenose Valley, a peculiar character known as Tom Anderson often came to his father's house. One of Tom's singularities was that he did not share the prejudice that nearly all people have against snakes. He would pick up almost any snake and handle it as most persons will fondle a kitten. One day he came with a very large black snake coiled up in his bosom, the head and neck protruding several inches over the lapel of his vest. David met him at the door, but on seeing the head and glaring eyes of the repulsive reptile, stepped back quicker than he had advanced. By and by Tom seated himself on the door step, and having placed the snake on the ground at his feet, began to amuse himself and the folks by playing with it. It soon tired of his attentions, and manifested a mind to be obstinate. Determined to make it do as he wanted, he then leaned forward to pick up a switch that lay within reach. The vexed captive on the instant seemed to surmise his intention, and just as he seized the stick it darted up and fastened its teeth firmly in his upper lip. It was now a still more horrifying spectacle to see this big, angry reptile dangling from Tom's lip. Tom was taken by surprise, but he stuck to his snake,

which now with wonderful pertinacity stuck to him. It required vigorous treatment to compel it to relax its hold, and it did not let loose until his lip was so mutilated that he carried the mark of the bite to his grave. Tom, perhaps, got all the sympathy that the incident excited, but did he deserve it? The snake was teased, and acted in self-defense. It then showed a little of what is termed human nature, when the same quality is exhibited by man—irascibility.

We once penetrated a Florida "bay," as the smaller everglades are called, and took a position on a fallen tree and played stump, as naturalists sometimes do when they wish to study the habits of animals and secure rare specimens. We had noticed some beautiful birds, but they had also noticed us, and seemed disposed to keep at a safe distance. But by and by some birds that had evidently not seen us move lit on the bushes close by, and we had ocular proof of the fact that birds may be deceived. Yet we were regarded with more or less of suspicion. The slightest movement seemed to be noticed. But our most signal failure was with an animal ranked as very inferior intellectually. We observed ripples in the water among the scattering tufts of undergrowth, and saw that something was approaching directly towards us. We hoped to encounter an alligator,—if not too big for our personal safety,—as we had not yet seen any of this persecuted tribe except captured specimens. Having a heavily charged ten-gauge double-barrel shot gun, we felt prepared for any ordinary exigency. It was soon apparent that the object of our concern was a snake. We could not determine its length, but saw that it was a venomous moccasin of the largest dimensions. Its head seemed as large as our fist. It approached within thirty feet, then suddenly paused, raised its head slightly and stared at us with a surprised and forbidding expression. It had discovered us, and was making an observation. The feeling of repulsion appeared to be mutual. We did not move a muscle. Yes, we did slightly move, however, as we were obliged to wink several times, and it is possible that this was enough to confirm the reptile's suspicion. Perhaps there was also fire in our eye, as we had resolved to fire right into that ugly head if it came too close for our safety. It might have come still closer, perhaps, even crawled on the tree trunk on which we stood, if we had closed our eyes before it saw us, or we had not winked. We remained as motionless as a stump.

But the suspicious reptile evidently thought that stumps do not have eyes, and wink, and watch snakes. It somehow seemed to understand us. Its gaze was so penetrating and curious that we could not help saying to ourself, "That snake is no fool." After some moments of cautious observation, it seemed satisfied that it was in a dangerous place, turned about and slowly moved off almost in the direction it had come, but as long as we could see it its head was turned back and those searching eyes were fixed on us. Was not this intelligence? Was it not caution, wisdom? The instant it saw us it was on its guard, ready for battle, yet willing to let us alone, if let alone. Snakes are not always bad. It would be well for man sometimes to imitate them. Christ said to his apostles, be "*wise as serpents.*" The advice was not unwise. There is something to be learned, therefore, even of serpents, the most detested of all man's prototypes.

### Why a Wood Sawyer Wanted Public Schools.

The common school system was established in Pennsylvania in 1834. Before its adoption public meetings were held to consider its advisability. Now the general sentiment is so decided in its favor that hardly any one would raise his voice in opposition, but Then there were many outspoken and determined opponents. The late Simon Schuyler once told us of a school meeting of the citizens of Muncy at which he took part, that was held in the old brick school and meeting house that stood on the north corner of New and Main streets. After speeches had been made for and against general education at the public expense, a poor, humble but honest and respected Englishman, Eli Russel, who made his living by sawing wood and digging garden, and who had no children of his own to educate, took the floor, and by earnest and well-timed remarks made a powerful and lasting impression on the assembled citizens in favor of public schools. How often it happens that what are looked upon as the weak things of this world are made to confound the things that are mighty.

Eli Russel and his wife were both known for their piety, frugality and neatness, and are still well remembered by many of our older citizens. Their modest little shed-roof, frame house, always kept as bright as a new coin with white-wash, stood on the corner of Main and LaFayette streets, on the site now occupied by Lloyd's store. For many years Eli had charge of the

old frame Methodist meeting house, kept it clean, sawed all the wood for the big "ten plate" stove that kept it warm, shoveled all the snow from the path that led to it from Main Street, tended to the lights, and performed many other little chores, and received for his services the amazing sum of twelve dollars per annum. He was also for some years inspector of the old leather fire buckets Mrs. Levan has mentioned (page 153), and once every six months faithfully discharged his duty by going from house to house to see that these useful vessels were kept in good order and ready for instant service. Cheerful and contented, quiet and polite, cleanly and agreeable, the old man was beloved by old and young. When sawing wood he always wore a long, stout tick apron, tied around his waist and legs, and in this seemly uniform he was long one of the most familiar figures on the streets of Muncy. Poor and humble, yet he was looked up to by thoughtful persons as a man of sense, truth and sincerity, and when he spoke was listened to with respect. On the occasion of which we speak his character doubtless added force to his eloquence and weight to his reasoning.

Esquire Schuyler had been a school teacher, and believed and had advocated that at least the rudiments of a good English education ought to be provided for all citizens alike by the state, yet he said he was surprised and deeply moved by the humble wood sawyer's eloquence and arguments, and often wondered how any one who heard that unselfish, patriotic and remarkable speech, could still feel unwilling to be taxed for the education and advancement of other people's children. The old Englishman assumed that the real and ultimate object of education was to make good and capable men and women, and that by making good and capable men and women it made good citizens, and that it was therefore the duty as well as the true policy of the state to provide and insist that the mind of every boy and girl should be developed and disciplined by study, and by the right kind of instruction, as a preparation for the duties of citizenship. There was nothing for which he felt more willing to be taxed and pay his quota, than for the education of the rising generation. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth." Esquire Schuyler warmly advocated the building of our present elegant Union School House, and the proper grading of our schools, and remarked to us that in doing so he was still influenced by the speech that humble Eli Russel had made forty years before.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

ISSUED BI-MONTHLY.

J. M. M. GERNERD, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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## Now and Then Notes.

Judge Charles D. Eldred on account of sickness in his family was unable, very much to our regret, to furnish No. 12 of his series of interesting articles in time for this number of the NOW AND THEN.

Our occasional contributor, Clinton Lloyd, Esq., of Washington, D. C., is writing sketches for the Philadelphia *Times* of some of the noted men of the war era. He was an assistant clerk of the House during that trying time, and personally knew many of the men then prominent at the capital. He is a ready and graceful writer, and has a remarkable memory.

We received 50 cents from an old subscriber for renewal of NOW AND THEN, enclosed in a letter dated nearly four months before it was mailed. In a postscript our friend says he found the letter in his coat pocket, and thought all the time he had mailed it the day it was written. Now this may explain why we have not heard from some of the rest of our patrons. Please examine your coat pockets.

## Settlement by Arbitration.

The first grist mill in Lycoming County was the Muncy Mills, now owned by the Cooke heirs, and the first miller was John Alward, [see p. 93, Vol. II.] Alward once got into a little difficulty with several of his neighbors about the purchase of some corn, and honorably got out of it by paying the parties to whom an investigation showed the money was rightly due—as appears by a time-stained certificate found among the Wallis papers which reads as follows:

"We the undersigned subscribers being chosen by Samuel Harris and Samuel Wallis of the one Part and John Alward of the other Part, concerning the Purchase of a quantity of Indian corn bought by both Parties, have this day met and do award that John Alward Pays to Samuel Harris and Samuel Wallis two Pounds Nine Shillings for that Part which he the said Alward received of said corn. Given under our hands this sixth day of August Anno one thousand seven hundred and seventy four

his  
SAMUEL X CARPENTER  
mark  
AMARIAH SUTTON  
ROBT ROBB."

All the names appearing in this transaction are now historic, and it is pleasing to find them taking this short, easy and economical method of settling disputes. Why cannot even the nations of the earth submit their differences to this kind of arbitration instead of exhausting themselves by maintaining great armies and arbitrating by cutting one another's throats? Will the cruel strife of many centuries never cease? The ethics of the sermon on the Mount should govern nations just the same as individuals who find themselves at variance about a few bushels of corn.

## Singular Idiosyncrasy.

The following report in the newspapers not only illustrates the haste and inaccuracy with which the public is too often informed of important events, but relates to a very interesting case of what may be termed physiological idiosyncrasy:

"William H. Danley, a young man who carries the mail between the Williamsport and North Branch Railroad Station and the village of Tivoli, met with a singular and sudden death Monday morning. Danley was at his work as usual, when an ordinary honey bee buzzed around his head. When he attempted to ward it off the bee alighted on one of his fingers and stung him. Danley complained of excruciating pain, and his hand at once commenced swelling rapidly and in a few minutes his whole system was affected. Ten minutes after being stung he fell into a comatose condition, and before aid could be summoned he was dead, only fifteen minutes having elapsed from the time he was stung. The physicians who were called were mystified, but expressed the belief that the bee's stinger had entered a nerve or blood vessel, and that the poison was quickly carried to the vital organs, causing almost instant paralysis. Danley was a strong man of vigorous constitution."

The unfortunate man's name was not Danley; it was Danelley. He was not a young man, but was 61 years old. It was not a honey bee that stung him, it was a hornet. He was not at his usual work when the accident occurred, but was in the act of picking up an apple under the tree standing along side of his house. The hornet was not buzzing around his head, but was at work on the apple, and when he clutched the apple the disturbed insect stung him in the forefinger of the left hand. "General" Geo. W. Taylor was at his side when he died, and informed us that "He died in about twenty-five or thirty minutes after he was stung."

From Mrs. Danelley we learned the interesting fact that from some hidden peculiarity of his

constitution her husband could not endure the poison of hymenopterous insects like most other people. He had a number of times been at death's door by being stung by these very common creatures. Upwards of twenty years ago he came near dying from the sting of a bumble-bee on his forehead. Only two years ago he was stung by a yellow-jacket, and it was then thought that he could not possibly recover.

The case is of no little interest to physicians and biologists. Human beings are constructed on one general plan, but there is a vast and as yet unintelligible difference in constitutions, and in the cellular structure of the delicate tissues, and in their vital properties. Physicians are often "mystified" in consequence of this visible-invisible difference, and by the effects of poisons and medicines in different individuals.

### Agassiz—Darwin—Evolution.

"We are surprised to learn that Agassiz . . . should be so happily wheeled into line by his enemies, *after his death*."

This confession occurs in an attack on us by an old friend in the columns of a cotemporary. It was intended as a criticism on what we said about Agassiz in our article on "The Now and Then of Evolution." Instead of refutation, we have but a sarcastic expression of "surprise." All who remembered just what we said (p. 159) were doubtless surprised by this unintentional admission that he did not know what Agassiz did for evolution.

Had he read "Agassiz and Evolution," by Prof. Joseph Le Conte, the distinguished student of Agassiz? If not, he should at once read it, that he may never again make this blunder. He will there learn what the students of Agassiz think, and what Agassiz himself did to "establish the essential identity of the geologic and embryonic succession, the general similarity of the two series, phylogenic and ontogenic, and announce and enforce all the formal laws of geologic succession (i. e., of evolution) as we now know them." "During his whole life," says Le Conte, "Agassiz insisted that the laws of embryonic development (ontogeny) are also the laws of geologic succession (phylogeny). Surely this is the foundation, the only solid foundation, of a true theory of evolution." Our friend will find much more there to "surprise" him. Many scientific men may not be sufficiently religious, but it is a fact hardly less deplorable that many religious teachers are very insufficiently scientific—that is not "religio-scientific."

It was not denied that Agassiz was deserted on the question of evolution by his students. But our critic may not know the fact, so out of the abundance of testimony at hand we will *surprise* him by a quotation from the address by Prof. Edward S. Morse, read as far back as 1876, at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Morse said:

"Agassiz's earnest protest against evolution checked the too hasty acceptance of this theory among American students. But even the weight of his powerful opposition could not long retard the gradual spread of Darwin's views; *and now his own students*, last to yield, have, with hardly an exception, adopted the general view of derivation as opposed to that of special creation."

There is nothing in the editorial we need take back. It can hardly be regarded as an argument for evolution, being really but intended as a mere historical statement of "The Now and Then of Evolution." The criticisms are all like the above sample. They lack real point. We will, however, give two more specimens, though unworthy of notice, and then we have done with the attack.

We put the words "developed from a monkey" in quotation marks. We did so because, as a matter of historical fact, this was what the folks used to say of Mr. Albright's belief. The only sentence in which the words occur begins, "We can still recall," etc. To this our friend hastily replies, "If Darwin ever made such a statement . . . . we should like to be pointed to the volume and page." And so should we. By this we judge, however, that our friend read our article very carelessly. Indeed, but for a few quotations we might almost doubt that he read it at all. True, Darwin never claimed that there is, or was, any connection between man and the monkey, except "at their points of divergence." He recognized modification in divergent directions. And so does Mr. Albright. But our critic—well, his mind is fixed on the monkey. His attack is headed "The Monkey-Man Phase of Evolution," and so he must stick to the monkey. But why does our "religio-scientific" friend make all this fuss about the monkey—even demand to know the volume and page where the monkey comes in—if he knows so well that Darwin never made such a statement? He "surprises" us!

One more great surprise:

"The advocates of evolution greatly lack in coherence of views and conclusions . . . . you are *surprised* by that lack of harmony of

thought you have a right to expect, both in speculations and conclusions," etc.

Is he not also "surprised" by the far greater lack of harmony and coherence of views among the many Christian sects? Is not the air now filled with the clamor of disputes about rituals, creeds and revisions? Is there harmony and coherence of views on the doctrine of personal holiness, on the modes and efficacy of baptism, on inspiration, on translation, on apostolical succession, on justification by faith, on transubstantiation, on incarnation, on supernaturalism, on resurrection, on life, on the inheritance of saints, on the Sabbath question, on future punishment? My friend could not have exposed himself as a minister to a more destructive assault than to allude thus to the disagreements among evolutionists, which are *mere trifles* compared to the lack of harmony and coherence among Christian sects. A set of books like the Encyclopedia Britannica would not suffice to show up all the disagreements, disputes, animosities, boycottings, trials, schisms, excommunications, martyrdoms, riots and persecutions among Christians even since the Bible was first translated into the English language down to this very day and hour. Are you not still more "surprised" by this woeful lack of what you have a right to expect, from your point of view?

From a higher point of view this fact is no more against evolution than against religion.

### The First White Child in Sullivan County.

Robert Taylor, of Muncy Valley, now eighty-seven years old, is the second born of the twelve children of the well-known pioneer, Robert Taylor, of whom we published an anecdote on page 17. Only three of the children are now living, the other two survivors being "General" George W. Taylor, of Tivoli, and Mrs. Jane Gardner, of ———, Ohio. Some local historian of Laporte, we understand, claimed not long since that Robert Taylor, of Muncy Valley, who was born in October, 1804, was the first white child whose birth occurred in what is now Sullivan County.

Two of the eighteen children of Samuel and Ann Rogers were born at the Forks of the Loyalsock before the advent of Robert Taylor, Jr., on Rock Run, viz., George Rogers, born December 2, 1802, and Isaac Rogers, born July 26, 1804. Mary Eldred (Hardy) was born May 25, 1800, and her sister Sarah (Huckel) May 5, 1802, in Eldred Township, (now Sullivan

County, but *then* in Muncy Township, Lycoming County), and were therefore still earlier arrivals. These were half-sisters of our valued and venerable contributor, Judge Chas. D. Eldred.

There were yet earlier births in the territory named. John Boyles was born in 1800, but the day and month of his birth we have not learned. Joseph Warren leads Robert Taylor more than six years, as he was born a short distance above the Forks of the Loyalsock on the 27th day of January, 1798. But Mrs. Rebecca Bird Molyneaux is at the head of our list, and after the most careful inquiry we believe she was the first born in Sullivan. She came into the world as a "New Year Present," in what is now Forks Township, on the 1st day of January, 1797.

Mrs. Molyneaux, we may mention in passing, belonged to a remarkable family. Her parents, Powell and Lydia Bird, came from England, and were among the very first permanent settlers. They transported their goods up the Loyalsock in dug-outs, for there was no road up the creek then. They had *only* twenty children, one boy and nineteen daughters. The old folks were Baptists, and were two of the ten constituents who composed the first Baptist church in Sullivan. Deacon Bird not long afterwards, however, as a fact of history we must mention, adopted the view of Christ held by the famous Dr. Joseph Priestley, and became a Unitarian. Priestley, it will be remembered, founded the first Unitarian church in America, at Northumberland. He at one time owned a large part of the territory of Sullivan, and was well known to many of the early settlers.

If no other white person was born in what is now marked on the maps as Sullivan County prior to October, 1804, then the friends of the venerable Robert Taylor can at least claim and pass him down in history as native-born pale-face No. 8. Perhaps, however, it was meant that Mr. Taylor is the oldest person now living who was born in that territory. This, so far as we know, may be correct.

We would in this connection speak of the pioneer, Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, who outlived her husband thirty-seven years, and was the mother of Robert Taylor, Jr. She was a remarkable woman. She died February 6, 1875, at the advanced age of 94 years, 1 month and 24 days. We spent several hours very agreeably in conversation with her about a year before she died, and remember something of the interesting history she then gave us of their settle-

ment on Rock Run, when their nearest neighbors lived some miles below them on Muncy Creek. She spoke of the rattlesnakes being very common, and said that she could never get rightly used to them. The hogs and fires in time thinned them out. Sometimes a panther would venture near the house, and once one came so near that she threw a stick of wood at it to frighten it away. The panther is a very crafty animal, and on account of its strength and agility is greatly to be dreaded, if it can get a chance to take one by surprise, but it is not as courageous as some other wild animals. But of all the trials of those days of "roughing it in the bush," nothing so terrified Mrs. Taylor as the terrible forest fires, and she thought it marvelous that they did not perish. Sometimes her husband would be away from home, perhaps up at the lake working for George Lewis, the proprietor of the glass works, and she and her little children, all by themselves, would be entirely surrounded by fire. The smoke sometimes almost suffocated them.

Mr. Taylor, her husband, was a sure shot with the rifle, and kept the larder well supplied with meat. He often had two and three barrels of salted bear meat at one time in the cellar. They all became very fond of the flesh. The children liked doughnuts fried in the fat. Once Mr. Taylor counted twenty-five deer in one herd on North Ridge, near his home, and took his choice for venison steak for his next breakfast by dropping one with his unerring rifle.

"General" G. W. Taylor, who was born in 1817, says he remembers well how he and his elder brothers used to be sent out to the cornfields to drive away the big flocks of wild turkeys, and did not think it much fun either. How the country has changed! Almost any boy now who owns a gun would gladly tramp through the woods a whole day to get a shot at a single wild turkey. Our younger readers, and all future readers, will find the interesting papers by Judge C. D. Eldred valuable helps to understand the mutations that have taken place even within the last sixty-five years.

### An Old Soldier.

Comrade William Bishop, of Musser Post No. 66, G. A. R., was born in White Deer Valley, August 15, 1820, and although not the oldest member in years, he is the oldest *soldier* in the United States service who has been enrolled by the Post. He served fourteen months with the

Second Ohio Infantry and participated in several engagements in 1846 and '47, under General Zachary Taylor, during the war with Mexico. This was when many of the members of No. 66 were wearing their first pants, and before some of them were even born. In 1837 he indentured himself to Joseph Wise, in Clinton Township, to learn the trade of shoemaking. When he enlisted with the Second Ohio he was working as a journeyman in Cincinnati.

In 1833, before the era of free schools, Bishop went to school to William Thorpe, who then taught a subscription school in the old log building that preceded the old frame school house, on the site of the present brick school house, near the Baptist church, in Clinton Township. Thorpe married Christiana Bear, an aunt of Mrs. Dr. W. M. Rankin. Our veteran attended the recent great Fourth of July celebration at Montgomery, with the expectation he said of meeting many of the old folks whom he knew so well in those far-off years, but he met only five persons whose faces and voices were then familiar. He says he is now satisfied that, although a man may not feel old, when he has crossed over the three-score and ten year line he can no longer register himself with the young folks.

Among his early recollections he mentioned to us the lively conflict in Clinton Township on the question of free schools. He said he has often since recalled and pondered over the curious fact that among the most inflexible of the opponents to free education were citizens who paid the least tax, and who received proportionately by far the greatest benefit. There were the heaviest tax payers, the chief land owners, the rich men of the township, such as Benjamin Bear, Samuel Bear, Isaac Bear, Robert Montgomery and Abraham Sechler, they, liberal-minded and public-spirited citizens, stepped boldly to the front and—to their everlasting honor be it recorded—contended for the free education of all, the children of the rich and poor alike, at the public expense.

There is hardly a truth that is more self-evident than that which is declared at every Grand Army Post meeting, viz., "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." To this vigilance we to-day owe our free institutions. A greater calamity could not befall the poor man than the abolition of our free schools, and yet many a poor man has failed to appreciate this all-important fact. As population and wealth in-

creased the danger of social and political caste increased, and the time soon came when the public school grew to be a necessity and became the "bulwark of American freedom." Universal suffrage demanded universal education. Fortunate for true democracy, therefore, that there were so many citizens who appreciated the necessity of education without respect to person, caste or condition.

Although fighting the Mexicans was not in any sense a safe and an agreeable pastime, Bishop remarked that it was nothing compared to battling with the Johnnies when they undertook to go out of the Union. If Santa Anna's men had fought like the Confederates, our venerable comrade thinks that Generals Taylor and Scott with their rather diminutive armies would have been "gobbled right up." Santa Anna and Ampudia he thinks were better generals, however, than they sometimes had the credit of being, though they had very few good officers and no competent engineers to support them.

Bishop and our late respected townsman, Samuel H. Wallis,—brother of Howard R. Wallis—enlisted together in the Third U. S. Heavy Artillery, in February, 1863. In the spring of '64 they joined the 188th P. V. Infantry, a regiment just then being organized, and together shared its fortunes, and often drank out of the same canteen, until the close of the rebellion. Bishop participated in the battles of Fair Oaks, White Oaks, and in a number of the engagements in front of Richmond. Wallis was in but few fights, though as brave a lad as wore the blue, because on account of his education and ready penmanship he was frequently detailed for special duty. When Fort Harrison—so named by the Unionists after its capture—was taken, the 188th was the first regiment to plant the Union colors on the rebel ramparts. The disunionists did not like to give up the fort, and a day or two afterwards made two desperate attempts to retake it,—the prisoners then taken said that General Lee had promised to give them a twenty-day furlough if they retook it—but our boys, for certain military reasons, did not want them to have it any longer.

"Were you ever badly frightened?" we asked Comrade Bishop the other day while seated on the verandah of his house, near the river, chatting with him about war times. "Oh! Lord, yes!" was the quick response, as he proceeded to answer the question. "Sam Wallis and I one day stood face to face, about six feet apart, during an artillery duel while we occupied Fort Harrison, when, looking over his left shoulder, he said: 'Look, Bishop, that shell is going to drop very close to us.' I looked over my right shoulder and saw that the shell he was watching seemed to be standing almost still, by which we knew that it was coming pretty direct towards us. I remarked that I thought it was moving a little to our left and that we might as well stand our ground. In a moment more the shell was perhaps not more than fifty or seventy-five feet from us, and exploded with a terrific crash. A

piece as large as my two fists passed directly between us. It seemed to draw my hair and body almost like a magnet, and caused me to turn about as if a big whirlwind had struck me. Sam suddenly dropped to the earth as if he had been killed. One cannot help but dodge at such a time; he does it instinctively, whether he dodges away from or right into the danger. The piece plowed into the ground a few feet beyond us, and then emerged and moved on in a leisure-like way, as if it had about come to the conclusion to stop. A soldier standing some three hundred or more feet in the rear, with a board in his hand, saw it coming and undertook to stop it, but it split his board, knocked it out of his hands, and taught him that even a shell almost spent is not to be fooled with. You have seen battle pictures in which shells are exploding and the frightened soldiers are crouching in all attitudes, trying to save themselves from destruction. Well, you can imagine Sam and I made such a picture. Ever frightened, you ask. Yes. If anything under the sun will make a man feel shaky for a moment, and want to be in some other place, it is to be within a few feet of an exploding shell. It is one of the circumstances of war to which a soldier cannot get entirely accustomed."

"Did the enemy ever make you run?" we next respectfully asked. "Well, my dear sir, he did. I believe he made me run faster once than Levi Priest got over the ground at Gravelly Run." (See page 98). Bishop here went on to relate how he and twenty-six others, soon after the battle of Green Oaks, were one afternoon sent into the woods to "feel for the enemy," and how very unexpectedly they felt him. A much stronger Confederate scouting party was out on the same business, and having discovered the presence of our boys, and being better acquainted with the ground, at once prepared to make good use of their advantages. When our scouts discovered that they were quietly executing a flank movement to cut off our retreat, and had nearly accomplished their purpose. Perceiving the great disparity of numbers, the lieutenant in command saw that a prompt choice of one of three things had to be made, viz., to fight and all be shot down, to surrender and go to Andersonville, or to run and have some chance for life and freedom. The order "Run, boys," was given, and never was a command obeyed more promptly. No one counted three before starting, but all started at the first word. Bishop said he was with the advance before they faced about, and when they got back to their base he was with the front squad again. The boys called him long-legged and long-winded, and he did not dispute with them. "Did I ever run, you ask," said Bishop, as he finished his narration. "Yes, several times, but never as on this particular occasion. The Johnnies fired one volley after us, but they did not appear to be in practice at wing shooting, and did not hit any of us. We flew over the ground. Why, sir, you could not have seen our coat-tails for dirt and gravel stones. I have often heard of soldiers who never turned their backs to the enemy, but—we did."

# THE NOW AND THEN.

Devoted to History, Amusement, Instruction, Advancement.

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## Early Methods of Transportation in the West Branch Valley.

An entire number of the NOW AND THEN might be taken up with "history, amusement and instruction," upon each separate era and its peculiar appliances, in the progress of development in the facilities for transportation in this valley, until several complete volumes would be written; so that the task becomes imperative that the mass of valuable information obtainable shall be condensed within the smallest possible limits, though it be at the expense of a pleasing style and interesting detail.

In order to select a definite point of departure, one must enter the unbroken wilderness that covered the entire surface of the West Branch Valley at the time of its earliest discovery, and within the fastnesses of that forest home studiously observe the customs and implements of the mysterious copper-colored race of people that here found an abiding place.

Having no domesticated animals nor vehicles for bearing burdens, their possessions were usually transported from place to place upon the backs of women or prisoners, who laboriously trudged along the rude paths leading over rocky hills and swampy vales, wading through icy cold or swift running streams, the while testing their powers of endurance to the utmost. Otherwise their movements were made upon various contrivances which floated upon the surface of the water and were used to the extreme limits of navigation.

We may imagine that rafts constructed from dry pieces of dead trees were employed in emergencies, as occasion required, from the very dawn of human history, but the clumsiness and inconvenience of this sort of craft led to the development of hollow vessels long before the advent of the white race. In fact the origin of these vessels, together with stone implements, pottery and many articles of perishable nature, belongs, throughout the entire world, to that impenetrable epoch in human history known

among the nations of to-day as the prehistoric age.

The most primitive form of floating vessel among the aborigines, of which we have any knowledge, was literally a *skin tub*, one of the rudest and most awkward of all the inventions designed to alleviate the burden of travel. It consisted of a skeleton formed of flexible poles, lashed together with bark, roots, withes, raw-hide or some other suitable material, and was covered with the hide of some large animal sewed together with the sinews of the deer. Sometimes a single skin, at others several were required to complete the vessel. The hair was left on the outside and soon wore off. These skins were smoked and oiled to preserve them, and at night when traveling were taken out of the water and inverted for use as a shelter from the storm. The form was generally almost round, and the woman while paddling stood at one side as the bow, and by dexterously reaching ahead, drew the vessel forward by a peculiar sideway stroke. This vessel was doubtless the canoe in embryo, and gradually became evolved into the long, narrow shape with sharp ends, as it is found among all savage nations to-day.

The word canoe is of ancient derivation, and signifies a hollow stem or tube. Some scientific investigators ascribe an American origin, as the word was first heard among the natives of San Domingo or Hayti. As produced by the most intellectual of the aboriginal tribes, the canoe was a work of art, in which all the requirements of buoyancy, speed, etc., were duly considered and the craft constructed on correct principles. In those days long portages were frequent, and the canoes were built as light as possible, so as to be readily taken from the water and carried upon the shoulders over mountains and valleys from the head-waters of one stream to those of another. The Sitka Indians furnish the finest specimens of skin canoes to be found to-day, and their toy models occupy a place in many collections of relics and curiosities.

Of the birch bark canoe Catlin (1836) says: "Among the Chippeways this is, perhaps, the most beautiful and light model of all water craft that ever were invented. They are generally made complete with the rind of one birch tree, and so ingeniously shaped and sewed together with the roots of the tamarack that they are water tight, and ride upon the water like a cork. They gracefully lean and dodge about under the skillful balance of an Indian or the ugliest squaw; but like everything wild, are timid and treacherous under the guidance of a white man, and if he is not an experienced equilibrist, he is sure to get two or three times soused in his first endeavors at familiar acquaintance with them."

The bark canoes of the Iroquois were from twelve feet in length, carrying two men, to forty feet in length, with a capacity for thirty men, or even of larger dimensions. The standard approached in bark canoes designed for extended expeditions was a capacity of two tons. The bark of the birch was preferred on account of its being less liable to warp. Cedar was chosen for ribs for strength and lightness, and maple for paddles for toughness. This, with a stout pole to assist over swift water, completed the outfit.

Longfellow says of Hiawatha's birch bark canoe that—

The forest's life was in it,  
All its mystery and its magic,  
All the lightness of the birch tree,  
All the toughness of the cedar,  
All the larch's supple sinews;  
And it floated on the river  
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,  
Like a yellow water lily.

The *dug-out*, or log canoe, finds its origin in the obscurity of the unrecorded past. The wrecks of many of these vessels have been dug up on the coasts of England Scotland and Ireland. They were mainly of two classes: oak, ten feet long with square ends, and twenty feet long with both ends sharp. On his fourth voyage to America, Columbus was visited by a trading Indian in a dug-out canoe eight feet wide, made from a single tree, and propelled by twenty-five rowers (probably paddlers). William Penn tells of a canoe made of a poplar log that carried four tons of brick. Formerly large fleets of these vessels would descend our rivers laden with the products of the frontier settlements. In speaking of the troubles on the Schuylkill at an early day between the frontiers-

men and the fishermen below, mention is made of a canoe carrying 140 bushels of wheat, bound for Philadelphia, that injured a fish rack.

Among the aborigines these log canoes were probably produced as follows: After selecting a suitable tree near a stream, it was felled by building a fire at the roots, and removing the charred wood from time to time until it was burned off, after which the outside was brought to the desired shape, and the inside dug out by the same successive burning and gouging. The work was doubtless accomplished by means of stone axes, gouges and other celts, the use of which afford such an enigma to many people of the present day. The art of construction, as well as navigation, was soon learned by the white adventurers, who, with their iron tools and mechanical skill, simplified the construction of these vessels and soon increased their numbers enormously. Their use has continued down to the present day, when we note their gradual departure in company with shaved shingles, rived staves, etc., and from the same causes—the lack of suitable timber for their making, as well as being displaced by the fruits of machinery.

It has often been a matter of wonder how the Indians on their raids could cross large streams during high water and suddenly appear in the frontier settlements to kill and destroy, and as quickly disappear beyond the reach of their pursuers. This could be explained by the fact that they kept many canoes sunk beneath the water at points well known among themselves, and prepared for just such emergencies. This trick was soon learned by the whites, and they, too, would hide their canoes by day and stealthily paddle along at night. At the time of the "Big Runaway," when the roving bands of Indians and Tories plied the torch and scalping knife, the corn was often spared for future use among the raiders. It happened thus at Amariah Sutton's, and he with adventurous friends, whose kindred were on the verge of starvation at Fort Augusta and elsewhere, would paddle up the river at night, sink their canoes and hide in the bushes by day, until they could visit the corn cribs at the cabin on Lycoming Creek, and there secure food for the needy ones below.

About the beginning of the present century, when Jaysburg was the metropolis of the West Branch Valley, Philip Sipps located there as a professional canoe builder. He spent his winters on the Sinnemahoning, where excellent timber grew in abundance, and made large numbers of

these vessels, which he brought down in a fleet in spring-time for sale to any one who might want to buy. Sipp's canoes were everywhere known, and it is related of him that he rarely had to remove a shaving after his canoe was launched, in order to "trim it." The mechanical skill of this pioneer was inherited by his grandson, the late "Billy" Sipp, of "sheepskin band" celebrity, who spent his life in Williamsport in building foot boats of various styles. When heavily laden, in later years, canoes were generally managed by two persons, one at each end, who placed their iron-pointed setting poles upon the bottom of the river, against which they threw their whole weight and force, thereby propelling the canoe forward, often making twenty-five miles a day against the current. There are many people living to-day, both men and women, who, within thirty years, would stand in the stern end of a canoe, and with pole or paddle, cross the river, with its width of ten or twelve hundred feet, at flood height.

Antes Anghanbaugh now lives at Jersey Shore Station at the age of 57 years. He was born and raised at the old stone mansion, opposite the mouth of Pine Creek. At the age of twelve he had his right arm torn from the shoulder socket in a threshing machine. He grew to large stature and gigantic strength, and became an expert raftman. He married and settled near the old home, and would regularly load his grist of grain in a canoe, then with wife and children descend the river to the grist mill at the mouth of Antes Creek. After pulling his canoe upon the beach, he would shoulder his grist and carry it a quarter of a mile at least to the mill; then with his family go over to Jersey Shore to do shopping and visiting until evening, when he would put his family again in his canoe, call at the mill for his flour, and pole his cargo up the river, over the ripples, for two miles, literally single handed. It was really a wonderful achievement, but so quietly and so unostentatiously done, like all the hardships of the early days, that very few made note of it.

For many years one of the most serious difficulties was that of getting grain ground, and it was a common occurrence for settlers to go forty miles in a canoe to mill, await the grinding of the grist, entertainment being furnished by the proprietor of the mill, then the long, laborious return. The grist mill at Dry Valley, a short distance above Northumberland, was patronized from the very head-waters of the river,

until Culbertson's mill was erected at the mouth of Mosquito Run, after which the old Indian trail across the mountain was widened out and called the "dug path," upon which the settlers in White Deer Valley "packed" their grain across to mill. Antes' Mill at Nippenose Creek was also very popular, and in time of low water these three mills were visited from very long distances.

In Jaysburg William Quigley established a pottery, and engaged Joseph King to peddle and barter his goods along the river. Two canoes would be lashed together, loaded with earthenware crocks, pots, jugs, bowls, pitchers, plates, cups, saucers and other utensils, which were exchanged for pelts, maple sugar, bees-wax, flaxseed and whatever else the country afforded.

John Henry Antes, Jr., eldest son of Colonel Henry Antes, was born April 17, 1757, and died March 24, 1834. He married Elizabeth Shoemaker, of Muncy, who was born January 28, 1771, and died March 11, 1839. They had nine children, born and reared at the old homestead at the mouth of Neppanose Creek, and in the shadow of Antes Fort. Amelia was the fourth child and was born October 20, 1796. John Henry Antes, Jr., adopted an orphan girl named Nancy Gritner, who was about the same age as Amelia, and they grew up together, doing dairy work and house work like sisters. Amelia was naturally so handy with her needle as to attract the attention of her father, and he determined to send her away to be educated. (A girl's education in that day consisted in skilled work). Mr. Antes had heard of a woman named "Betsy Rannels" (Reynolds), who "carried on mantua making and millinery" at Jaysburg, ten miles down the river; to her it was decided Amelia should be apprenticed for six months or a year, as the future would warrant. There being no roads (about 1812) excepting the Indian trail, Mr. Antes built a raft on the river, upon which he put Amelia and a heifer to pay her expenses, while she mastered the mysteries of a trade, and the float was poled down to its destination. Previous to leaving home Amelia had always worn linsey-woolsey, but while away in "society" she followed the styles and dressed in calico and on the morning after her return she came down stairs arrayed in a tidy, neat outfit, at the sight of which Nancy burst into tears, and bawled and got the hysterics, and Amelia was sent back to her room to put on her homespun. Such pride and extravagance could not be toler-

ated, and Nancy's feelings must be respected. Home soon became so uncongenial that she sought and gained consent to visit her aunt, Amelia Youngman, who lived near Youngmans-town, (now Mifflinburg, Union County, Pa.,) where, at a small social gathering, she met Elias P. Youngman, whom she soon afterwards married and bore him thirteen children. The love affair gave extreme satisfaction to all concerned, and in due time a great cavalcade accompanied the prospective groom to Antes' Mill, where the wedding took place amidst a scene of great rejoicing, after which the whole party rode back to the home of the groom to attend the "infair," which was celebrated in grand style. The distance between these two points is over fifty miles, and this incident shows the expertness of both sexes at horseback riding at that day.

In the year 1800 Thos. Updegraff came from York, Pa., to Williamsport. He loaded his brother John, his mother and daughter Polly, with the canoeman, in one canoe; himself, wife Betsy, the baby and canoeman in the other canoe. They spent the nights during the voyage at convenient farm houses. He had previously traveled through the West Branch Valley with a wagon load of leather. In 1804 he walked back to York with knapsack on his back, to settle some business matters. In 1811, with his wife, he again visited York on horseback. During the same year a single *river boat* arrived at Williamsport from York, containing sixty souls, men, women and children.

In 1791 Philip Tome settled on Pine Creek. In his autobiography he says he moved his family and household goods up the river in canoes, because there were no roads.

Jacob and Jane Lamb moved to Brown Township, Lycoming County, in March, 1795. They came from Milton, Penn'a, in a boat (probably a flat boat). When near Jersey Shore their little daughter, Mary, who was left sleeping, rolled off into the river and was drowned. Her body was recovered and buried in the Pine Creek burying-ground. It required ten canoes to transport the goods and family to their new home up Pine Creek. The foregoing modes of travel will serve to convey an idea of the condition of public roads and land conveyances at that day.

On the Fourth of July, 1824, a large number of colored people had gathered at a house near what is now "Kaiser's Spring," South Williamsport, to have a "jollification." Several of

those present were runaway slaves from the Southern states. Toward evening eight of them started on their return in two canoes, to the north side of the river, opposite the present foot of Locust Street. The canoes were overloaded, and during the merriment one of them dipped a little water, which created a panic, resulting in the overturning of both canoes. Some could swim, but in the struggle and excitement seven were drowned, George Roach alone escaping. He lived to the age of 91 years.

It was a strange sight that occurred on this river about the time the first settlers came in. The Moravians had made improvements, erected a church, and established a town on the North Branch, when they found that they had been deceived in regard to the title to their land; and being invited to remove to Ohio, determined to do so. On June 11, 1772, Friedenshuten was deserted. One party of fifty-four made their way with the cattle through the forests, while the remainder embarked with their goods in thirty canoes, in six divisions, 141 souls. The story of their journey is a most pathetic one, and is told from the original diaries, by J. F. Meginness in his Revised History of the West Branch of the Susquehanna. They descended the North Branch to Fort Augusta (Northumberland), thence up the West Branch to the Bald Eagle, or what is now Lock Haven, where they sold their canoes and much of their goods, and completed their journey to Ohio on foot.

The first recorded use of rafts and boats occurred in 1757 or 1758, when the expedition of French and Indians descended the West Branch as far as the mouth of the Loyalsock, for the purpose of capturing and destroying Fort Augusta (Sunbury, Pa.) The history of this fruitless adventure, with the number of persons engaged, the character of floats upon which they were transported, the true story of the "Cannon Hole" and the retreat to Canada, would make a fascinating tale if it could now be unfolded.

An old paper from the Wallis collection is here copied to show the date of early lumbering operations on the head-waters of the West Branch of the Susquehanna, the character of the supplies furnished, and the mode of transporting them:

#### Endorsement.

Mem. taken from Mr. Josh. Elicott at Mr. Hunts, Bald Eagle, relative to Business at Andersons Creek &c.

List of Articles brought from Andersons Creek under the direction of Mr. Jos. Elicott—

the canoes conducted by David Benjamin in Novr. 1795—to wit:—

- 3 Barrels split peas
- 1 Barrel abt. half full of chocolate
- 2 p. linnen
- 8 tents
- 1 marque
- 6 kittles
- 2 axs
- 1 box horse shoes
- 1 chist with small articles
- 2 frying pans
- 2 Iron ladles
- Quire paper
- 2 sacks baggs
- 1 broad ax } lost by overturning the canoe in
- 1 foot adze } the Moshannon falls one of the tents lost at the same time.

Mem. of sundry Articles delivered to Robt. King at the Great Island in order to go up the river for rafts &c. 26th Novr. 1795.

- 3 canoes
- 11 setting poles with sockets
- 4 boat hooks
- 3 Ax's—1 of which is Mr. Ellicotts
- 4 Tomahawks 1 of which is Do.
- 35 lb chocolate
- 70 lb sugar
- 2 tents
- 3 camp kittles
- 1 Frying pan
- 2 Augurs (Inch)
- 2½ Barrels flour
- 1 drawing knife
- ½ Barrel Beef ½ Barrel flour Mr. Ellicotts.
- 3¾ lb soap—Mr. Ellicotts
- 20 Dollars in £ Notes (Bank)

The following hands were put under his direction at Mr. Hunts on the 26th Nov., 1795, to wit:—

- |                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1 John King       | 7 Francis Brawley |
| 2 John Henry      | 8 James Brawley   |
| 3 Arad Sutton     | 9 Charles Duncan  |
| 4 John Kelly      | 10 Andr. Ellicott |
| 5 Abraham Kelly   | 11 James Murdock. |
| 6 James Furgason. |                   |

A surveying party in the interest of Samuel Wallis was operating in the woods on the second fork of the Sinnemahoning (Bennett's Branch), June 12, 1793, at which date they record receiving stores, to wit:

- Stores arrived in a boat
- 29 lbs. Pork
- 6 " chocolate
- 6 " sugar
- 2 " split peas
- 27 " flour

On the 17th Mr. Brady and twelve men arrived at camp. July 4th the large boat arrived with forty-one barrels and one hogshead of flour—laid up upon account of low water. It would be interesting to know what kind of a boat is

meant, as about that time built boats were first introduced on the upper waters of the Susquehanna.

The *bateau* was of French-Canadian origin. It was hauled overland and used on this river at an early day, but on account of the difficulty of making repairs (from the scarcity of skilled mechanics and saw-mills) they gained little favor. Col. Thomas Lloyd, of Philadelphia, March 15, 1758, at Harris' Ferry, (now Harrisburg, Pa.,) reports the bateaux as being almost worn out, etc., on the Susquehanna. He and others assert that the canoes are preferable. These bateaux now referred to had doubtless been hauled to the Susquehanna by ox teams, and used to transport material for the building of Fort Augusta in 1756 and 1757. In *Pennsylvania Archives*, second series, Vol. II., page 548, is given "A list of Battoe Men Hir'd In the service of Ye Provc'e of Pennsylv'a."—1757-8. "Name and time of Entryance in the service. George Allen, Master of ye Battoe." In all forty-eight. Very many of these names are familiar as among the early settlers of this valley.

The bateau is a vessel defined by Webster as a light boat long in proportion to its breadth, and wider in the middle than at the ends. A common standard of capacity was two tons, which required a crew of not less than three men. As this style of craft was built of sawed lumber, it may be interesting to briefly describe the first source of this material in the West Branch Valley. It was located at Fort Augusta and was known as a "saw-pit." The log was rolled upon two trestles, or sills, forming an elevated platform with a pit dug beneath it. Two men above and two below dragged a long saw, with a handle in each end, up and down until it passed through the log and produced a piece of lumber of the desired thickness. For the man who shall write up the evolution of the saw-mill in this valley, this item is offered as the embryo from which the "English gate" germinated and developed into the "gang," the "mulay" and "band-saw."

The *skiff*, as it is known to us, is a Connecticut invention, and supplanted the canoe at about the same time as the bateau, and is really a diminutive vessel of similar type. The introduction of oar locks, whether pins or swivels, as well as the multitude of patterns to be met with on every stream, are only modifications of the bateau, and require comparatively little skill to manipulate them, so that a canoeeman, whether white or Indian,

looks upon such effeminate contrivances with supreme contempt.

The primitive raft has already been described; reference has also been made to early operations on this river for getting out and floating timber to markets below. This traffic has continued for a full hundred years, though the quality of the timber has very much degenerated, and spar rafts have become things of the past. In 1796 "the white and other pine masts of the first quality, which are now used in the different dock-yards of Philadelphia and Baltimore, have been brought down the Susquehanna to the last mentioned port, and it is at present contemplated to furnish the frigates of the United States, now building, with their masts and spars from the state of New York, at the very source of the Susquehanna, whence they are to be wafted by the current of the river to Havre de Grace." As the West Branch was not separately known to the outside world at that day, there can be no doubt but that much of the timber referred to came down upon her waters.

The middle-aged citizens among us well remember spar rafts of marvelous length and straightness, many exceeding a hundred feet; the immense sticks of pine and oak square timber, some seventy and eighty feet long, squaring two feet at the top, the oak buoyed up by pine or poplar; how that small rafts were run out of the little streams and joined together in immense floats on the main river; the rude cabin, the fire-place, the skillet and flap-jack, the wash line, with clothes drying, the women, children and "flittin'" as occasional passengers; the red flannel shirt of the raftmen, the high drawn fur hat, the skillful pilot to shoot the ripples and clear the rocks; the fiddle and dance when tied up in the "eddy," or sluggishly floating down low water; the stuttering man who sang sentimental songs a yard long; the whiskey and the fights, and the walk home from Middletown or Marietta, two hundred miles by roads and Indian paths, sometimes making sixty miles a day—times that are gone forever.

Charles King, now living in Williamsport at the age of 77, is an old waterman, and often walked from Marietta to Jaysburg (Williamsport), a distance of 128 miles, in two days, lay by one day for rest, and then resumed his work. As a rule, the watermen would stop at every tavern for a drink of whiskey. Mr. King not being a drinking man, would take off his shoes

and pour his dram into them to ease the soreness in his feet, and then resume his journey, outstripping all his companions.

The great risk attending the early descent of rafts (estimated loss being five per cent.), led to a clamor for assistance from the State, which resulted in small appropriations from time to time for blasting out rocks in the most dangerous places to form a "channel." This phase of our subject will be left with a mention of the following grants, which were probably the first allowed for the head-waters:

April 13, 1791, the West Branch of Sinnemahoning, - - - - -	£160
The Sinnemahoning to its North Branch, £200	
The North Branch to Driftwood, - - - - -	£300

Before the introduction of modern ropes, elm bark was used to tie up arks and rafts. Afterward splints made of black ash were twisted into a rude sort of rope. A clumsy device was made from long hickory saplings, pinned through the butt and the top twisted into what they termed a "halyard," which, with grousers, enabled the raftmen to "tie up" without much trouble, though the united strength of several men was required to handle their rude contrivance. When ropes came into use and rafts were snubbed around a tree, it occasionally happened that a man would get his leg caught in the coil, which would crush it or cut it off. The raftmen, as well as the boatmen after them, from the different streams would fight outrageously. When meeting "down river" they would drink whiskey, play at the roughest sports, such as wrestling, jumping, lifting, etc., and soon get into a dispute, when a fight would ensue. It was part of the home training to cultivate "pluck," and upon the lie being given, it was incumbent upon the insulted man to promptly shove his fist into his opponent's face, or be branded as a coward, and be set upon and "licked" by his companions for failure to sustain their honor.

The first mention of *flat boats* in this valley occurs in the description of the ambushade by Indians opposite the mouth of Pine Creek, when a party from Horn's Fort; in the spring of 1778, went down to Antes' Fort for a flat boat, on which to remove their families down the river. The whole affair is graphically described by Meginness in his Revised History of the West Branch Valley. In 1832 a most thrilling occurrence took place from the lower end of the Long Island, near Jersey Shore, when Joseph

Bailey, while trying to secure a flat boat, was carried away upon it by a sudden rush of ice, as it was breaking up. It occurred about dark, and by an almost miraculous preservation, he was rescued from the river bridge at Milton about 9 A. M. the next day, Sunday. The newspapers far and wide gave publicity to the details of the incident. It has always been privately related that Mr. Bailey accepted a prevailing phase of the doctrine of fore-ordination, which was voiced in the saying that "a man born to be hung would never be drowned," and as he realized his perilous situation, he prayed for deliverance by shouting, "Gallows, choose your right," "gallows, choose your right" etc., until out of hearing. Only so he escaped his present predicament he was willing to risk the future. However this might be, he was certainly frightened almost to death. If his reputed habit of profanity has not been exaggerated, this was probably the nearest thing to a prayer that he was acquainted with.

Thos. Budd, writing in 1685, says: "After great rains we may bring down great quantities of goods in flat bottomed boats built for the purpose, which will then come down (the Delaware River) by reason of the floods with speed." The flat boat was of various sizes and designs, and designated by several names. A writer skilled in nautical affairs says that "the only claim of the flat boat, or 'broad horn,' to rank as a vessel was due to the fact that it floated upon the water, and was used as a vehicle for transportation." The phrase "broad horn" originated in the fact that many of the flat boats were provided with large steering oars, hung on fixed pivots, braced out some distance from the sides, by which these cumbersome contrivances were managed. The flat boat has always been and continues to be a great institution on our Western rivers; and we are reminded of the early experience of the late President Lincoln upon one of these crafts plying on the Mississippi.

Durham boats were first built by Robert Durham, on the Delaware, in 1750. Pearce, in his annals of Luzerne, says they were sixty feet long, eight feet wide and two feet deep, and when loaded drew twenty inches of water. The stern and bow were sharp, on which were erected small decks, while a running board, with cleats for toe holds, extending the whole length of the boat on each side. They carried a mast and two sails, and were manned by a crew of five

men, one steering and four pushing forward with setting poles, two being on each side. This description will answer for another boat closely resembling it, and by some writers claimed that it suggested the type known as keel-boats. In this valley the name was used indiscriminately. It was an old joke that a keel-boatman always went up stream backward, or a less elegant phrase.

"The use of *keel-boats* began on the rivers of Western Pennsylvania sometime before the close of the eighteenth century. They were built like the hulls of modern canal boats, and would carry an average of thirty tons. They were propelled by sails, or oars, pushed by poles and towed by horses, which walked along the shore as they made voyages both up and down stream. When they made regular trips they were a great convenience in their day for passengers as well as for freight. At first passengers were compelled to land every night, and lodge at the most convenient farm house, every man's house in those days being open for the entertainment of wayfarers." On the Susquehanna,—a tideless river, wide, rocky, and, except when flooded, extremely shallow—long covered barges carrying, perhaps, a thousand bushels of grain, manned by a captain and crew of eight, were floated from the upper valleys to Columbia. It was a light task to drift southward on swift water rolling seaward, but the homeward journey up stream was insufferably tedious and laborious. Four of the crew on each side of the barge pushed its slow length along by a continuous thrust of iron shod poles against the river bottom. About five days were consumed from Williamsport to Columbia, while the round trip occupied, perhaps, eighteen. The keel-boat with a cover or roof was called a barge. Keel-boats reached their highest stage of development on the Ohio River about the year 1833. Samuel Jordan, father of the late Judge Alexander Jordan, was a celebrated keel-boatman from Jaysburg.

There were many of these vessels on the West Branch; they had a small cabin under the forward deck, but the remainder of the hold was uncovered, excepting during bad weather, when the cargo was protected by a large piece of canvas. Many warehouses were built along the river, in which were stored the products of the surrounding country to be sent below on the spring freshets. In this way butter, eggs, dried and salt meats, whiskey, flour, wheat and other

grain, hides, flax and flaxseed, dried apples and other fruits, in fact anything that could be sold for money or exchanged for articles they could not produce. The largest keel-boat on this branch was one that carried 2,000 bushels of wheat, and required a crew of twelve men. The keel-boatmen used conch shells, which they blew, making a loud noise, and as each one seemed to have a peculiar tone of its own, the different boats came to be recognized by the sound of their horn. In many places eyebolts and rings were fastened into the rocks or blocks of stone, from which long ropes were run to the keel-boat below, and by them were windlassed over the "ripples." They can be yet found at Culbertson's Ripples, and Butler's Ripples below Hall's Island.

In 1831 John Deeter, at Jersey Shore, built a keel-boat for Jacob and George Aughanbaugh. Upon the opening of the Pennsylvania Canal, George Aughanbaugh invested in a canal boat, and made the first trip to Williamsport of any boat from above, taking a load of iron to John B. Hall's foundry, from the Centre County furnaces.

Keel-boats were owned all along the river. Near Jersey Shore John and William Bennett had two, Robert Smith and Uriah Clark two, Michael and George Crane two, John Pfouts one, etc. These boats required a crew of eight men, and while it was almost impossible to push over Crane's Ripples, yet Mr. William King, now living at the age of 89, well remembers an occasion when, with a square sail about 12 by 16 feet and an up-river wind, a laden keel-boat passed up without the crew touching a pole. At other times the men's shoulders became calloused "like an ox's neck" from persistent pushing. At a later day a channel was scratched out near shore and horses were used to help through. At the "Race Ground" a windlass was used to help over the swift water. A barrel of whiskey and a cup was usually kept at the bow of the boat, where any one could help himself whenever he wished to, though, as now-a-days, some men, from dislike or principle, never touched it.

With the erection of dams in the river to feed the canal, the craft of keel-boatmen passed into history.

January 4, 1800, Moses Hall, father of the venerable John B. Hall now living in Williamsport at the age of 87, was married to Phoebe, eldest daughter of the late General John

Burrows, by the late Rev. John Bryson, at Muncy. In the spring of that year Moses Hall, his brother-in-law and Jacob Hall, built them a small river boat at the mouth of Muncy Creek, and started down the river to go to Western New York, taking with them their wives, "Aunt Rachel," one child, "Uncle John," and their household goods. Moses Hall being a blacksmith, also took a ton of Centre County hammered iron and his tools along; "Uncle Jacob" had a small lot of leather and his saddler's tools. They went down to Northumberland, thence up the North Branch to Tioga Point, thence up the Chemung to Newtown (Elmira), where they sold their boat and hired two ox teams to take them to the head of Seneca Lake; here they got passage on a Durham boat for Geneva, where they settled. In 1803 Moses Hall put his wife and child on horseback, while he walked 155 miles to Muncy, to visit their parents, and returned the same way.

During Gen. John Sullivan's expedition, in 1779, he used on the North Branch of the Susquehanna 120 boats (probably keel-boats), manned by 450 enlisted boatmen; also 2,000 pack horses. General Clinton's command came down the river with 200 boats.

About the year 1829 a craft called a *team boat* was introduced in some localities, but was mostly used in ferrying, and was soon superseded by steamboats, then being developed from the experiments of Fitch, in 1787, and Fulton later on. This applied to the large streams, while on the tributaries the era of bridges was beginning to open up in connection with public roads. Heretofore reference has applied to vessels used in navigation, both up and down the river. Besides these varieties of craft, there were contrivances for transporting immense burdens down the streams, to be disposed of without any expectation of return. In these cases the crew generally walked home, or worked their way back as "extras" on the smaller craft.

An *ark* is a short raft or flat boat with a sort of peak or horn built out from one end, on which a steering oar is swung between two pins or pivoted upon a single pin. The stem of the oar extends over the end of the boat, and is manipulated from a foot board across it. The use of arks dates from about 1795, the time when the "plunder" exceeded the capacity of a canoe. About the time of the war of 1812, the first ark was built (at Clendennin's, near Trout Run,) on Lycoming Creek by Isaiah Hayes, and

christened the *Lycoming Republican*. Soon after this time the Government created a demand for material for army wagons and ship building, which aroused much activity about Mosquito Run in building and loading arks.

Black walnut blanks for wheel hubs, white oak knees for ships, staves for wine pipes and whiskey barrels, heading for the same, hoop poles, shingles, etc., were obtained from Mosquito Valley in immense quantity, dragged to the river by oxen, and there loaded on arks for the markets at tide-water. At a steep bank on the west side of the mouth of Mosquito Run a spot was selected that was peculiarly adapted to the construction of ark bottoms. These were built upside down, and by means of levers were turned down the bank into the river, where they were finished and loaded. Seven were thus once built and loaded in a single season (1836), and run down on the spring flood. Arks were sometimes built with a capacity for five hundred barrels of flour, and on the North Branch, when intended for carrying coal, were ninety feet long, ten feet wide and four feet deep, requiring ten thousand feet of lumber. They carried sixty tons of coal. About one out of five of the early coal arks "got stove" on the rocks and the cargo was lost, as well as the ark. In 1790 over 150,000 bushels of wheat were taken down the Susquehanna (main river), and were hauled through Middletown bound for Philadelphia. The whole amount of property which descended this river in 1826 was estimated at four and a half million dollars. Fifteen hundred arks arrived at Port Deposit, and it was estimated that five hundred more found a market at points above. In 1827, from February 28th to June 23d, the time of the spring freshets, there passed Harrisburg, Penna., 1,631 rafts, averaging 25,000 feet (board measure), 1,370 arks, 200 of which were loaded with anthracite coal, averaging 55 tons each; the remainder were laden with flour and whiskey for Baltimore; 300 keel-boats, with 800 to 900 bushels of wheat each. The transportation of merchandise by arks continued until within a very few years, gradually falling off until they are now rarely seen, excepting in connection with a "log drive," and will soon be a thing of the past. The following clippings from old newspapers may prove interesting in this connection: "Williamsport (Penn.), April, 1825. For a few days past a great number of arks laden with wheat, flour, iron, whiskey, etc., passed this place destined for the Philadelphia

market, should the Union Canal be provided with boats, etc., sufficient for immediate accommodation. The river is at present in fine arking order, and no doubt every exertion will be made by our merchants and farmers to transmit all their surplus grain and other produce by the present opportunity."

"Descending trade on the Susquehanna. 1824. Lycoming County exports about 100,000 bushels of wheat, 950 barrels of whiskey, 100 tons pork and a large quantity of lumber."

In 1812 eight million feet of lumber was taken to Baltimore by the Susquehanna River. One float contained three million feet from Chenango and Broome counties, N. Y. In 1829 175,000,000 feet of lumber passed Harrisburg. During this same year, 1829, Peter A. Karthaus transported from his mines in Clearfield County (probably in arks on the West Branch) 100,000 bushels of coal to the Baltimore market.

*Canal boats* first made their appearance in this valley upon the completion of the Pennsylvania Canal, from 1831 to 1835. At the latter date the completed portion had reached Fardrandsville, Clinton County, Pa., when the work was discontinued, leaving a line of open pits for many miles along the river farther beyond; and thus ended the great scheme for connecting the Susquehanna and Allegheny by slack water navigation.

The great flood of 1889 wrought so much damage to the line along the West Branch that it was not repaired west of the Loyalsock, which is the feeder for the line between that stream and Muncy Dam. The West Branch Canal was built twenty-eight feet wide on the bottom, forty feet wide on top, and four feet deep. Muncy Dam backs the water for two miles, and though it does not obliterate it, yet it has changed the location of the fountain of the historic *Warrior's Spring* at Port Penn, from a broad beach to the edge of a precipitous bank at the water line.

In reflecting upon the life of a canal boatman one recalls the fact that many distinguished citizens, at one time or another, obtained an honorable living through this monotonous experience. The most conspicuous example is, perhaps, that of the late lamented President Garfield, part of whose boyhood days were spent on the tow-paths of Ohio. The Pennsylvania Canal was authorized in 1822, and was built almost exclusively by Irishmen. It was of daily occurrence for laborers to apply for work. They would come along with their entire worldly

possessions tied up in a handkerchief, hanging from a shillalah over the shoulder. If they found work the next question was, "How minny jiggers a day?" which meant how many drinks of whiskey, which was of much more importance than the wages, and the number of jiggers controlled the number of laborers. The boy who passed the whiskey was called the "jigger boss," and his good will was courted by the whole gang. One of the most uncompromising prohibitionists in Williamsport to-day started to earn his living as a "jigger boss," and afterward was captain of his own boat on the canal.

It does not seem possible that thirty-four years have elapsed since slack water navigation reached its highest point in this valley, when the "Port Clinton" (a Juniata boat) landed her passengers at the Exchange Hotel, Market Street and the canal, Williamsport, Penna., and the "Reindeer" run from here to Lock Haven and return. But when the locomotive whistle was first heard in 1857, it sounded the death knell for packet boats, and thenceforward the freight traffic also declined until it became unprofitable. From the earliest history of this valley it was a cherished scheme among several influential men of the State that the Susquehanna should be made the route of a public water way between the East and West, and the entire course was surveyed and leveled by Wm. Maclay and party in 1791, but the character of the stream soon satisfied them that it was impracticable.

The Pennsylvania canal boat carried about sixty tons of freight; the Union canal boat, which also came up and were used here, carried about thirty-six tons. At that day they had no hatches between their two narrow decks, but the merchandise was protected by a canvas covering rigged over a light frame. The size of canal boats was afterward increased until they would carry one hundred tons of coal, or a hundred thousand feet of lumber; and when used for grain or merchandise, were covered with hatches that rested upon a ridge pole above the level of the decks. The former cramped little cabin under the stern or quarter deck became enlarged to admit of some comfort, and a stable for horses or mules was rigged under the bow or forecastle. The captain and his family lived on board during the boating season, and the life of a canal boatman was not altogether devoid of pleasure and profit, until after the canal passed under the control of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The moral tone of those who fol-

lowed this life, has made a great stride of advancement during the past few years, until the former odium has about passed away.

In the 51st annual report of the Philadelphia Sabbath Association (1891), we find these words: "No other society has given any attention to this class, and we rejoice that the results of the work have been an entire reformation on the lines of the canal from riot, disorder and drunkenness to peaceableness, good order, and in many cases to experimental piety. At present we have missionaries constantly employed in looking after the moral and spiritual interests of the canal boatmen, their families and the driver boys" Their reports show 1,400 boats on canals where visits have been made and work done. Rev. S. W. Ziegler, whose field now extends from Nanticoke Dam to Port Deposit, commenced his missionary work among the boatmen in 1865, when his field included the West Branch and Juniata, as well as the main line to Columbia. With an intermission of some years, while serving as Associational Missionary among churches of the Northumberland Baptist Society, he has continued until the present time, when he says he is about to close his labors on account of old age and injuries resulting from carrying heavy loads of literature and jumping from boat to boat. He closes by saying: "Like the Conestoga wagon and the stage, the canal has had its day and must eventually give way to the railroad."

With the beginning of *steamboats*, an effort was made to introduce them upon the Susquehanna. Previous to 1824 Peter A. Karthaus counseled with Tunison Coryell, Esq., of Williamsport, in regard to a scheme for raising funds to build a steamboat to ply between his coal lands and tide-water. A public meeting was held and several thousand dollars subscribed for the object. The matter was so well advertised that when Mr. Karthaus submitted the proposition to capitalists in Baltimore that they raise a like sum they, within a few days, raised enough to build a boat without any outside help. Mr. Karthaus then went to Philadelphia, and as a rival of Baltimore, they at once raised a similar sum.

In 1825 the Philadelphia party's boat, called the "Susquehanna," reached Nescopec Falls, where the boiler exploded with fatal result.

The Baltimore boat was built near York, Penna., and was called the "Codus." It was covered with sheet iron, and was doubtless the

first "iron-clad" in America, if not in the world. After much detention and great difficulty, the "Codorus" reached Williamsport, where it was received amidst great rejoicings. A small cannon was fired until it exploded, injuring Warren Heylman in the hand, and another man in the ankle. The *Lycoming Gazette* had advertised for proposals for building a steamboat wharf, and now it seemed as though Michael Ross' highest ambition was to be realized, and "The Port," the original name of his town, was to take its place among great cities. The steamboat continued up the river to Farrandsville, then returned to Northumberland, and it is said, ascended the North Branch to Elmira. Its ultimate fate is unknown. A third steamboat of the same time, called the "Pioneer," is mentioned as being at Harrisburg, and the machinery being of insufficient power to stem the current of Hunter's Falls.

It has long since been clear that steamboats are only adapted to isolated pools on the Susquehanna, and not for any considerable distance. Steam was used for several years on the canal by propellor attachments to canal boats, but never attained extended use.

But one more method of transportation by water remains to be mentioned, and that is the system of floating saw logs from the timber forests to a convenient and profitable point for manufacture into lumber. Space forbids an extended description of this business, but it may be stated that it took form about the year 1836, when John Leighton came here from the state of Maine looking for a suitable place for the location and erection of a "boom." J. H. Perkins came to Williamsport in 1845, and in 1850 the combined energy and ingenuity of these two men established the Williamsport Boom, which has proved to be the source of Williamsport's magnificent prosperity. The system has been copied on all the smaller streams, and proves indispensable to the profitable operation of saw-mills. The Williamsport Boom catches during the floods, and holds secure for subsequent "rafting out," annually about 300,000,000 feet of logs, board measure.

#### LAND TRANSPORTATION.

The proper limits of this article have been reached without discussing the economic phase of the various craft used in transporting goods from point to point. The merest reference has been made to the characteristic lives of those who pursued the business of these several

methods of travel. The wide field of anecdote has been partially avoided, perhaps to the detriment of the narrative; but these topics would each afford abundant material for a bulky volume, so that a brief summary of the different eras of *land transportation* only can be given in this connection.

The most ancient mechanical contrivance for easing the burden of land travel was the *burden strap*. It was commonly worn around the forehead, and lashed to a litter borne on the back. It was usually about fifteen feet in length and braided into a belt in the centre, three or four inches wide. In the course of scientific experiments in packing burdens, it has been determined that the best average results obtainable came from 119 pounds packed on a man, traveling eleven miles a day, and 350 pounds packed on a horse, traveling twenty miles a day.

*Pack horses* and bridle paths followed close upon the burden strap and Indian trail. At first women sat astride the horses, and held their little children in front of them as they worked their way tediously along, contesting every step with the overhanging boughs. Then came side-saddles for women and pack-saddles for burdens. It is said that the rude pack-saddle, resembling a saw-buck, as devised by the Indian, has never been excelled in practical usefulness, and is used on the plains to-day. One of the earliest industries erected in our valley was the iron furnace. Ores were discovered on every hand, fuel was unlimited, and almost every stream had its furnaces; but almost every effort proved a financial failure on account of the imperfect means of transportation of the manufactured article. Aside from the use of arks and rafts, the pack-horse proved most practicable, and trains of five or six hundred would cross and recross the Alleghenies laden with all sorts of merchandise. Bar iron was bent so as to be slung along both sides and in front of the horse. Kegs of nails and other small articles were lashed to the sides of the beast, and thus were moved even huge pieces of machinery for mills and hoisting engines.

*Snow shoes* were made by using a rim of hickory, bent round with an arching front, and brought to a point at the heel. It was held in place by cross pieces, all of which constituted a frame, upon which was a deer skin net work with meshes about an inch square. Upon this the foot was lashed with thongs. The Iroquois snow shoe was about three feet in length and

sixteen inches in width. It is said that white men suffered intense torture until they "got the hang" of them, after which they would be enabled to walk as far in a day as upon bare ground.

A *drag*, or *travail*, was sometimes made of two poles, between which was woven a wicker mat, and upon which the burden was placed. In the far North dogs were harnessed to this contrivance. Among our Indians women would draw them. After the arrival of Europeans they first began to use horses, which continues to the present day, and mitigates the severity of travel to a great degree.

The *sledge* was a tree crotch, with the horse hitched to the apex; was calculated for a heavy burden, under favorable circumstances.

The record of the use of a wagon in 1771, belonging to John Scudder, was found among the Wallis papers.

The earliest recorded use of *wagons* in Williamsport was on August 10, 1778, when the emigrants were on their way to Lycoming Creek, and were attacked and brutally massacred by Indians at the small stream crossing West Fourth Street at Cemetery Street, as elucidated in a previous article entitled a "Pioneer Incident."

The most important wagon in use at that day was known as the *Conestoga wagon*. It was made with a bowed bottom to keep the load from slipping, and was covered with canvas stretched over elastic wooden bows, bent into the desired shape. They carried four or five tons of merchandise, and originated in Lancaster County in 1760. These wagons were used in the West Branch Valley previous to 1800. General John Burrows and Cornelius Corson made regular trips between Philadelphia, Williamsport and points in the state of New York, and it is said that Sand Hill, at the Loyalsock, was the hardest climb on the entire route. Citizens are yet living who remember the bells of the six horse teams and their cheerful tinkle as they sounded across hill and dale.

In NOW AND THEN, Vol. 3, page 79, in an article on "Wagons Seventy-five and More Years Ago," among other items of interest relating to early wagons and wagonmakers, it is stated that the first "Dearborn" wagon, so far as known, was brought to this valley in 1817 by John Stauffer.

Carts were used from the time the "Jersey people" came up in 1770. At the time of the "Big Runaway" Amariah Sutton sent his family back to New Jersey in an ox cart; and after the Indian murder of her husband in 1778, Juda

Thompson pulled a little cart, containing her only child, her Bible and a few articles, from Wallis' Fort all the way back to New Jersey, a distance of 250 miles. These carts were very rude affairs, the wheels being made from end sections of a log.

*Stage coaches* began to be used near large cities in 1766, and gradually followed the opening of public roads all over the land. The mail was first carried on horseback, but the contract was usually awarded to stage companies as soon as they were organized. Thomas Cummings started the first stage between Northumberland and Williamsport in 1810, which ran once a week. In 1814 he commenced running a line between Williamsport and Jersey Shore. Even with carrying the mail it would not pay expenses, and the citizens of Jersey Shore made up a purse to cover the deficit. As late as 1838 the stage ran but once a week between Northumberland and Williamsport. In that year Baily & Eder underbid Sam. Lloyd & Co. for the contract to carry the mail from Harrisburg up the West Branch, after which the two lines with four horses each run in competition, for awhile carrying passengers for almost nothing. The outcome of this contest was a daily line of stages east and west. Upon the completion of the railroad in 1857, the stage lines were gradually discontinued, and four years later the "West Branch," with her front and hind "boots," rocked no more on her cir-braces, as her driver blew his horn to "wake up" the postmasters, or warn the tavern keepers and relays of the approaching stage.

Cornelius Shearer, who died December 12, 1891, in Williamsport, Pa., was born in Scotland October 28, 1818. He came from Norris' shop, Philadelphia, to this place in 1838 with the first locomotive ever brought into this valley. It was named the *Robert Ralston*, and was designed for the Williamsport and Elmira Railroad, then completed from Williamsport to Ralston. John McWilliams was the engineer and Cornelius Shearer the fireman until eighteen months afterward, when the second engine was brought up, the *Williamsport*, when Mr. Shearer took this engine to run. The wear and tear was so great on the "straps" that were spiked on the stringers, that after nine years experience the locomotives were taken off and horses used until the road was rebuilt for iron rails and modern locomotives. The *Robert Ralston* was sold away. The *Williamsport* had been an old engine on the

Columbia Railroad, and repaired at the Philadelphia shops. The plate bearing the name, *Lady Washington*, was turned over and *Williamsport* painted on it. After this locomotive was resurrected to be used again, the plate was turned back, so that many of our boys think the *Lady Washington* was a new acquisition, when the Williamsport and Elmira was finally completed.

The *Robert Ralston* was brought up the canal on a flat boat and landed at John Smith's basin, Pine Street, and dragged by six horses through the streets to the end of the railroad at Third and West streets.

*Sledding.* It does not require much ingenuity to construct a vehicle that can be dragged on the snow, and as it is an old theory that a sled with one runner on the snow and the other on the ground requires about the same strength from a team as a wagon, it can be easily understood that sleds were used as much as possible. It is stated that during the winter of 1783 there were counted 500 sleds on the streets of Easton in one day. The use of "bobs" and "double bobs" is a modern invention, and a great improvement over the old-fashioned long runners.

"In 1802," says Gen. John Burrows, of Pennsylvania, (Muncy), in his autobiography, "I received a letter of introduction to William Hill Wells, who settled in the woods where Wellsboro' (Tioga County) now stands. He applied to me to furnish him with provisions in his new settlement. He had brought a number of negroes with him from the state of Delaware, where he moved from. I put eighty-eight hundred weight of pork on two sleds, and started to go to him with it. It was fine sledding, but dreadful cold weather. In crossing the Allegheny Mountain the man I had driving one of the teams froze his feet up to his ankles. I was obliged to leave him, and the next morning put the four horses to one sled, and the pork on it, and started for Wells'. I had six times to cross Pine Creek. A man coming into the settlement from that part of the country had froze to death the day before. I passed him lying in the road. The second crossing of the creek was about fifty yards wide; and when the foremost horses got to the middle of the creek the ice broke with them; the water was about midside deep, and in their attempting to get on the ice again, drew the other horses and sled into the creek, and pulled the roller out of the sled. I got the horses ashore and tied them; I went back to the sled; the water was running over

the pork. I had to go partly under water to get an axe that was tied on the sled, to cut a road through the ice to get the sled ashore. Sometimes in the water up to my middle, and sometimes standing on the ice, the water, following the stroke of the axe, would fly up, and as soon as it touched me it was ice. When I had got the road cut to the shore, I went to the sled and got a log chain; had to go under water and hook first to one runner and then to the other, and back the horses in through the road and pull the sled out. It was now dark, and I had six miles to go, and four times to cross the creek without a roller in my sled to guide it. On descending ground it would often run out of the road, when I had difficulty to get it in the road again—not a dry thread on me, and the outside of my clothes froze stiff. It was twelve o'clock before I got to the mill, the first house before me, and there was neither hay nor stable when I got there. I thought my poor horses would freeze to death. Next morning as soon as daylight appeared I cut a stick and put a roller to my sled; the very wood seemed filled with ice. I started from there at ten o'clock; had fifteen miles to go to Wells'—the snow two feet deep and scarcely a track in the road. I met Mr. Wells' negro five miles this side of his house, coming to meet me on horseback, about sunset. He said there was a by-road that was a mile nearer than the one that I was on, and he undertook to pilot me, but he soon lost the path, and we wandered about among the trees till at length my sled pitched into a hole and overset. I then unhooked my horses from the sled, and asked the negro if he thought he could pilot me to the house, but he acknowledged himself lost. I looked about and took a view of the stars, and started with my four horses and left my pork in the woods, and fortunately got into Wells'; and when I got there he had neither hay nor stable or any kind of feed, nor any place to confine my horses but to tie them to the trees. He had a place dug in a log that I could feed two of my horses at a time. All the buildings that he had were two small cabins adjoining each other—one for himself and family, about sixteen feet square, that I could not stand straight in, built of logs, and bark for an upper floor and split logs for the lower floor. The negro cabin was a little larger, but built of the same materials. I sat by the fire until morning—and it took me all that day to get my pork to the house and settle; and started next morning over

home, without a feed to give my horses there, after standing there two nights and the snow to their bellies."

In these latter days, when floating palaces cross the Atlantic Ocean in less than six days, instead of six months, as in the last century; when we have "ocean greyhounds" for passengers, "whale backs" for grain in bulk, "tank ships" for liquids, and steam yachts and numberless styles of pleasure boats on our smaller bodies of water; when we travel on "vestibule trains" with "Pullman sleepers," at ninety miles an hour; when we are whisked from point to point throughout our cities by the lightning's flash; or when we ascend and descend hill or mountain in upholstered vehicles resting on springs as elastic as a feather-bed, viewing the works of God and man with leisure and comfort, how is it possible to realize the situation in this valley in the days of our grandfathers! We rejoice in escaping the perils and discomforts they encountered, but with all our advantages it is doubtful if we have the vigorous health or the happy hearts of that slowly moving generation.

J. H. McMINN.

### Francis T. Carpenter—His Recollections of Men and Things of the Long Past.

MR. GERNERD: You tell me that your readers would be interested in some of my father's reminiscences. In reply to your kindly inquiries I would say that he was born May 21, 1802, at Marshalton, Chester County, Pa., and is now, at the age of almost ninety, the oldest person living in Jersey Shore. The oldest native resident is probably Mrs. Ellen Gamble, widow of the late Hon. John A. Gamble, and daughter of Abram Lawshe, one of the earliest settlers in the town.

Several years of my father's early life were spent at school in Philadelphia. He distinctly remembers two illuminations of that city in the autumn of 1813. One was for Perry's victory on Lake Erie, which occurred September 10th of that year, and the second was for Harrison's victory over the British and Indians in the battle of the Thames, fought October 5th, when Tecumseh was killed. The illuminants were tallow candles and fish oil.

July 25, 1825, Lafayette, then the guest of a grateful nation, visited the Brandywine battlefield, near my father's home. There was an immense crowd (for that day) to greet him. From near and far they came, men, women and chil-

dren, some in carriages, but more on horseback and on foot. My father joined the procession near Chadd's Ford. He rode near enough to Lafayette to see him indicate points of interest, and pause at the spot where, almost forty-eight years before, (September 11, 1777,) his blood had mingled with that of more than one thousand other brave men in the desperate struggle for American Independence.

In May, 1829, my parents came to Lycoming County, locating at what was then the Lycoming Iron Works, four miles from Jersey Shore, on Pine Creek, now Harris Station, on the Pine Creek Railroad. This was one of the earliest industries in this region. Beside the furnace there were a small grist-mill and saw-mill. Father supposes the originators to have been James Dickson and Levan H. Jackson, as he knows nothing of its history previous to their ownership. Mrs. Mary P. J. Dickenson, now of Wellsboro, Pa., but at that time a young girl living at the Iron Works, is a niece of both the men named. She is, so far as I know, the only person, beside my father, now living who has any knowledge of the early history of the industry in question, for some years quite an important one. In 1829 the plant was sold by Dickson & Jackson to Kirk, Kelton & Co., viz., John Kirk, of Lancaster County; Robert Kelton, of Chester County, and my father, who was also business manager. This company built a forge. In 1830 the furnace was burned and never rebuilt by them; pig-iron for the forge being brought from furnaces in Centre County. In 1836, after the retirement of Mr. Kelton from the firm and the admission of Benjamin Tomb, the property passed into the hands of David Vickers and Lewis M. Walker, of Philadelphia. They restored the furnace and carried on the business for a few years, then the works were allowed to fall into decay. Later Mr. Vickers became sole proprietor and built an excellent flouring mill, now known as the Safe Harbor Mill.

For a number of years this establishment, of which now hardly a trace remains, employed numbers of men—furnace, forge, mill and team hands, as well as miners and charcoal burners. It had an unlimited capacity for capital, and was an excellent place for *permanent* investments.

Iron ore abounds in the Pine and Larry's Creek regions, but it is mixed with slate and indurated clay, which refuses to be so reduced

as to run off from the iron, and which greatly lowers the value of the product of iron. It was known as "lean ore," defective in quality and deficient in quantity. The iron made good castings, but poor bar-iron. In my father's experience he has never known of successful and profitable iron manufacture in Lycoming County from the native ores. Mixed with richer ores, the results were satisfactory, and some years since a great deal of ore from these old fields was sent by canal to the Danville furnaces.

All through the mineral-bearing region mentioned the surface shows small samples of ore of superior quality. At one time Kirk, Kelton & Co. kept two men prospecting for a body of this ore for several months. A cabin was built for them, provisions supplied, etc. The men were William Riddell, afterwards sheriff of the county, and Andrew Snyder. For many years numerous excavations over a large territory attested to their diligent search, but it was in vain. The specimens were purely sporadic.

About one mile east of the Lycoming Iron Works were the remains of a small furnace when my father came to the place. Its history is lost in oblivion.

In 1829, and for some years after, the most expeditious travel was on horseback. All transportation was by teams. Five days of ordinary travel covered the distance between the Iron Works and Philadelphia. No respectable outfit was complete without overalls and saddlebags, side-saddle and riding dress. The products of the furnace were marketed by arks on the river to Columbia, thence to Philadelphia or Baltimore. Dry goods, groceries, etc., were brought from Philadelphia, sometimes by the Schuylkill Canal to Pottsville, at others all the way by wagon, or by teams to Columbia, thence in long river boats. These boats were propelled by several men on each side; each man having a long pole, with a round cushioned head, against which he placed a shoulder and pushed; as the boat advanced the men walked forward, then walked back, and again thrust down the poles. Most boats carried a horse, and along level reaches he was made the motor, to the great relief of the pole men.

Saratoga trunks and the varied changes of raiment of this day were then unknown. A small hair trunk and an indispensable band-box, would contain an eminently respectable wardrobe for three persons during a month of carriage journeying and visiting.

When Robert Kelton brought his family to Pine Creek, in 1829, one member of the family was John Cunningham Kelton, then an infant, now Adjutant General of the U. S. Army.

ANNA CARPENTER.

Jersey Shore, Pa.

### A Contrast: Muncy and Williamsport.

If you want to hear the news, go far away from home and you will get it. History travels with the expansion of a country, and local history, well authenticated, oftentimes becomes both interesting and amusing.

However unpleasant it may be to hear the truth when timely spoken, we are sometimes constrained from surrounding circumstances to remain silent. Such was the case not long since when in a far-off territory of the west the following conversation occurred between two intelligent Germans, in reference to their local habitation and abode, before they had passed beyond the rocky barriers of this great continent.

The one it appears was from Selinsgrove, Union County, and the other from Williamsport, Lycoming County, Penn'a. Both appeared to be well versed in the history of their respective localities, and quite willing to impart to each other any valuable information, especially that which related to their former homes.

At the fire-side of a country inn they met for the first time, and after a few moments of painful silence, conversation began. The first inquiry by the man from Williamsport was:

"Vell, mine fründ, I dink we was a couple of strangers here any more what might git acquainted mit von anonder ven you want. Vat was seine nomen and vare cummen se vrom?"

"Mine nomen vas Yacob Schwartz, fon Zelinsgrove, Union Gounty, in der Bensylvania State. Dot was de head vaters on de Zusquehanna River, vere many years ago de logs come down de high vater on der river, mit some mans along mit dem to dold dem logs vare day should be goin to, ven dey want to sold demselves to some berson vat might been dare to make zum bur-chases. Dot vas a good blace vor some peoples vat don't stay dare too long, so I was comen away. Now, vat was your nomen, unt vare you come vrom?"

"My nomen vas Yohannas Yacobs, unt I come vrom Villiamsport, Lycoming Gounty, Bensylvania State. I guess my blace vas bigger dan your leetle town. It had a great many houses on dat town, unt more beoples dan dare was houses. Unt dat town was build all around dat river Zusquehanna. Ven dat town vas goin down der water unt der hills vas comin round unt dakes der beoples on, bees der vater vas goin away agin, unt den day vas livin dare better als dey never live before."

"Stop dare, mine fründ, you was a goin a leetle too fast. You say dat blace vas called Villiamsport, unt it vas de Zusquehanna River on. I vas acquainted mit all der blaces on dot river, over I not know any blace like dot. How far vas dis down of Villiamsport from Muncy, I vant to know?"

"About twelve miles, I dink."

"Vell, dot vas enough. You can't told me any more. I know now vare dot Villiamsport must have been, but I never hear of dot strange blace before, so help me gracious."

TOURIST.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

ISSUED BI-MONTHLY.

J. M. M. GERNERD, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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## One Day too Late.

Since writing about the first white child born in Sullivan County (page 178) we have learned some other facts of interest. Joseph Priestley, it is said, had offered to deed the choice of fifty acres of land to the "first child" born in the territory belonging to the land syndicate that he represented. Some years afterward the premium was claimed simultaneously by Powell Bird, for his daughter Rebecca, born January 1, 1797, and by John Warren, for his son Joseph, born January 27, 1798; the latter claimant basing his demand on the fact that Joseph was the "first boy." Priestley proposed to settle the matter by giving each child twenty-five acres, but Mr. Bird considered his girl entitled to the fifty acres, and if he could not have all he would not accept a part. They could not agree, and it appears the land was never deeded.

The second child born in Sullivan County was probably Susanna Hill,—daughter of John and Mary Hill—who received the breath of life at what is now Hillsgrove, October 14, 1797. She was a little more than three months older than Joseph Warren, and about nine months younger than Rebecca Bird Molyneaux.

The Warrens came very near having the first child, however, in Sullivan County. When on their way to settle on the Loyalsock they stopped over night with Abraham Webster—the unfortunate pioneer whose children had been taken prisoners by the Indians seventeen years before—who then lived some distance on this side of the mountain. That night, May 5, 1795, their daughter Jane (afterwards Mrs. Jane Lambert) was born. Perhaps this was why the Warrens claimed the fifty acres, thinking that they came so near having the first child that they ought to have the land anyhow. They should have started on their journey to the wilds of Sullivan just one day earlier. Or, rather, it might be insisted that Joseph Priestley, Jr., ought to have given Jane Warren and Rebecca Bird each a fifty acre tract.

## Body and Mind.

The fact is now becoming well understood that man's superior mind has a certain fixed and inseparable relation to his superior organization. His cerebro-spinal nervous system places him at the head of the animal kingdom. The same relation of mind to body, so apparent among the vertebrates, is manifest in the structure and intelligence of insects. The most perfect and complex of all articulates are the bees, wasps and ants, and they are the most wonderful of all in their habits and mental endowments.

The highest authorities on insects fully recognize this dependence of superior intelligence upon a superior organization. For instance, Packard, in his "Guide to the Study of Insects," after describing the structure of the order named, says:

"Thus the hymenoptera while being *the most cephalized*, consequently comprise the most *compactly moulded* insectan forms. Besides these structural characters, as animals, endowed with instincts and a *kind of reason* differing, perhaps, *only in degree* from that of man, these insects *outrank* all other articulates." "The *cerebral ganglia* are well developed, evincing the *high intellectual qualities* necessary in presiding over organs," etc.

This remarkable relation of mind to body is not accidental. It is natural. It proceeds from law and necessity. It is an indissoluble union. As light, food, heat and water are absolutely necessary to the growth, development, reproduction and *existence* of plants and animals, so bodily organization is absolutely essential to the existence of life, and to the highest manifestation of life—mind. No body—no life; no life—no mind. And high intellectual qualities, even in insects, as we see, require corresponding developments. Such an incongruity as the mind of a bee existing without the body of a bee, the mind of an ant without the body of an ant, or the mind of a man without the body of a man, seems as unreasonable as that a corporeal body can exist without having some form, without being built upon some plan; or that the mind of either man, bee or ant can exist in the body of a whale or of an angle worm.

Man is now, body and mind, "of the earth, earthy;" but this does not prove that he will always, body and mind, bear *only* the image of the earthy. Christ is the representative "image," the prophetic type of the glory and perfection of the future material and mental organization of man. He has been well named, "The Pattern Man." His disciples "did eat and drink with

Him after He rose from the dead!!" And will not men eat and drink with Him and with one another after they too are raised from the dead? Can mind exist, and act, and develop without a body?

### Sudden Deaths.

Two estimable citizens—Messrs. A. T. McCarty and John H. Rooker—whose names have appeared in *NOW AND THEN*, and from whom information was obtained that now forms part of our written history, were suddenly taken from our midst by

"— Death—that ceaseless dun,  
Who waits on all, yet waits for none."

Mr. McCarty was found sitting in his chair, in his room in the Rankin Block, on Sunday morning, September 13th, (by the newsboy, Wilson T. Berger, who called near noon to deliver to him his Sunday paper,) with one arm lying across his lap, the other hanging down his side, a newspaper on the floor as if it had dropped from his hand, and with every indication that he had died a sudden and painless death. From various circumstances it was agreed by all that he died early on Friday evening, from neuralgia of the heart, and that for thirty-six hours he thus sat cold in death in his chair. He had for some years been spending much of his time up Muncy Creek superintending the shipment of lumber, in which he was a dealer, and his friends naturally supposed that he was as usual out of town. He was not married, had but recently passed his 60th birthday, and was the only survivor of the family of Benjamin S. McCarty, who was the eldest brother of "Uncle John" McCarty, and descendant of one of the founders of the town of Muncy. [See p. 146, Vol. 2.]

A few days after the community was shocked by the abrupt death of McCarty several citizens stood on the sidewalk in front of one of our business houses and discussed the suddenness of the exit. One was Mr. John H. Rooker, who thoughtfully made the remark, "Well, that is just the way I want to go." And strange to say, he very soon after followed in almost exactly the same way. He went to visit with his son, William, in Troy, Bradford County, and there, without a symptom of approaching dissolution, or sickness, on the 8th day of October, fell over and instantly expired. Again the community was startled, the receipt of a telegram from Troy announcing the sudden demise of another of

our prominent and best citizens. Mr. Rooker was also the last of his father's family. His age was 72, but his appearance, erect carriage and vigorous walk did not indicate it, and there are much younger persons who seem older. How should we answer the query of Spenser,

"Is it not better to die willingly,  
Than linger till the glass be all outrun?"

### Lincoln Falls.

How many of our readers have heard of "Lincoln Falls?" On visiting them a few weeks ago we were surprised that such a lovely sight should be so near us, and yet so few have ever seen or even heard of them. They constitute, or rather they form one feature of, one of the most beautiful pictures in the country. We know that this is strong language. They are not of wonderful height, and are not great and grand in the sense that the Niagara Falls are great and grand, but they are charmingly picturesque, and are well worth going a great ways to see. Located at the mouth of King's Creek, a branch of Elk Creek, and only about six or seven miles above Hillsgrove, in Sullivan County, they are almost within half a day's drive from Muncy. We did not have time to make measurements, or such careful observations as might enable us to give a perfect description, and can only give the impression they left on our mind. Leaving Elk Creek you advance almost immediately up a deep, long, rather narrow and nearly straight rift, or chasm, in the mountain—say from forty to sixty feet wide, three hundred or more feet long, and the walls of rock running straight up on each side to the height of from fifty to one hundred feet, in some places overhanging the crevice ten to fifteen feet—at the upper end of which you see the lower falls, probably thirty feet in height. The whole picture in all its loveliness comes into full view as soon as you enter the gorge; and, if you are not nature blind, you at once realize that you have before you an exquisitely beautiful natural curiosity of rock, fissure, stream and cataract, and may even exclaim from the very bottom of your heart, "How grand!" Not much resembling Watkins Glen, yet you are at once reminded of the most impressive and beautiful features of that justly famous gorge, and immediately decide that here is another work of nature that is hardly less deserving of popularity. When you go to seek the picturesque, seek the beautiful Lincoln Falls.

### Priestley, but not Dr. Priestley.

It was not Dr. Joseph Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen, who was at one time so largely interested in Sullivan County, as we were led to state on page 178, and as has been so generally believed. It was Joseph Priestley, Jr., the son of the great savant, who sold the wild lands to the early settlers, as we have since learned, and can now more fully explain.

In 1806, two years after the death of Dr. Joseph Priestley, two volumes entitled "Memoirs of Dr. Joseph Priestley," were printed at Northumberland by John Binns. These memoirs, to the year 1795, were written by Dr. Priestley himself, but after that date to the time of his decease they were continued by his son, Joseph Priestley. On page 165 of the first volume we find the following explanation of what we have so often heard of as the Priestley land speculation and settlement scheme. Joseph Priestley, Jr., says:

"About the middle of July, 1794, my father left Philadelphia for Northumberland, a town situated at the confluence of the North-east and West branches of the Susquehanna and about 130 miles north-west of Philadelphia. I, and some other English gentlemen, had projected a settlement of 300,000 acres of land, about fifty miles distant from Northumberland. The subscription was filled chiefly by persons in England. Northumberland being at that time the nearest town to the proposed settlement, my father wished to see the place and ascertain what conveniences it would afford should he incline either to fix there permanently, or only until the settlement should be sufficiently advanced for his accommodation; he was induced likewise to retreat, at least for the summer months, into the country, fearing the effects of the hot weather in such a city as Philadelphia. He had not, as has been erroneously reported, the least concern in the projected settlement. He was not consulted in the formation of the plan of it, nor had he come to any determination to join it had it been carried into effect.

The scheme of settlement was not confined to any particular class or character of men, religious or political. It was set on foot to be, as it were, a rallying point for the English who were at that time emigrating to America in great numbers, and who, it was thought, would be more happy in society of the kind they had been accustomed to than they would be dispersed, as they now are, through the whole of the United States. It was further thought that by the union of industry and capital, the wilderness would soon become cultivated and equal to any other part of the country in everything necessary to the enjoyment of life. To promote this as much as possible, the original projectors of that scheme reserved only a few shares for themselves, for which they paid the same as

those who had no trouble or expense, either in forming the plan or carrying it into execution. This they did with a view to take away all source of jealousy, and to increase the facility of settlement, by increasing the proportion of settlers to the quantity of land to be settled. Fortunately for the original proposers, the scheme was abandoned. It might and would have answered in a pecuniary point of view, as the land now sells at double and treble the price then asked for it, without the advantages which that settlement would have given rise to; but the generality of Englishmen come to this country with such erroneous ideas, and, unless previously accustomed to a life of labor, are so ill qualified to commence cultivation in a wilderness, that the projectors would most probably have been subject to still more unfounded abuse than they have been for their well-meant endeavors to to promote the interests of their countrymen."

It may readily be believed that the projectors of the settlement of the 300,000 acres in Sullivan meant well, and that they believed they had made a good selection of land. It has often been remarked how the Taylors, Edkins, Littles, Corsons and other families who settled among the hills of Shrewsbury and Davidson townships refused and passed by some of our most valuable bottom lands, because the trees were smaller and the soil did not seem as fertile, and located among the more sterile hills, willingly paying double the price for the uplands, because they were so much better timbered. The late Ellis Bryan told me some years ago that when his father, Samuel Bryan, first visited Muncy Valley he rode a handsome black stallion, and was offered nearly all the land from Shoemaker's Mills to the hills beyond Hughesville for him but he promptly refused the offer, as he considered the land worthless, and that it would not produce enough to pay the taxes. In the same manner the first settlers of Moreland, Franklin and Jordan passed over the now valuable lands of Paradise, preferring to locate where the trees were of a larger growth. And this same idea doubtless influenced the English company in forming their plan of settlement; and it also led many of the early settlers, as is well known, of their own accord to select the lands drained by the Loyalsock and its tributaries. The rapid advance of prices to double and treble what the syndicate asked indicates that the lands were regarded as desirable.

But whatever may be said of the changes and disappointments of some of the settlers, let it be remembered that the great Dr. Priestley had no concern in the settlement, and that in its planning he had not even been consulted.

### Glacial Relics.

That in recent geological times a large portion of the North American continent was covered by a great and continuous sheet of ice, several thousand feet in thickness, moving from the north across mountain ranges as well as through valleys, and reaching up to the north pole, has been clearly demonstrated by the investigations of geologists and by geological surveys. The fact when first announced was regarded with incredulity, even by geologists, but the proofs are so abundant, so wide-spread and conclusive, that it is now as widely believed as any truth in geology. The sheet extended over an area of at least five million square miles, and possibly even more, as it is now thought possible that in the far North it may have joined the great ice sheet which covered Northern Europe.

The lower edge of the immense glacier extended in an irregular line across the upper part of almost the entire state of Pennsylvania—the line deflects into New York at one point, but soon returns again—and has been “traced, step by step, without a break,” as our State geologists inform us, not only through Pennsylvania, but “from the lowlands of the Atlantic coast to the mountain plateau of the Alleghenies and down again toward the great plains of the Mississippi basin.” The glaciated area of Pennsylvania is clearly shown by a fine large map accompanying Report Z of the Second Geological Survey, to which we refer our readers who desire to know more about this most wonderful phenomenon.

The “terminal moraine,” or foot-line of the great glacier passes through the north-eastern portion of Lycoming County. It enters the upper part of Jordan Township, extends through Franklin and Penn, near the base of the North Mountain, crosses Muncy Creek above Picture Rocks, runs along the base of the Allegheny Mountain through the northern borders of Wolf, Mill Creek, Upper Fairfield and Eldred townships, deflects to the north-west of Loyalsock Creek, south of Ralston crosses Lycoming Creek, and thence continues to the north-west and passes over the highlands of Tioga and Potter counties. In many localities the moraine is so distinctly marked that it can be traced by almost any one, but here and there it has been more or less modified by recent changes, and is sometimes so poorly defined as to require a trained eye to follow its track. This modified condition occurs in Penn township, and along a portion of the base of the Allegheny Mountain.

But to the practical geologist the trail is too well defined even in such localities to be unintelligible.

The terminal line of the glacier is marked by a ridge of debris, that is, by accumulations of unstratified earth, gravel and boulders, and by an almost continuous line of “drift hills.” These hills range in height from mere visible heaps to striking elevations of one hundred to two hundred or more feet. The rock fragments in the moraine are of all sizes, some of them weighing many tons. They are not all water worn, but most of those we have seen were more or less rounded. The line does not follow any fixed level, but begins with the level of the sea, rises with the surface of the land, and, as already intimated, crosses the highest mountains. “The average width of the moraine,” says Professor H. C. Lewis, of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, who has spent several years in a systematic study of its geological and topographical character, “is about one mile.” North of the moraine the evidences of glaciation are of constant occurrence. Innumerable grooves and scratches, said to exist almost everywhere, indicate the great extent of the glacier, and the general direction of its motion. South of the border line of debris fragments of rock from the glaciated field are strewn more or less thickly over hill and valley for many miles. These straggling “exotics,” and the boulders that exist by the million in the moraine, are the glacial relics of which we wish particularly to speak.

We once noticed a block of Pottsville conglomerate—beautiful white pebbles cemented together into a compact rock—lying in the yard of the Hartman farm, at the southern base of the Bald Eagle Mountain, in Clinton Township, and thought it very strange that this fragment of the carboniferous formation should be found so far from where the rock is found “in situ.” In the NOW AND THEN for February, 1869, we called attention to an immense conglomerate boulder embedded in the gravel along the river bank, a few hundred yards below the wagon bridge, and queried how it got there, whether it had been formed right there, or if it had been dropped there by an iceberg? Since then we have observed thousands of similar erratics, and now—thanks to the geologists who have so minutely investigated the evidences of glaciation—it seems perfectly clear that these stragglers are all relics of glacial action, and that they were transported to their present positions by blocks of ice that

had become detached from the edge of the great ice sheet.

These boulders are composed of almost every kind of rock. This fact is shown by the railroad cuts through the moraine deposits in Shrewsbury Township. The interesting fact is mentioned in the report of the Second Geological Survey that a rounded pebble of *red granite* was found near the mouth of Lycoming Creek. We have not met with any fragments of either granite, syenite or gneiss in our very limited explorations, but it need not surprise one if such boulders are hereafter found. Numbers of them may be buried, especially among the debris of the moraine, forty miles or more in length, within the county. In the north-western counties of Pennsylvania great numbers composed of these materials are found. In Beaver County boulders of red granite are said to be "very common." One of *gneiss*, found in Warren County, is mentioned, that measures 9 by 7 feet. Erratics of *granite* six feet in diameter are said to be of frequent occurrence in Mercer County. These are composed of *Canadian rocks*, a fact that proves that they were transported from great distances. Similar boulders are found in great numbers in Eastern Pennsylvania. Of "one of gneiss, over a foot in diameter," found in Monroe County, it is said, "the nearest point from which this boulder could have been transported is the Adirondack region of New York, 250 miles distant."

Some of the boulders are of great size. One of Pottsville conglomerate, measuring 15 by 25 feet, was found by the State Survey on the farm of J. Hall, near Rose Valley, in Lewis Township. This specimen, it is said, "lies as an *outlier* nearly half a mile in advance of the moraine hills, partially imbedded in the red Catskill soil." We have never measured any of the immense erratics resting on the south slope of the Allegheny north and north-east of Muncy, above the moraine, but we are much inclined to think that some of these are even larger.

These glacial relics truly have an interesting history. They lead us back to a time, geologically recent, when this portion of the earth, frozen, lifeless and cheerless, presented a wonderful contrast to its present beautiful condition. Much has been discovered, many problems have already been solved, but the greater part of the story of the earth yet remains to be learned. Man is only in the A B C's of geological history. But the promise for the future is cheering. The

Book of Nature—in every sense a Divine Book—is now, little by little, disclosing a wonderful history of past ages, and unfolding the process of continued advancement. Evolution is not the cause, but it is "*the process of God's working in the world.*" The great glacier, that at first would seem as a backward or retrograde movement, must have played a useful part in the ever onward and upward march of evolution. The present geological age, that has succeeded the age of ice, is the most advanced of all the ages of which we have a *revelation* in the Book of Nature. But how did the great glacier help to bring it about? What was its function in evolution? All things move onward, step by step, without a break in the process of gradual modification, and yet we do not know why some things occur under the omnipresent reign of law. We know that there has been a steady progression since the lowest forms of plants and animals have appeared, and we therefore conclude that there has been a perpetual adaptation of the earth to all organic changes. But the great continental glacier is an enigma.

### Cat-logical.

Our famous pioneer, Samuel Wallis, was not only interested in applications for lands, orders for surveys, drafts, patents, deeds, etc., of which description of papers left by him nearly a cart load are still in existence, but letters, scraps and memorandums found in the collection indicate that he was also a man of refined taste, generous disposition, appreciative of the interests and good qualities of those around him, and that wit and humor likewise contributed to his enjoyments. It may be imagined, for instance, that in making the following note on one of his papers the diversion gave him no little pleasure:

"A captain of one of the British frigates, a man of undoubted bravery, had a natural antipathy to a cat; a sailor, who for some misconduct had been ordered a flogging, saved his bacon by presenting to his captain the following petition:

By your honour's command  
A culprit I stand,  
An example to all the ship's crew;  
I am pinioned and strip'd,  
And condemn'd to be whip'd,  
And if I am flogged 'tis my due:  
A cat, I am told,  
In abhorrence you hold—  
Your honour's aversion is mine.  
If a cat with ONE tail  
Makes your stout heart fail:  
Oh! save me from one that has NINE."

# THE NOW AND THEN.

Devoted to History, Amusement, Instruction, Advancement.

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No. 11.

## Reminiscences of Old Times on the North and West Branches, or Men and Things Previous to 1850.

No. 12.

### FOXES, WILD CATS, CATAMOUNTS AND PANTHERS.

As these Reminiscences are merely the work of leisure moments and are written as a sort of *memento* of the past, their omission in the last two numbers of NOW AND THEN may be imputed to want of time, as well as for the purpose of giving room to more important matter. With this explanation I will resume.

FOXES.—The first settlers on the head waters of the North and West branches of the Susquehanna River, found in its forests three distinct species or, perhaps, only variations of the fox *genus*—the black, the gray and the red. Old hunters avouch a fourth—the *silver gray*—but this is most likely only a cross between the red and gray or gray and black. The black variety was never plenty in Northern Pennsylvania, and I know but little of their peculiar habits. I have been told, however, by those who should know, that when closely pursued by dogs, they would climb a tree for safety, but I think it would have to be a leaning one, to enable them to do so. Gray foxes were more numerous, but never abundant. I have frequently seen both young and old of this kind, and have killed several. When about half grown they might easily be mistaken for rabbits. As a class they are more trimly built, and resemble in appearance young wolves. The black and gray have about succumbed to the advance of the white man, but the red fox, like the poor, is always with us. It seems to thrive with and like population. As long ago as the days of Esop, it had established a reputation for cunning, and its impudence is hardly less proverbial. I will instance, from experience, a sample of each. I was picking apples one cool November day in my father's orchard, being then a lad of some twelve years old, when my attention was attracted by a

commotion among a flock of turkeys near by, and their repeated calls of "quit! quit!" A red fox had pounced in among them and taken a prisoner, which he essayed to carry off. To prevent his doing so, I made for him with all possible speed, but whilst on the way had sufficient time to observe his tactics! He had seized the turkey by the neck, but could not carry it in any other way than on his shoulder. To get it there he would hold his head containing the turkey's neck on one side, and then pressing his foreparts in under, managed to sling his game across his back so as to clear it from the ground, and whilst it remained so, made fair time toward the woods; but a few flaps of the turkey for freedom would always change the position of things and require the fox to re-shoulder his load before going further. These repeated delays enabled me to get within kicking distance of the thief, when he reluctantly released his prize and trotted sullenly beyond my reach. I found the turkey was unhurt, and it immediately ran, or flew, back to its amazed companions, when, to prevent further trespass, as well as to get my rifle, I followed up the flock towards the house, intending to drive them into the yard for safety, but before they reached it, the rascally fox passed by me within a few yards and seized another gopher. I was too near him, however, at this time to allow him time to shoulder it, and aiming a kick at his neck, found that he was not there to receive it, but some ten feet away, looking daggers at me. After chasing him some distance, I returned to the house and got my rifle, which move he seemed to understand, for he made for the woods, whilst I followed at a slower pace. Scoring a distance of some hundred and twenty yards in advance, and in the woods, he selected a large log as a fit position for observation, and stretching himself upon it, looked back with contempt at me and desire at the turkeys. I knew I could get no nearer to him, and taking a deliberate aim, discharged my rifle, which made him drop from the log a

dead fox. So much for impudence. I will now instance a case of cunning. Three or four years after the foregoing occurrence, a brisk snow storm in the month of December, which lasted all one night, left some fifteen inches of the "beautiful" on the level everywhere, which promised to the sportsman grand tracking of game, if not too deep. Eager to make the most of the occasion, I was off with my gun as soon as breakfast was over and the chores done. I had scarcely got beyond the fields when I came across a fresh fox track. It was not Reynard that I was after, but the deep snow—the short legs and long tail of the track-maker promised so easy a victory—that I was tempted to follow it. On I went, mile after mile, without getting a sight of his foxship. It was evident the animal knew that he was pursued, by the leaps he had made, and after several miles of chase, it was apparent, too, that he was becoming fatigued, and my hopes increased that I should soon have his fur for my pains. This thought gave me new vigor, for I was getting tired myself. Another half mile brought me, as I supposed, to *his ne plus ultra* or *ult-ultimus*, as I found the fox had sought refuge in a fallen, hollow tree. He had entered it fifty feet from the butt, and by a hasty exploration around it in every way, I found no track leaving it. A few minutes' work sufficed to "hedge him in," preparatory to smoking him out, and shooting him as he emerged. Matches were not yet invented, and I was obliged to discharge my rifle in order to make a fire. This was done, and when a sufficient smoke was engendered and covered, so as to permeate the recesses of the tree, I took my position, rifle in hand, ready to greet the first appearance of the prisoner. But "the best laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft agley," and so they did in this case. Reynard would not appear, and after waiting on his convenience for an hour, I found by a more thorough investigation that he probably never tarried in the tree a minute, but had merely went through it to the butt, and then by jumping some twenty feet had completely deceived me, and thereby gained nearly two hours of headway. I need hardly say that I gave up the chase in disgust, and returned home fatigued but wiser. Will only add that the fox is a carnivorous animal, and feeds upon "fish, flesh or fowl," as occasion may require. When hard pressed it will frequent the meadows in autumn, in the mornings and evenings, in search for grasshoppers, moles

or mice. I once surprised a red fox in an old meadow, sitting upon his tail watching for a ground squirrel. He had not heard me approach, and I got within two rods of him unperceived. Having no weapon at hand, I picked up a stone and cast it at his head, but missed by a few inches, and in striking the ground a few feet in advance, it rebounded two or three times. Mistaking it, I suppose, for the long watched for squirrel, the fox sprang for it, but having secured it between his fore-paws, and applying his nose to the stone, realized his mistake, and looked back to discover the source from which it came. Seeing me so near him, he took in the situation of affairs at once, and made off for the woods in double quick time. The ruffled grouse and rabbits, especially the young of each, may be deemed this animal's staple food, whilst a "chicken, too, will do him good." Formerly, when game was abundant in this region, the fox, in the spring season, destroyed many of the young deer which their dams had hidden away in supposed security, whilst they fed near by. When a little fellow, say seven years old, in traversing a foot-path to avoid the mud, near a public road, in company with an elder brother, our attention was arrested by the shrill and repeated bleats of a fawn some ten rods to our left and beyond the road. We at once ran in the direction of the sound, and met the fox worrying the young deer, and just as they reached the road the latter gave up the struggle and fell prostrate in it. Reynard, about fagged out himself, placed his fore-paws upon his victim, and deeming the struggle over, with extended tongue panted for breath, when the bullet of my brother's rifle laid him prostrate on the body of his prey. A few seconds later the spotted prize was ours. It seemed satisfied and willing to be borne away by its rescuer, and only exhibited signs of fear or mistrust when I approached it too nearly with the dead body of the fox, which was borne by me.

The WILD CAT is a carnivorous animal about twice the size of our domestic cat, and resembles it very much in appearance, except the stumpy character of its tail. It is seldom seen in the day-time, and only when pressed with hunger to seek food. When this is the case, it will sally forth and attack almost anything that it meets, even a full grown deer or a man. Its agility and muscular power, in proportion to its size, is unsurpassed by any animal of the forest, and it is fortunate that its bulk is no greater. Having

once caught and found a wild cat in a steel trap, when I had no gun with me, I committed the task of killing to a big dog which was present, and I afterwards regretted that I did so. The three unconfined feet stripped the dog's neck of nearly all the hair he had upon it, and lacerated the skin in such manner that I thought the animal would bleed to death. The cat was, however, killed and the dog eventually recovered. Some years after this occurrence, whilst hunting in the Cascade forest, I came across a deer track in the snow, accompanied with blood, and I supposed it to have been a victim of some hunter, who had not followed up the game after wounding it. Taking the back track, by mistake, I had not gone far when I found the entire tail of a deer lying on the snow. It had been stripped off the bone in as perfect a manner as could have been done by hands. A little further on I found the impression in the snow where the deer had been lying when the cat had leaped upon it. Finding I had taken the back track, I retraced my steps, and followed the trail some distance beyond where I first struck it, which led to a laurel thicket, through which the deer plunged for the apparent purpose of scraping off its enemy, and it had apparently succeeded in doing so. The voracious cat was compelled to forego its meal to save its own carcass and the poor deer went off minus a tail. Another instance of the ferocity of the wild cat, when prompted by hunger, occurred not many years since, with a party of hunters, on the waters of Youngwoman's Creek, in Potter County. A fine tracking snow had fallen one night, which promised good sport for the next day, and it was agreed at an early hour in the morning to separate in pairs of two for a still hunt. C. A. Quiggle, of Williamsport, was to be my companion, and it was arranged that he should follow up a certain draft, or ravine, whilst I was to cross to its head and intercept the game, if he should chance to start any. On his way up he came across a fresh deer track, and after following it a short distance, found it had become alarmed and was leaping. He supposed it had seen him, but on tracing the track a few rods, found to his astonishment the snow covered with hair, and soon after blood. Had the deer been wounded by some other hunter with an air gun, for he had heard no report, or had he shot it himself without knowing it; or, had Captain Bowman, one of the party, slyly crept up to the unsuspecting animal, and

springing upon its back was hacking it to pieces with his jackknife, whilst being carried away towards the creek at railroad speed? were questions which alternately arose in his mind. But, like a true hunter, he resolved to follow and fathom the mystery, without regard to consequences, and vigorously pushed ahead. Twenty yards further and a fallen hemlock interposed, lying a few feet above the surface. The deer had not leaped over it, but went under, contrary to all precedent, and beyond two tracks appeared, neither of which was Captain Bowman's. Soon after three or four sharp reports of a rifle were heard ahead near the creek, and fifty rods in advance the astonished countenance of Herry McMichael and two of his companions loomed up. Mr. Quiggle joined the party and challenged them with killing *his* wounded deer, for there it lay right in front of them on the snow. An explanation, however, followed to the effect that the dead deer was not the one pursued; that the three hunters, in lugging this deer to the camp, had accidentally reached the track of the wounded one just in time to see the wild cat (which had been rubbed off) in pursuit of its prey, and had speeded its progress with their ineffectual shots,—*the hind sights of their rifles being always invisible*. The next day a party was deployed to capture the wild cat, but recolecting its mettle, and holding with Falstaff that "discretion is always the better part of valor," they consented to an implied armistice to the effect that if the cat would not attack them, they would not disturb it, and so took another direction.

The CATAMOUNT is, perhaps, the connecting link between the wild cat and the panther, being about equidistant in size between the two. Its caudal appendage is also about half way, yet it is not a mongrel, but a distinct genus. The race has never been plenty on the waters of the Susquehanna, and I never saw one alive in the woods. It belongs to the cat class of animals, and lives in swamps and thickets.

The PANTHER, although perhaps the most powerful and ferocious animal that inhabited this section of country, was also the most cowardly. Unless driven by hunger to seek food, it was seldom seen in daylight, and always shunned a settlement. But few authenticated cases are known where even a child has been attacked by a panther, much less a grown person. The late J. A. Gamble, of Jersey Shore, informed me of an adventure he had with a panther on one occa-

sion whilst surveying in Limestone Valley. In company with a Mr. Kurtz, they had selected a position for a camp, and were engaged in preparing it, when he noticed skulking about what he supposed was a big dog which had followed them. It did not approach the fire, and the fact of its appearance was soon forgotten. About bed-time Mr. Kurtz had occasion to go a few rods from the camp before lying down, when the supposed big dog with a bound or two planted himself beside him. Kurtz exclaimed, "Get out!" and at the same time noticed that the intruder was a panther. His yell drove the animal one way, whilst he leaped the other, and for the remainder of the night the two surveyors were obliged to maintain an "armed neutrality," with an axe and "Jacob Staff," as they had no other weapons of defense. Their position can be better imagined than described. Personally I can recount but a single adventure with a panther. Some forty-five years ago, being in what is now the western part of Sullivan County, I was induced by the persuasion of a friend who lived in Bradford County to go over Burnett's Ridge to the Big Eddy, on the Shrader Branch of Towanda Creek, then some five miles from the nearest inhabitant, and watch there for a deer which he expected to drive into the water with a trained dog he had with him. It was a warm September day, and to aggravate the matter, in going I missed my way, and traveled fully ten miles of mountainous forest before I found the eddy. My friend reached the spot before I had, and not finding me as arranged, went on down the creek to Weston. I was satisfied he had done so, but as it was late in the afternoon, and being both tired and wet with sweat, I hesitated whether to return to the settlement on the south of the ridge, or encamp at a fire I found in a dry sugar tree log near the eddy. Before deciding, I remembered that when a boy eight or ten years old I had been at a famous deer lick in the vicinity, which had been tramped up the night before by a large drove of elk, and I felt an irresistible impulse to revisit this lick, if I could find it, as I was satisfied that it must still be used by the deer. Accordingly, I made the effort and found the place, and was pleased to see that, although late in the season, it was still much frequented by the deer. But I could not find a scaffold upon any of the trees by the lick upon which I could perch, and was obliged to take a position on the ground. The night passed on and one or

more of the animals I watched for reported, but I could not see them, and did not disturb them by a premature discharge of my gun. Finally, from being wet with sweat, as the night advanced I grew chilly, and about twelve o'clock decided to leave the lick and return to the eddy, where I had left, and knew there would still be, a good fire. To do this I had to follow an old lumber road for at least a mile, and as there was no moon and the route down a ravine overshadowed with large hemlock trees, the risk of missing the path and its consequences presented itself. However, as exercise was better than inaction, I decided to make for the fire, and succeeded in finding the way much better than I had anticipated. But I had not proceeded fifty rods when I heard the noise of an animal in the woods approaching me. Supposing it to be a deer, I stood still until it came within a dozen paces of me, when it stopped. After waiting a few minutes for it to walk on, in vain, I proceeded myself and found that whatever animal it might be it had a fancy to interview me, for instead of moving off or crossing my tracks, it accompanied me at about the same distance at my right, stopping when I stopped and moving on as I did. Its movement was so light, apparently, that I felt little concern respecting its antics, for it would leap on and off a log in its way so easily that I concluded it must be a small animal, perhaps a wild cat. But knowing a gun to be a poor weapon for close quarters, and a night attack of any animal, however little, I took the precaution to open and hold in my right hand a large knife I had and used for hunting purposes. In this manner, accompanied all the way by my unknown companion, I slowly traversed the old lumber road down Sugar Run, until near its conjunction with the Shrader Branch, when the same suddenly turned to the right towards the Big Eddy, and much to my discomfort, brought the *varmint* nearly in front of me. To clear the way, I decided to shoot by guess at whatever it might be, believing that the report would frighten it away, but before I had done so, I heard it scratching up a tree some rod or two from my path. The noise it made in getting up rather surprised me, as it seemed too much for a wild cat; but its purpose was soon apparent, for the next moment I saw the fire ahead, and was satisfied the animal dared not approach it nearer. Still, how was I to pass the tree when it stood in good jumping distance from the road? It had to be done, how-

ever, and holding my rifle in my left hand, and my knife in my right, and keeping my eye in the direction of the animal, I first walked forward, then sideways, and finally backward, until I was well beyond the tree, when, finding it was deterred by the fire, I put up my knife and decided to reach this goal of safety by a double quick movement in that direction. I had forgotten, however, that I was on a second bank, some twenty feet higher than the one by the eddy, and consequently leaped over it unawares, only to fall headlong and to roll down its declivity to the bottom. Gathering myself up as soon as possible, minus a hat and gun, but these were soon found, with a few more hasty leaps I reached the fire all right, but a little excited, as may be supposed. Putting the detached pieces of charred wood together, I soon had a bright light, and climbing a small hemlock near by, I improvised a bed with the foliage, and lying down slept soundly and undisturbed until sunrise the next morning. On my return to the settlement I had to retrace the old lumber road followed the night before, and coming to the spot where the animal had climbed the tree, I sought it out and found the claw marks very manifest and apparently too large for a wild cat. Beginning to suspect that I had mistaken the size of the beast that came to me the night before, I made further examination at a muddy inlet which I knew the animal was compelled to cross on our way down, and to my surprise found there the distinct and certain foot-prints of a large panther.

C. D. E.

### The Indian Mound at Hartley Hall.

A deliberate consideration of all known facts relating to this interesting structure has led us to a conclusion at variance with what has been said and written regarding its builders and its antiquity. We cannot believe that a "thousand or more years have elapsed" since it was built, nor that it was the work of a people who have been supposed to be a different race from the Indians inhabiting this part of the continent at the time of its discovery. We believe that the mound was raised less than three hundred years ago, long after Columbus first set foot upon San Salvador.

In the first place, as the last vestige of the mound may not much longer remain, it may be well to locate it more definitely for future readers by stating that the site is about three

miles north-west of Muncy. It is about three hundred yards from, and sixteen degrees west of south of the station house on the Catawissa Railroad at Hartley Hall, and about fifty-five paces from the river terrace. A line from the head-stone on the grave of Captain John Brady, in Hall's burying-ground, running sixty degrees west of south, by the compass, would pass through the mound. Time and the plow will soon obliterate all that yet remains of this mutable monument, and then the site cannot easily be determined. The place at present is known by a group of three old, half-decayed locust trees standing on a slight rise of ground, that would hardly now be suspected of being all that is left of a large artificial mound, where hundreds found their "chambers in the silent halls of death." The last time we passed the spot an immense pile of fence rails on its summit very forcibly reminded us of the treaty held at Fort Stanwix, in 1768, when all claim whatsoever of the Indians to the soil was forever extinguished.

It has been asserted that the structure belongs to the same system of works as the fortification mound near the mouth of Muncy Creek. If it can be proven that the latter construction is a thousand or more years old, and that, as declared, "the builders were the same," then we must give up the position we have taken. But has the supposed great antiquity of the fortification been proven? Notwithstanding it was in a state of decay when Conrad Weiser visited it in 1737, and it then had the appearance of having "been deserted beyond the memory of man," it may have been a comparatively modern structure. A few years may suffice to give an earth-work a very ancient appearance.

It is but twenty-seven years ago that the Pennsylvania Canal, in the neighborhood of the fortification, was damaged by a great flood (1865), and that a portion of it was in consequence abandoned. The immense trees now standing in the bed and on the bank of the forsaken ditch might impress one with the idea that *it also* was contemporaneous with the fortification, and that the builders were the same, if the memory of man did not declare otherwise. The fortification may have been deserted only twenty-seven years before Weiser saw it, and yet have had the appearance of being very ancient. If it had already been abandoned one hundred years, however, then it was only two hundred and fifty-five years ago that it was still

occupied. We would rather risk the assumption that it was constructed by French voyageurs, than to claim that the works are a thousand or more years old. But the important facts we have to mention relate to the mound at Hartley Hall, and indicate that it at least is a somewhat modern structure.

In 1839 the celebrated O. S. Fowler came to Muncy, lectured on phrenology, and examined the mound, as well as the heads of many of our citizens. Mr. J. Roan Barr is the only one now with us who accompanied him to Hartley Hall. Mr. F. W. Robb, now of Wyoming, Neb.; the late George F. Boal, of Muncy, and George W. Lathy, deceased, of Philadelphia, were of the party. The mound at that time, as remembered by Messrs. Barr and Robb, was still "from three to five feet high." Many bones and a number of skulls were found, but most of them were in such a crumbling condition as to be of little value. The roots of trees penetrated the foramen magnum and eye-holes of the skulls, still further increasing the difficulty of getting them out entire. Mr. Barr, with the aid of a sharp, long-bladed knife, succeeded in exhuming one nearly perfect, and this was the only good specimen that Fowler carried away. One of the party found a *baked clay pipe*, but it is not remembered what became of it.

The tradition has often been repeated that the dead here buried were the slain in a battle that originated from a quarrel about a grasshopper. Some children of two tribes engaged in a quarrel. Failing to settle the dispute, their mothers took it up and fought. The men then became involved, and finally the affair culminated in a great slaughter. The settlers on the West Branch did not, however, "invent" this legend. The Hon. John B. Linn once informed us that it was also applied to a battle that was supposed to have occurred between two tribes opposite Lewisburg. More than sixty years ago a large mound on the Nesbit farm was opened and an immense amount of bones found, and it was then stated in the papers that a battle had been brought about by a quarrel about a grasshopper. Hoping to find where the legend originated we several years ago addressed a letter of inquiry to the well-known historian, Professor A. L. Guss, not being then aware of his decease, and were favored with the following from his son, Dr. H. T. Guss, of Philadelphia:

DEAR SIR: Your note addressed to my father has been forwarded to me for reply. I

think the legend of the "Grasshopper War" belongs to the Tuscarora Valley in Juniata County. I have not now at hand any accounts to refer to, but the usual story is that at an early day the children of the Tuscaroras and Delawares became involved in a dispute about some grasshoppers, which was taken up by the women, and finally resulted in a deadly war. I think some narrators state that the rival tribes lived on opposite sides of the *river*, and others say *creek*. There is a tradition that a mound in Tuscarora Valley, near Academia, contained the remains of those killed in this war, but I think my father showed conclusively in a published article that such could not be the case.

The story has been given in several local and state histories, but is not well authenticated. I think father was inclined, after much research, to consider it a myth. This view appears to be strengthened by the fact that the legend has acquired a local habitation in other localities. But there can be little doubt that, however much or little of truth there may be in the story, it belonged originally to Juniata, and I think can be found in some of the older books of Indian tales. I could not answer your inquiries more directly without referring to father's library and papers, which are in Washington.

The mound referred to shared the fate of the one you mention. Some sacrilegious tiller of the soil hauled the bulk of it over his farm for manure. Near this mound was also a fort, which was a most interesting spot when we visited it some twelve years ago. Its outline was then quite distinct, and steps cut in the stone leading to the creek at the side of it were well preserved.

Very truly yours,  
H. T. Guss.

West Philadelphia, Pa.

At the same time we addressed a letter of inquiry to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and received the following:

DEAR SIR: Replying to your query, which Mr. Stone has handed to me for reply, I would say, that the circumstances which led to this war are briefly these: A number of Delaware squaws with their children were collecting fruits along the Susquehanna (North Branch) not far from Wyoming, when they met with some Shawnese squaws and children, who were out for the same purpose. A Shawnese child caught a large grasshopper, and a quarrel broke out among the children for possession of it. In this the mothers soon joined. The Delaware women,

contending that the east side of the Susquehanna was their property, persisted in their right to the grasshopper, and ultimately drove the Shawnese to their own side of the river. This irritated the husbands of the Shawnese, who declared war against the Delawares. The Shawnese braves attempted to effect a landing on the Delaware side of the river, but were driven off by the Delawares with great slaughter. *Tradition* states this battle took place in Hanover Township, Luzerne County, Pa.

Truly yours,

JOHN W. JORDAN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

It is evident from this that the tradition was not invented here, to account for the existence of this mound. If a battle was fought, and the bones were the remains of the slain, it must have been a fierce contest. From the extent of the mound, and the great quantity of bones found in it, it was long ago estimated to have contained the remains of probably from two hundred to three hundred individuals. But the existence of a sepulchral mound does not necessarily imply a battle. The Indians were also liable to die of disease, accidents and the infirmities of age. And they were also known to gather their dead at times from various quarters, and rebury them in one common grave or mound; and such may have been the case in this instance.

The mound was often visited in early days, when its true character was externally more apparent than in our time. Excavations were frequently made, and many bones and relics were from time to time taken from it. The late William Cox Ellis—who was born near the mound in 1787—once informed us that about a quarter of a century before Fowler's visit several gentlemen of Philadelphia investigated it and removed a great many bones. The late Dr. E. D. Kittoe was among the number who examined it later. In view of the fact that so many relics have since been found, it is quite probable that many were obtained by the early prospectors, of which unfortunately there is now no record.

We have never heard any of our old people speak of "excavations to find treasure" other than bones and such implements and ornaments as are usually inhumed with them; but it were not surprising if it had been searched by ignorant people, who expected to find also gold and silver. Mrs. James Risk, now of Morristown,

N. J., who was also born and raised near the mound, has written us that she remembers hearing, when she was a little girl, of "fabulous silver deposits so great that the white man might shoe his horses with silver if he could only find it," but she did not know that the mound was ever searched for the treasure.

It was probably at one time higher than any one now living can remember. The late Samuel Edwards once told us that he remembered when it was rather difficult for a horse to get up its slopes in plowing. If originally "fifteen feet high," as supposed, then it was probably more than "thirty feet in diameter" at the base. The ratio of slopes depends upon the material, but the usual rate for embankment is "1½ horizontal to 1 vertical." If the height was fifteen feet, then the base was all of forty-five feet. This was the least at which the mound could have stood for any length of time. But the fine, loose, sandy loam of which the mound was mainly composed would more likely require a slope of two to one. This would give a base sixty feet in diameter, which we believe was near the actual original dimension. If the base was only thirty feet, then the height—the ratio being two to one—was probably not more than 7½ feet. It must have been a large mound, however, to have contained from two hundred to three hundred skeletons.

There is a class of sepulchral mounds known as the memorials of distinguished persons. Dr. Daniel Wilson, in "Prehistoric Man," page 227, says of a number of this class examined in the Scioto Valley: "They invariably covered a single skeleton, though in some of those opened in other localities more than one body appears to have been deposited under the same mound." But these were not the common mounds of sepulture, as may be learned from Squier, Wilson, Atwater, and other authorities. Caleb Atwater, in his "Description of the Antiquities of Ohio," page 223, says: "Many of the mounds contain an immense number of skeletons. . . . The large ones, all along the principal rivers in this State, are filled with skeletons. Millions of human beings have been buried in these tumuli." The Hartley Hall mound belongs to the latter class. It contained hundreds of skeletons. It was not a burial place of one or more persons "whose prominence" made it necessary to erect a monument, but was a place of general sepulture.

In 1841, '42 and '43 the late John Brewer

lived in the first house west of the mound. James Brewer, his son, then twelve to fourteen years old, says that he and his brothers on several occasions dug into it and found many bones and fragments of pottery, and that it was then "several feet higher" than now. They found one skull, or cranium, as the base and facial bones were wanting, which was otherwise in a good state of preservation. If it was not devoted to the service of science, it nevertheless served a practical purpose, for it was used in the house yard one whole summer as a drinking vessel for the little ducks and chickens. What difference did it make to the original owner whether the application was strictly scientific or entirely utilitarian?

Mr. Samuel Gundrum, in 1850, moved on the farm on which the mound is located, and for sixteen years followed the example of his predecessors in cultivating the soil made fertile by human bones. The earth at first seemed filled with the remains of skeletons; the large bones, especially the long bones of the legs and arms, were often found entire when plowing; but they seemed to be rapidly dissolving, and when he left the place, in 1866, they "had in a manner disappeared." Many arrowheads were found, and other relics. His deceased son, John, found a *baked clay pipe*. An old lady friend living near by was very fond of smoking; she thought she would enjoy her tobacco still more if she could smoke it in the Indian pipe; so she entreated John to lend it to her. By some mishap the much valued pipe was broken, and it was never returned. Another interesting relic found in the mound by one of the boys was "a stone spoon." Mr. Gundrum described it as resembling a common table-spoon, but said "it was a heavy, clumsy thing." "It lay about the house a long time, but finally was carried off, or got lost." The archæologist may, perhaps, not know where to place the strange implement in his classification. But of far greater interest was an *iron tomahawk*. This valuable mound relic was also until recently "about the house," and has in like manner disappeared. The mound, he added, was frequently visited during the years that he lived on the farm, and was often dug into, but whatever was found was carried away.

The writer visited the spot more than forty years ago, in company with a number of boys. The surface soil was then so filled with bones that we in a few moments gathered a handkerchief full of teeth, fragments of skulls, and of

other parts of the human frame. To cultivate the soil then seemed a heartless desecration of remains that the Indians had been at such pains to preserve. Except a few arrowheads, no other relics were then found. We again visited the mound about three years ago, and after considerable searching, turning up the loose soil with a sharp-pointed stick, found one molar tooth and two pieces of pottery. Everything seemed to have returned to "dust," or to have been carried away by the relic hunters. Had everything been carefully preserved, and stored somewhere in the neighborhood, what interesting revelations such a collection might have afforded!

Besides the two pipes already mentioned, we know of four others that were taken from the mound. One was found forty-five years ago by William Cruse, now a resident of Calhoun County, Michigan. A gentleman from New York was visiting with Abraham Bodine, and wanted Cruse to go with him to the mound to dig for relics. They made an excavation and found various articles, the most interesting of which was a "red pipe," resembling Fig. 11. It was carried away by the stranger. About the same era a pipe and an *iron tomahawk* (*iron tomahawk No. 2*) were found by some boys, of which Esquire Joseph Shoemaker has a recollection, being present when they were found, but what became of them is not remembered. More than fifty years ago a pipe was found by Joseph Saeger, of Clinton Township. A minute description of each of these pipes would be of great interest in this discussion, but five are lost and can render no positive assistance. There is one carefully preserved specimen, however, that has come down as an important witness against the claim of great antiquity.

Some fifteen or more years ago Mrs. Jane B. Noble and several friends visited the mound, when one of the party, on digging a few inches below the surface, found the beautiful baked clay pipe of which Fig. 11 is a perfect and full size illustration. Mrs. Noble several years ago kindly donated this interesting relic to our collection, and the aboriginal smoker who long ago owned it did, perhaps, not value it more. It is a specimen of neat and patient workmanship, on the ornamentation of which the dusky artisan must have spent considerable time. It, and its companion pipes, of which there were possibly many more besides those of which we have knowledge, were no doubt buried with the orig-

inal possessors, with some tobacco, that they might have something to smoke on arriving in the happy hunting grounds; but the ancient smokers know better

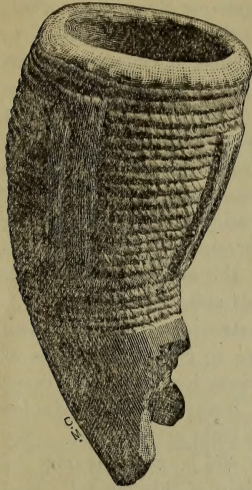


FIG. 11.

now than to use the filthy weed—that is, if the dead know more than Solomon says they know. It is a remarkable fact that from the Indians the use of tobacco has extended over the four quarters of the earth, but it will be a far more wonderful thing if they spread the custom in the silent land where they are now. It is safe to say that the poor Indians will not want their pipes and the narcotic in “the world to come,” and that they will never again engage in the occupation of killing buffalo, deer and antelope for subsistence.

The color of the pipe illustrated is a light brick-like red, and it is likely that some of the other examples were of the same material and description. The cut shows that the original is not quite perfect. It may have had a stem,—bowl and stem made in one piece,—as such pipes of clay were often made, as shown by other specimens in our collection. Mr. Saeger says the pipe he found was made of stone and stemless, being evidently made *for the reception of a stem* of some kind. Now, clay pipes of the above pattern, either with or without stems, do not indicate that the mound was raised a “thousand or more years” ago. Edwin A. Barber, who has made pipes a special study, assures us that such pipes of baked clay were not manufactured by the Indians until a comparatively recent period prior to the advent of the white man. The pipes of the Mound-builders (or of the older mounds), he says in *The Continent*, of April 4, 1883, “were fashioned from the hardest stones, . . . . . They were made *in one piece*, the bowl rising from the centre of a curved base or platform, one end of which answered the purpose of a handle, whilst the other formed the stem.” “The pipes of the Mound-builders,” says Prof. Wilson in “Prehistoric Man,” page 323, “show that they used no pipe stem.” That

is, the pipe, as found, is complete—the bowl and stem in one piece—and does not need the addition of a wooden, bone or reed stem, as most of the stone pipes of the modern Indians.

The great collection of antiquities made by Messrs. Squier and Davis in their explorations of the mounds of the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi is now a part of the Blackmore Museum in England. E. T. Stevens, Hon. Curator of the Museum, in “Flint Chips,” page 509, says that it does not appear “that *any* pipe intended to be smoked by means of an inserted stem has been found in the Ohio mounds.” Yet it is on the authority of Squier and Davis that the Hartley Hall mound has been pronounced a thousand or more years old. Pipes have since been found in the mounds with holes evidently intended for a stem, but they are so rare that they are believed to belong to recent or secondary interments.

When the Indians commenced trading with the whites, the pipes of the latter were at once in demand. Many English clay pipes have in some sections been taken from Indian graves, and often with the initials of the makers stamped on them. In the treaty of 1736 with the Five Nations,—see Revised History of West Branch Valley, page 27,—one item of the consideration was *one thousand pipes*. It is also known that after the Indians began to obtain pipes from the whites, they commenced to make their own burnt clay pipes more and more after the European pattern. Now, Fig. 11, although a genuine Indian pipe, has a striking resemblance to the European style, and cannot be classed with the mound pipes. Of the many illustrations of Ohio pipes given in “Flint Chips,” there is not one to which it has the slightest resemblance. It is undoubtedly a modern Indian pipe. It is much to be regretted, therefore, that this is the only pipe from the Hartley Hall mound now obtainable, and that so few other relics from it have been preserved, as such specimens might have thrown still more light on the history of its builders and its age. Mr. Gundrum, it should be added, said that the clay pipe found by his son had the stem and bowl united in one piece, and was exactly like a modern Indian clay pipe found in a plowed field in Clinton Township and now in our collection.

Quite a number of relics it is known have been found in the mound, besides the pipes, pottery, arrowheads, “spoon” and the two *iron tomahawks* already mentioned. Charles Ritter

says that when he was a boy he found a polished celt, an implement of stone used for scraping and cutting, of a class commonly known as "deer skinners." In 1870 David M. Ellis, now of Philadelphia, who has taken much interest in Indian relics, visited the mound and found a "gorget,"—a light, flat slate stone, three inches long, one and an eighth inches wide, with two drilled holes in it,—that belongs to a class of relics believed to have been worn as charms, or as insignia of rank. The late George Cartledge, of Philadelphia, for a number of years a resident of Muncy, and also known as an enthusiastic collector of curiosities, we were told, obtained a number of relics from the mound, but we do not know what he found. Samuel M. Ault, who has always lived in the neighborhood of the mound, informed us that Edward Wright some years ago dug into it and found an almost entire skull, and also an *iron tomahawk*. And the late George Roberts, who for many years lived with the Davis family, informed us, and others, not a year before he died, that he more than once heard the Davis brothers speak of having dug into the mound at a still earlier period and found AN IRON BULLET MOULD. How valuable then, archæologically and ethnologically, all the relics found would now be, had they been properly preserved. The mound indeed contained "treasure," but its great wealth was not duly appreciated.

Who built the mound, and why and when was it built? As the bones decayed rapidly in the light, loose soil, it seems, especially when the relics associated with them are taken into account, far more probable that they were deposited sometime during the closing era of the Indian occupation of the valley—say at the longest not more than one hundred and fifty years before the final treaty was made. It does not seem possible to us that the mound was raised in an era prior to this. In 1592 the Indians of this section were not well supplied with iron tomahawks and guns. It was twenty-six years later, in 1618, that Etienne Brule was supposed to have visited the West Branch, (see Chapter XI. of Meginness' Revised History of the West Branch Valley,) and the Indians here were not then yet provided with fire-arms, and perhaps few had even iron tomahawks. On page 32 Meginness quotes as follows from Dr. W. H. Egle: "From 1640 the Five Nations of New York began to be liberally supplied with fire-arms, and they soon devastated the tribes

similar to the Minquas on the upper branches of the Susquehanna. Having disposed of these and opened the way, in 1662 they commenced upon the lower Minquas or Susquehannocks." "Before the New York tribes obtained fire-arms," says Prof. A. L. Guss, in a chapter written by him for a History of Juniata, "the Pennsylvania tribes were fully able to cope with them in war." Now, the finding of an *iron bullet mould* and at least three *iron tomahawks* shows that the Indians here were already trading with the whites, and were at least beginning to be supplied with fire-arms. We would conclude, therefore, that the mound is not much more than two hundred and fifty years old.

It was, as already stated, one of the known customs of the Indians to gather the bones of their dead from various localities, and cover them with a mound. It was the custom of some tribes to do this every eight or ten years. [See "Flint Chips," page 371]. Such, it may be presumed, was the origin of this mound. Had the structure been systematically investigated when first dug into; had it been thoughtfully determined whether the bones belonged only to warriors, or to individuals of both sexes and of various ages; had it been observed whether they had been arranged in some way, or were promiscuously heaped together; and had the various objects and implements buried with them been carefully preserved, the origin and purpose of the mound would, perhaps, now be much better understood. But imagination cannot write the history of this now almost extinct structure. We can only surmise who built it, and why and when, from the meager evidences that now remain. By the logic of a few significant facts we conclude that it is a comparatively recent structure, but we can say little more. Fancy cannot restore the sad domestic or heroic memories that perished with its silent occupants or are forgotten with its now alike silent builders. We can, therefore, only stand and gaze and solemnly ponder, as the winds lowly and sadly wail among the branches of the solitary group of three locust trees yet standing as sentinels over the ashes that remain. But hark! What say the voices of the four winds? The warm wind from the South gently murmurs *Whence?* The cold North wind sternly demands *What?* The restless West wind mutters *Where?* But the East wind, coming from the far off land of the Prophets, softly and sadly answers, "*The memory of them is forgotten. Also their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished.*"

### Indian Pottery.

That the Indians on the West Branch practiced the art of making pottery, like most of the North American tribes, the many fragments of earthen vessels still found on their village sites and camping grounds along the river and creeks at once testify. Very few entire pots have, we believe, ever been found in this section. There is not one perfect specimen from this region in our collection, but we have many beautiful fragments found on the West Branch that are large enough to give a correct idea of the shapes and sizes of the vessels of which they were once parts, as well as the material of which they were made, and the degree of skill and taste with which they were decorated.

Though the vessels varied considerably in pattern, yet they were so much alike in style and character that any specimen that might be selected would instantly be recognized, by one but slightly familiar with their work, as a characteristic Indian pot. Nevertheless, judging from the many fragments we have examined, we may say that there never, perhaps, were two of their vessels precisely alike. The rim varies greatly in width and shape; usually it is bent over, forming more or less of an outwardly-curved lip, for convenience of suspension from a tree, from a cross-bar or from a tripod of poles over a fire; sometimes it is but slightly bent and narrow, as in Fig. 16, and sometimes it is wide and nearly straight, as in Fig. 14. The same variation is seen in the general proportions and in every detail.

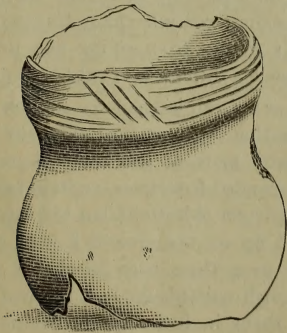


FIG. 12.

In size the variation was strikingly great. An almost perfect specimen, in a case before us, is only 2½ inches high, and but a trifle more in width through the middle. This miniature pot was taken from a Western mound. To the rim

two delicate open ears were attached for handles, one of which is now broken. Fig. 12 measures five inches at its widest circumference, was a little more than six inches in height, and held about one quart. The curvature of the rims and body of most of our shards indicate a width varying from six to about eighteen inches. The largest vessels of which we have pieces would have held enough "dog soup" to make a full meal for a large family. Some probably held as much as four or five gallons. Specimens still larger have been found in other sections of the United States, and larger ones may have been used here. Prof. Charles Rau, in the Smithsonian Report of 1866, mentions some bowl-shaped vessels that "measured from thirty inches to four feet across the rim."

Our fragments also vary considerably in thickness. The thickest are hardly more than half an inch; the greater part are not more than one-fourth of an inch, and some are only one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The thickness does not always vary, as might be supposed, according to the size of the pot. The vessel of which Fig. 14 formed a part must have held two or three times as much as either Figs. 12 or 15; yet the former was thinner than Fig. 12, and but a trifle more than half as thick as the latter. In each piece—and some of our shards are as much as six to ten inches in length—the uniformity of thickness excites wonder and admiration. It is certainly creditable to the Indian women that they could deftly fabricate vessels so uniform, and often so beautiful and symmetrical, by hand, without the use of the potter's wheel.

Squier and Davis, Charles C. Jones and other authorities on this subject, say that the labor of kneading the clay and forming the vessels was performed by the women. Catlin says of the Mandans—and what he says may be regarded as being just as true of the Indians who once occupied this section—that "Earthen dishes and bowls are a familiar part of the culinary furniture of every Mandan lodge, and are manufactured by the women of this tribe in great quantities, and modeled into a thousand forms and tastes. They are made by the hands of the women from a tough, black clay, and baked in kilns, which are made for the purpose, and are nearly equal in hardness to our own manufacture of pottery, though they have not yet got the art of glazing, which would be to them a most valuable secret. They make them so strong and serviceable, however, that they hang them over

the fire as we do our iron pots, and boil their meat in them with perfect success."

The manufacturers it is said burnt or hardened their pottery both in kilns and in open fires. If there were any kilns near Muncy, all traces of them were probably long ago destroyed, as we never found any. It must have been difficult to bake the larger vessels sufficiently in open fires, on account of the difficulty of producing an even heat. To prevent the vessels from cracking, contraction and expansion had to be prevented by making the heat as uniform as possible. Yet many of the vessels of which we find fragments may have been baked in open fires. C. C. Jones says that one way in which the Southern Indians often hardened their pottery was by both filling and surrounding the vessels with coals of some hard wood—the pots filled with the coals being placed in an inverted position, or upside down, so as to retain the heat and diffuse it more evenly—and thus, by renewing the coals, applying the heat until the pots are uniformly and sufficiently baked. Many vessels were doubtless lost by cracking in the process of burning.

A few of our specimens show that sand alone was sometimes mixed with the clay to temper it, but most of the vessels were made of material in which finely pounded rock had been kneaded for the purpose. Silica appeared to be a favorite substance of admixture, yet almost any available rock was used. Some of our shards contain traces of black slate, and others show bits of the red rock that crops out in some parts of our valley. Several specimens contain such coarsely pounded rock as to suggest the thought that the squaw who formed the vessel may have set her husband to crushing the rock, and that he was either in a great hurry to start off on some fishing or hunting excursion, or he was too lazy and worthless to do the work right. In some fragments there is no indication that the clay was tempered by the admixture of any extraneous substance whatever. In such cases may we not suppose that the pottery women had so many domestic cares that they were sometimes compelled to slight their work?

Though Catlin speaks favorably of the ware of the Mandans, and the aborigines of the West Branch may have made their pottery equally serviceable, yet we imagine that it required much greater care in handling, and that accidents from breakage were of more frequent occurrence than with the common crockery of the whites. Made of the same material, unglazed,

much lighter, and with rounded or peaked bottoms, their greater fragility can hardly be doubted. The fact that the pottery industry was soon abandoned by the Indians when the traders furnished them with kettles of iron, brass and copper, in abundance, also proves that their own ware was soon found by them to be inferior. Of the presents that William Penn made the Delawares the copper kettles were no doubt among the most valued and useful, and made all the Indians who saw them anxious to possess the same kind of vessels. Probably few of the earthen pots of which we now find fragments were made by the last generation who occupied the West Branch before the purchase of 1768.

Fig. 12 is a cut of our most complete specimen of West Branch pottery. All that is wanting is the conical bottom, and a very small portion of the rim. It was found several years ago standing under a shelving rock, on the mountain side, near the mouth of the Hoagland Branch of Elk Creek, in Sullivan County, by Joseph A. Morgan, of Hillsgrove, and was kindly donated by him to our collection. It was well burned, and except that it is broken, is as compact and well preserved as when it was in use, perhaps nearly two hundred years ago.

We have heard of a much finer, larger and perfect specimen that was found some years ago in a similar situation, on another tributary of the West Branch River, by a hunter. The first and only thing the thoughtless discoverer seemed to think of was that it would be a good mark to shoot at, and so without one twinge of self-reproach he fired away at it until the beautiful object was shattered into many fragments. We can hardly refrain from saying how the perpetrator of such a ruthless act ought to be punished.

So far as we can judge from the few bottom-fragments that we have met with, the bottoms were usually more or less rounded or conical. When suspended from trees, or from beams, this would not be an objection; but to keep the pots right end up on the ground it was necessary either to prop them with blocks of wood, or stone, or with suitable devices made of clay, or to place them in little pits made in the soil. Flat-bottom vessels were, however, made by various Indian tribes, and such shapes must already have come into use on the West Branch. A flat bottom is considered as an evidence of ceramic progress. Many things denote that the red man had a capacity for advancement, and that he might have worked out a higher civiliza-

tion of his own in course of time if he had not suffered by contact with a race that did more for nearly four hundred years to rob and debase than to advance him.

The taste and patient industry of the early potters is especially shown in the ornamentation of their pottery. The diversification in this respect is as great as in the matter of size, form and thickness. We have never found pieces of two vessels that were embellished exactly alike. The forms of decoration are, however, few and simple, consisting merely of combinations of straight lines, parallel lines, zigzag lines, rows and clusters of dots, incisions, notches, and sometimes, as in Fig. 13, a row or two of little

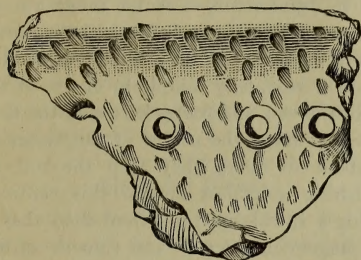


FIG. 13.

round holes through and around the rim. Notwithstanding the ornamentation is so varied that each potter might be said to reflect his or her own thoughts and individuality, yet it is always characteristic of the civilization, if not of the race, that the potters represented.

Sometimes only the rim is decorated, and sometimes the entire outside surface, as in Fig. 14—a vessel unearthed by the great flood of 1889, of which we have several fragments—is traced with lines, prints and incisions. Occasionally there are impressions as if an ear of corn had been pressed against the plastic clay before the process of burning. The two rows of circular figures in low relief around the rim of Fig. 14, and the similar row in Fig. 16, appear to have been made by some sort of a die, perhaps by a hollow reed prepared for the purpose. In a few instances we have found the *inside* decorated, and the entire outside (as the body of Fig. 15) left plain and smooth. Why so much labor was sometimes bestowed where the embellishment was so little seen is a question more easily asked than answered. The decorations of some of their vessels must have required hours of patient labor.

Sometimes there is no ornamentation at all.

Whether the potters in such cases had no skill for such work, or had no spare time allowed them by their household cares to attend to this branch of the ceramic art, or admired the plain pottery more, are queries that each one interested in these Indian relics must answer for himself. There is an immense difference in taste in such matters among all classes of white people, and why may we not



FIG. 14.

imagine that there was something of the same diversity of ideas among the aboriginal potters? If they had known anything about "gingerbread work," is it not possible that this is what some of them might have pronounced such decorations?

It has been finally demonstrated by W. H. Holmes, of the United States Bureau of Ethnology (see his interesting paper and beautiful illustrations in the Third Annual Report of the Bureau), by impressions in clay and plaster of paris from hundreds of specimens of Indian pottery, and by collateral proofs, that a great variety of woven fabrics of flax, hemp, bark, nettles and grasses, and twisted or plaited cords, were the means by which much of the ornamentation was produced. He says: "The perfect manner in which the fabric in all its details of plaiting, netting and weaving can be brought out is a matter of astonishment; the cloth itself could hardly make all the particulars of its construction more manifest." We have fragments of some vessels that we believe were thus decorated by cords, nets or cloths, fabricated of the materials named. It would be extremely difficult and tedious, even if possible, to trace by hand the beautiful impressions that can thus be produced with ordinary care and comparatively little labor.

According to the investigations of George E. Sellers (*Popular Science Monthly*, September, 1877, p. 573), the primary object of using the twisted and woven textile fabrics was not, however, really ornamentation. They were used rather as bandages to hold "the moist clay firmly bound while being raised from the mould on which it was formed, and which was essential to prevent

cracking as it hardened or dried." But it is probable, nevertheless, that on discovering how much the beauty of their pottery was enhanced by the use of cords, nets and cloths, that ornamentation became a new motive for their employment, and that increased care was thereafter taken in the selection and arrangement of the fabrics thus used.

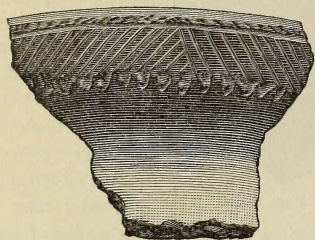


FIG. 15.

Another mode of ornamentation practiced by some tribes, as stated by various authors, was by painting. Red, blue, brown and black pigments were used. None of our fragments retain traces of such adornment distinct enough to justify the assertion that they had been painted. They differ more or less in color, but the variation may be entirely due to the color of the clay and to the work of time. It is also said that the vessels were sometimes placed over a large fire of smoky pitch-pine to make them smooth, black and firm. We may conjecture that the Indians of the West Branch were not behind any of their Northern neighbors in their knowledge of fictile fabrics.

The manifold shapes of the vessels, the different kinds of engraved or stamped decoration, and the frequent absence of either casual or intentional imprint, indicate that the Indians did not make all their pottery by one and the same method. Sellers says: "I discovered what at first I took to be an entire kettle, bottom up; but, on removing the earth that covered it, it appeared to be a solid mass of sun-dried clay. From its position among heaps of clay and shells, its hard, compact, discolored—I might say almost polished—surface, I became satisfied it was a mould on which the clay kettles had been formed, precisely as in loam moulding at the present day."

Rau says: "One of the methods employed by the Indians in the manufacture of earthenware was to weave baskets of rushes or willows, similar in shape to the vessels they intended to make,

and to coat the inside of these baskets with clay to the required thickness; the baskets, after being destroyed by fire, left on the outer surface of the vessels peculiar impressions, resembling basket-work, which produce a very pleasing effect, and replace ornamentation to a certain extent."

Dumont, quoted by Rau, thus describes how the Indian women of the South-west made their pottery: "After having amassed the proper kind of clay and carefully cleaned it, the Indian women take shells, which they pound and reduce to a fine powder; they mix this powder with the clay, and having poured some water on the mass, they knead it with their hands and feet, and make it into a paste, of which they form rolls six or seven feet long and of a thickness suitable to their purpose. If they intend to fashion a plate or a vase, they take hold of one of these rolls by the end, and fixing here with the thumb of the left hand the centre of the vessel they are about to make, they turn the roll with astonishing quickness around this centre, describing a spiral line; now and then they dip their fingers into water and smooth with the right hand the inner and outer surface of the vase they intend to fashion, which would become ruffled or undulated without that manipulation. In this manner they make all sorts of earthen vessels, plates, dishes, bowls, pots and jars, some of which hold from forty to fifty pints."

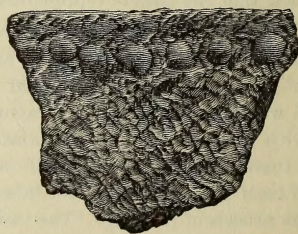


FIG. 16.

Could our white women thus fabricate all sorts of earthen vessels, and especially by the last described method? We believe they could—of course they could—just as well as the Indian women, if they were obliged to do so. Necessity is the mother of success, as well as of invention. But to make such a variety of pottery, and particularly in the way last explained, seems to us wonderful.

And what use, some may ask, had the Indian house or lodge-keepers for so many earthen jars,

bowls and kettles? Many uses had they, surely, or they would not have made so many of them. As Mr. McMinn has shown in his interesting article on "The Culinary Art, as Applied to Tickle the Aboriginal Palate," page 126, they employed a long list of articles for food. They used their pottery not only to make soups, to boil meat and green corn, but as receptacles for pounded maize, bear's oil, marrow-fat, maple sugar, honey, berries and many things with which they were furnished by bounteous nature. And they also made use of them as funeral or burial vases. In some sections of the country they have occasionally been found containing human bones. It is said to have been an almost universal custom of the Indians to place food in or near the graves of the dead, that the spirits of the deceased may have nourishment before reaching the final happy hunting ground, and doubtless the earthen vessels were often affectionately dedicated to this solemn use.

### Shooting Ideas.

It is important that ideas should be taught "how to shoot," yet ideas that shoot without being properly taught are frequently amusing, interesting and suggestive. Mr. Bridgens Painter, now the well-known editor of our esteemed *Luminary*, one evening, about the time he first appeared in society in a boy's suit, observed the moon in its first quarter. He thought he made a wonderful discovery, and in a state of excitement instantly shot into the house to his mother and exclaimed: "*Oh! mamma, somebody has broken a piece out of the moon.*"

First ideas often shoot wide of the true mark, yet they seldom fail to make a hit somewhere. Frank Cooke, when a wee boy—Frank, by the way, is now a promising young man and having his ideas trained how to shoot under the direction of the professors of Lafayette College—was sent in garden-making time to borrow a rake. He could not think of the name of the implement that he was sent for, so he shot as near the mark as he could by asking for "*a hoe with teeth.*"

One of the sons of Mrs. Fanny Petrikin was sent to a friend's house for a dress pattern that had been borrowed. The lad did not exactly remember how he was to shoot the idea, in accordance with instructions, so he inquired if they had his "*mother's body pattern.*"

A lady now residing in Williamsport, when she was a little prattler and living in Muncy, was asked, "What is your mind?" She hit the

mark as near, perhaps, as ever a metaphysician has done when she shot forth the prompt response, "*Why my mind is my think! What else could it be?*"

A little girl—now one of the stately matrons of Muncy—one evening stood watching the bright setting sun, and being suddenly overwhelmed with a great idea, exclaimed, "*Oh, do come and see! God is making a fire to get his supper.*" This is as near the truth as many more absurd things that our remote ancestors believed.

Mrs. Gertrude App, nee Opp, when teaching one of our Muncy schools, asked a girl pupil, "What is a peninsula?" The reply was, "*A portion of land pretty nearly, not quite, almost entirely surrounded by water.*" This was a true triple-shot idea.

At a gathering of young ladies in Muncy not many months ago the conversation related to authors and their works. Titles of many books were named to see who could most readily give the names of the authors. "*Hoosier School-master?*" nonchalantly asked the questioner of one of the young ladies. "*Prof. Peoples,*" (then the Principal of our schools) quickly cried out the Miss addressed, one of Peoples' pupils, for the moment forgetting the real import of the question. "No." "*Prof. Becht,*" exclaimed another. "No." "*Edward Eggleston!*" "Right." This shows how intimate the relation is between spontaneous ideas and mere sound.

Shooting ideas are often like shooting stars. They may come as suddenly, and in a flash they may be gone. A little boy—now a rising physician of Williamsport—had a quarrel with his little sister. He was cross enough at her to be rude, but a due regard for parental rule checked him. He did not raise a hand to punish her, but—with his face reflecting the savage idea that for a moment possessed him—he exclaimed, "*Oh! if papa and mamma were dead, how I'd lamm you!*"

### Big Mud Holes.

One of the venerable citizens of Sullivan County recently informed us that a man by the name of Montgomery carried the first mail from Muncy, through Sullivan, to Towanda on horseback. When he was passing through Sullivan, on his first return trip, the mail man was asked how he found the roads. "Well, I found the roads all right," said he, "but not the mud holes. I rode through one mud hole nine miles long, and now I have the biggest one to go through yet."

# THE NOW AND THEN.

ISSUED BI-MONTHLY.

J. M. M. GERNERD, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

For terms of subscription and advertising rates, see cover.

Entered at the Muncy Post-Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

MARCH AND APRIL, 1892.

## Another Ripe Sheaf.

Jonas Yeakel, now residing in Wolf Township with his daughter, Mrs. Charles Spearman, is one of the oldest inhabitants of this county. He was born December 7, 1800, and is therefore in his 92d year. He continues to enjoy a fair degree of health for his years, eats and sleeps well, but his memory, we are told, is so nearly gone that he does not always remember his own children. It is not always true that,

"When time, which steals our years away,  
Shall steal our pleasures too,  
The memory of the past will stay,  
And half our joy renew."

## What an Old Gazetteer Says.

From "The American Gazetteer," a book printed in Boston, in 1797, we copy the following articles, to show what was said of this section nearly one hundred years ago:

"LOYALSOCK, CREEK, in Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, empties into the W. side of the branch of Susquehannah river, from the north-east, a few miles E. of Lycoming Creek, 26 from Sunbury, measuring in a straight line, and about 170 from Philadelphia. The lands from this to Sunbury are among the highest and of the best quality, and in the healthiest situation in the State. It is navigable 20 or 30 miles up for batteaux of 10 tons."

"LYCOMING, a new county in the north-western part of Pennsylvania, bounded north by the State of New York, and west by Alleghany county."

"LYCOMING, a small creek which runs south, and empties into the West branch of Susquehannah, a few miles west of Loyalsock creek."

"NORTHUMBERLAND, a county of Pennsylvania. \* \* \* It is divided into 16 townships, and in 1790 contained 17,161 inhabitants. The county of Lycoming has since the census been lately taken from it, but the county is supposed to contain nearly as many inhabitants as before; a great number of people having emigrated to this part of the State. Chief town, Sunbury. There is iron ore in this county; also a salt spring."

The rates of postage on single letters in that era are given as follows:

	Miles.	Cents.
Any distance not exceeding 30	30	6
Over 30 and not exceeding 60	60	8
Over 60 do	100	10
Over 100 do	150	12½
Over 150 do	200	15
Over 200 do	250	17
Over 250 do	350	20
Over 350 do	450	22
Over 450		25

## Muncy and Muncie.

After the Delaware Indians became tributary to, and had been mortified beyond endurance by the haughty conduct of the Iroquois, many of them did what white men often do when they hope to better their condition—they went West. Some of them united with the Miamis, and raised their wigwams on a beautiful bluff in the White River Valley, in Indiana, now the site of the flourishing city of Muncie. The city, and the county of Delaware, in which it is located, have both therefore received their names from the Indians who migrated from this region of country.

There is another fact that brings Muncy and Muncie into close and frequent relationship. We often get each other's mail matter. There are, perhaps, not many persons in either place who have done much business through the post-office who have not had letters missent to Muncy, or to Muncie. Goods by express and freight intended for Muncy, Pa., have been forwarded to Muncie, Ind., and packages directed to Muncie, Ind., have come to Muncy, Pa. We are thus every now and then reminded of each other's existence, and that we have derived our names from the same tribe of Indians.

Muncie is a city of younger growth than Muncy, and we must be frank enough to admit is considerably ahead of us in enterprise, population, industries and advantages. Muncie is in the centre of a richer and more extensive agricultural region, and is the seat of government of Delaware County. In November, 1886, the inhabitants numbered about 7,000, but the discovery of natural gas at that period proved a most lucky "strike." The population has since been doubled, and the place now boasts that it is "the germ of a great manufacturing city." The citizens of Muncy congratulate the Muncie people, and wish them all the prosperity and happiness they can stand without getting spoiled and haughty.

Muncie is surrounded by evidences of a former occupation of the country by a people earlier than and superior (it has been supposed) to the Indians who lately surrendered the soil to the white man. They have mounds there that there is some reason to believe were built by the Mound-builders, a thousand years or more ago. The *Muncie Daily Times* a year or two ago stated that "One of these mounds located some three miles from Muncie was opened not long ago and found to be a sepulchral mound and contained the skeleton of a man who in life must have been a giant, at least nine feet high." This "big Indian story" would be hard to believe if giants about as great in stature did not exist in recent times.

The name Muncy has, as we have noticed in old papers and books, been spelled in many ways. The late Prof. A. Guss says that he found the word Susquehanna spelled in fifty different ways. Has any one ever noticed in how many ways Muncy has been spelled? Besides Muncy we have noticed Muncie, Monsey, Muncey, Munsey, Munsee, Minsi, Munci, Muncee and Munzey. The spelling used to depend on the speller, and, perhaps, mainly whether he was Dutch, English, French or Irish.

### A Newspaper Relic.

Jacob L. Snyder, of Forksville, Pa., is the owner of a treasure in the shape of a bound copy of Vol. II. of *The Republican Argus, and County Advertiser*, dated from Dec. 23, 1803, to Dec. 7, 1804,—a four-page sheet, the pages 10½ by 17, and four columns to the page,—printed by John Binns, at Northumberland, Pa. The paper was discontinued in 1816 or 1817. Looking through Mr. Snyder's file recently we did not find many items of local interest,—locals did not constitute the prominent feature of country papers then as now,—but the political articles, and contents headed "Foreign and Domestic," that take up most of the space, are of as great interest now as then.

The most important of the few locals is a well written one-and-a-half column obituary notice of Dr. Joseph Priestley, who died at Northumberland, February 6, 1804, in his 71st year. This great theologian, metaphysician, philosopher, chemist and discoverer, the author of nearly eighty volumes, was, as is well known, a Christian materialist. He did not believe in spooks, ghosts, witches or mere "spirit" existence. He believed that the dead will be

raised. He regarded death as a blank, a rest, a temporary cessation of all mental and physical activity, about which the Christian need have no more concern than on going to sleep each night during the present life. "He had lived the life," says this notice, "and he died the death of a Christian. He had been for many days perfectly convinced of his approaching dissolution, but he was equally convinced that the death of a Christian was no more than a passage to a better and more perfect state." His son, Joseph, has recorded the following as his last words to his grandchildren, who were brought to his bedside the evening before he died: "I am going to sleep as well as you; for death is only a good long, sound sleep in the grave, and we shall all meet again."

A communication signed "A Citizen of Lycoming," is opposed to roads being made and owned by private corporations. The writer advocated free roads, as some now advocate free bridges. He thought incorporated societies for making and controlling roads was contrary to the spirit, principles and form of our government. "It is obvious that every one of these associations, thus legalized," says he, "forms within itself a petty aristocracy. . . . Good roads are essentially necessary to the prosperity of the country, but are there not other means by which this good can be produced without conferring exclusive privileges and a kind of hereditary income on a particular class of men?"

Joseph Priestley, son of Dr. Joseph Priestley, advertises for sale "a large quantity of fruit trees, consisting of apples, pears, peaches, cherries, apricots and nectarines, of various sorts, fit to be planted, at his nursery in the town of Northumberland. Orders sent by the Post carefully attended to. Wheat, rye, or Indian corn, taken in exchange." This was probably the first nursery in this section of the state. Can any of our readers tell us of one that was established still earlier?

The town of Northumberland (as Meginness informs us) boasted of two newspapers at this period. The *Northumberland Gazette* was established in 1797 or 1798, by Andrew Kennedy, and was continued for several years after the *Argus* was discontinued. The *Gazette* was also, so far as we know, the first newspaper published in this section of Pennsylvania. But Mr. Snyder's *Argus* is the oldest file of a paper published in this section that we have ever seen.

### Dehorning Cattle.

Despite the objection of cruelty urged against the dehorning of cattle, the practice seems to be growing in favor, and may in time become universal. And why should it not, if it has the advantages claimed? Our esteemed correspondent, W. W. Hays, of Washington, D. C.,—in a private letter, the great interest of which is our best excuse for the liberty we take,—thus gives us the experience of his brother:

"My brother Alfred lives in Clark County, Mo., and has a large farm. He wrote me last fall that he was about to have his herd of cattle 'dehorned.' I at once wanted to know all about it, how it was done, and why. I received a letter recently telling me. Did you ever hear of it? Has it been done in your part of the country? [Have never seen a dehorned animal that we can recall, but have heard of some recent satisfactory experiments on cattle in this county. Had a great mind once to dehorn a cow, but our courage failed us.—ED. N. & T.] It struck me as being very cruel, but he writes me it is not; that it does not affect their spirits; that they do not mind it much, and that the advantages are great. A car will carry more without their horns, and much less stable and shed room is required, and they feed much better, etc. He says one effect of the loss of horns was that the best of bovine friends did not know each other after the operation, and had, as it were, to be introduced to each other. Two old cows that were great friends and had lived in peace and harmony for years, occupying the same stall, and always gentle, went to fighting immediately after being released from the 'shute' denuded of their horns. As to the process, he says that the 'dehorner' travels from farm to farm with a 'shute on low wheels.' It is quite narrow, and when an animal is driven in it is secured by a bar behind it, and one over the neck, then the head is drawn by a windlass against the side where it is held firmly while the horns are sawed off close to the head. Of the sixty he had done all but two were as well as ever in a day or two. The two appeared to take cold in the stumps and were off their feed for a week. He tells me they lost very little blood in the operation. He also says that now they have a liquid which if applied to the coming horn in a calf under three weeks old stops the growth of it entirely. Don't this world move? I presume all our herds will in time be evolved into mulleys.

"Some years ago brother had a pet steer that interested me very much. He was a beautiful roan—of about 1,700 pounds weight—and so much of a pet that if the gate of the yard and the kitchen door were left open he would walk right in for a piece of bread. He seemed to love children, and I have seen six on his back at one time. He seemed to enjoy it, as it scratched his back. He would always leave the herd to meet any one who appeared in the pasture. The children laughed at me breaking for the fence when he would come tearing up on

a gallop to meet us. They would meet him halfway, take him by the tail and climb on his back. Alfred had to keep him a year or two longer, as the children would never consent to his being sold, and when at last he took advantage of their absence and sent him with others to St. Louis, there was sincere mourning and tears in that household."

The poor innocent pet, and the dear, loving children! How adverse the carnivorous habit of man seems to be to the noblest promptings of human nature. But if it is nothing serious to saw off the horns, why not remove the formidable goring weapons? Domesticated cattle do not need horns.

### Pure Water—And Yet Danger.

At the recent International Congress of Hygiene in London the relation of disease to drinking water and bacterial contamination of water were discussed. "But it was properly insisted upon," says the special report to the Pennsylvania State Board of Health, "that it was the *kind* rather than the *number* of bacteria which makes water dangerous."

Professor Fodor, of Buda Pesth, showed that samples of water might be found entirely free from bacteria of disease, and yet the supply be contaminated and dangerous. "He cited an example," says the report, "in his own district where, in a town supplied with pure mountain water, an alarming epidemic of typhoid fever raged. It seemed impossible for the water to have been polluted, for it was brought under ground in pipes direct from its source to the town fountains. More than a *hundred samples*, too, were examined before a sign of the bacillus was obtained. Finally a culture was found which undoubtedly was the typhoid bacillus. The pipes were now examined, and a *leak* was found where they passed near the house in which one of the first cases originated. Tests showed that the *drainage from this house escaped into the pipe*, and all was clear."

This shows the importance of vigilance, and that "eternal vigilance" is the price of pure water. There is also danger in our wells. Thousands die yearly from drinking polluted well water, as the boards of health everywhere testify. No false alarm this.

And if there is a possibility of contamination even after the water is in the pipes, what may be said of taking water direct from a run and reservoir into which there is a constant drainage from human habitations, barn-yards, privies,

hog-pens, henneries and fields on which phosphates are annually applied to crops? Are the members of the State Board of Health "cranks," because they are so vigilant as to warn people of the danger of drinking water from such a basin?

If the surface depression of a thousand or more acres from which the Muncy Water Company furnishes water—when there is water to furnish—contains some fifteen or more fine and never-failing springs, as we have frequently been reminded, that will supply "the borough of Muncy at all seasons of the year with good, pure, wholesome water, ample and sufficient for domestic, manufacturing and sanitary purposes," why not bring the water direct from said springs to the borough in pipes? This can be done. And this would remove the objections of the State Board of Health, and of the majority of the physicians of Muncy.

The springs—or properly constructed reservoirs directly connected with the springs—can be guarded against animal and vegetable excreta far more effectually than it is possible to guard the surface-draining rivulets, run and the present reservoir. "The drainage from these farms," said Dr. Groff, truthfully, in his report to the State Board of Health, "cannot be diverted into other channels owing to the conformation of the surface." But the springs can be protected, and the water can be diverted into suitable reservoirs and pipes and thus be brought to the borough direct from the springs. And there would then also be more water to bring, as a large per centum would not be lost by solar evaporation, and by rock and alluvial absorption.

The first summer the company undertook to furnish the borough of Muncy with water, the supply failed because the dam—so it was said—would not hold water. Thousands of brick and many barrels of cement were then applied by skilled workmen to make the dam water-tight. But the second summer it was found that there was no water for the dam to hold. Some then began to comprehend what some others had long known, that it is the Glade Run that will not hold water. The run has a very leaky bottom.

The alluvium, gravel and rocks through and over which the stream flows, absorb the water so rapidly that one can sometimes *see it sink out of sight*. The leak begins below the bridge at the south end of the borough, on Main Street, and extends to the reservoir, and from the reservoir

it stretches up into the basin to the sources of the run. It is a tremendous long leak. Probably three-fourths or more of the water that escapes from the springs into the run in the summer season never reaches the reservoir. And moreover, the leak can never be stopped by plugging, calking, pitching, leading, bricking and cementing.

Why then not bring the water from the springs to the borough in pipes that do not leak? If the water, "ample and sufficient," is there in the springs, let us have it, good, pure, clear, wholesome and sparkling, all the year round! This will then give us the most valuable improvement that any borough can be blessed with! Then we will have just what we voted and contracted for! Then, when a fire occurs, citizens will not dread Glade Run mud almost as much as they fear the devouring flames! Then, if there is a heavy rain just before wash-day comes, washing need not be put off because the water is too muddy! Then—unless by accident or want of vigilance the bacteria of disease should get into a spring, or into the pipes—no one can ever have any reasonable fear of contaminated water! Then—if furnished at a reasonable price—every family will sooner or later want the water! And then the Muncy Water Works will be a superb and enduring monument to the enterprise, astuteness and beneficence of the Muncy Water Company.

### Chocolate.

On page 17, Vol. II., NOW AND THEN, we recorded a "Memorandum of sundry articles to provide for to carry in the woods," made by the enterprising Samuel Wallis, when he was making preparations to prospect for lands on the West Branch of the Susquehanna, with the design of commencing a settlement immediately after the then proposed Indian treaty (1768) should be consummated. The first article on the list, viz., six pounds of chocolate, suggested that the noted pioneer and his associates must have been exceedingly fond of the beverage known by that name; and the question has often since been asked, How was the favorite drink then prepared?

Without the addition of milk, it is evident that the beverage could not then have been made as it is made now. A cow would have been a very inconvenient thing "for to carry in the woods" when prospecting. And though a few years later there was plenty of milk, the

question may still be asked, How did our first settlers prepare their chocolate? In the numerous bills, still preserved, of supplies forwarded to Samuel Wallis after his settlement near the mouth of Carpenter's Run, chocolate is an item of such constant occurrence, and the quantity is often so very considerable, as to excite astonishment. For instance, in a bill of purchases made of James Towar & Co., dated Northumberland, August 27, 1793, the leading articles were:

		£	s	p
542 lbs Sugar	1   .	27.	2.	0.
201 lbs Chocolate	1   7	15.	18.	3.

As chocolate is now sold and prepared for drinking, a supply like this would be regarded as enormous. Some of our oldest inhabitants have been consulted on this subject, and all agree that as far back as they remember the beverage was made from a kind of cake, or dry paste, with the addition of milk, just as it is made now. The venerable John F. Manville said the only difference he knew was that the people used to drink a great deal more of it when he was a boy, and that it was somewhat cheaper. That it was a still more common and a much cheaper drink in Samuel Wallis' time is quite evident. According to many bills fortunately preserved, dated during an era of nearly thirty years,—1767 to 1795,—the usual price at Philadelphia was about 17 pence per pound, though it was sometimes bought for less. In the bill bought at Northumberland the price was 19 pence.

From notes made by Wallis, and recently found, we learn that among "the articles delivered to William Ellis to take to the woods," on Pine Creek, in May, 1793, to supply several camps of surveyors, were:

"86 pounds Chocolate,  
130 pounds Sugar."

From a calculation made on the same paper, we also learn the interesting fact that about one and a half pounds of sugar was reckoned for each pound of chocolate. In the list of supplies forwarded by Wallis in 1795 to camps of lumbermen on the head-waters of the West Branch, as mentioned on page 185 by Joseph H. McMinn, chocolate has the same prominence. It must certainly have been regarded as an agreeable beverage, whatever the mode of its preparation may have been. And it was also richer and more nutritious than either tea or coffee.

On the 10th of March, 1794, Wallis we have found bought eight barrels—1,527 pounds—of chocolate, in Philadelphia, at fifteen pence per pound. Soon after supplies were forwarded by him to the other side of the mountains for the surveying parties under John Adlum—see Adlum's letters on page 129—and among the articles were:

10 Barrels Brown Sugar.  
5 Loaves Loaf Sugar.  
1500 lbs CHOCOLATE.  
10 lbs Schoshong Tea.  
4 Barrels Split Peas.  
12 lbs Coffee.

This, as well as almost every bill of groceries and provisions found among the Wallis papers, indicates that chocolate was then, in this section at least, a more common beverage than either tea or coffee.

Failing to obtain further knowledge from these old papers, and from our old people, as to the method of making the drink, we have searched to learn what the books at hand have to say. The first thing learned was that chocolate, as we now buy it, is prepared from the fruit, or seeds, of the cocoa tree, a growth of nearly all the countries of tropical America. The tree was cultivated in Mexico and Peru before the continent was discovered, and the Europeans first learned of the production through Columbus. The fruit somewhat resembles a cucumber in shape, as may be seen by the illustration in the Encyclopedia Britannica. When ripe, the nuts, 20 to 40 in each fruit, are removed and dried; and they then constitute the "cocoa beans" of commerce, from which the cake chocolate is prepared.

The following excerpt from an article on chocolate in an old school book entitled, "The Book of Commerce," may explain in part how the beverage was made by the first settlers on the West Branch:

"The *shells* of commerce are the outside covering of the small cacao-nut; when properly prepared this forms an agreeable beverage. The infusion of cacao-nut is itself an article of much consumption as a drink, and a method has recently been introduced of crushing and preparing the nut in a peculiar manner, so that without the process of manufacturing it into what is called chocolate, it makes a drink of great richness and fine flavor."

It was probably an infusion of crushed and prepared cocoa or cacao-nut, then called chocolate, that was the common diet drink of the more affluent of the pioneers. Though a more common drink than tea or coffee, yet it was not by any means the most common table beverage on the frontier in that era. Many can still remember how soon most of us began to use substitutes for tea and coffee during the late rebellion. The great majority of our first settlers were still less able to indulge in luxuries, and they soon found many substitutes for imported tea and coffee, and chocolate. "Store tea," coffee and chocolate, when our great and great-grandmothers were so fortunate as have a supply, were often kept in reserve, like the silver spoons, best dishes and table-cloths, for company. Sage, thyme, peppermint, spice bush, spearmint and wintergreens were among the substitutes for tea, while browned corn, rye, bran, bread, chicory, dandelion roots, chestnuts, beech-nuts and peas were among the resources that took the place of coffee and chocolate.

# THE NOW AND THEN.

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## John Rogers, the English Martyr, and His Descendants in America.

### JOHN ROGERS AND HIS TIMES.

From various sources of information we glean that John Rogers was a man of superior ability and learning, great moral courage, pious and conscientious, and the worthy personal friend and cotemporary of such reformers and martyrs as Tyndale, Coverdale, Ridley, Bradford, Hooper and Latimer. He was born at Deritend, near Birmingham, in 1505. At the age of twenty he graduated at the University of Cambridge, where it is said "he attained to a great proficiency in learning," and was soon after made rector of a (Roman Catholic) church in London. At twenty-nine (1534) we find that he had renounced popery, the faith of his fathers, and embraced the doctrines of the Reformation; that he had removed to Antwerp, where he acted as chaplain to a company of English merchants; and that here he became acquainted with William Tyndale and Miles Coverdale, and other noted Protestants who had been driven from England by persecution. To know John Rogers one must understand the times in which he lived.

While in Belgium Rogers assisted Tyndale in the translation of the Bible into English. From Tyndale's and Coverdale's manuscripts he then compiled a revised English Bible, which was issued in 1537, under the feigned name of Thomas Matthew, and this was "the first authorized English Bible." Three copies of it, printed by Grafton and Whitechurch, are preserved as relics of great interest in the British Museum. Other copies are to be found in several public libraries. Translations had been printed before, among them the New Testament by Tyndale, and the Bible by Coverdale, but without public authority. According to the Encyclopedia Britannica [Vol. VIII., page 386], Grafton was afraid that rivals would step in and deprive him of the profits which he expected, and that he therefore entreated Secretary Cromwell to protect his publication and make "every abbey take six copies."

The ready sale of previous translations, we are told, showed the London book-sellers that there was money in selling Bibles, and as a speculation Grafton and Whitechurch, therefore, bought Rogers' compilation of the Antwerp printers (for about £6,000 of modern money) while it was already in press. There is no evidence that Rogers was influenced by mercenary motives. On the contrary, there is good reason to believe that he labored from a true and unselfish religious spirit, for which he had already made personal sacrifice, and afterwards gave up everything that he owned and loved, and finally laid down his life. Appleton's Cyclopaedia says of this authorized Bible, in its article on Rogers, that "the elaborate marginal notes and index are entirely his own work." How surprised he must have been, when he did not dare to send it forth in his own name, to learn that it was "set forth with the King's most gracious licence," and printed in England. We thus see that Rogers played a very important part in the Reformation—the great Reformation which to-day is still in progress, and yet far from complete.

About the time Rogers' Bible was in press, when he had reached the age of thirty-two, he married Adrina Pratt. His vow of celibacy while a Romanist he now regarded as no longer binding, because made in ignorance of the true law of matrimony, and because he became convinced that it would be good for him to have a helpmate. And was there ever a good and sensible man, who had a good wife, who did not think he was the better for having such a wife? Rogers doubtless thought and felt as Luther did, who had taken the same step only seven years before him, and who about two months before he married said: "I mean to take my Kate to wife ere I die, *in despite of the devil*, although I hear that my enemies will continue. I hope they may not take from me my courage and my joy." The fearless Rogers had his joy but not his courage taken from him eighteen years after, and partly because of his sacred and happy

union with his good Adrina, as if *through the spite of the devil*, as we shall presently see. With her, soon after their marriage, he removed to Wittenberg, in Saxony, "for the improvement of learning," as John Fox says, and there became pastor of a Dutch church, over which it is said he presided with great fidelity for a number of years.

Wittenberg was the city in which Luther not many years before had a great fire built, into which he threw the decrees of the Pope and the bull of Leo X., saying as he did so: "Because thou, godless book, hast aggrieved or defamed the Saint of the Lord, let eternal fire aggrieve and consume thee." Here also the great leader had nailed his famous ninety-five Theses to a church door. It was called "his favorite city." And here Rogers and his Adrina were safe from persecution. Luther was now about 55, in what is known as the last or "third period" of his life, and doubtless these two famous translators and reformers must have been acquainted, probably on friendly terms, but our sources of information do not enable us to give any account of Rogers' life during this period. The great German died in Eisleben, in February, 1546.

In 1548 Rogers returned to England (1545 some authorities say), by invitation of the Bishop of London, the famous Dr. Nicholas Ridley, by whom he was soon after made rector of St. Margaret Moyses and St. Sepulchre, of London. In 1551 Ridley appointed him prebendary of St. Paul's, St. Pancras, and rector of Clingwell. This was an era of no little comfort and freedom for the reformers in England, but of brief duration. Soon after the accession of Queen Mary, in 1553, Rogers preached a sermon at St. Paul's Cross, in which he fearlessly denounced popery, praised the late King Edward for his religious toleration, and urged the people to adhere to the doctrine of the Reformation. This was a great offense to the Queen's zeal for Romanism, and for his daring sin he was imprisoned for six months in his own house. After this he was incarcerated in Newgate among thieves and murderers, and treated with merciless severity. He had three examinations, in which he distinguished himself for bravery, eloquence and manliness, but all was of no avail. He lived in an age of fierce intolerance, and his destruction was soon determined upon, if it was not predetermined. He was at last condemned for heresy and sentenced to be burned at the stake.

After his conviction he was declared to be under "the greater curse," and its terrors were pronounced against all who should even "eat, drink, aid or have any communication" with him. Think of this! In the name of the Christian religion was this barbarity perpetrated, by the "ordained" teachers of that religion, under the plea of serving God, fifteen hundred years after the Great Teacher had preached His Sermon on the Mount and said: "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy." Had not John Milton ground for saying that he did not regard popery as a religion, but as "a political system in a religious disguise?"

Edward VI. was of a more merciful disposition, and had favored the Reformation. Under him the former restrictions upon reading the Scriptures had been removed. But when cruel Mary came into power, one of her first acts was to order that the sacred volume must not be read in the churches, and that no minister dare preach without a license from her. Popery did not want the common people to have the Word of God in their tongue, and longed to burn every English Bible, as well as every reformer who would read it in public or in private. This was the beginning of another era of persecution. Brave men and conscientious, like John Rogers, who loved the Bible and believed it to be their duty to read and expound its teachings as they understood them, could not thus be silenced. They must read. They must speak. They believed that if they denied Christ before men, and did not teach what they understood they were commissioned to teach, they would themselves be denied before their Father who is in heaven.

Popery resolved that the reformers must, if possible, be silenced. Heresy must be suppressed. To accomplish this the heretics must be destroyed. Fifteen centuries should have demonstrated the uselessness of persecution and martyrdom to convert the thinkers whom the papists called "heretics," and the utter foolishness of such an un-Christ-like method of refuting and disposing of their heresies; but persecution and martyrdom—excommunication, anathema, starving, strangling, poisoning, hanging, disemboweling, burning, etc.,—were still regarded as the most effective means of suppression. When Rogers spoke his mind, and lauded the late king, because he had favored freedom in worship, it was resolved that he must suffer. He was convicted mainly on two very absurd "here-

sies": *First*, he was a married man; *second*, he denied the doctrine of transubstantiation—the "real presence" of the body and blood of Christ in the bread and wine in the eucharist. Such were the slim pretexts on which this pious and brave man was condemned by the "political system" to be burned. Thus was the compiler and editor of the first authorized version of the English Bible made the first victim under bloody Queen Mary for publicly teaching its truths. He was burned February 4, 1555, in the fiftieth year of his age.

When condemned by Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, before whom he had his mock trial, Rogers boldly replied:

"Well, my Lord, here I stand before God and you, and all this honorable audience, and take him to witness that I never wittingly or willingly taught any false doctrine; and therefore have I a good conscience before God and all good men. I am sure that you and I shall come before a Judge that is righteous, before whom I shall be as good a man as you, as I nothing doubt but that I shall be found there a true member of the true Catholic Church of Christ, and everlastingly saved. And as for your false church, ye need not excommunicate me forth of it. I have not been in it these twenty years, the Lord be thanked therefor. But now ye have done what ye can, my Lord, I pray you yet grant me one thing.

"GARDINER. What is it?

"ROGERS. That my wife, being a stranger, may come and speak with me so long as I live. For she hath ten children which are hers and mine, and somewhat I would counsel her, what were best for her to do.

"GARDINER. No, she is not thy wife.

"ROGERS. Yes, my Lord, and hath been these eighteen years.

"GARDINER. Should I grant her to be thy wife?

"ROGERS. Choose you whether ye will or not; she shall be so, nevertheless.

"GARDINER. She shall not come to thee.

"ROGERS. Then I have tried out all your charity."

From a little book published by James M. Campbell, in Philadelphia, in 1844, entitled, "A Voice from Rome, Answered by an American Citizen," we copy as follows:

"On the morning of February 4th, Rogers was awakened very early by the wife of the keeper of Newgate, and was thus suddenly warned that he was to be burned. His sleep was so sound that it was with great difficulty he was aroused. When he understood the object of the call, he coolly answered, 'Then I need not tie my points,' alluding to a part of the dress then worn; if his points had been tied his undressing for the stake would have required more time. He was then taken with Hooper before Bonner to be

degraded. Here he repeated his request to be permitted to see his wife. *It was again refused*, but on his way to Smithfield she met him with her eleven children, ten able to walk, the other an infant at the breast. While passing to the place of death, Woodroffe, one of the sheriffs, asked if he would revoke his 'abominable doctrine and his evil opinion of the sacrament of the altar.' Rogers replied: 'That which I have preached I will seal with my blood.' 'Then,' replied Woodroffe, 'thou art a heretic.' Rogers answered: 'That shall be known at the day of judgment.' 'Well,' replied Woodroffe, 'I will never pray for thee.' 'But I,' said Rogers, 'will pray for you!' Arrived at Smithfield, his pardon was offered, on condition that he would recant, but this he utterly refused, and preferred a cruel death to the degrading alternative proposed. It is a remarkable fact, which we state on good authority, that the descendants of Rogers are still living in New England, and that at least one son out of every ten generations of his posterity has been actively and faithfully engaged in the duties of the gospel ministry."

This was the beginning of cruelties that will ever be remembered as an odious stain on the reign of Mary and her Church. A few days after Rogers suffered, his friend, Bishop Hooper, was led to the stake. Of this brave man it is said: "He firmly refused the offered pardon, and though, the wood being green, he suffered for nearly an hour the severest torments, his lower parts being consumed, and one of his hands dropping off before he expired, he manifested an unshaken fortitude." Hundreds were thus sacrificed, among whom were many of the most eminent divines of the age. John Bradford, another dear friend and co-laborer, who had served as chaplain to King Edward, was burned in July. His friend, Coverdale, fled to the continent, and did not return until the accession of Elizabeth. Tyndale had already been strangled and burned, and was therefore also beyond their cruel reach. Bishops Ridley and Latimer were fellow-martyrs, at one stake, eight months after Rogers. When they came to the place of torture the latter, to cheer his companion, made his famous remark: "We shall this day, brother, light such a candle in England as shall never be put out." How true the prediction. These noble reformers died for humanity, for religious freedom, and the world to-day has the blessed light of the candle then set to burning.

The merciless persecutions of the martyrs excited the most profound interest at the time, in the ranks of even the papists themselves, in the cause for which they suffered, and their example and suffering then, and since, has accomplished more than their preaching could ever have done.

Rogers' martyr fire burns as brightly to-day as ever. The picture of him in "Fox's Book of Martyrs," standing with outstretched arms amid the rising flames, when he declared that "God would in His own good time vindicate the truth of what he had taught, and appear in favor of the Protestant religion," has made him a shining light to hundreds of millions. John Fox, another of Rogers' personal friends, who was thirty-eight years old when the latter was burned, and who soon after left his country to escape the same cruel fate, in his famous martyrology says of him: "He was a very pious and humane man, and his being singled out as the first victim of superstitious cruelty can only entitle him to a higher crown of glory in heaven." And, may we not add, that his descendants have reason to feel a glow of gratitude that they are scions of such a stock!

But we must not forget that there are two sides to the history of persecution. If the reformers had always had the power of the papists, they might not always have made more merciful use of it, and we might not have the religious freedom we now enjoy. We must remember that they were still human, entirely of the earth and earthy, and that they did not yet in the true sense bear the image of the humble, self-renouncing, forgiving, long-suffering, yet pure, noble, spiritual, perfect, God-like, Son of Man. They deserve immense praise; they did great and noble deeds, but they were not entirely freed from the hard-hearted spirit of their times, and sometimes did not do right. We all know of Calvin's cruelty, and the unhappy fate of Michael Servetus, at Geneva. And what a stain on Cranmer, when, as Archbishop of Canterbury, under Edward VI., "he consigned to the flames, as heretics, several unhappy beings." [See article on Cranmer, in Edwards' *Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge*.] One of the victims of this Protestant intolerance was a Christian woman, Joan Boucher, who was committed to the fagots May 2, 1550, "to the eternal disgrace" as the Protestant historian is compelled to put it, "of all concerned." As also both Ridley and Rogers were among the persons concerned, it may be proper to give the particulars of the disgraceful affair. Thomas Armitage, D. D., LL. D., in his "History of the Baptists," says:

"Under Edward VI. we have the fearful martyrdom of Joan Boucher, of Kent, probably of Eythorne, near Canterbury, where there was a Baptist assembly. She was a lady of note, possessing large wealth, and was well known at

the palace in the days of Henry and Edward. With her friend, Anne Askew, she was devoted to the study and circulation of Tyndale's translation, which had been printed at Cologne, 1534. Strype says that she carried copies of this prohibited book under her clothing on her visits to the court; and very likely to the prisons also, which she often visited, using her wealth to relieve those who suffered for Jesus' sake. She was charged with various heresies, and was arrested May, 1549. Amongst other things, she denied that the Virgin Mary was sinless by nature, insisting that like other women she needed to rejoice 'in God her Saviour,' as she herself said. Joan neither denied the proper humanity of Jesus nor that He was Mary's son. But she held, with many others of her day, that He became man of her 'faith,' not of her flesh, lest He should inherit her sinful taint; yet, she believed in Christ's miraculous incarnation, and in Him as 'that holy thing' born of Mary. Her idea was a mere speculation, or, as Vaughn expresses it, 'a subtle fancy,' not in itself half so weak as the notion of Mary's own immaculate conception, manufactured to meet the conclusion which Joan wished to avoid, namely, the peccability of Christ's humanity. On this frivolous quiddity was this noble woman kept a year and a half under the hair-splitting batteries of Cranmer, Ridley, Whitehead, Hutchinson, Cecil, Lord Chancellor Riche, and others of the Protestant Inquisition; more is the pity that they had no better business. She was examined and cross-examined, entreated and threatened, all to no purpose. Neal, Burnet and Philpot have affected to treat her as 'weak,' 'vain' and 'fanatic,' charges which their manliness had better have applied to her tormentors; for her recorded examinations show more of these infirmities in them than in her. They did not evince one thoroughly amiable trait in the whole transaction, while she displayed an acute and powerful mind, moved by a warm and impulsive heart.

"True, she rejected their notion of Mary's sinlessness and demanded Scripture for their teaching, while they had none to give; then she gave none for her own speculations, and that was about all of consequence between them, on this issue. The whole farce was a small and mean business for men of their caste and cloth, and if she were an empty-headed woman, as they pretended, they honored themselves but little in spending eighteen months of their time and labor on her figment, for she well held her own with the whole learned and malignant crowd of them. Lord Riche says that he kept her at his own house for 'a fortnight,' and had Cranmer and Ridley visit and reason with her daily. Ridley bent all his eloquence upon her mind, but could not shake her convictions. Her judges called her everything but the lady which her parentage, position and character demanded, and they felt terribly grieved when her insulted patience told them the plain truth, in more polite language than their own. 'Marry,' said she, 'it is a goodly matter to consider your ignorance. It is not long ago since you burned

Anne Askew for a piece of bread, and yet you came yourselves soon after to believe and profess the same doctrine for which you burned her. And now, forsooth, you will burn me for a piece of flesh, and in the end you will come to believe this also.' Did Thomas Cranmer and Nicholas Ridley remember her true words in the flames, and did they help to light them through the fire? Fox tried hard to save her, and to induce John Rogers to help him. Rogers refused, *thought that she ought to be burned*, and spoke lightly of death by burning; but then he did not dream of being chained to the stake himself. Fox, pitying her, seized the hand of his friend Rogers and replied: 'Well, it may so happen that you yourself will have your hands full of this mild burning.' Whether he had or not, his poor wife proved the force of Fox's prophetic apprehension when she stood with her eight (11) children and saw her husband consumed to ashes, five years later. Common decency might have spared her the mockery of having Bishop Scorey preach to her while at the stake and vilify her there, under pretense of pious exhortation. Yet, possibly, her last act did him a service which he much needed, and which had never been done him before. Her sermon to him is immortal, while his to her has long since been forgotten. Listening to him just as her soul ascended to heaven in the flame, she said in reply: '*You lie like a rogue. Go read the Scriptures!*'"

A circumstance occurred but a few days before the arrest of Rogers that also shows how Protestant zeal was sometimes manifested. It shows also that events and questions should not be viewed from one side alone, nor even from two sides, but ought to be thoroughly scanned from all sides. Queen Mary appointed Gilbert Bourne to preach at St. Paul's Cross. "He extolled the popish doctrine, and justified the severities practiced by Bishop Bonner." By the congregation, who preferred the doctrines preached by Rogers and Bradford, this was deemed too much to bear, and it certainly was irritating for flesh and blood to hear calmly. Some shouted that Bonner's doctrine was abominable, and interrupted the priest. A tumult followed, and the people became so excited that they rushed upon him and pulled him out of the pulpit. Rogers and Bradford prudently interposed, Bourne was protected, and the offenders were sharply rebuked for their insubordination, or the affair might have been more serious. Christ's advice to his followers, to be "as harmless as doves," was not then thought of by the congregation. The next day the prohibition, already spoken of, by which all ministers were forbidden to preach unless licensed by the Queen, was published.

To appreciate the conduct and character of John Rogers and his fellow-sufferers, it is important, therefore, to understand the spirit of their time. Thinking men did not then differ much less, or more, perhaps, within the same range of thought, or on most subjects, than men differ now. They were, perhaps, constitutionally neither worse nor better. The true catholic church was in bondage under the papacy (as Luther, in 1530, courageously tried to show in one of his most important works, the *Babylonian Captivity of the Church of God*;) and thoughtful men were everywhere struggling for freedom. But as they came out of Babylon, they came out with the taint of Babylonian corruptions and superstitions, religiously and politically. They were still under bondage. If they did not believe in the right of papal power, they still, however, believed in the right of Protestant power. Rogers would not help Fox save Joan Boucher, because he thought that "she ought to be burned." The complete separation of church from state, of the absolute right of freedom in religious matters, was only then thought of here and there by advanced thinkers. If by a successful revolution the civil and political power had suddenly been transferred to the reformers, where, we may ask, would be Religious Liberty? This age does not justify the unkind act, or inaction, of John Rogers, but it insists that he was better than his time. He and Ridley, Cranmer and Calvin, and Luther, had been trained under Romanism, and after they came out of the modern Babylon they were still infected with its spirit, its follies, and its paganish superstitions. They were not yet perfect. But thank heaven that men so good and true have lived, with courage to shed forth the best light they had, ready to suffer and to die, for to such do we owe the greatest glory of the nineteenth century, and the brightest prospect of the human race before Christ shall return to receive the earth for His everlasting inheritance.

It is said that Rogers was the author of several theological works. If still extant we know not, nor how far they show he had become emancipated from pagan error, and how his views accorded with the opinions of the most noted of his fellow-reformers—who differed among themselves, perhaps, as widely as Protestants differ now. They would doubtless prove the oft asserted truth that men cannot see alike while looking through glasses darkly, and that each believes just what he can or must believe,

according to the light, or the furniture, with which his mind is stocked. In one particular at least Rogers had advanced beyond Luther, because, as already seen, he had broken entirely loose from the dogma of the "real presence." The great leader of the Reformation, himself so far reformed in many things, still in part adhered to this papal belief. He even refused on this account to fellowship with Zwingli and his followers, saying, "We want not such brethren!" Rogers on this ground stood with the pious and noble Swiss reformer, and attributed only a symbolical significance to the eucharist. He did not believe the bread was literally Christ's "body," and he would not, and honestly could not, change his mind and recant to escape from the flames. There were many other practices and beliefs he must have renounced when he left the papal church, such as the infallibility of popes and councils, saint worship, mass, pardon selling or indulgences, monastic life with its vigils and scourgings, etc. As already shown, he believed in a free Bible, and that every man ought to have a copy in his mother tongue and be able to read it for himself. And he also believed in the sacredness of married life, and that no preacher was too sacred—though he might be too bad—to have a wife.

It would be of interest also to know if Rogers agreed on the doctrine of the immortality of the soul with Luther, and with his former associate, William Tyndale. Luther in his defense, or reply to the Lateran Council, Prop. 27, published in 1520, said: "I permit the Pope to make articles of faith for himself and his faithful—such as the soul is the substantial form of the human body, *that the soul is immortal*, with all those monstrous opinions to be found in the Roman dunghill of decretals." This was a fearful heresy to the papist mind, and was vigorously resisted. In England the doctrines of Luther were furiously attacked in a book by Sir Thomas More. More asked: "What shall he care how long he live in sin, that believeth Luther, that he shall after this life feel neither good nor evil in body nor soul until the day of doom?" Tyndale defended Luther, and replied: "In putting departed souls in heaven, hell and purgatory, you destroy the arguments wherewith Christ and Paul prove the resurrection. What God doth with them, that shall we know when we come to them. The true faith putteth the resurrection, which we be warned to look for every hour. The heathen philosophers denying that, did put

that souls *did ever live*. And the Pope joineth the spiritual doctrine of Christ and the fleshly doctrine of philosophers together—things so contrary that they cannot agree. . . . . And because the fleshly minded Pope consenteth unto *heathen doctrine*, therefore he corrupteth the Scriptures to establish it. . . . . If the souls be in heaven, tell me why they be not in as good case as the angels be? And then *what cause* is there of the resurrection?"

Rogers may not have considered future life and immortality without a resurrection a "heathen doctrine," as Tyndale terms it; and whether he did or did not will make no difference to him in the day of resurrection. "Life in Christ" is not secured by believing, or understanding, just how and when it will be given; it is not acquired by believing or rejecting one, or more, or all, of what Luther terms "those monstrous opinions found in the Roman dunghill of decretals;" nor is it obtained by any special mode of worship, Jewish, Pagan, Greek, Roman Catholic, or any of the many Protestant forms; but it will depend upon a true inward religious life and practical righteousness; and no one but God and His Son in heaven shall "judge" who is or who is not to receive the crown. Fox, who knew Rogers well, said he was "a pious and humane man," and this inward life will entitle him to "a crown of glory in heaven."

#### ROGER'S DESCENDANTS IN NEW ENGLAND.

It is not proposed to give a full account of the descendants of John Rogers outside of Pennsylvania. We have little data for such a history. The object is to furnish a narrative of the settlement and growth of the branch in this neighborhood. It is said that the descendants of the martyr are very numerous in New England. This is probable, as it appears that at least three, if not four, of his grandsons settled there during the seventeenth century—and possibly later issue at later periods. The settlement in this section began at the beginning of this century, with a single descendant of the sixth generation; and the number of the offshoots from this one branch is, as we shall presently see, already wonderful.

The Rev. Ammi Rogers, an aged Episcopal clergyman of Connecticut, visited Muncy and preached in St. James Church, about the year 1844. He was the author of a volume of memoirs, copies of which were bought of him

by several of the parishioners, from which we copy as follows:

"I, Ammi Rogers, was born in the town of Branford, in the county of New Haven, in the state of Connecticut, on the 26th day of May, in the year of our Lord 1770. My father was Thomas Rogers, who departed this life in Branford on the 23d day of June, 1804, aged 79. He was the son of Isaiah Rogers, who departed this life in Branford about the year 1750, aged 86. He came from Long Island, was a son of one of three brothers who came from England, and were grandsons of the celebrated John Rogers, a clergyman of the Church of England, burnt by the Roman Catholics in Smithfield, in the first year of the reign of Queen Mary. My grandfather was one of the proprietors of the town of Branford; he owned and occupied the extensive farm and mills which are now owned and occupied by my brother, Josiah Rogers, and which have been in possession of the family from about the earliest settlement of the town."

He further on states his pedigree thus:

"The Rev. Ammi Rogers, A. M., was the son of Thomas Rogers, of Branford, Conn., who was the son of Josiah Rogers, of Branford, who was the son of Josiah Rogers, of Branford, who was the son of Josiah Rogers, of Huntington, L. I., N. Y., who was the son of John Rogers, of Dedham, in England, who was the son of Noah Rogers, of Exeter, in England, who was the son of JOHN ROGERS, a minister of the Church of England, and Lecturer on Divinity in St. Pauls Church, in London, burnt by the Roman Catholics, in Smithfield, on the 14th day of January, 1554, Old Style."

In Munsell's "American Ancestry" we find it stated that Thomas Rogers, father of William Rogers, of Hempstead, L. I., came over to America in the Mayflower in 1620. Thomas may have been one of the "three brothers" and grandsons of the martyr mentioned by the Rev. Ammi Rogers.

From Allen's "American Biographical and Historical Dictionary" we also learn that Nathaniel Rogers, minister of Ipswich, Mass., was a son of Rev. John Rogers, of Dedham, England, and a grandson of John Rogers, the martyr. He was born in 1598, and came to Massachusetts in 1636. John Rogers, son of Nathaniel Rogers, of Ipswich, became president of Harvard College in 1683. So many of this line of descendants, it is said, were ministers as to become noted as "a family of ministers."

The following, clipped from an exchange a year or two ago, and presumed to be true, is of interest in this connection:

"NOTABLE DEATH.—The Rev. Moses Rogers, a direct descendant of John Rogers, who was burned at the stake in England on account of his religious convictions in the sixteenth century, and probably the oldest member of the Metho-

dist ministry in America, died at Fresh Pond, L. I., recently. He was in his ninety-fourth year, and had been preaching about seventy years."

Another clipping, sent to us by one of the descendants living in Wisconsin, and which is assumed to be at least "founded on facts," will likewise be read with interest:

"They tell me that there is in the possession of the Potter family of Rhode Island a Bible which is not only notable for its antiquity, but for its history. It belonged to John Rogers, the martyr. During the persecutions he hid it to keep it from falling into the hands of Gardiner and Bonner and their spies. After he was burned at the stake, more than three centuries and a quarter ago, the Bible fell into the hands of his eldest son, descendants of whom came to America in 1625, bringing the book with them. This was the family of James Rogers, who, in traveling through the New England wilderness, carried the Bible in his bosom, and used it for a pillow. It was believed that it was an amulet to keep off the devil and the Indians. It descended through three generations of the Rogers in this country to Judith Rogers, who married Thomas Potter, of Hopkinton, R. I., in 1753. The Bible has been in the possession of the Potter family since. It is Matthew's or Cranmer's Bible and is not divided into verses. Its arrangement of chapters differs materially from the King James version. It was printed about the year 1520."

This story does not fit together quite right. Matthew's (John Rogers') Bible was not printed until 1537, and was too big a book to be carried about in a man's bosom. History says that "the volume measured 14½ inches in length and ten and a half in width." It would have answered very well for a pillow. As to keeping off "the devil and the Indians"—well, that is what people were likely to believe in an age when nearly every one believed that the dead could come back as spooks, and the living could become witches. They thought that the devil ruled the forest, and that the poor Indians were his agents.

It may be well to note here what the Rev. Ammi Rogers says of religious persecution in "free" America in his day. His memoirs abound with proof that the spirit of the old Inquisition still lived. In an address to a religious convention held in the city of Hartford, in 1803, he said:

Mr. President: For many years I have thought that to establish religion by force of civil law, as it is here in Connecticut, was not conducive to genuine piety and to the real prosperity of the Redeemer's Kingdom here on earth. It is in my opinion wrong, essentially wrong, to compel people by force of law to sup-

port that which they do not believe to be true; and civil or military force, exercised in matters of religion, has always eventuated in the oppression, in the distress, and in the destruction of mankind. In proof, shall I call to your view the first crusade under Peter the Hermit? Do I see one million one hundred thousand of the human race cruelly murdered and slain, at one time, on account of religion? The history of the whole church evinces the truth of what I say. What was it, I beseech you, but a union of church and state; that is, investing the church with civil power, supported by a military force, as it is here in Connecticut, that introduced and established popery in Europe, Mahometanism in Asia, and something, I am sorry and ashamed to say it, almost as bad here in New England? A union of church and state is like uniting fire and water, heaven and earth, God and mammon. It is this which has established the inquisition among the Roman Catholics. It is this which has caused so much oppression and distress in England, Ireland and Scotland. It was this which murdered the witches or Quakers in Massachusetts; tied Roger Williams and his friends to the tail ends of ox carts, and whipped them and the Baptists out of Boston. It was this which has fined and imprisoned hundreds of our fellow-citizens in Connecticut, because they would not, or could not in conscience, pay money to support that which they did not believe to be true; and now, Sir, at this very time, no one can be an Episcopalian, or Baptist, or Methodist, or Quaker in Connecticut, unless he will go to the dominant party and virtually put off his hat, make a bow, and humbly ask them to take a certificate, and permit him to become a conscientious dissenter, otherwise he must be taxed by them."

This is worthy of a descendant of John Rogers. Until Romanism is no longer a "political system"—until the daughter churches are free from Babylonian corruptions—until the Great Reformation is complete—until human nature is changed, made perfect—God forbid that church and state shall again be united. Let religion ask no more of civil government than protection; no more than absolute freedom for every citizen to worship according to the dictates of his own conscience.

#### DESCENDANTS IN THE WEST BRANCH VALLEY.

##### SETTLEMENT ON THE LOYALSOCK.

Joseph and Elizabeth Rogers, of Standah, England, had seventeen children, eleven of whom died in infancy and childhood. The six who survived their parents were Samuel, Margaret, Joseph, Mary, Sarah and George. The family record appears to have been lost, and we can give the ages of but two of the children, viz., Samuel, born May 1, 1760, and Sarah, born

in 1778. Elizabeth, the mother, died soon after the birth of George, about 1782.\*

Samuel Rogers (1), the oldest of the surviving children, and Ann Guant, his wife, the ancestors of the now numerous West Branch tribe of Rogers, came to America from Bramley, near Leeds, in Yorkshire, in the summer of 1801. Their son, Samuel (2),—the figures in brackets refer to the generations of the West Branch descendants, beginning with Samuel, the son of Joseph,—had preceded them, sometime during the year 1800, when a young man of eighteen, and had found employment in Philadelphia. He leased, on the first day of May, 1801, about the time his parents were ready to embark, a highly improved place of 103 acres, described as being "the greater part of Mill Creek Farm," on which there were handsome buildings and an abundance of fruit, located in the township of Blockley, in the county of Philadelphia, and owned by William Parkinson, for the use of which he, the said Samuel Rogers, Jr., stipulated to allow the owner certain privileges and pay a yearly rental of seven hundred dollars.

Here, in Blockley, the large family of Samuel Rogers (1), therefore, found a comfortable home awaiting them after a wearisome and eventful voyage of nearly three months. The ship in which they sailed from Liverpool had been driven far out of her course by a violent storm, and along with the anxiety caused by the breaking out of small-pox and a tempestuous sea, the supply of water became so meagre that all on board had for some weeks to be put on the smallest possible allowance. Grandmother

\*The survivors all eventually came to America. George, at the death of his mother, was taken and raised by his brother, Samuel, and came with him to Pennsylvania in 1801. He settled soon after near Baltimore, where he died, without issue, between 1845 and 1850.

Margaret and her husband, Jeremiah Akroyd, came a year or so later. They were the parents of Mary, the wife of Samuel Rogers (2). They lived at the Forks of the Loyalsock at the time of the great freshet in 1816, and afterward lived in Muncy. He died at Muncy, and she died below Forksville.

Sarah—born 1778 and married 1794—came to America in 1812. She lived with George, near Baltimore, until peace was declared,—when her husband, George Beecroft, was allowed to follow her,—then settled in New Jersey. She died at Trenton in 1867, at the home of her daughter, Elizabeth A. Brook. Mrs. Brook died February 3, 1892, of la grippe. Of seven children, Jacob Beecroft, of Asbury Park, is now the only one living. She has, however, many descendants. The venerable Mr. James Brook, of Trenton, who survives his wife, Elizabeth A., was also a pioneer manufacturer of woollen goods. It is said that he made the first fancy cassimere ever made in New Jersey.

Joseph—we learn just in time to add this note, but too late to make further inquiry,—also came to the new world before or soon after the war of 1812. He settled somewhere in New Jersey, and was also a woollen manufacturer. Mary, it is said, came with him.

Rogers in after years often spoke to her grandchildren of the painful suspense of that long and dreary journey, and told them how, when her little ones cried for water, she gave them bits of hard, dry toasted bread to chew and abate their burning thirst. One of her children, Jacob, but five months old, took the dreaded small-pox and died, and was buried in the boisterous deep. "Which shall be taken next?" the sorrowing mother must have thought, as she gazed upon the hapless group around her. Sad indeed to her and her family was the harsh requiem that

"The storm howl'd madly over the sea."

When at last the vessel came to anchor for a day or two, before landing, three miles from shore, father and mother Rogers had to pass through one more ordeal before stepping on the land to which they had come to seek a home. Some sailors who were sent into the hold to draw some whiskey, to celebrate the close of the tiresome voyage, carelessly set some goods on fire and came near burning up the ship. The passengers in great fright rushed on deck and were preparing to leave in the life-boats, but by the prompt and courageous efforts of the sailors the fire was extinguished. No one was much injured except "Uncle George" Rogers, who, being too venturesome, had one leg badly scalded. Little Benjamin, then in his fifth year, was missing when they were almost ready to leave the vessel. Joseph, then about seventeen, rushed back to his berth and soon had the little sleeper in the arms of his mother, who felt much distressed to think that she had for even one moment forgotten one of her dear little boys.

There were ten children living when the Rogers' took possession of the new home, three of the fourteen who had already been born unto them having died in England. For some reason, not now remembered, another change of base was, however, almost immediately resolved upon. Whether the elder Samuel concluded he could not maintain his large family and pay so much rent, or had his mind settled on at once possessing and improving a place of his own, or whether the proprietor of Mill Creek Farm had an opportunity to sell his place, or decided to occupy it himself, are questions that the descendants of Samuel Rogers cannot now answer. A clause in the agreement seems a likely provision for either of the latter contingencies, and it is now supposed that it suited both parties to abandon the lease.

The senior Rogers it is presumed had already heard of the English settlement on the Loyalsock, (see NOW AND THEN, page 198,) of which a son of the famous Dr. Joseph Priestley was the agent. Dr. Priestley was born and raised near Leeds, had been pastor of a congregation of dissenters in that city, and it is probable that his settlement at Northumberland, to escape the persecutions of which he had been a sufferer in England, was not only known to Rogers, but it is thought that they had some personal acquaintance. It is known at least that Rogers soon found his way to the Loyalsock settlement, and that he selected 124 acres of the choicest land at the Forks, for which it was agreed that he should pay at the rate of about \$2.50 per acre, and have and possess the same for five years without paying either rent or interest. Having thus secured a place of his own, he and his son Jonathan, then a hearty lad of sixteen, forthwith proceeded to occupy it, make a clearing in the forest, erect a cabin, and prepare for the reception of the family, who remained at Mill Creek Farm until the following spring. The data for a history of the family during the interesting era of settlement in the woods are scant, and readers are therefore left to fill in the blank that the writer must leave.

Three more sons and one daughter were added to the family circle after settlement at the Forks. One of these was taken from them soon after birth, in the autumn of 1802. Thirteen children reached maturity and twelve were married, —Richard, William and Hannah died without issue,—and through them the pioneers, Samuel and Ann, have become the honored heads of a very large family. These scions have widely scattered, not only through the West Branch Valley, but throughout many of the states. Few were thought to reside now on the Loyalsock, yet during a recent visit to the old family home we were enabled to enumerate as many as one hundred and twenty blood descendants who still live on that romantic stream and its tributaries. A large number live on Muncy Creek, some on Lycoming Creek, some in Bradford County, and many more have widely dispersed and may be found in Philadelphia and other parts of Pennsylvania, and in New Jersey, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Dakota, Montana, Iowa, Kansas, Arkansas, Washington and California. James P. Rogers, a grandson of Samuel Rogers (2), is a missionary living in Akola, India, and is now patiently

teaching in a heathen land what his distinguished ancestor was cruelly burned for preaching in a Christian land. As many as twenty-eight of the lineage are named who live in Muncy. It is impossible for us to give a genealogical register of the six or seven generations of the West Branch of the Susquehanna limb of the martyr's immense family tree, as we have neither the time nor space for such a work. The following record of the first three generations is respectfully submitted as the beginning of a complete register, if any one perchance is hereafter disposed to supply such a want:

## FAMILY REGISTER.

## FIRST GENERATION.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Births.</i>	<i>Deaths.</i>
Samuel Rogers,	May 1, 1760.	Jan. 29, 1828.
Ann Guant,	1762.	May 24, 1823.

## SECOND GENERATION.

Samuel Rogers,	Dec. 6, 1782.	Feb. 7, 1857.
Joseph Rogers,	Aug. 1, 1784.	April 3, 1847.
Jonathan Rogers,	Oct. 7, 1785.	Aug. 21, 1830.
John Rogers,	Feb. 11, 1787.	Mar. 1, 1858.
William Rogers,	Mar. 17, 1788.	Nov. 19, 1872.
Hannah Rogers,	Feb. 13, 1790.	Oct. 30, 1848.
Richard Rogers,	July 15, 1791.	Nov. 1875.
David Rogers,	Jan. 17, 1793.	Feb. 7, 1840.
Abram Rogers,	Feb. 28, 1794.	Mar. 6, 1794.
Elizabeth Rogers,	April 9, 1795.	April 9, 1795.
Martha Rogers,	May 8, 1796.	Feb. 1, 1798.
Benjamin Rogers,	Sept. 28, 1797.	May 7, 1851.
Reuben Rogers,	Dec. 3, 1798.	July 24, 1850.
Jacob Rogers,	Jan. 31, 1800.	June 2, 1801.
George Rogers,	Dec. 2, 1802.	Dec. 24, 1802.
Isaac Rogers,	July 26, 1804.	Jan. 13, 1859.
Moses Rogers,	April 14, 1806.	Feb. 18, 1879.
Mary Ann Rogers,	May 11, 1808.	Jan. 10, 1835.

## RECORD OF THE SECOND AND THIRD GENERATIONS.

## SECOND GENERATION.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Births.</i>	<i>Deaths or Res.</i>
Samuel Rogers,	Dec. 6, 1782.	Feb. 7, 1857.
Mary Akroyd,	Aug. 1, 1791.	Dec. 17, 1836.

## THIRD GENERATION.

Hannah,	Jan. 9, 1810.	Aug. 29, 1810.
Mary (Woodley),	May 13, 1811.	Feb. 23, 1872.
Margaret A. (Winchell),	Oct. 21, 1813.	Jan. 23, 1880.
Jacob,	Dec. 23, 1815.	April 5, 1870.
Samuel,	Dec. 15, 1817.	S. Dakota.
Elizabeth A. (Vandyke),	June 3, 1820.	Oct. 1875.
Richard Guant,	Oct. 16, 1822.	Jan. 23, 1874.
Jeremiah Akroyd,	May 22, 1826.	Jan. 20, 1877.
John,	Aug. 14, 1828.	D. in infancy.
George Higgins,	Nov. 6, 1829.	Feb. 12, 1847.

## SECOND GENERATION.

Joseph Rogers,	Aug. 1, 1784.	April 3, 1847.
Hannah Carlyle,	April 3, 1792.	May 4, 1860.

## THIRD GENERATION.

Margaret A. (Conden),	Jan. 13, 1810.	April 20, 1871.
Joseph Edmund,	Aug. 30, 1812.	Nov. 9, 1885.
Louisa (Stahl),	Feb. 19, 1815.	July 27, 1884.
Emaline (Steele),	Dec. 26, 1817.	July 9, 1839.
Samuel,	Aug. 16, 1820.	
Charlotte (Scott),	Jan. 15, 1823.	Okee, Wis.
Mary Elizabeth (Piper),	Nov. 16, 1825.	New Jefferson, Iowa.
Hannah (McPherson),	Feb. 29, 1828.	Okee, Wis.
Amanda (Barrett),	June 13, 1830.	Los Angeles, Cal.
Catharine (Soper),	April 13, 1834.	Los Angeles, Cal.

## SECOND GENERATION.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Births.</i>	<i>Deaths or Res.</i>
Jonathan Rogers,	Oct. 7, 1785.	Aug. 21, 1830.
Elizabeth Snell,	Dec. 11, 1783.	Oct. 9, 1830.

## THIRD GENERATION.

Sarah (Bryan),	July 15, 1811.	Mar. 25, 1880.
Ann (Wright),	April 15, 1813.	E. Canton, Pa.
Mary (Fowler),	Jan. 17, 1815.	July 9, 1861.
William,	Nov. 23, 1816.	Picture R'ks, Pa.
David,	Jan. 8, 1819.	*
Jonathan,	Feb. 10, 1821.	Lincoln Falls, Pa.
Richard,	April 8, 1824.	April 4, 1869.
* Supposed to have fallen in the Canadian rebellion.		

## SECOND GENERATION.

John Rogers,	Feb. 11, 1787.	Mar. 1, 1858.
Sarah Lambert,	Mar. 4, 1788.	April 3, 1838.
Mary Huckel,	1787.	May 26, 1871.

## THIRD GENERATION.

Joseph,	Dec. 21, 1811.	Nov. 1, 1878.
Rebecca (Little),	June 4, 1813.	Dec. 4, 1878.
George,	Feb. 9, 1815.	Aug. 24, 1889.
Reuben,	April 14, 1820.	Cherokee, Ia.
Levi,	Feb. 23, 1822.	Oct. 6, 1879.
Ezra,	May 18, 1824.	Sept. 13, 1841.
Seth,	April 5, 1826.	†
Thomas,	Feb. 21, 1832.	Hammonton, N. J.

† Supposed to have died on the plains while en route to California, 1849 or '50.

## SECOND GENERATION.

William Rogers,	Mar. 17, 1788.	Nov. 19, 1872.
Abigail Titus,		
No issue. Both died in Wisconsin.		

## SECOND GENERATION.

Hannah Rogers,	Feb. 13, 1790.	Oct. 30, 1848.
Thomas Molyneaux,		

## THIRD GENERATION.

Joseph,	Jan. 18, 1814.	Jan. 21, 1892.
Henry,	April 10, 1817.	June 1, 1885.
Sarah (Bird),	Aug. 1, 1820.	Millview, Pa.
Rachel (Degaugh),	Nov. 1, 1823.	
Harriet (Bird),	Jan. 12, 1825.	Millview, Pa.
Enoch,	May 10, 1827.	
Amanda (Tallman),		
Lucinda (Degaugh),		

## SECOND GENERATION.

Richard Rogers,	July 15, 1791.	Nov., 1875.
Harriet Stanley,	Born in Maine.	Jan. 27, 1873.
No children.		

## SECOND GENERATION.

David Rogers,	Jan. 17, 1793.	Feb. 7, 1840.
Mary Hill,	April 14, 1799.	Aug. 21, 1858.

## THIRD GENERATION.

Martha Jane (Davis),	Oct. 21, 1820.	Hillsgr'Ve, Pa.
Ann Caroline,	Sept. 21, 1823.	
John H.,	Oct. 19, 1826.	"
Mary H. (Ives),	Oct. 17, 1829.	Muncy, Pa.
Robert F.,	Mar. 27, 1834.	Hillsgr'Ve, Pa.

## SECOND GENERATION.

Benjamin Rogers,	Sept. 28, 1797.	May 7, 1851.
Gittyann Bowne,	Jan. 1, 1807.	Aug. 3, 1860.

## THIRD GENERATION.

Daniel,	Aug. 5, 1821.	May 7, 1823.
Phoebe C.,	Sept. 5, 1823.	1853.
Rachel A.,	Mar. 31, 1827.	1853.
Catharine B.,	July 25, 1830.	1853.
Benjamin,	Nov. 12, 1832.	Allent'n, N.J.
Elias B.,	Feb. 20, 1835.	"
Elizabeth C.,	Mar. 10, 1836.	May 12, 1836.
Cabel C.,	May 13, 1838.	Trenton, N. J.
James G. C.,	Aug. 18, 1840.	Jan. 1, 1841.
Gittyann B.,	June 18, 1843.	Sept. 8, 1860.
Hannah M.,	Dec. 6, 1845.	Mar., 1887.
Henry Clay,	April 24, 1849.	Aug. 23, 1850.

## SECOND GENERATION.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Births.</i>	<i>Deaths or Res.</i>
Reuben Rogers,	Dec. 3, 1798.	July 21, 1850.
Nancy Sidman,	April 22, 1798.	June 24, 1870.

## THIRD GENERATION.

Charlotte G.,	April 26, 1823.	Oct. 14, 1854.
Duke William,	Jan. 6, 1825.	April 4, 1869.
Moses,	Dec. 29, 1826.	Mar. 31, 1829.
Clinda M.,	June 2, 1829.	Montours- ville, Pa.
Alice P.,	Jan. 31, 1832.	"
Joshua Bowman,	Feb. 25, 1834.	"
Nancy K.,	Sept. 14, 1836.	Jan. 14, 1874.

## SECOND GENERATION.

Isaac Rogers,	July 26, 1804.	Jan. 16, 1859.
Zilphia Mason,	Jan. 26, 1806.	Dec. 8, 1859.

## THIRD GENERATION.

Roxey Ann,	Jan. 8, 1828.	June 20, 1832.
Harriet Sophia,	Aug. 11, 1830.	Jacksonville, Ill. *
Eliphalet Mason,	May 14, 1832.	*
Catharine Julia,	Mar. 25, 1834.	
Mary A. (Wier),	Nov. 29, 1836.	Minneapolis, Minn.
Thomas Murry,	Sept. 3, 1839.	July 15, 1842.
* Killed at Antietam.		

## SECOND GENERATION.

Moses Rogers,	April 14, 1806.	Feb. 18, 1879.
Jane Sadler,	Aug. 20, 1810.	Feb. 6, 1892.

## THIRD GENERATION.

Zilphia (Fleming),	Aug. 2, 1829.	Forksville, Pa.
Samuel Sadler,	Sept. 22, 1831.	Elkland Twp. Sullivan Co.
Moses Austin,	Mar. 22, 1833.	Forksville, Pa.
Isaac,	Aug. 19, 1834.	"
William,	Oct. 8, 1836.	May 12, 1864.
Mary Jane (Weeks),	Feb. 8, 1838.	Nelson, Pa.
John Wesley,	Jan. 2, 1845.	Forksville, Pa.

## GENEALOGY.

As to the genealogy there seems to be no reason to question the lineal descent claimed from John Rogers, the martyr. The following record is taken verbatim from the old family Bible of Samuel Rogers (2), now in the possession of his grandson, Erastus Rogers (4), the well-known vocalist, and son of the late Jeremiah A. Rogers (3), of White Pigeon, Mich.:

"Samuel Rogers, born at Bramley, three miles west of Leeds, Yorkshire, England, on the 6th of December, A. D. 1782. My father, Samuel Rogers, was born at Standah, a town between Leeds and Bradforth, on the 1st of May, 1760. Joseph Rogers, my father's father, was born in 1732. His father's name was William Rogers. His father's grandfather was a son of one of the sons of John Rogers, the martyr."

To make this record more perspicuous it is transcribed thus:

Samuel Rogers, of Bramley, (born 1782), was a son of Samuel Rogers, of Standah, (1760), who was a son of Joseph Rogers, (1732), who was a son of William Rogers, (about 1683-87), who was a son of — Rogers, (1634-42), Joseph's "father's father," who was a son of — Rogers, (1585-97), Joseph's "father's grandfather," who was a son of — Rogers, (1537-54), who was "one of the sons" of John Rogers, the martyr, (born 1505).

Samuel Rogers (2) and the Rev. Ammi

Rogers, of Connecticut, were representatives accordingly of the seventh generation of the martyr's descendants. Allowing an average of 35 years for each generation, this would take the record back from the birth of Samuel (1782) to 1537, the year in which the martyr was married. As the Rev. Ammi Rogers was born in 1770, the average age in his line would be a fraction more than 33 years. It is not stated, however, which of the martyr's sons was the ancestor of Samuel; hence it is possible that the average may be about the same. True, Samuel (1) was only 22 at the birth of his son, Samuel (2), and Joseph was but 28 at the birth of Samuel (1); but these cases are *below* the average age of parentage. By referring to the family register it will be seen that Samuel (1) was 48 when his youngest child, Mary Ann, was born; that Samuel (2) was 47 when his son, George Higgins, came into the world; that Joseph (2) was 50 when his daughter, Catharine, was born, and that Benjamin (2) was 52 when his boy, Henry Clay, completed his family record. These cases are *above* the average. Thomas Rogers, of Branford, Conn., born 1725, was 45 when his son, Ammi, was born, 1770, and Josiah, born 1664, was an old man of 61 at the birth of Thomas, Ammi's father. John, the martyr, we may also mention, was nearly 50 when his youngest child was born.

It is reasonable, and probable, that Samuel (2) had, as believed, obtained his pedigree from some older family record, though he may have engrossed his own record from memory. A Bible that had belonged to Joseph Rogers, his grandfather, was brought by his parents to America, and is now in the possession of Judson K. Rogers (4), of Muncy, but the record it may have contained has unfortunately been lost. It was printed at Cambridge, 1768, and has the name of Joseph Rogers, with date 1771, still traceable on the cover. But in 1771 Joseph had already been keeping house many years, (his son, Samuel (1), was born in 1760), and this, therefore, was evidently not his first or "old family Bible."

And it is possible, also, that the generations may be correctly stated in Samuel's (2) record, though of this a doubt has been expressed. From the birth of Joseph, 1732, the earliest date he has given, an average of nearly 49 years would be required to reach back to the year of the martyr's marriage. Reckoning to the birth of his youngest child, the average would still

be about 45 years. By the words, "His father's grandfather was a son," it has been surmised, however, that he did not intend to say Joseph's "father's grandfather," but that he meant that William's "father's grandfather was a son of one of the sons of John Rogers, the martyr." This would add one more generation to the record as above transcribed, and remove any objection that might be raised that too much time was allotted to the second, third and fourth generations.

### LIFE IN THE FOREST.

The patriarchal Samuel (1) was but 42 years old when, with his large family, he commenced life in the great American wilderness. The struggle for existence was doubtless often very trying; the deprivation from many comforts they had enjoyed in England, or might have had in Philadelphia, must have been often severely felt; but then there were also many compensations for what they endured. They enjoyed the novelty of their new life; were fascinated by the great forest, abounding with many, to them, new species of animals; were charmed by the romantic stream teeming with gamy trout; were attracted by the noble mountains that towered high above them on all sides, and buoyed with hope for the future of the land of wonderful resources, that was daily attracting settlers from all the countries of Europe.

With all its disadvantages, there is a peculiar charm and independence connected with pioneer life, a freedom from the formal demands and restraints of old-world society, and a remunerative comfort in the veritable hospitalities of new settlers similarly situated, that can only be fully understood by those who have been pioneers. The Rogers', and their early English neighbors, the Birds, the Warrens, the Huckels, the Molyneauxs, the Hills, the Granges, the Kings, the Ecroyds, the Snells, the Browns, the Boyles, the Eldreds, found constant enjoyment in little things, designs and rude improvements, that perhaps many of their more luxurious descendants of to-day could not appreciate. They did not know and worry about many things that we now wonder how we could live without. They doubtless enjoyed life fully as much as we do now.

The eighteen children of Samuel and Ann Rogers have all passed away, therefore but a meagre account of the early settlement and struggles can be given. In 1874 the editor

spent several days at the home of the late Ellis L. Bryan, below Picture Rocks, and had the pleasure of there meeting with Richard Rogers (2), who was then 83 years old, and still in the possession of a good memory. He and Moses Rogers, of Forksville, were at that time the only survivors of the second generation. We conversed for hours about the times when he was a boy, and fortunately made note of some things that he said, (see page 30, Vol. II.,) but we did not then dream of the task now undertaken, or we should certainly have obtained much information of interest that is now forever buried with him and his generation. How prone we all are to neglect our opportunities. When time is lost we know its value. The venerable Richard spoke of the many changes of customs and conditions that he had witnessed. He adverted especially to the wildness of the country and the abundance of game in the region of the Loyalsock when he was a young man. He was pleased with the interest evinced in his recollections, and

"Scenes long past, of joy and pain,  
Came wildering o'er his aged brain."

He related with great minuteness how he went out one morning on the flat below the Forks to bring in the oxen, with his rifle on his shoulder, as was then the common custom when leaving the house, and had a most terrific encounter with a deer; and as he did so he grew still more animated, until he seemed to "breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more." He said he found a fine large doe with the cattle and shot her. Just as he fired she slightly changed her position, in consequence of which the ball merely stunned her. When he went to bleed her she was almost instantly on her feet again, and attacked him with great fury. He undertook to hold her, but her strength surprised him. The combatants now rolled over each other, back and forth, in the savage struggle for life, so that for some moments Richard thought the result was a matter of doubt. She fought him until, as he said, his "shirt was torn into ribbons," and he was "almost naked." When he at last succeeded in using his knife, he was himself so nearly exhausted that he was for some minutes hardly able to move.

Once he killed a wolf, on the same flat below the Forks, with a hemlock knot. He said he was driving some young cattle through the woods, along the creek, when the wolf jumped from behind a tree and started for the stream.

He managed to get between the animal and the creek, and just as it raised to attack him, with bristles up and mouth open ready to bite, he struck for its head. Overreaching his mark, he hit it a stunning blow on the back, but before the enraged beast could recover he dispatched it with a blow on the head. Adventures with deer, wolves, bears, wild cats and other animals, were of frequent occurrence, and afforded excitement that added not a little to the enjoyment of pioneer life.

When nearly grown up Richard went one day with several of his younger brothers to inspect a bear trap, that they had set several miles away in the forest. On returning it began gradually to grow strangely and unaccountably dark. He said "a queer feeling" came creeping over them. They saw a flock of seventeen deer; the nimble-footed creatures did not seem anxious to get away, but appeared to be, as they were themselves, strangely disconcerted. The boys stopped at a corn field some distance from the house to do some hoeing, but the mysterious darkness continued to increase, and they could not work. All nature seemed to become portentously silent and sad, and they were in sympathy with the universal gloom. They did not know what it meant. The younger brothers began to cry. Richard now said, "Come, boys, I guess we might as well go home," with all the apathy he could muster, but secretly he himself was no less strangely effected. They went home, and were soon comforted. The darkness was caused by a total eclipse of the sun.\*

An unusually serious incident, related to us by Richard, was a hand to tooth-and-claw struggle with a panther. Powell Bird, who lived about two miles above the Forks, with his son, George, and grandson, Job Somers, the latter a boy about twelve years old, had been several miles up the creek to examine some traps they had set to catch wolves. On the way home they passed a pasture field, and the lad, Job, remained behind to gather up the cattle and drive them home. When less than three hundred yards from the house the little fellow was attacked by a large panther. He had heard the cry of the animal, but supposed that his uncle George must have lingered behind and was trying to frighten him by imitating the panther cry, and

he was therefore not seriously alarmed. When the animal came nearer he said, "Uncle George, you need not think you can scare me. I know it's you." Hearing a noise still nearer, he suspiciously looked back over his shoulder, when he was horrified to see the formidable beast crouching on the ground now only a few yards from him. He gave several tremendous shrieks for help and started to run toward the house. In an instant his fierce and hungry assailant was upon him and bore him to the ground. His mother had fortunately tied a heavy handkerchief around his neck before he left home. In the struggle to save himself he must also instinctively have put his hand to his throat; and, as his hand was very badly bitten, it is evident that it and the handkerchief was all that prevented the animal from doing its work of death quickly. Fortunately also the ever faithful house dog came almost instantly to his relief, and put the panther on the defensive. George, having heard the cry of distress, likewise came quickly to the rescue with his rifle. He found his little nephew lying on his back, the panther standing over him with one of its great paws over his face holding him down, and with the other defending itself from the persevering attacks of the dog. Having approached as near as he thought prudent, the uncle kneeled, and taking deliberate aim sent a ball through the panther's heart, when he had the unspeakable pleasure of seeing it instantly drop and die almost without a struggle. Job carried the marks of the sharp claws in his face to his grave. Many persons now living well remember him. The last lurking human savage had disappeared, but the savage beast still prowled in the forest. To escape thus from the jaws of a hungry panther was, however, an incident of extremely rare occurrence, and one can imagine the excitement that Job's adventure must have caused in the primeval community. The incident occurred in 1811.\*

Hunting stories enough to make a book might have been collected while the early settlers were yet living. The following is a good example:

\*We may add that we have since heard several versions of the panther story. They agree on the points of most importance. We give it as we received it. Judge Eldred informed us that George Bird, the slayer of the panther, once related the incident with great minuteness to the late Judge H. B. Packer and himself, and that the account as above given agrees substantially with his recollection of Bird's relation. The judge's father, Edward Jarvis Eldred, who was then the Justice of the Peace for that district, paid the bounty that George Bird received for the panther's scalp.

\*This was probably the eclipse mentioned on page 64, when Johannes and Dorothy Betts, who were hoeing corn on the river bottom for Ben Shoemaker, became so frightened and thought that the Day of Judgment had come.

Benjamin and Reuben Rogers (2) started out on a hunt one morning, and had not gone far when they found a deer that had just been killed and partly eaten by a panther. The fresh tracks in the snow were large and very tempting, so in a moment they were off in rapid pursuit of the noble game. They followed the tracks without much difficulty for several miles, until they went down the steep side of the mountain where the snow had in places been melted or blown away. They paused at the base of a tree a few feet from a rocky precipice to deliberate in which direction to move next, when one noticed some marks on the bark, and remarked that "they look like panther scratches." Looking up they saw the huge animal they were after lying on a large, almost horizontal limb, not many feet above their heads, his great flashing eyes fixed on them, and his tail nervously twitching as if he meditated mischief. Keeping their eyes steadily fixed on the treacherous beast, they cautiously backed up the declivity until on a level with it, but scarcely increased the uncomfortably small space between it and them. "Shall I make a sure shot, or shall we have some fun with Rover?" said Benjamin, meaning the dog, of whose hunting qualities they must have had a high opinion. "Make a sure shot," responded Reuben quickly, "or he might make sure of one of us!" The shot was a sure one. The panther had hardly touched the ground when Rover sprang upon him, and down the precipice the dog and game together tumbled. When the anxious hunters reached them, by taking a less direct route, they found the panther dead, and the plucky canine unharmed. The feline quarry was truly a noble specimen, measuring eleven feet and six inches from tip to tip.

Rattlesnakes were also quite common. It is related of Joseph Rogers (2) that he once started out on a hunt by himself and had gone but a short distance down the flat when he encountered a large family of these repulsive reptiles. He was suddenly confronted by a "pile of rattlers as large as a bushel basket."\* He was so terrified by the spectacle of so many dreaded snakes in a bunch, seeming almost like some great hundred-headed monster, with hundreds of flash-

ing eyes, that he turned on his heels without even discharging the contents of his gun into the living mass, and beat a hasty retreat for home. The spot where he saw them is still pointed out, and is near where his nephew Isaac, son of Moses Rogers (2), now resides. Rattlesnakes are still found on the Loyalsock, but hogs, fires and the settlers have greatly diminished their numbers, and may in time exterminate them.

#### BUSINESS AND PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

Samuel Rogers (1) was a cloth weaver by trade, but it does not appear that he engaged in this pursuit on the Loyalsock. Samuel (2), his eldest son, had worked in a woolen factory in England, and soon after the settlement at the Forks leased, or established, a woolen factory in the state of Delaware. His brothers, Jonathan and William (2), went down and worked for him, and it appears finally had an interest in the business, which proved to be profitable. The young men soon resolved, however, to establish a factory on the Loyalsock, where they concluded that they could manufacture to still better advantage, give employment to their brothers and neighbors, and have a growing home market all to themselves.

On the 2d day of June, 1810, Samuel (1) deeded a portion of his land at the Forks to his three sons, Samuel, Jonathan and William, who are designated in the conveyance as being "of Mill Creek Hundred, New Castle County, state of Delaware." A saw-mill was at once erected, a dam constructed; then the first woolen factory in this section of the country was built; also seven houses for their families and for the hands. When the war of 1812 came on the event found the enterprising young men advantageously established on the Loyalsock, already actively engaged in business.† They not only found a rapidly growing home market, but soon made favorable contracts with the Government to furnish Kersey cloth for the army, so that they immediately again found themselves prosperous manufacturers.

Several teams were constantly employed transporting their fabrics to Philadelphia, and bringing back raw material and merchandise. Richard

\* George Catlin, in his "Last Rambles," page 27, gives a spirited picture and an entertaining account of an adventure of himself and some friends with just such a knot of interlocked rattlers, "the size of a bushel basket," about eighty years ago, on the North Branch of the Susquehanna River. He was armed with an old Revolutionary musket, doubly charged with duck shot, and made great havoc among the knotted mass, which consisted of from "fifty to one hundred" snakes.

† The mill in Delaware we have since learned was not, however, finally abandoned until 1813 or later. Jonathan it appears remained there to continue and close the business, while Samuel and William established the new plant on the Loyalsock.

and David were the chief teamsters. They were on the road winter and summer. Each had a heavy wagon and a team of five horses. The horses were never blanketed, and seldom enjoyed the luxury of a stable. There were few bridges then; none at all on the Loyalsock. Between Hills Grove and Forksville, a distance of nine miles, they were obliged to ford the creek sixteen times. If Richard and David were living they could doubtless furnish the data for an interesting chapter on this early method of transportation.

In the year 1816 the greatest freshet occurred on the Loyalsock that had ever been known, by which the woolen factory was swept completely away, and the sounds of industry were hushed for years in the embryo village of Forksville. The only thing ever found was the large dye kettle; this was discovered some months after the flood in a deep hole about one mile below the Forks, and ever since then the place in which it lodged has been known as the Dye Kettle Hole. The only vestige now remaining of this primitive enterprise is a single log, imbedded in the gravel bottom of the creek, about fifty feet above the bridge, that had been in the foundation of the dam. The factory stood a few rods below the bridge, on the south side of the creek.

Soon after this cataclysmal catastrophe Samuel and Jonathan bought (1817) the property on Muncy Creek, near Muncy Borough, now known as the Willow Grove Mills, on which they immediately erected a frame building, and for the third time embarked in the woolen business. There were on the premises also a grist-mill, a plaster mill and a saw-mill, all of which were operated in connection with the woolen mill. In 1826 a second disaster befell the enterprising manufacturers; a fire in this instance almost completely destroying their valuable property.

Samuel and Jonathan after the fire dissolved their business relations, Samuel buying the latter's interest. Jonathan returned to the Loyalsock and in the same year (1826) established a woolen mill a short distance below Forksville, which he operated until his death, in 1830. This frame mill is still standing, and is now owned by the heirs of John Osler.

Samuel proceeded at once to build a larger factory on Muncy Creek, 75 by 45 feet, of brick, three stories high, and continued the business at this place until 1840. Having during this period met with several disasters in financial

matters—misfortunes it seems do not often come single-handed—he concluded that he could best improve his condition by making a change, and therefore now sold his place. His greatest loss was the death of his wife, in 1836, which was a serious stroke to him also in temporal affairs. Her death was the result of a seemingly trifling accident, the running of the tongue of a Jew's-harp into her wrist. In 1841 he moved to Hightown and took charge of the White Deer Woolen Mills, which he operated for about five years. On the first day of April, 1846, he removed to Briar Creek, Columbia County, where he leased a woolen mill and he and his sons, Richard and Jeremiah, continued manufacturing nearly eight years longer. In 1854 he retired altogether from the woolen business and moved on his farm, (now belonging to the heirs of his son, Richard G.,) on Carpenter's Run, in Muncy Township, where he lived until his death, which occurred on Bear Creek, from apoplexy, in 1857. He also owned a large body of timber land on Bear Creek, eighteen hundred acres of which, we have been told, he and his brother, Jonathan, had bought at the first land sale held by the Commissioners of Lycoming County. Here, in a romantic spot, at the junction of the east and south branches of the creek, his sons, Richard G. and Jeremiah A., erected a woolen mill in 1854, where for many years they were actively and successfully engaged in the same business.

We have not the space to give a full history of the manufacturing enterprises of the descendants of the pioneers, Samuel (1) and Ann Rogers. We will merely add that three of their great-grandsons, George, Samuel and Judson, sons of the late Richard G., are now connected with our flourishing Muncy Woolen Mills; and that, as several great-great-grandsons are now being reared at the spindles and loom, the name Rogers seems destined to remain identified with woolen manufacturing for many years to come. We might say that this has been a family of woolen manufacturers.

Samuel (2) was a good, useful and much esteemed citizen. A close observer, thoughtful, kind-hearted, cool, and having good judgment, he was well calculated to acquire influence over and win the respect of his fellow men. This is apparent from the fact that he was frequently chosen to act as moderator of the Northumberland Baptist Association, to which body his church belonged. The Rev. Jacob Miller, who

will become an octogenarian in August, says that soon after Samuel located on Muncy Creek he took an active part, if indeed he was not the very first to move, in the organization (in 1818) of the *first* Sunday School in this valley, if not the first in Lycoming County. He was the *first* superintendent. It was a union school, supported by all denominations, and was held in the old Guide School House, just west of the Manor line. Mr. Miller was barely old enough to be a pupil, but he has a distinct recollection of the school. After the sessions of the school, officers, teachers and pupils would sometimes march nearly two miles—two by two, in the middle of the road—to the old “Dutch Church” to hear the famous Episcopal missionary pioneer, the Rev. Caleb Hopkins, preach in English. Hopkins was our *first resident minister* who preached in the English language.

Samuel (2) was also the originator and one of the first directors of the Lycoming Mutual Fire Insurance Company, an institution organized in 1840, that in a few years developed into one of the foremost fire insurance corporations in the country, having property insured at one time to the amount of \$65,000,000. He was also for a number of years general agent of the company, his exertions and influence as such contributing largely to promote its rapid growth and popularity.

He was often applied to by acquaintances for advice in business matters, and sometimes in the event of domestic trouble. In case of family feuds he was shy, however, it is said, in giving counsel. He once had a disagreeable experience as a domiciliary peace-maker. When a young man, on the way with his family to locate on the Loyalsock, while stopping at some settlement for rest and refreshment, he came to the house of a married couple who were engaged in actual hostilities. The weaker vessel seemed to be suffering the most damage, and was apparently worthy of the most sympathy. He kindly advocated peace. Finding kind words ineffectual, he finally felt obliged to protect her by taking her liege lord by the neck. The result was that the woman instantly turned on him in defense of her husband, and the combative twain fell upon him and gave him a fearful thrashing. Such vigorous reproof he said was enough to last him his life-time.

Of his large family but one at present survives, Samuel (3), now in his 75th year. He and his wife, Elizabeth\* Harding, celebrated

their golden wedding in December, 1890. They are living in Bijou Hills, South Dakota, and are said to be enjoying a healthy and vigorous old age. They are the parents of James P. Rogers, the missionary in India.

It would be a pleasure to gather the data for a sketch of each member of the first Rogers family on the Loyalsock,—of Samuel and Ann, and the thirteen children who grew to manhood and womanhood, and also of many of their descendants,—but time and space will not permit us to enlarge the field of our investigations. We can only give such information as we already possess.

When Samuel and Jonathan were established on Muncy Creek, a stout, active, steady boy, who was born (1804) just across the creek from Hughesville, entered the woolen mill to learn the art of making woolen yarns, blankets, flannels, jeans, etc. When the brothers dissolved and Jonathan moved to Forksville (1826) to engage in manufacturing there, the young man gladly went with him as a journeyman. It was not the position, however, that most attracted him. Jonathan's eldest daughter, Sarah, now an engaging girl of fifteen, it is well known was the powerful magnet by which he was drawn.

“The bee thro’ many a garden roves,  
And hums the lay of courtship o’er,  
But when he finds the flower he loves,  
He settles there, and hums no more.”

Three years later, in July, 1829, when Sarah reached her eighteenth birthday, the young man was made the happy possessor of her hand. The fortunate young journeyman became one of the most esteemed, prosperous and prominent citizens of Wolf Township, now well remembered as the late Ellis L. Bryan. Sarah was an excellent wife, one of the best of mothers, and to her good and prudent, but quiet and unassuming management, the prosperity of the family was largely due. Mr. Bryan erected the grist-mill and woolen factory on Muncy Creek, about one mile below Picture Rocks. He was a man of sterling character, whose example in many respects is worthy of imitation. What he said he meant, and what he meant he generally said. When the thunder-peals of the great rebellion came reverberating from the South, no citizen of the republic was more ready to sacrifice his means, and if need be his life, to preserve the Union. He saw that slavery was the life-destroying cancer that caused all the trouble, and soon made up his mind that it was not only a duty, but that it had become a national neces-

sity to obey the divine command to "let the oppressed go free." The Union was not to him a mere synonym for political power, but an equivalent for personal and religious liberty. All his sons who were old enough went into the service, and the youngest wanted to go. The struggle was but another step in the Great Reformation, or—as an eloquent Episcopalian divine has recently well said we ought to say—the Great Development.

While on an excursion in November last, in company with Mr. James Coulter, of the Muncy Woolen Mills, to the scene of the early settlement of the Rogers family on the Loyalsock, we had the pleasure of meeting Jonathan Rogers (3), brother of Mrs. Sarah Bryan, who is very pleasantly situated on Elk Creek, only a few rods from the beautiful Lincoln Falls. (See page 197.) This worthy gentleman has become famous in Sullivan County as a road-maker. He realized that it was economy to make good roads, with easy grades, and being elected supervisor he began at once to revolutionize road-making in his section. But it seems that leaders in reforms of all kinds must suffer in some way when they serve their fellow men. His conduct was severely criticised, and a bitter opposition sprung up on all sides. Finally even public indignation meetings were held to oppose what was regarded as "fanaticism" and "reckless extravagance." But he kept cool, and went on quietly with his good work. He knew that experience is a great teacher. The teamsters soon learned that the money and time were well applied. Then the tide of opinion began to turn. The cause of the change is well expressed by a remark made to us by a teamster on one of the improved roads: "I used to think it enough for my team to bring out 500 feet of green lumber. I can now haul 2,000 feet just as easy." Having heard of Mr. Rogers' "hobby," and seen examples of his work before meeting him, we ventured to refer to the subject in our conversation. He confessed that the roads were "much better than they used to be," but said nothing to impress us with the fact that he was the man who improved them. He had but a single purpose—good roads. Such citizens are true public benefactors.

Mr. James Coulter, who has been associated with the Rogers' and Bryans in business nearly forty years, relates many things that we regret we have not space to narrate. Not being otherwise related, he cannot be charged with nepotism. For many years he traversed the country north

of this with a team gathering wool and selling woolen goods. This often brought him to the home of the late Joseph Rogers (3) and his wife Elizabeth, of Elkland Township, Sullivan County, a couple who were especially noted for their goodness and amiability. Joseph was the eldest of the eight children of John Rogers (2). Honest, true, gentle and benevolent, he and Elizabeth endeared themselves to all. They were ever doing kind acts, but in such a quiet and unselfish way that one hand knew not what the other hand did. They had no children of their own, but they raised five or six for others, and kindly cared for several homeless old people. Mr. Coulter has a fund of anecdotes that portray their character better than eulogium, examples of which we give. One season, when provender for beast was scarce, some one came to their place to buy hay. Joseph asked if they had the money to pay for it. "Yes," "Well," was the prompt but kind response, "Mr. — of — has hay, and you can buy of him. Some folks around here are short of hay, and have no money, so I'd better keep what I can spare for them." In thus caring for the happiness of others, they made themselves happy. Once Coulter bought a lot of wool of them, and asked if they wanted some blankets. Joseph thought not, but the good wife interrupted: "Yes, Joseph, we had better take another pair; I gave the last we bought to that family on — who were burnt out in the winter. I don't know what they would have done in that cold weather without those warm blankets. We had better take another pair, Joseph, as we may need them." That was enough. Joseph bought the blankets. Thus, meekly, they spent their days, ministering to the enjoyment of others. The night, in which there is no work, has overtaken them; they rest from their labors, but their works follow them, and they shall be satisfied when they awake.

Others of the now numerous and wide-spread family we would be glad to mention. A volume, we believe, might be filled with notes, anecdotes and reminiscences of interest to the general reader, as well as entertaining to those who have the blood of the distinguished martyr in their veins. But we must pass on.

#### RELIGIOUS PREDILECTIONS.

John Rogers, the martyr, was "a minister of the Church of England," and a "dissenter" from the Roman Catholic Church. And now the great majority of the descendants—in

America at least—are dissenters from the Church of England, and from John Rogers. The Rev. Ammi Rogers says in his memoirs that his parents “were pious and strict Congregational Presbyterians,” but that when he could think for himself he resolved “our forefathers were mistaken in separating from the Church of England,” and so he joined the Episcopal Church.

Samuel Rogers (1) came from England a Baptist. It has been stated that during the early settlement on the Loyalsock there was an “organized witness for the truth,” but we have no record of such a religious movement of Baptists in that era. From the minutes of the Northumberland Baptist Association we learn that the “Forks of Loyalsock Particular Baptist Church” was not formally organized until October 7, 1822. Of the ten original members, six bore the name of Rogers. The constituents were: Elder Henry Clark and Rebekah, his wife; Samuel Rogers (1) and Nancy Guant, his wife; Powell Bird and Lydia, his wife; Richard Rogers (2) and Harriet Stanley, his wife, and Gittyann Rogers and Isaac Rogers. Richard and Isaac were baptized on the day the church was organized.

Samuel Rogers' (1) numerous descendants may be classed religiously as chiefly Methodists and Baptists, but there are among them also Lutherans, Episcopalians and Unitarians. John Rogers (2) was one of the pioneers of Methodism on the Loyalsock. (See “Early Methodism” by Judge C. D. Eldred on page 7). How the martyr ancestor would have regarded the tendency of his descendants,—in thinking for themselves, as he had the courage to think,—to adopt such divers modes of faith, could he have seen down the centuries, is a question that may, perhaps, occur to some; but a far more important query is, how are these predilections regarded by that incomparable martyr who gave Himself a sacrifice for all? Did He say, in anticipation of this very thought, “By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, *if ye love one another.*” Daily the conviction is growing stronger that the Christian religion is above all things a religion of love.

Words cannot express the full value of religious liberty. What a church—*any* church—the church—might do if able to control civil government, and legislate at will on religious questions, God only knows. But the past admonishes us that no church ought to be invested with political power. No good Episcopalian

would now say that a heretic “ought to be burnt,” as John Rogers said of Joan Boucher. Why this change? Why is this venerable church so much more liberal Now? It is due to the diffusion of knowledge and intelligence. It is the blessed result of a free Bible and a free press. It is the sequence of civil liberty. It is the outcome of larger, deeper, broader charity. It is because what is called Christianity is becoming more Christian. It is development, rather than reformation.

The civil sway, that in times past and but recently, as the Rev. Ammi Rogers has shown us, was so often abused, is now no longer under ecclesiastical jurisdiction. A few Quakers have as much power now as the millions of Methodists, or Baptists, or Roman Catholics. No organization may now dictate what the humblest individual shall think, or say, or do, or not do, in religious matters. The martyr fires have shown the folly of coercion and persecution. They have exposed the evil of civil jurisdiction by religious bodies. They have demonstrated the blessed truth that every human soul has a natural right to freedom of conscience. They have taught that man is a coward if he does not, as John Rogers did, think for himself.

#### TRUE TO LIBERTY AND THE UNION.

The Pennsylvania descendants of the religious martyr have left honorable records as martyrs for civil liberty and defenders of the American Union. Complete civil liberty is the true safeguard of complete liberty of conscience. The latter cannot exist without the former. In maintaining the government based upon the corner-stone of perfect personal liberty and equality, the descendants have therefore faithfully championed the very cause of religious liberty for which John Rogers was burned.

Margaret A. Winchell (3), daughter of Samuel Rogers (2), had two sons who served through the war. Thos. S. Winchell (4) at the age of 19 enlisted in the 10th Wis. V. Infantry. Re-enlisted in the 38th Wis. At the siege of Petersburg received a lieutenant's commission in Co. C., 50th Wis., and when mustered out June, 1866, was adjutant of the regiment. Clinton D. Winchell (4), of the 38th Wis., was badly wounded in front of Petersburg, (April 2, 1865,) the femoral artery of his left leg being cut off one and a half inches below Poupart's ligament. This was a serious wound to recover from, but he was

discharged from the hospital in less than three months from the date (April 12) of the operation.

Jeremiah B. Rogers (4), of the 112th P. V. Infantry, and son of Richard G. Rogers (3), of Muncy Township, was one of the memorable band cruelly sacrificed in the horrid pen at Andersonville. His brother, Judson K. Rogers, responded to his country's call, but disease soon seized him when in camp, and he was sent home. He was so emaciated that his brother, George, says he did not immediately know him on his return.

Samuel Rogers (3), son of Joseph Rogers (2), belonged to the old Buck Tail Regiment.

Mrs. Sarah Rogers Bryan (3), daughter of Jonathan Rogers (2), had five sons in the service, two of whom died for the cause. Lieut. William Bryan, 106th P. V., fell at Antietam, and his brother, Jonathan, 2d Wisconsin Infantry, fell at Gettysburg. Major Samuel Bryan, 84th P. V., was twice severely wounded, and David M. Bryan, of the same regiment, lost a leg in the battle of Fredericksburg. One, Ellis L. Bryan, 106th P. V., alone escaped unharmed.

William Rogers (3), of Wolf Township, a brother of Mrs. Bryan, had two sons in the service. One, J. Horace Rogers, 7th Pa. Cav., died of disease contracted in the field a few months after his discharge.

Richard W. Wright (4), another grandson of Jonathan Rogers (2), enlisted at the age of 21 in the 2d N. Y. Cav., Custer's division, and participated in its battles during the last year of the war. He narrowly escaped just before the surrender of Lee, in an encounter in which his horse was killed.

Ezra Rogers, son of John Rogers (2), was a member of Battery E., 2d Pa. Heavy Artillery.

Rebecca Little, a daughter of John (2), had two sons in the war. A. C. Little (architect and builder, of Picture Rocks,) was a member of the 131st P. V. Ezra S. Little, (justice of the peace, Sullivan County,) of the 141st P. V., was shot in the right thigh at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863, and lay in the same hospital with Ellis S. Ayres, (whose remarkable case is mentioned on page 5, Vol. 2,) but was not at the time aware of the fact. A year later, at Spottsylvania, he was shot above the right knee, and was again sent to the same hospital.

Two of Reuben Rogers' (2) sons, Duke William and Joshua Bowman, fought for the Union

and liberty, the first in a Wisconsin regiment of infantry, and Joshua as a member of the 6th Wisconsin Light Artillery.

Mason Rogers, son of Isaac Rogers (2), of Monroeton, Bradford County, fell on the bloody field of Antietam.

Moses Rogers (2) had three sons in the field. Samuel S. was a member of the 47th P. V. William, of the 141st P. V., fell at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864. A minie-ball passed through his spine, instantly killing him. John Wesley, the youngest son, was a member of Battery E., 2d Pa. Heavy Artillery.

We have not time before going to press to furnish a more complete record of the military services of the descendants of Samuel Rogers (1), but this is sufficient to prove their valor and patriotism.

#### NINETY YEARS—THEN AND NOW.

The reader can possibly imagine the condition in 1802, when Samuel and Ann Rogers settled at the Forks. Then there were no bridges, no saw-mills, no grist-mills, no stores, no mechanics' shops, no churches, no post-offices and no schools. Here and there a rude log cabin stood in the midst of a little clearing, the beginnings of a civilization that would amaze the early foresters could they wake up from their long sleep and see what changes ninety years have wrought. Chopping down trees, burning brush, grubbing out roots and stumps, splitting rails, making fences and providing for the immediate necessities of their families, was about all that the first settlers could for some years think of doing. Adventures with wild animals were of frequent occurrence, and sometimes, as we have seen, of a very perilous and exciting nature.

An interesting chapter might be written on the habits and customs of these primitive times. Then the women kept house without stoves. The cooking was done in fire-places; the baking in iron bake-kettles, or in stone bake-ovens. Then "johnny cakes" and other dishes were baked in long-handled frying-pans, and in long-legged spiders. Then fire was produced with flint, steel and punk, as matches were not yet invented. Then pitch-pine splinters and knots were used for candles. Then the sweeping was done with splint brooms made of hickory saplings. Then the boys wore "yellow muslin galluses," and both boys and girls went barefooted the greater part of the year. Then most of the hats worn

were made of straw, or woolen cloth, knit yarn, or coon skins. Then browned corn, rye, chestnuts, peas and beech-nuts were common substitutes for coffee. Then the fat of bears and raccoons was used to fry doughnuts and for shortening. Then, in brief, nearly everything—farming, cooking, dressing, visiting, entertaining, doctoring, burying the dead, even courting and marrying—was done differently from the way such things are done Now. So great and many are the changes that have taken place since Samuel and Ann lived on the Loyalsock, that it is not so easy to imagine just exactly how they and the earliest settlers did live.

A beautiful and orderly village of two hundred or more inhabitants now occupies a portion of the land that Samuel (1) bought of Priestley. A handsome church (Methodist), a pretty two-room school house, a number of beautiful modern-style cottages, nice shade trees and clean streets, attest the good taste, intelligence and progressive character of the people. In addition to the old woolen mill built by Jonathan Rogers (2) there now is a grist-mill, a planing mill and furniture factory, two hotels, a drug store, a jewelry store, shops of various kinds, and two well stocked general stores. One of the stores, a fine large room with a handsome glass front, filled with valuable merchandise, and kept by Austin Rogers, a grandson of the pioneers, Samuel and Ann, is especially suggestive of the many changes, the great increase of comforts and the wondrous contrast between Then and Now. An Odd Fellows' Lodge, a lodge of Good Templars, a Grand Army Post, and a Ladies' Aid Society, show that the citizens are keeping pace with the times in socialistic matters. Ten acres of the old Rogers tract have recently been bought of the grandson, John Wesley Rogers, and improved for a fair ground by the Sullivan County Agricultural Society, incorporated in 1882, and as the office is located here, this is also one of the institutions of the village.

Forksville became a borough in April, 1881. At the time of organization the thoughtful citizens adopted a series of most excellent ordinances. Cattle are not allowed to run at large. No disorderly conduct is tolerated. No profane or obscene language is permitted to be used. If a person tie a horse to a shade tree the constable or any other citizen is forthwith obliged to seize the animal and hold him until the owner pays a fine. If a boy shoots off a fire cracker without a written permit from the burgess, he may be

fined five dollars, but not in any case less than one dollar. And it is also a prohibition town, for the sale of intoxicating drinks has been boldly prohibited. The citizens do not merely keep step with human progress; they have advanced beyond most Pennsylvania towns. Forksville may be considered as almost a model village. And may it never go backwards; especially not to licensed intoxicants, free hogs and depredating cows. There is perhaps not a village in Northern Pennsylvania more delightfully situated, in which residents of our large towns and cities can spend the summer months more agreeably, and be subjected to fewer annoyances.

The scenery around Forksville is charming. Mr. Coulter and I reached the place on our excursion last fall by way of Lincoln Falls. On entering the valley of the Loyalsock on the delightful road—thanks to that enthusiastic road-maker, Jonathan Rogers, of Lincoln Falls—that winds around the mountain spur northwest of the village, almost with the easy grade of a railroad, we were captivated with the superb beauty of the view suddenly presented by the creek and flats, and the various mountain spurs that here and there jut boldly into the valley, as if expressly placed there to be admired, and to heighten the charm of the creek bottoms. All Nature is beautiful,—that is, to such persons as have their eyes and hearts open to her charms,—but some spots on earth are more winning than others, and this we affirm is one of the typical vistas of picturesque Pennsylvania that is worthy of special mention. The view from the road we speak of would be a superb subject for the artist's brush. To us the charm was pleasantly heightened by associations that are now historic.

Samuel and Ann Rogers sleep in the modest little cemetery near the village, in the midst of this delightful scene. The faces and forms they knew have nearly all passed into the same silent land. The forest trees have disappeared from the creek bottoms, and fertile meadows and grain fields now usurp the soil. Perhaps not a house is standing now that was occupied in their day. And wondrous, also, the changes in customs and environments. Is there no constancy in this world? Shall we, and all that we behold, "fade away like the grass that we tread?" Well—some things still remain. Some things are still seen by the living as they were seen by the pioneers now mouldering to dust. The bright, murmuring Loyalsock flows on swiftly

Now in its wonted course, just as it did Then. The same noble, steep-sided mountains form the same high and picturesque walls around the same beautiful vale. The same beauties that Nature scattered around with lavish profusion are still seen and admired. The same glorious sun still gives light, and warmth and life, just as it did for them. The seasons still come and go; the frost-king in winter still reigns and covers the earth with his mantle of white; spring and summer still in turn clothe the earth with green, and bring their flowers, and fragrance, and twitter of wings; autumn still comes with its showy tints and provides its grains, and nuts, and fruits, the same as when the old folks lived. The same stars they saw, and that made them think of more worlds than one, are still seen each clear night.

But—the once diligent and hopeful pioneers now sleep in “their dwellings of rest.” All their children, and many of their grand and great-grandchildren, have fallen in the same last dreamless sleep. The last vestige of the humble log-house in which they lived has long since disappeared. Bridge Street now passes over and people daily tread upon the spot on which it stood. But hardly fifty feet from the site stands the comfortable cottage of their grandson, John Wesley Rogers, the youngest son of their own youngest son, Moses Rogers. The only objects of interest now remaining on the place that the hand of Samuel placed there, are three stately and still thrifty Romanite apple trees that stand on the lawn between the house and the creek. As the branches sway to and fro the sighing winds that agitate them seem to mutter the glad tidings, in which the old folks so devoutly believed,

“Joy cometh in the morning.”

#### Another Hartley Hall Mound Tobacco Pipe.

Our venerable friend, Mr. George Gowers, has informed us that the article in the last number on the Indian mound at Hartley Hall reminded him that some sixty years ago, before the canal was dug, he also found a *baked clay tobacco pipe* on digging into that structure a few inches with a sharp pointed stick. It was of the same pattern as the Gundrum and Clinton Township pipes, mentioned on page 209, which, as was shown, are not regarded as being the most ancient tobacco pipes. He gave it to William Davis. Doubtless many relics—and many pipes, as each smoker was probably provided with

one—were taken from this sepulchre in former years, when the historical value of such finds was not so generally appreciated as now. But the most conclusive argument that it is a modern structure is furnished by the Davis *iron bullet mould* and the three *iron tomahawks* already mentioned. The Indians had no Age of Iron before the white settlers supplied them with iron implements.

#### Good Music of the Kind.

Several years before the great rebellion the editor of NOW AND THEN roomed one night at the University at Lewisburg, with the late Col. Milton Opp, then a member of the advanced classes of that institution. We received a hint from one of the students that preparations were being made to give the young ladies of the Seminary near by a mock serenade, and that there would probably be some fun. I never knew Opp to take a *hand* in such a pastime, but we both had some curiosity to know what the anticipated fun would be, and therefore agreed that we would at least be *on hand*. An hour or more after everybody seemed to be fast asleep we saw a dozen or more figures moving under the trees in the campus toward the Seminary, and we quietly followed. Taking a position under the shadow of a large tree close to the building, the band began an extravaganza of the most unearthly sounds that we had ever heard produced by such an heterogeneous instrumentation as rattles, pans, whistles, horns, triangles, cow bells, sleigh bells, horse fiddle, etc. The overture was terrible, we thought, but not a sound nor light indicated that it was heard by any of the fair ones for whose ears it was intended. Then followed a still greater effort, the greatest of which the company was probably capable, as if all now seemed determined that they must be heard and their skill in some way acknowledged. Suddenly a figure in white appeared at one of the third story windows. The sash was gently raised and the figure leaned gracefully against the window frame and pensively listened until the grand performance was concluded. Then the figure in white, that now attracted all eyes, though indistinctly seen through the darkness—the voice to the surprise of all was that of a man—spoke, and in a gruff tone said: “*Gentlemen*, you make very good music of the kind, but it is a—poor kind.” There was no further recognition of the skill of the performers, and after one more feeble, half-hearted effort, that sounded as if the players suddenly became ashamed, they quietly retired. We had heard Opp laugh before, but never more heartily than on this occasion.

## THE NOW AND THEN.

J. M. M. GERNERD, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Entered at the Muncy Post-Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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### Valedictory.

This number completes the third volume of the NOW AND THEN. It faithfully discharges all obligations to its subscribers. And this is the last number, and this the last volume, that will be published—Now.

We regret to suspend the publication. It has been, to us, a source of great pleasure. It has revived old friendships, and made us new friends. It has brought us many delightful letters. It has gathered and preserved many things of interest that would otherwise have been forgotten.

Other engagements have not allowed the time that we should have spent on some of its contents. It was attempted merely for pleasure, and for an occasional useful pastime. But, many thanks to twenty-five highly valued contributors, and many correspondents, its columns contain a great deal that is original, instructive and valuable. For whatever is enunciated in the articles without signature we alone are responsible.

Four years have passed like a dream since its revival. Nearly fifteen hundred golden days have rolled by,—gone, forever, into the boundless ocean of eternity,—yet so rapid has been their flight that it seems but a day or so since the first number was issued. The whole natural life of man is in fact, as the Scriptures affirm, like a vapor, a shadow, a weaver's shuttle, or as the flower of the field.

Yet these fleeting days bring many pleasures, and are bright with hope. True, they constantly admonish man of his vanity and his mortality. But, they also give joyful expectation of better things, of a more glorious life, "nigh at hand."

We part expectant, with a word of cheer. There is a bright side to all things. It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die. To the wise, the world abounds with the proofs of wisdom. To the pure, all things are pure. To all who value life, life is valuable. Man is only a brute when he lives like a brute. He need not forever perish, as the beasts perish. He can be more, if he will, than "of the earth, earthy."

He may, if he choose, "also bear the image of the heavenly."

Pity the misanthrope who says "life is not worth living." It is more than worth living. It is worth all its sufferings. It is worth all man's sacrifices, love, thought and care. To believe that the human race will make continuous advancement, that truth will some day prevail, that right will triumph over wrong, that there is a grand purpose in the plans and beauties of nature, that it is profitable to obey the laws of life, that it is wrong to take or imperil life, that the greatest thing in this world is love, that there is a God of Love, that it was for human life that the God-like Christ and many noble martyrs and patriots gave their lives, that the dead shall be raised immortal, that the "meek shall inherit the earth," is to be assured of the inestimable value of human life.

This faith in Life, in Truth, in Love, in Nature, in Universal Progress, in the Now, in the Then, in God, made NOW AND THEN, to us, a source of pleasure, and, we trust, a source of comfort to its readers. Glad indeed would we be, therefore, if circumstances favored to continue these humble efforts to entertain, instruct and advance. In this sense, and in this spirit, may all that we have said be understood.

We cannot say what we may hereafter be led to decide upon,—we still have historical data and notes that we had hoped to hand down to posterity in this fitting form, and there are still many things that it seems the NOW AND THEN ought to say,—but at present we have no positive thought that we shall ever again revive the little magazine. We, therefore, now most sincerely thank you, kind readers, one and all, for your friendly support and sympathy, and for your kindly indulgence, and bid you—FAREWELL.

### To Our Exchanges.

Many thanks to our *Exchanges* for their kindly reciprocations. Among the reasons why we should be glad to continue the publication of the NOW AND THEN, is the visitations—daily, weekly and monthly—of a number of much esteemed and very regular *periodical* friends. But, the best of friends must part sometime, as we all know, and so we must now part with our friendly *Exchanges*. Many thanks to our brethren of the quill, also, for the kindly notices given from time to time to the NOW AND THEN.

"OWE no man anything."  
Not even—NOW AND THEN.

### Butter—Oysters—Transportation.

The following are among the curiosities found during a recent search through the Wallis papers:

(1). A bill for 8767 lbs Butter, bought by Samuel Wallis, Merchant, Phila'a, March 19th, 1761, @ 7 pence per lb, amounting to £255, 14s. 6p. This seems like a large butter deal for that era, and the price seems low. What did the producer get?

(2). A receipt dated Phila. July 11, 1792, from David Rowland, Wagoner, to Samuel Wallis, for "One barrel spirits, one barrel Dry Goods, one 5 Gallon Kegg of Oysters, and one box of —, all in good order," which he promised "to deliver in like good order to Mr. William Crabb at Harrisburg." Oysters in July! Wonder if they reached Muncy in "good order?" What the box contained no one can decipher.

(3). A receipt given May 3d 1786 to Samuel Wallis by John Kindig, Wagoner, for £5. 15s. 6p., "it being in full for carriage 2200 cwt of Goods from Phila'a to Middle Town consisting of the following packages:

- 4 Casks of Nails & iron
- 2 Kegs do
- 1 Tearce of Dry Goods
- 4 Half Boxes of Glass
- 1 Hogs'd of Salt

& 1 Old Saddle—the whole of which I promise (says Kindig) to deliver to Mr. Geo. Fry at Middle Town as soon as I conveniently can." This shows what the transportation of goods cost our great-grandparents. The consideration named was for carriage only from Philadelphia to Middletown.

### Beginnings of Things.

It is not only of interest to know when, where and by whom the *first* log cabin was built, or the first frame, stone or brick house. Civilization has almost countless beginnings. Every kind of improvement, every design, every invention, every custom, every institution, every thought, everything has its birthday. To record these beginnings is the work of the historian, and a proper record of all such commencements is the history of civilization.

The *first* shingle mill in Lycoming County, an aged citizen has informed us, was erected in 1841 by Messrs. McIntyre & Robinson, on Tim Gray's Run, below Trout Run. The shingles were "sawed, surfaced and jointed," and it is

claimed that none have since been made in the county like them. If there was an earlier shingle mill let the fact be made known. Who built it, and when and where was it built?

The first "railroad cornice extension roof" in Muncy was constructed by Henry S. Root, in 1852, on the building on South Market Street, now occupied by Mr. Eli B. Pealer. The Hon. Wm. Cox Ellis came along when the improvement was about completed and remarked: "*That makes the house look like a little woman with a very big bonnet.*" Contemplating it thoughtfully a moment, he then added that he believed the idea was a very good one, as it would carry the water away from the foundation. We do not build houses now without extension roofs.

The first "tin wedding" in this valley—it was at least so regarded in Muncy at the time—transpired at the Muncy Female Seminary, on Tuesday evening, November —, 1866. The happy couple were the Rev. William and Mrs. Susan J. Life, the principals of the Seminary. Members of all the churches in the town and many others participated. It was probably also the *best* surprise of the kind, as well as the first. The Seminary seemed very suddenly to have been turned into a tin shop. Many articles were manufactured expressly for the occasion.

It was sometime during 1867 that the editor of the NOW AND THEN—who then had opened a variety store—brought to Muncy the *first bunch of bananas* ever seen in our market. We hung the novel fruit over the sidewalk under the awning, where they attracted much attention. Few persons had seen a banana, or a bunch of bananas; still fewer had learned to eat the fruit. Through curiosity the bunch was soon disposed of, at the price of 5 cents a finger, but no one seemed to want more. We ordered again, however, and found that many persons soon acquired a taste for them.

It is not generally known how recently the banana business in this country has sprung up. We clipped a paragraph from the *New York Times* a few years ago, stating that a Capt. Bush, of a vessel running between Baltimore and the West Indies, in 1858, brought the *first* load of bananas ever seen in the United States. His little cargo of 1,100 bunches overstocked the market, as people had not yet seen and learned to eat them. In three years the trade had grown so fast that twenty-five or more schooners were employed in supplying New York alone. By this time the business must be developed to

enormous proportions. We are often reminded of our experiment of trying a single bunch, when we see how the demand has grown even here in Muncy. They are now almost constantly kept by six or eight of our grocers and confectioners.

The first distillery in the county, so far as we can learn, was erected by Gen. John Burrows, a short distance from Emanuel Church, on the farm then occupied by his relative, John Hall, and now owned by John Bull. Burrows arrived in the valley on the 17th day of April, 1794, [see NOW AND THEN, Vol. II., page 40,] and for upwards of half a year occupied a small cabin on the place below Port Penn, now owned by J. Rankin Edwards. On the 15th of November he removed to the farm of John Hall. He says in his autobiography:

"The snow (eighteen inches deep) that I moved on to Mr. Hall's farm soon went off and the weather became fine. I set to work and dug a place in the bank, near a well, put up a small log still-house and covered it with split stuff and dirt. On New Year's Day I started my stills and found the business a good one. I purchased rye for five shillings a bushel and sold my whiskey for a dollar a gallon. By the first of April I had realized fifty pounds in cash. I was on this farm two years."

Burrows then returned to his place on the river, and put up the still-house mentioned on page 40. He could not have anticipated and comprehended the great evil to his fellow men of the whiskey manufacture of which he thus made the beginning. The "business was a good one" in one way, and in that way he made and sold his whiskey. He said that he was told before leaving Northampton County that distilling was "a good business in a new country," and with that idea he brought two small stills with him.

What interesting and instructive chapters might now be written about the beginnings of things, if all such occurrences had only been carefully and correctly noted at the proper time.

### A Pioneer Nursery.

About the year 1794, when twenty-seven years of age, George Edkin left his native city of London to seek his fortune in America. He was betrothed to Deborah Marby, a London maiden of twenty, to whom he gave his pledge that if he liked the new world and succeeded he would send for her; but if he did not like

things here he would return and share his fortunes with her in their "merry old England." Almost immediately after his arrival in New York fate led him to the house of General Horatio Gates, the famous chieftain of the war of the Revolution, who did so much for the cause of the colonies during one of the darkest periods, by the capture of Burgoyne and his entire army at Saratoga. Gates had disposed of his Virginia plantation, emancipated all his slaves, and bought and settled on a farm in what was then yet the suburbs of New York City. He was just wanting a man when the young Londoner was presented to him; and very soon his wistful countryman, by his cleverness and willingness, made himself everywhere useful and indispensable. He was by turns gardener, farm hand, coachman and body servant, on whom the generous-hearted and childless old general leaned with great confidence during the last twelve years of his life. After the hero's decease (1806), he continued in the service of Mrs. Gates two years longer. Finding himself so favorably situated, he did not long delay to send for his faithful Deborah, who immediately embarked to join him.

A frequent visitor at the farm mansion of the General during these years was George Lewis, then a resident of New York, who had purchased a large tract of land in the mountainous part of Pennsylvania, in what we now know as Sullivan County, and was then spending a large fortune with the chimerical idea of making a still greater fortune by the manufacture of glass, and the settlement of his lands. Lewis, by his enthusiasm and fluency, succeeded for a time in impressing many others with the idea that he had a magnificent scheme, and it is said even induced some of his relations to make large, "permanent" investments to assist him. Edkin had many opportunities to hear him dilate on his grand project of development and colonization, and was among the number who became deeply interested. On the death of Gates his estate was settled, and the farm was sold by his friend, George Lewis. The latter now offered Edkin several hundred acres of land, on terms that were considered favorable, and an agreement was duly signed, sealed and witnessed.

George Edkin, with his wife and five children, arrived and took possession of what has now long been known as "Edkin's Hill," in the beginning of May, 1808. He brought with him, or had forwarded, a large number of young ap-

ple, pear, peach and plum trees from the nursery on the Gates farm, with the idea of establishing a nursery here, and his first act on arriving was to break and prepare the ground for that purpose. This, so far as we have yet been able to learn, was the *first* regular nursery that was started in what was then Lycoming County. Edkin's Hill in a few years became an important distributing centre of fruit trees through this section. Not only were the settlers of Muncy Valley supplied, but many trees were forwarded to Williamsport, Milton, Lewisburg, Northumberland, Sunbury and other points. Thousands of the fruit trees of the West Branch of the past generation were therefore the direct descendants of the trees that stood on the farm of General Gates less than one hundred years ago, and on ground now covered by the city of New York.

The only one of the six children of George and Deborah Edkin now living is Margaret, the widow of Frederick Taylor. She was born in New York City in 1802, and is therefore now in her 90th year. She resides with her son, George, on the farm adjoining the old Edkin homestead. We had the pleasure of spending several hours with her when she was in her 87th year. She then seemed to us the brightest old lady of her age that we had ever conversed with. Wolves and bears were very familiar animals to her when she was a little girl. Her father shot and trapped many a one almost within hailing distance of the house. Occasionally he would shoot a panther that would come prowling about and threaten the neighborhood. She has a valuable heirloom in the shape of a large and beautiful mahogany table that was once the property of General Horatio Gates, that she takes great delight in showing to persons who are interested in such relics. We had long hoped to be able to entertain the readers of *NOW AND THEN* with some of the reminiscences of this interesting old lady, but—"time hurries on with a restless, unremitting stream," and we could not get it accomplished.

### Christianity—Evolution—Liberty.

THE *NOW AND THEN* said that the religious world was growing more tolerant in relation to evolution. Dr. Lyman Abbott recently lectured in Boston, and this is what *The Advertiser* said of him and Bishop Brooks:

"Probably no two men are doing more in our day to win back the highest class of conscientious sceptics of Christian faith than are these two. If any good souls are troubled because of these Lowell lectures, let it be borne in mind that Dr. Abbott does not ask all Christians to be evolutionists; he merely points out to evolutionists that there is no reason why they should not be Christians."

If Christians can be evolutionists, why cannot evolutionists be Christians? What is it that

makes the Christian? He is not even a Jew which is one outwardly! If Baptists, Methodists, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Unitarians, Universalists, Disciples, Shakers, Quakers, Moravians, Menonites, Schwenkfelders, Adventists, Bible Christians, Seventh-day Baptists, Swedenborgians, Roman Catholics and Greeks, may all be Christians, with their diverse views and forms, misunderstandings and contentions, why may not many others of the human race find room in heaven? How many great truths must a man believe to be a Christian? If chemists, geologists, astronomers, anatomists and physiologists, with all their speculations, may be Christians, is there any reason why evolutionists may not also be Christians? Are Abbott and Brooks too liberal? Do they mistake in regarding Christianity as a social religion, free and broad enough to be a common possession? Is dogma greater than love?

If there is good, solid, common, world-wide ground—if there are a few great, grand truths—on which men of many minds may together stand, in living unity, members of "one body,"—baptists and pedo-baptists, unitarians and trinitarians, dissenters and conformists, liturgists and non-liturgists, destructionists and restorationists, materialists and immaterialists, realists and idealists, literalists and figurativists, transubstantiationists and con-substantiationists, resurrectionists and non-resurrectionists, predestinationists and non-predestinationists, pre-existants and traducians,—why may not conscientious evolutionists, who believe evolution to be the method of creation, stand on the same ground?

Does it matter—to be a Christian—whether a man believes the earth is flat, or round, and whether it moves or stands stock still? Does it matter whether he believes that the world was made in 144 hours, to the minute, or that "the beginning" was 144,000,000 years ago, more or less? Does it matter whether he believes that matter is destructible, or that it is indestructible and possibly co-existent with God? Does it matter—to be a Christian, and believe that Christ is the Saviour of men,—whether he believes that Christ will come to the earth and raise men, or that men at death suddenly get wings, or that they are taken away from earth by angels with wings? Does it matter—to be a Christian—whether a man believes that Christ existed before His birth, or that He was only from His birth what He is, and that He is truly and forever flesh of our flesh? Finally, to be a Christian, does it matter whether a man believes that all the creatures of the earth were made instantaneously, some on the fifth day and some on the sixth day, or that they are the products of the progressive development, now known as evolution, during long periods of time? Does it matter what opinions are held on these subjects, and are these opinions the essential things of the religion that Jesus taught? If getting into heaven will depend on a correct understanding of Nature, God, Christ, Angels and Man, how many poor mortals will ever see heaven?

Where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty. The age of religious and intellectual liberty that Channing preached of is dawning. The following words by "one of heaven's anointed men," as Whittier called Channing, are full of encouragement:

"Jesus came to free the intellect; to give man liberty of thought, and break the chains in which the reason had been held; to inspire an earnest love of truth, and to animate men in its pursuit—unfettered by their own passions, prejudices and interests, and by the customs, traditions and authority of others. Christianity is the charter of intellectual liberty, authorizing and commanding every man to use freely his own faculties in discovering truth, and especially religious truth. This is a liberty that Christians have thus far too little prized, though it lies at the root of all other liberty, and is indispensable for the development of the human mind. When we regard the many forms of oppression yet prevalent in the world, we find none more mournful than the oppression of intellect. Everywhere we see men surrendering their free thought to the yoke of superstition, through sloth, fear and self-interest, and hugging their prejudices of education and training as chains were never hugged before. Their minds have no free play. In most countries the man who should stray beyond the beaten path of belief would meet at his first step penalty and torture, suspicion and infamy, to drive him back. We know this to be true in the vast regions overshadowed by heathenism, Mahomedanism and Roman Catholicism. Would that tyranny over the mind stopped there. Would that on entering Protestant countries we could feel ourselves breathing free air! But the mind wears its chains, though lighter ones, even here.

"But Jesus came to set thought free for a divine destiny. 'Prove all things, hold fast that which is good,' is the eternal precept of His religion. He asserted and proclaimed the rights of every rational being, and summoned human reason to its great function of deliberate inquiry into the 'deep things of God!' The human mind was made for truth, not for a few truths, but for unbounded acquisition of all truth. Its nature is as expansive as the air we breathe, as radiant as the light that penetrates and pervades the universe. It was made to go forever forward. It delights in new and ever-wider views of God and His work, of nature and itself; and under all the chains which it has been made to wear, it has still struggled and striven after boundless liberty—so irrepressible is its innate energy. What progress it is to make under the increased freedom which it begins to enjoy one hardly dares to conjecture. That it is to gain ever brighter light; that it will throw off the gloomy errors of theology, which have shut it in like dungeon walls for ages, and will embrace a Christianity incomparably purer and nobler than we now hold, I cannot doubt. That age of light will understand, as we cannot, what is the worth of the intellectual liberty which Christ came to bestow."

### Fate in War.

William N. Smith, of Post 66, G. A. R., enlisted in Co. I, 18th Penn'a Cav., for three years. He was three times wounded in the battles in which he took part. The first and most serious wound, from a ball in his right hip, was received when General Farnsworth with the 18th led the charge on the rebel right, from the rear of Round Top, in the second day's fight at Gettysburg. This kept Smith in sight of Round Top for seven weeks, and out of sight of the rebels upwards of three months. Within two weeks after he returned to the front he was disabled—at Brandy Station while Meade was retreating—by a bullet in the right thigh. His horse was killed, so that it was impossible for him to get away, and he was therefore also taken prisoner. Major VanVorhis, who that day had command of the 18th, met with the same misfortune, and was captured at nearly the same moment. Together the two were taken and lodged in the mansion of that sterling opponent of secession,—afterwards bondsman of Jefferson Davis and author of "The Great Rebellion; its Secret History,"—the irrepressible John Minor Botts. The only nourishment the Major and Smith had for four days was each a biscuit and a glass of milk, secretly brought to them in the night by that faithful friend of the Union, John Minor Botts, who was himself taken away the next day and incarcerated in a rebel prison for the thirteenth or fourteenth time. In the evening of the fourth day, while the rebels were being hard pressed by our troops, Smith availed himself of an opportunity to make his escape into our lines. His wound had not been dressed during all this time, and now became so troublesome as to keep him away from the front for another term of three months. At the battle of Winchester, while fighting under Phil. Sheridan, September 19, 1864, he was severely wounded in the left groin, and was then sent to serve a third term of three months in a hospital.

The fortunes of war are most strangely distributed. The wonder is not that many are hurt, but the great marvel is that so many escape. When a railroad train at a high rate of speed is suddenly precipitated down a high bank, turns a somersault or two, is literally dashed to pieces, the wonder is not that some are killed, but the surprise is that so many usually escape. When armies meet and battle for hours and days, every man in line with a deadly weapon in hand doing his best to destroy his nearest foe, when shells, shot and bullets fly through the air like flakes in a snow storm, when the same hostile armies meet in battle after battle, year after year, it is not strange that some are killed and others are wounded, but it is astonishing that so many escape with their lives, or without serious harm. David R. Foresman, of Williamsport, Pa., was a lieutenant of the company to which William N. Smith belonged, and fought in seventy-two battles—never missing an engagement in which the 18th participated—but escaped with only two slight wounds.

## INDEX.

- Ayres, Ellis L., ii. 5, 68, 239.  
 Andersonville, ii. 77, 239.  
 Arbutus, ii. 95.  
 Aluminum Age, ii. 64; iii. 19.  
 Akroyd of Akroyd, Pedigree of, ii. 117.  
 Allegheny, A Trip Across the, ii. 150.  
 Animals? A Future Existence for, iii. 35.  
 Aboriginal Agriculture, iii. 74.  
 Angle, Henry J., iii. 118.  
 Animals may have Diseased Minds, iii. 120.  
 Adlum, John, iii. 49, 129, 220.  
 Albright, Hubley D., ii. 49, 50; iii. 159, 177.  
 Advancement in the Nineteenth Century, iii. 78.  
 Age, The Coming, ii. 64; iii. 18.  
 Bachelors in Muncy, ii. 25, 66.  
 Bears and Bald Heads, ii. 171.  
 Beauty and Design of the Earth, iii. 18, 56.  
 Bishop, William, iii. 179.  
 Blue Birds, ii. 165; iii. 76, 97.  
 Body and Mind, iii. 196.  
 "Bobby" to His Sweetheart, iii. 75.  
 Brady Monument, ii. 18, 21.  
 Burrows, General John, ii. 40; iii. 193.  
 Cleveland, Miss Rose E., ii. 6; iii. 112, 136.  
 Can Boys be Relied on? ii. 97.  
 Canal Riots, iii. 98.  
 Carpenter, Francis T., iii. 194.  
 Cat-logical, iii. 200.  
 Catfish, A Hungry, ii. 171.  
 Cheap Wedding Suit, iii. 156.  
 Chocolate, iii. 219.  
 Coal, Sullivan County, ii. 133.  
 Cremation, Natural and Universal, ii. 124.  
 Cremation Versus Burial, iii. 136.  
 Critique on Criticisms, ii. 173, 193.  
 Credit System, iii. 11, 33, 50, 68.  
 County Line Controversy, ii. 182.  
 Contrast, A, iii. 195.  
 Curiosity of a Drummer Boy, ii. 50.  
 Cummings, Hon. H. J. B., ii. 21, 33, 35; iii. 96, 113, 149.  
 DeHass, John, ii. 14, 175, 193.  
 Dykins, Daniel B., iii. 139.  
 Dead, Desiccation of the, ii. 153.  
 Death, ii. 127, 128, 135, 154, 193; iii. 20, 120, 137, 170.  
 Dehorning Cattle, iii. 218.  
 Devil, ii. 190; iii. 15, 58, 163.  
 Dogs Hereafter, ii. 134.  
 Dog, The Story of a Faithful, iii. 45.  
 Don't Kiss the Baby, iii. 97.  
 Early Methodism on the Loyalsock, iii. 5, 238.  
 Early Courts, iii. 49.  
 Early Methods of Transportation, iii. 181, 235, 243.  
 Edwards, Abigail, ii. 24, 189; iii. 20, 137.  
 Eating Too Much, ii. 156.  
 Eden and the Garden of Eden, iii. 99.  
 Eldred, Judge C. D., ii. 79, 109, 152, 165, 172, 185, 191;  
     iii. 8, 39, 55, 68, 88, 110, 126, 146, 176, 178, 205.  
 Ellis, Hon. Wm. Cox, ii. 9, 15, 36, 49, 50, 55, 81, 121;  
     iii. 63, 95, 96, 116, 243.  
 Evolution, ii. 119; iii. 159, 177, 200, 245.  
 Fairfield, Recollections of, iii. 162.  
 Fate in War, iii. 246.  
 First Pressed Brick, ii. 10.  
 First Surprise Party, iii. 30.  
 First White Child in Sullivan County, iii. 178, 196.  
 First Roads, ii. 162; iii. 113, 165.  
 First Shingle Mill, iii. 243.  
 First Tin Wedding, iii. 243.  
 First Bunch of Bananas, iii. 243.  
 First Distillery, iii. 244.  
 Fish and Fishing, ii. 63; iii. 75.  
 Fifty Years' Hodge-Podge, iii. 153.  
 Florida, ii. 1, 7, 21, 35, 51; iii. 96, 113, 148, 174.  
 Flood of 1889, Great, ii. 112.  
 Forty Horse Show, ii. 13.  
 Foxes, Wild Cats, Catamounts, iii. 201.  
 Frock, John, ii. 69, 72.  
 Fribley, Col. Chas. W., ii. 158; iii. 89.  
 Fraudulent Relics, ii. 23; iii. 20.  
 Fragments, Gather Up the, ii. 17.  
 Gettysburg Battle, ii. 23, 51, 68, 168, 185; iii. 45, 77, 246.  
 Glacial Relics, iii. 199.  
 Good Indians, ii. 133.  
 Good Name and Good Springs, iii. 157.  
 Good Music of the Kind, iii. 241.  
 Grist Mill Recollections, ii. 27, 45, 93.  
 Graves, Vandals at the, ii. 99.  
 Grave Yards, ii. 174.  
 Grave Yard, An Old, iii. 72.  
 Hart, Adam, ii. 48, 88; iii. 20, 75.  
 Hall, Susan E., ii. 33; iii. 89, 151.  
 Hawley, Alfred, ii. 29, 62; iii. 95.  
 Hawley, Robert, ii. 57, 97, 165; iii. 89.  
 Hays, W. W., ii. 83, 97; iii. 48, 119.  
 Hayes, Mrs. Sarah H., ii. 167, 182; iii. 12, 52, 70.  
 Hayes, Levi S., iii. 14, 35.  
 Holstein, Mrs. Anna, ii. 33, 50, 182, 186; iii. 41, 89, 114.  
 Hot Bread, Prayer for, ii. 62.  
 Home Industries, ii. 167.  
 Huckel, Miss Mary, ii. 7; iii. 130.  
 Hunger Cure, iii. 139.  
 Insects, Number of, ii. 7, 31.  
 Indian Relics, Buried, ii. 29, 115.  
     " Advancement, ii. 55.  
     " Net Sinkers, ii. 75.  
     " Mound at Hartley Hall, iii. 205.  
     " Pottery, iii. 211.  
     " Pipes, iii. 208, 241.  
 Indians at Carlisle, ii. 67, 155.  
     " Culinary Art of the, iii. 126.  
 Imagination, Power of, ii. 34.  
 Instincts, Clashing, iii. 97.  
 In God We Trust, iii. 157.  
 Intelligence of Animals, ii. 52, 79, 107, 115; iii. 46, 76,  
     97, 117, 144, 170, 196, 202.  
 Japanese in Danville, ii. 86.  
 Johnson, Hon. Henry, ii. 166; iii. 118.  
 Know Nothings, iii. 115.  
 Law of Compensation, ii. 72.  
 Laughter, ii. 134.  
 Laborer, The, iii. 11.  
 Levan, Mrs. M. J., ii. 34, 36, 42, 58, 95, 173; iii. 74, 99,  
     113, 155, 175.  
 Letters Fifty Years Ago, ii. 176.  
 Lewis' Lake, ii. 79; iii. 17, 58.

- Linn, John Blair, ii. 19, 21, 22, 33, 36, 47; iii. 40, 93, 150, 154, 162.
- Liquor, Harvesting Without, ii. 81.
- Liquor Drinking, Habit and Effect of, ii. 92, 100, 149; iii. 15, 25, 29.
- Libby Prison, iii. 140.
- Lincoln Falls, iii. 197, 240.
- Locusts, ii. 61, 66, 109.
- Lottery, ii. 98.
- Local Topography, ii. 137.
- Looking Backward, etc., iii. 18, 239.
- Lloyd, Clinton, ii. 58, 75, 96, 97, 108; iii. 36, 72, 85, 96, 111, 176.
- Lloyd, Thomas, ii. 14, 34, 38, 49, 66, 81; iii. 20, 23, 89.
- Masonic Funeral, First, ii. 53.
- Mary Jane's Letter, iii. 111.
- McCarty, David, ii. 36, 109, 171; iii. 20, 29.
- McCarty, John, ii. 36, 147; iii. 25, 26.
- McCarty, A. T., ii. 15; iii. 197.
- McMinn, Joseph H., ii. 27, 47, 79, 146, 167, 173; iii. 50, 92, 106, 129, 194.
- McCoy, Gen. Robert, ii. 33; iii. 77, 116.
- Meginness, John F., ii. 12, 18, 22, 36, 83, 156; iii. 5, 14, 17, 40, 96, 129, 152.
- Merchant, The, iii. 33.
- Mechanic, The, iii. 50.
- Mercy to Man and Beast, iii. 100.
- Mississippi in the Olden Time, iii. 81.
- Moyer, Daniel V., ii. 178; iii. 16.
- Moyer, Rev. H. C., ii. 33, 63, 162, 182; iii. 13, 16, 40, 165.
- Mohr, William E., iii. 8, 17.
- Muncy, Western Editor on, ii. 19.
- "Muncy Telegraph," ii. 20, 98, 176; iii. 73.
- Muncy Band, The Old, ii. 27; iii. 27.
- "    Band, That Other, ii. 81.
- "    Valley, Treasure in, ii. 83.
- "    An Old Indian's Visits to, ii. 186.
- "    Valley, First Grist Mill in, ii. 93.
- "    "    Boys Fifty Years Ago, ii. 105.
- "    Water Works, ii. 132; iii. 158, 219.
- "    Rangers, ii. 24.
- "    and Muncie, iii. 216.
- Music in the Air, ii. 49.
- Musser Post, No. 66, G. A. R., ii. 174; iii. 98, 118, 139, 179, 246.
- National Flower, ii. 167, 182.
- Newspapers, Old, ii. 20, 98; iii. 217.
- Nursery, A Pioneer, iii. 244.
- Old Time Fourth of July, iii. 21, 110.
- Old Court Records, iii. 113.
- Old Receipts, iii. 165.
- Our Animal Prototypes, iii. 169.
- One Day Too Late, iii. 196.
- Opp, Col. Milton, ii. 101, 165; iii. 241.
- Pennsylvania Fish, iii. 121.
- Plotts, William L., ii. 34; iii. 20.
- Political and Personal Incidents, iii. 52, 66, 85.
- Poetry, The Now and Then of, iii. 70.
- Pole Cat's Tail and Pouch, iii. 164.
- Postage, Rates of, iii. 216.
- Priest, Levi H., iii. 98, 180.
- Priestley, Dr. Joseph, ii. 118, 124; iii. 130, 155, 178, 196, 198, 217.
- Professional Man, The, iii. 68.
- Pioneer Incident, A, iii. 102.
- Public Schools—Why Wanted, iii. 175, 179.
- Quinn, John, ii. 46; iii. 9, 120.
- Quadrupeds, The Smaller Native, iii. 142.
- Query, iii. 40.
- Robb, Charles W., ii. 33, 82, 107, 131; iii. 116, 148, 153.
- Railroad, The Old Strap, iii. 93, 119.
- Remarkable Old Lady, iii. 12.
- Redemptioners, iii. 61, 96.
- Resurrection, ii. 129, 135, 195; iii. 18, 74, 137, 170, 196, 226, 242.
- Random Notes of a Country Lawyer, iii. 149, 161.
- Remsnnyder, Ben. F., ii. 59; iii. 16, 156.
- Remarkable Gunshot Wound, ii. 177.
- Rebuke, A Sharp, iii. 95.
- Revenge, How Robins Got, iii. 76.
- Ripe Sheaves Not Gathered, iii. 137, 151, 216.
- Rogers, John, The Martyr, iii. 221.
- Rooker, John H., ii. 54; iii. 197.
- Sacred Music on a Hand Organ, ii. 52.
- Salt, iii. 127, 153.
- Scudder, Mary, ii. 7, 21, 33, 52; iii. 73, 166.
- Sheridan, Jacob, ii. 40, 68, 169; iii. 20, 27, 115.
- Shooting Ideas, iii. 215.
- Shoemaker, Miss Lizzie, iii. 88, 92.
- Singular Idiosyncrasy, iii. 176.
- Silenced a Rebel Battery, ii. 63.
- Smith, William N., iii. 246.
- Song, Story of a, ii. 57.
- Soldier, An Old, iii. 179.
- Sparrows, English, ii. 22, 24; iii. 80, 155.
- Steedman, Mrs. Hannah, ii. 7; iii. 19.
- Stewart, Family, The, iii. 1.
- Strange Freak of Lightning, iii. 156.
- Steam Whistle, "Unearthly," iii. 191.
- Strange Conduct of a Squirrel, ii. 52.
- Sutcliffe's Travels, ii. 119.
- Sunshine as a Remedial Agent, iii. 115.
- Superstition, about Dying Young, iii. 120.
- Sunday Schools, Our First, iii. 150, 236.
- Sudden Deaths, iii. 197.
- Too Much Not Enough, iii. 14.
- Taylor, Robert, iii. 17, 179.
- Treon's Emblem, Dr., ii. 62.
- Three Days on the North Mountain, iii. 56.
- The Nineteenth Century, iii. 78.
- The Big Muster, iii. 146.
- The Body for the Lord, iii. 136.
- The Right Remedy, iii. 164.
- Wallis, Samuel, ii. 16, 40, 78, 162; iii. 49, 62, 130, 136, 155, 165, 176, 184, 200, 219, 243.
- Wagons—Pioneer, iii. 79, 192.
- War Symptoms Fifty Years Ago, iii. 129.
- Warner, Chas. L., ii. 46; iii. 163.
- Water under Pressure, ii. 132.
- "    The, We Drink, iii. 166.
- "    Pure—Yet Danger, iii. 218.
- War Letter, An Old, iii. 42.
- Whitmoyer's Clock, ii. 14, 33, 49, 66, 96.
- West Branch Valley, History of, ii. 12, 22, 82, 172.
- Wedding, A Golden, ii. 134.
- Williamsport, Name of, ii. 166; iii. 39.
- Williamsport in 1830, iii. 36.
- Wild Game Sixty Years Ago, iii. 106, 179.
- Window Glass, ii. 78; iii. 156.
- Who Does the Work of the Devil? iii. 15.
- Woman's Tribute, A, iii. 88.



